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**ROBERT SERVICE: UNREQUITED LOVE ON VANCOUVER ISLAND** P. 13



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# BC

## BOOKWORLD



**CARMEN YUEN:**  
COSMOS IN A  
CARROT P. 5



**FRED HERZOG:**  
MASTER OF  
COLOUR P. 5



**TUGBOAT LUCY:**  
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FIND  
MORE THAN  
**8500**  
B.C. AUTHORS  
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# HAIR CANADA!

The Third Coming of Victoria's

Photo of Steve Nash (Heritage House, 2007)

# STEVE NASH

Greater than Gretzky, humble as pie. See page 20



Morna E. Gregory  
and Sian James in  
Ephesus, Turkey.

# Here we go loop-dee-loo



SPECIAL  
ISSUE

You won't find it on Google.

But some of you might like to know this year marks the 200<sup>th</sup> anniversary of self-publishing from or about B.C., dating from the first edition of **John Jewitt's** memoirs.

At *BC BookWorld* we have consistently provided coverage of independently published titles since 1987. To acknowledge this growing phenomenon, our six-page feature on do-it-yourselfers opens with an essay by biographer **Peter Grauer** and concludes with a profile of street musician **Tim Lander**.

1-8589-4337-X

Whether or not they used all of the 142 remarkable facilities featured in *Toilets of the World* (Merrell \$22.95), gleeful globetrotters **Morna E. Gregory** and **Sian James** don't say.

But the Vancouver pair have certainly gone to great ends to compile one of the most cheeky books of the year. Their compendium examines bowel evacuation stations in the Americas (North, Central, South), Europe, Africa, Oceania/Australia and Asia.

Having met each other while

shoveling horse manure in an Alberta riding stable, Gregory and James have become far-flung dung management experts—providing photos and write-ups for a delightful array of drawer-dropping depots.

*Toilets of the World* includes everything from a solid gold toilet belonging to a Hong Kong jeweler to a precarious hut perched on stilts above the crystal-line waters of the Caribbean.

Some biffys are spiffy and ingenious—like the see-through New York cocktail bar cubicle that only provides

opaque walls once the latch has been turned.

Others are crude but ingenious—like the Bolivian toilet carved out of a giant cactus.

Some johns are historic, like Johannesburg's first public lavatory, built in 1911, or New Delhi's Museum of Toilets.

Others are spooky and intimidating, like a solitary toilet in the middle of a Namibian desert.

After gaining a psychology degree at SFU, Morna E. Gregory spent eight years in Brussels. Photographer Sian James grew up in England, home to Thomas Crapper & Company.

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**Contributors:** Grant Shilling, Mark Forsythe, Sheila Munro,  
Joan Givner, Sara Cassidy, Louise Donnelly, Hannah Main-van  
der Kamp, Heather Ramsay, Cherie Thiessen, John Geary,  
Shane McCune. Writing not otherwise credited is by staff.  
**Photographers:** Barry Peterson, Laurie Sawchuk.  
**Proofreaders:** Wendy Atkinson, Betty Twigg.  
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# Street hearts and a candid camera

“I never went to school to learn photography—not a single day,” says **Fred Herzog**, Vancouver’s premier street photographer.

“My present style of street photography was formed in spring 1957 with a bang, practically complete from day one.”

Since emigrating from Germany as a young man, Herzog has taken 80,000 mostly colour images of the city during the past half-century, against the grain of the artsy clique that has elevated the more contrived compositions of **Jeff Wall**.

It was my goal from the start to show city vitality,” Herzog says.

Replete with store fronts, cafes, barber shops, pedestrians, cars, vacant lots and abandoned cars, Herzog’s photographs collectively suggest Vancouver was a more vibrant and unself-conscious city in Fifties and Sixties when the working class could still afford to live in most areas.

“The images are not about important people, events or edifices,” he maintains, “but about the vitality of the city, its ambience, and the daily activities of the people.”

Fred Herzog came to Vancouver in 1953 and



worked on ships for three years before making his living primarily as a medical photographer. He sold his first print in 1970. Since then he has prodigiously thrived in relative obscurity before being “discovered” late in his career.

“I’ve taken photographs in colour for fifty-five years, and I’m still doing it with considerable motivation,” he says.

**This non-singing quartet at the PNE, from Fred Herzog: Vancouver Photographs, look like they’re primed to audition for parts in West Side Story.**

Now officially represented by the Equinox Gallery, Herzog has catapulted into the public eye with a major January-to-May exhibit at the Vancouver Art Gallery.

His accompanying coffeetable book, **Fred Herzog: Vancouver Photographs** (D&M \$45) also contains text from **Grant Arnold** and **Michael Turner**.

1-55365-255-X



Carmen Yuen at the Grammy Awards.

## What would Uma Thurman’s dad eat?

**H**aving studied Buddhism under **Uma Thurman**’s father, former *Province* columnist **Carmen Yuen** has distilled Buddhist wisdom with nutritional information for **The Cosmos in a Carrot** (Publishers Group Canada \$18.50). Published while she was a second-year student at Yale Law School, Yuen’s first book is divided into three parts: *What Would Buddha Eat*, *A Mindful Diet* and *A Mindful Diet in Action*.

Prior to publishing her zen guide for the Unified Buddhist Church Inc., the Vancouver-born-and-raised over-achiever studied Eastern Philosophy and Religions at Columbia University, earning her BA in three years (while completing a political science thesis on the policies of the Dalai Lama). In February of 2006 Carmen Yuen won an entertainment law Grammy for her legal paper on ringtones.

Yuen has also interviewed rock bands for CTV, written captions for VH-1’s Pop-Up Video and worked for the A&R department of Columbia Records, scouting bands that included Franz Ferdinand. “I come from British Columbia,” she writes, “a province that is famous for its small, organic blueberry farms. In July and August, the fruits are ripe and ready to pick. I love to visit the farms and fill up a bucket or two, or three. The mouthwatering blueberries are as large as marbles. They’re the perfect summertime snack, either alone or with organic, nonfat plain yogurt and other fresh berries.”

1-888375-60-4

## BC’s worst air disaster

**T**he team of Ian Macdonald and Betty O’Keefe has done it again—another B.C. history title that really needed to be written. This time they’ve recalled Western Canada’s worst airplane disaster, the crash of a TCA flight on December 9, 1956 into jagged Mount Slesse near Chilliwack, killing all 62 people aboard, including the pilot—father of mystery writer Jay Clarke, better known as Michael Slade—and five footballers who had just played the CFL All-Star game in Vancouver.

In 2003, Jay Clarke spread the ashes of his mother, Vivian Clarke (pictured at right), at the Mount Slesse crash site, as she requested, so she could join his father, Captain Jack Clarke. *Disaster on Mount Slesse* (Caitlin \$21.95) recalls how and why the wreckage wasn’t found until five months later. In 1995 the B.C. government declared the debris field a Heritage Wreck Site. The book marks the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the tragedy.



1-894759-21-4



**E**co-guru David Suzuki refuses bottled water at his many speaking engagements, requesting tap water instead. In a recent CBC interview he cited the waste and pollution associated with plastic containers, but he also noted the defeatism implicit in Canadians' embrace of packaged water.

"I think that we've got to drink the water that comes out of our taps, and if we don't trust it, we ought to be raising hell about that," he said.

A couple of dozen academics and activists do just that, in their eggheaded way, in *Eau Canada: The Future of Canada's Water* (UBC Press \$29.95), a collection of 17 essays (and one photo essay) edited by University of B.C. geography professor **Karen Bakker**.

It isn't light reading, more textbook than polemic, but *Eau Canada* is a handbook for every citizen worried about the safety and security of a substance on which literally every life depends. It should be required reading for legislators at every level, from rural councils balancing the needs of development and agriculture to federal ministers and bureaucrats dickering with the U.S. over free trade.

The authors torpedo many cherished myths on the subject of water politics. Most of us learned as children that we were the stewards of the world's largest supply of fresh water, and many of us came to believe the greatest threat to that supply is the covetous United States. And despite our addiction to bottled water, the deaths in Walkerton, Ont. and boil-water advisories spreading like pine beetles, Canadians still cling to the notion that our water supply is basically safe.

Wrong, wrong, wrong, say the authors of *Eau Canada*. In "Great Wet North? Canada's Myth of Water Abundance," **John Sprague**, a former fisheries researcher working as a consultant from his Salt Spring Island home, points out that while Canada may have 20 per cent of the planet's lake water, it has only 6.5 per cent of its *renewable* water — the stuff that falls from the sky, follows its path through rivers, lakes and aquifers to the sea, and evaporates to start the cycle again.

As for the thirsty giant to the south, it may surprise you to know that agricultural demand for water in the U.S. southwest has been stagnating for two decades. In his fact-packed chapter on water diversion Laval University's **Frédéric Lasserre** attributes this to such factors as the high cost of large-scale diversion projects, the rising popularity of desalinization, the flight of agribusiness from the U.S. in the face of foreign competition and urban demand that makes it more profitable for farm owners to sell their water rights to cities than to irrigate low-value crops.

It turns out most of the water diversion on the continent is done by Canadians — six times more by volume than the Americans. Our own beaverish obsession with damming and diverting "makes our resistance to water exports less defensible," Lasserre warns.

We may be good at rerouting water, but we're lousy at monitoring and maintaining its quality. Researchers at Simon Fraser University ranked Canada 26th out of 28 of the world's wealthiest countries in terms of water stewardship. And within the nation, the Sierra Legal Defence Fund's most recent provincial rankings placed B.C. near the bottom, thanks in part to the high incidence of boil water advisories in its small communities.

*Eau Canada's* authors are depressingly thorough at spelling out the haphazard patchwork of water governance in Canada, the looming conflicts among different user groups and the tragic effects of neglect, especially on First Nations reserves.

The fear of Yankee guzzling seems to be part of our collective psyche, and the authors of *Eau Canada* are not immune to this phobia. Several suggest it would only take one province to authorize bulk exports of water to make every drop in the nation a tradable "good" under NAFTA, giving Americans the right to buy and sell it.

tem of hydraulic transfers can be (and indeed has been) **imagined** only for the purpose of diverting Canada's water resources south to the United States. Here, a transformation of the national waterscape would serve to indicate not Canadian national strength but, rather, its subservience to American interests, or the relative *weakness* of the Canadian nation state." [Boldface added.]

Yes, every so often some hydrological Barnum imagines a scheme to sell water to the U.S. But every proposal for a south-bound canal or pipeline has been vaporized by a double whammy of public fury and mind-boggling expense that no politician, no matter how lavishly bribed, would dare to confront.

Even Lasserre yields to this fear, insisting the support of Brian Mulroney and Robert Bourassa for a 1985 scheme to dike James Bay and steer its watershed south via the Great Lakes shows that "to date" politicians are undaunted by the scale of continental water diversion — even though, to date, the Grand Canal has been dead for more than 20 years and Bourassa for more than 10.

If some contributors fear that Americans will regard water as a commodity, at least one thinks Canadians should do so. In a crisply written chapter asking "Are the Prices Right?" Brock University economics professor **Steven Renzetti** offers the book's most sweeping and practical conservation measure: Charge consumers a price that reflects water's value, and jack it up in the summer when use is heaviest. That's certainly one way to test Canadians' vaunted love for their aqua pura.

Editor Bakker calls on Canada to follow the European Union example of basing water governance on "integrated watershed management" (something provinces could do) and wonders if it should also follow South Africa and Uruguay in granting its citizens a constitutional right to clean water.

Stuffed to its post-graduate gills with facts, footnotes and those awful interrogative main titles ("On Guard for Thee?" "Out of Sight, Out of Mind?" "Commons or Commodity?"), *Eau Canada* is a much-needed wake-up call to complacent Canadians, even though it will never grace the bestseller rack at the drugstore or even the next round of "Canada Reads" on CBC radio.

And after all, who needs to know this stuff apart from legislators, policy wonks and anyone who drinks water?

978-0-7748-1340-2

*Shane McCune is a freelance writer who recently appeared as a contestant on Jeopardy.*

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**SHANE MCCUNE**

This phobia sometimes trumps reason, as it does in the overwrought "Half-Empty or Half-Full? Water Politics and the Canadian National Imaginary" [sic] by **Andrew Biro**, from Acadia University in Wolfville, N.S. Struggling to define the significance of water in Canadian culture, Biro presses the usual buttons (Susanna Moodie, the Group of Seven, Ian and Sylvia) to illustrate our traditional nature-based nationalism, then contrasts that with the ironic, apolitical mindset of Today's Youth, as evidenced by a song by satirical group The Arrogant Worms and — wait for it — the "I am Canadian" guy from the Molson's ads.

Biro refers to Lasserre's essay, but seems to have missed the part about all diverted Canadian water staying north of the 49th parallel. After pointing to China and Spain as nations that employ massive water diversions as a show of national strength and pride, he writes: "But, in Canada, such a massive sys-



# MUMSY'S THE WORD

## THE LIFE & TUGBOATING TIMES OF LUCILLE JOHNSTONE

**O**n the departure level of the Vancouver Airport stands a six-foot-tall toy tugboat with a bright smile on its face, and the unlikely name “Lucille” emblazoned on its side. It’s a fair guess that few of the passengers who hurry by know the story behind it.

That story is the subject of **Paul E. Levy’s** *River Queen: The Amazing Story of Tugboat Titan Lucille Johnstone* (Harbour \$34.95).

Levy, a lawyer and her authorized biographer, doesn’t push the analogy between his subject and a tugboat. As his title suggests, he prefers the more heroic stature of queens and giants.

But Lucille, a large-ish woman who chose the model tugboat as the most suitable way of honouring her part in establishing the new Vancouver International Airport, would not have been offended by the comparison.

A tugboat is, after all, “a small stoutly-built, powerful steamer used to tow other vessels.”

Among the affectionate nicknames she earned, besides the predictable “Tugboat Annie,” were ones that reflected her maternal image—“Mumsy,” “Mother Mac,” and “The Godmother.”

**As the daughter** of parents who managed a park concession stand, Lucille joined the workforce in 1940, at the age of sixteen, as a graduate of Fairview High School of Commerce, a vocational school that trained girls to be excellent stenographers and secretaries.

In her teens she was five feet tall, weighed 195 pounds, and had trouble finding a job. “I chewed my fingernails, was overweight and did not dress well,” she says.

As a Girl Friday, she never did “dress for success” or have dreams of “climbing the corporate ladder.” The notion of women “breaking the glass ceiling” was yet to come. But her upward mobility happened quickly.

She had not worked long as receptionist/typist for a logging company, when her supervisor saw she was capable of more

than typing letters. He transferred her to the company’s towing division. So began her 45-year career in the male-dominated world of tugboating in B.C.

Lucille soon took over the dispatching of tugboats—a complicated job that required knowledge of

weather conditions, tides, water levels, river traffic, and tugboat positions. When the company reorganized eight years later and River Towing was formed with six tugs, she served as the entire office staff.

By the time Rivtow grew to become a corporation of \$250 million in revenues and 1,500 employees, she had worked her way up from dispatcher to administrator, to CEO, and finally to president.

Along the way she took a course at the Banff School of Advanced Management, where she was the sole woman in a class of 70, and only the third woman to attend in the school’s fourteen-year history. When a new five-year program leading to a certified general accountancy degree was announced at UBC, she took the course, one of five women in a class of 107 students. The lectures were in the evening and she often did homework during the night.

Like many high achievers she seemed to need little sleep; Lucille set her alarm clock for midnight and studied until three in the morning to become a CGA. Within eight years she was elected president of the provincial board of CGA governors in Canada.

**LUCILLE  
JOHNSTONE:**  
From Girl  
Friday to  
Corporate  
Godmother.

While the media made much of Lucille’s status as “first woman” in the male-dominated towing industry and “first woman director” on many boards, she declared her gender irrelevant, and pointed out that she was invited aboard because of her general business skills.

In the early eighties, she told the *Financial Post*,

“There are very few companies left which do not recognize that women are here to stay and intend to be part of the scene. I don’t think women have the battle today that they did before.”

It’s interesting to note, however, that twenty years later the impact of women board members is still being debated. A November 18, 2006 article in the *Globe & Mail* states that “a lone woman on a board can feel like a token whose gender is noticed more than her individual contribution” and that “women have their greatest impact as corporate directors when they reach a critical mass of three or more on a board.”

Although Lucille was often the sole female board member, she frequently became chair of that board.

**A tireless worker,** she could also be inventive. When asked to revamp one company, she called the managers to a meeting and had them all remove their shoes and put on gray socks. “Those socks,” she said, “represent everybody working and everybody is the same.”

In another instance, she set up a

“swear pot” into which employees had to put a quarter when they swore. (The head of the company contributed ten dollars in advance to pay for forty good swear words.)

When Rivtow needed to buy a \$1.4 million barge, she found a tax loophole that enabled private companies to provide funding to a principal shareholder to buy a house. By arranging for a first mortgage on the owner’s house, she allowed Rivtow to purchase the barge that generated millions of dollars of revenue for the next forty years.

**Married at age 39,**

she adopted three children, managed a family-owned farm and then won a precedent-setting divorce settlement that benefited other women in B.C. ever since.

One wonders if gender was as irrelevant to her career as she claimed, or if it played a crucial part

in the shoddy treatment she received from Rivtow, especially when she was forced into retirement after years of service, and after earning millions for the company.

The company rejected her request for a pension, saying, “Surely you have saved enough out of your salary to look after yourself in old age.” They demanded her shares in the company but wanted to pay over a long period of time, claiming they did not have the money to pay her. She considered legal action but finally settled out of court in order to avoid the publicity and the stress.



Lucille Johnstone’s career did not end when she left Rivtow. She became a driving force behind Expo 86 and the new Vancouver International Airport facility.

At age 71, she took over the operation of the St. John Ambulance Society in B.C. Over a period of eight years (and with very little remuneration) she rescued it from a deteriorating financial state and put it on a sound footing.

“This was one of her greatest achievements,” Levy concludes, “the way she went about it should be required reading for anyone running a non-profit organization.”

The likes of **Grace McCarthy**, Reed Stenhouse chair **Robert D’Arcy** and **Jimmy Pattison** all sing her praises in this admiring biography.

1-55017-369-3

*Biographer and novelist Joan Givner has written critical studies of female characters, including Katherine Anne Porter and Mazo De La Roche.*



JOAN GIVNER



## TEN STEPS TO UNDERSTANDING THE SEX TRADE IN VANCOUVER

**Dan Francis**, editor of the *Encyclopedia of British Columbia* and author of the newly released *Far West: The Story of British Columbia* (Harbour 2006) for young readers, can never be accused of effete scholarship. While researching his biography of Vancouver mayor **Louis Taylor**, he became intrigued by the relative lack of information about prostitution in Vancouver. With the blessings of publisher and man-about-town **George Fetherling**, Francis has produced *Red Light Neon: A History of Vancouver's Sex Trade* (Subway \$22), from which the following ten highlights—or low points—were taken. As well, Francis' overview contains three pages about acclaimed poet and ex-prostitute Evelyn Lau and a two-page summary of the censored book *The Wendy King Story* (1980) about a free-spirited prostitute and a judge referred to as Davey F.

**1** Vancouver's first brothel was owned by **Birdie Stewart** and was located next door to the Methodist minister's house in Gastown near the present site of the Lamplighter Pub.

**2** After the city was created, in 1886, city council routinely met its budget shortfall by arresting the prostitutes, fining them \$20 apiece, and letting them go. For the women, it was a tax on doing business; for the city it was a windfall.

**3** Vancouver's first red light district was located on East Pender St., then known as Dupont St., near the western entrance to Chinatown. As the city expanded in that direction, the women were shunted into Shanghai Alley and then, by 1912, onto Alexander Street near the waterfront.

**4** In the interwar years, the "King of the Bawdyhouses" in the city was **Joe Celona**, an Italian immigrant whose close connections to the police chief and the mayor created a major scandal. In 1935 Celona was convicted of keeping a brothel in a Hastings Street hotel and sent to jail for a long stretch.

**5** **Gerry McGeer** got himself elected mayor in December 1934 by promising to clamp down on "the pimps and brothel keepers." A year later he announced a day of prayer in the city "to thank God for the removal of commercialized vice and the return of peace and order."

**6** During the Depression it became illegal for restaurants in Chinatown to hire white waitresses because the authorities claimed the cafes were fronts for prostitution and were corrupting the city's white womanhood. The women marched on city hall to protest the loss of their jobs, but the law held.

**7** In January, 1959, in a front-page exclusive, the *Vancouver Sun* revealed that a team of its reporters, posing as customers, had had no trouble ordering prostitutes from bellhops and cabbies at a variety of local hotels. In Vancouver, apparently, sex was on the room-service menu.

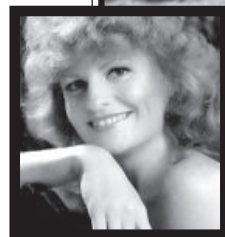
**8** Just before Christmas, 1975, police raided the Penthouse Cabaret, a thriving centre of prostitution. In a sensational trial, owner **Joe Philliponi**, along with two brothers

and a couple of employees, was convicted of living off the avails of prostitution, but on appeal the convictions were set aside. Philliponi was later murdered at his home next to the club, which thrives today as a peeler bar.

**9** During the 1980s, street prostitutes and residents were at each other's throats in the West End, until in July 1984 Chief Justice **Allan McEachern** passed an injunction banning street walkers from the neighbourhood. Of course, they just moved somewhere else.

**10** In the fall of 1998 police received an anonymous phone tip linking a pig farm in Port Coquitlam to the rash of disappearances of sex trade workers from the Downtown Eastside. The call was investigated, but neither the Vancouver police nor the RCMP were able to justify a search warrant.

In February 2002 a joint task force sealed off the property and arrested one of its owners, Robert "Willy" Pickton. In the interval between these two dates, 30 more women had gone missing. Pickton was charged with the murder of 26 women.



Call girl  
Wendy King



Nightclub owner  
Joe Philliponi



Writer  
Evelyn Lau

BARRY PETERSON/PHOTO



# THE UNREQUITED LOVE OF ROBERT SERVICE ON VANCOUVER ISLAND

Robert Service: *Under the Spell of the Yukon* by Enid Mallory (Heritage \$32.95)

BY JOAN GIVNER

Stumbling on a hidden cache of letters, discovering a secret love affair, identifying a mysterious figure in the subject's life—these revelations are the stuff of fiction by the likes of Henry James and A.S. Byatt. *Robert Service: Under the Spell of the Yukon* by Enid Mallory proves that such surprises do unravel for real life biographers as well as fictional ones.

Enid Mallory is the first of Robert Service's biographers to make extensive use of recently discovered letters written to an early love (although she did not find the new material herself).

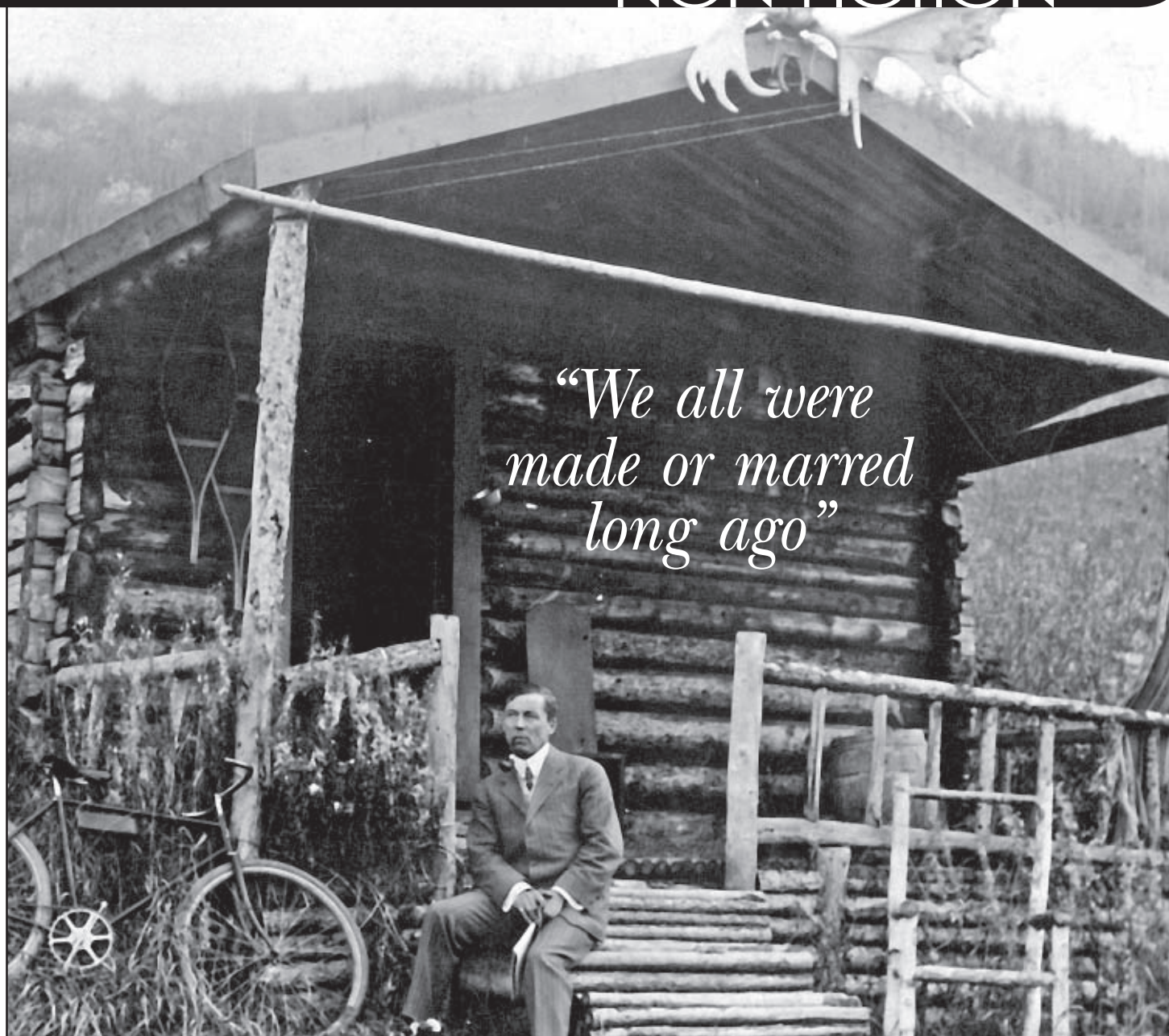
For anyone unfamiliar with the man who wrote some of the most-repeated poems ever written in Canada—most notably "The Cremation of Sam McGee" and "The Shooting of Dan McGrew"—Service emigrated from Glasgow in 1896 with \$15 in his pocket and his visions of becoming a cowboy. Service had quit his banking job at age 21 and sailed steerage class to Montreal, carrying with him a copy of Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Amateur Emigrant*, a letter of reference from the bank and a Bill Cody outfit.

Recent revelations about previously unknown letters by Service came about serendipitously when his previous biographer James Mackay speculated in a 1995 radio interview about the identity of C.M., the dedicatee of Service's first book *Songs of a Sourdough*. One of C.M.'s granddaughters happened to hear the program and she called radio host Tom Allen to tell him more about the relationship.



This romantic episode of Service's life has a special interest to British Columbian readers because the young woman in question, Constance McLean, was the daughter of Malcolm McLean, who in 1886 became Vancouver's first mayor. Although his tenure as mayor was brief, he pulled the city together after the Great Fire that devastated the city the year he was elected, and he set aside the land that became Stanley Park. He later served as police magistrate for the city until his death in 1895.

The love affair between Service and Constance McLean percolated while he was working on the Eureka stock farm in Cowichan Bay on Vancouver Island. It was the biggest farm in the district, established in 1883 by George Corfield, who built



"We all were made or marred long ago"

Robert Service at his two-room Dawson cabin: a tiny place, but adequate to live and write, circa 1909.



up great herds of Holsteins and Jerseys. When Service first arrived at the turn of the century he served as Corfield's official cattleman. He was relieved from this grueling work only after he was tossed into the air by a bull.

After he was injured, Service became the storekeeper on the Corfield ranch and he was hired to tutor Corfield's sons. During his four years at Corfield's, Service attended dances, sang in the choir at St. Peter's Quamichan, joined the South Cowichan Lawn Tennis club (the earliest club of its kind in Canada), acted in theatrical groups and entertained by playing the guitar.

During one dance at nearby Duncan's Station (the forerunner of present-day Duncan), he met Constance McLean who was visiting her uncle in the district, Dr. Perry. Service was so smitten, he went back to his attic room and wrote "The Coming of Miss McLean" and promptly mailed it to her. This previously unpublished love poem, which Mallory includes in her book, was in the cache of letters that McLean's daughters found in 1960. The originals are now in Queen's University Archives in Kingston, Ontario.

The lost-and-found poem has a characteristic Service ring to it:

Yes, she'll go away from  
Duncan's on the train  
And their hearts will ever beat  
a sad refrain;  
For the one they can't forget, the  
One they'll e'er regret,  
The dancing fair, entrancing  
Miss McLean.

Robert Service is world famous for his fanciful rhymes about the Klondike, but Mallory notes that some of his earliest poems were printed in Victoria's *Daily Colonist* after the editor met him on a fishing trip to the Cowichan Valley. Constance McLean seems to have been the inspiration behind his first major publication, a poem called "Apart and Yet Together," for which he received the princely sum of five dollars in 1903. It appeared in *Munsey's Magazine*, a New York journal with a circulation of 700,000.

Service was notoriously reticent about his personal life so the



Robert Service and Marlene Dietrich in Hollywood on the set of *The Spoilers*

identification of Constance McLean and the poem are significant discoveries. Service wrote two autobiographies late in the game, *Ploughman of the Moon: An Adventure into Memory* (1945) and *Harper of Heaven: A Record of Radiant Living* (1948), in which he generally withheld the names of family and friends. Such omissions may have been a legacy of the embarrassment he suffered after choosing the name Sam McGee randomly from the list of bank clients when he worked in Whitehorse. After "The Cremation of Sam McGee" became popular, the owner of the name turned up and withdrew all his money from the bank.

Service's other reason for not mentioning his first love was that the protracted relationship was a painful memory. When they first met, Service was in no position to support a wife, let alone propose marriage to a socially prominent Vancouver woman. This predicament was similar to the frustrated romance that adversely affected Thomas Hardy for the rest of his writing days.



Robert Service left the farm and tried to enter university, but failed the entrance exam. His lack of professional success not only depressed him, but also caused some acrimonious exchanges between the lovers. Constance's descendants reported that her copy of *Songs of a Sourdough* fell open at "Quatrain," a poem that describes a debate between a first person narrator who believes that "We all were made or marred long

ago" and a speaker who counters that "Thy life is thine to make or mar."

Service's experience as a bank clerk in Scotland helped him to find a position at the Bank of Commerce in Victoria. He and Constance continued to exchange letters and meet for some time after the bank had assigned him to its branch in the Yukon. Only Service's side of the correspondence has survived, and it indicates that during a 1908 leave in Vancouver, Constance agreed to marry him.

Again, Service was stymied by social convention. The bank had a policy forbidding its employees to marry until they possessed thirteen hundred dollars. At the end of his leave, he wrote movingly to her of his misery aboard a ship that was taking him back up north, towards the Yukon.

Service's autobiographical account of this period paints a different picture. There he accentuates his delight at returning to the Yukon. Perhaps there is some truth in both, for soon afterwards the affair lost its intensity, became a friendship, and eventually ended. Ultimately it appears as if Constance's most serious rival as Service's muse was the Yukon itself. Until her side of their correspondence is discovered and revealed, the true nature of the relationship can never be known for certain.

1-894384-95-4

Joan Givner writes in the Cowichan Valley, not far from where Robert Service worked as a store clerk, tutor and self-described "cow juice jerker."



## JOHN PASS ON VICTORY

*BC BookWorld talks to the Governor General's Poetry winner*

**T**wo Toronto-centric gatherings, the lucrative Griffin Poetry Prize and the glitzy Giller Prize, have recently purchased respect with relative ease, but the Governor General's literary awards in Ottawa remain venerable as an institution.

Winning his first English language poetry GG for his sixteenth title, relative outsider **John Pass** of the Sunshine Coast was catapulted into the national limelight for writing *Stumbling In The Bloom*, published from Lantzville by Oolichan Books.

Pass thanked his wife **Theresa Kishkan** for her consistent encouragement and told a news conference: "Public acknowledgement of this order is remarkably gratifying. It gives me some assurance that my forty years or so writing poetry has been worth it, not just to me but to readers.

"It's an odd art, simultaneously intimate and alien, private and public, immediate and remote. You start out wanting words for everything, *the* world, and end up, if you're immensely persistent and fortunate, creating *a* world, one in which others might catch convincing glimpses, intimations of their own worlds.

"Or, to put it another way, you start out as a kid in his backyard in Calgary, day-dreaming, aimlessly swinging a stick maybe, muttering to himself, and end up on a stage in Toronto before the national media."

**BC BOOKWORLD: Do you remember how you felt when you first heard the news?**

**JOHN PASS:** I heard news of the nomination pulling into the parking lot of Capilano College in Sechelt on my way to work. I was completely surprised. The book got very few reviews and only one enthusiastic one, from Hannah Main-van der Kamp at *BC Bookworld*. I didn't really expect to win. I thought it would probably go to Ken Babstock or Sharon Thesen. So I was thrilled and surprised all over again when the phone call came a couple of weeks later.

**BCBW: What has been the role of Oolichan Books?**

**PASS:** Oolichan published my two most recent titles, *Water Stair* in 2000 and *Stumbling In The Bloom*. Both were nominated for the GG. Ron Smith is an excellent editor, perceptive and attentive to detail without being intrusive. Also the design of both these books has respected and reflected the text admirably.

**BCBW: In what way?**

**PASS:** The use of a wider format in *Stumbling*, for example, to permit longer lines without breaking them, was risky for Oolichan. Bookstores don't particularly like outsize books as they're difficult to shelve, but the poetic values came first. I appreciate that kind of editorial decision a lot.

**BCBW: You've also done two books with Harbour—but never any book with a "big" publish-**

**ing house back east. Does this mean slow and steady can win the race?**

**PASS:** The "big" publishing houses in poetry are nearly always the small literary publishers. On this year's shortlist, for example, only one of the four titles was published by a "big" house, McClelland & Stewart. The others were Nightwood, Oolichan, House of Anansi (with two shortlisted titles). Those are three of Canadian poetry's BIG houses!

I don't know that winning a GG is winning the race. One goes on writing, hopefully, beyond the victory lap. I think the key to accomplishment in poetry was well-articulated recently by the Anglo-Irish poet Michael Longley, someone from the same circle as (and until recently hugely overshadowed by) the remarkable career of Seamus Heaney. He says in an interview in *The Guardian* that poets have to remember to take poetry seriously, not themselves.

**BCBW: Would you agree with our reviewer Hannah Main-van der Kamp that you are a man "besotted with a particular place, a possible Paradise"?**

**PASS:** Yes, I'm besotted with place alright, but I think there are particular instances, even in *Stumbling In The Bloom*, of more than one possible paradise. Each poem reaches out to its own, and the reader's.

0889822018

**"You start out as a kid in his backyard in Calgary, day-dreaming, aimlessly swinging a stick maybe, muttering to himself, and end up on a stage in Toronto before the national media." —JOHN PASS**

KEITH SHAW PHOTO

### 24.iii.88

i  
This is a time  
when the cat walks through the  
mirror and all the mistletoe berries  
fall like snow

This is a time when the  
red wine turns silver  
and the pillars of the house are black.

This is the time  
when, opening the cupboards,  
we discover only crawling children.

ii  
I have put out the light. The room is quiet.  
Only the rustle of bedclothes shakes the air,

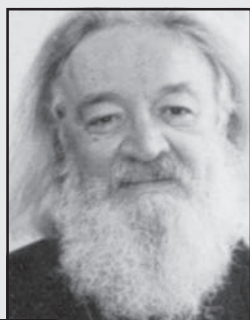
and yet a buzzing sound is nearing, circling,  
nearer near, ceases, then begins

once more, and 'There's a fly,' you say, 'a fly,  
and I can't sleep.' So I turn on the light.

There is no fly. No sound. No room;  
no bed; no house; no life, no death.

Only the light.  
And I put out the light.

—from *Facing the Light* a new posthumous volume  
by **Robin Skelton** (Ekstasis \$19.95) 1-894800-67-2



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## WELCOME TO THE HOLOGRAMMIC UNDERTOW

*"The pickaxe is only the virtual accoutrement of a secret aesthetics."* — ROY MIKI

There by Roy Miki (New Star \$21)

What's the difference between "here" and "there"? As P.K. Page wrote decades ago in a prophetic piece about global warming, "only an inconsequential little letter t."

Roy Miki, whose previous book won a Governor General's award, offers a kaleidoscope of words, neither lyrical nor confessional, in *There*.

The words tumble and re-tumble in seemingly random connections without narrative thread except for the interconnections of travel.

Miki's poems are set on, at least, three continents. In every place there is some collision between the local and the global, the present and memory, often tense.

Readers can easily tire of being hectored about globalization but Miki pulls it off because his mode is metonymy not lecture.

*Roy Miki has won SFU's Outstanding Alumni Award for Arts and Culture. Last year he was invested into the Order of Canada and received the Nora and Ted Sterling Prize in Support of Controversy, as well as the 20th annual Gandhi Peace Award and the 16th annual Thakore Visiting Scholar Award for his commitment to Mahatma Gandhi's ideals of truth, justice, human rights and non-violence.*

*"Dumbfounded associations in the pinball micro drama hosted by a disheveled memory bank of accruing global debts The world bank on my back to rein deficits and cut losses by slicing off the surplus syntax"*

Miki's reeling associations left this reader dumbfounded but fascinated. Puzzling and for-

midable but not forbidding, these poems reward a second, diligent reading;

*"the hologrammic undertow finally proves disarming."*

As well, *There* contains oblique references to Miki's Japanese Canadian heritage.

*"O ghostly gatekeeper on the shore*

*We come from lands beyond your lonely ken*

*We come on hobbled wings of a dream of riches*

*Our credentials stowed in this modest furoshiki*

*Believe me we are not a burden in a bundle of sticks*

*We never hurl idiosyncrasies at just any crass wall..."*

Though never an easy read, the multiplicity of voices in overheard snatches is intense. Photos and photo-montages set



HANNAH MAIN-VAN DER KAMP

in the text, beautifully reproduced in colour, provide welcome visual relief. Miki's work is exciting! Someone has to do it; stretch the limits of language to open up the borderlands of poetry.

1-55420-036-1

Seven Into Even by Jacqueline Turner (ECW \$16.95)

Jacqueline Turner's third poetry collection, *Seven Into Even*, published when she was living near Horseshoe Bay, was partially

written in Australia when she was Queensland's inaugural poet-in-residence at the Judith Wright Centre for the Contemporary Arts in Brisbane.

The book re-

works Edmund Spenser's *The Faerie Queene* with contemporary settings and issues. Turner manages a literary webzine called *The News*, has written poetry reviews for *The Georgia Straight*, and has taught writing at Simon Fraser University and the Emily Carr Institute of Art and Design.

1-55022-746-7

Columnist Hannah Main-van der Kamp writes mainly from Victoria.



Jacqueline Turner

## SHORT LIST

Phosphorous by Heidi Garnett (ThistleDown \$15.95)

Born in Germany, Kelowna's **Heidi Garnett** received the 2004 Joyce Dunn Memorial Award and has now published her first poetry collection, **Phosphorous**, recalling her German family's devastating experiences during World War II and struggling to accept the past.

1-897235-13-5

Decked and Dancing by Christine Smart (Hedgerow \$16.95)

Born in Shawville, Quebec in 1953, **Christine Smart** grew up mainly on an Ottawa Valley farm. She has recalled her early life in **Decked and Dancing**, a first collection that also includes poems about illness, loss, grief, physical desire, love and motherhood.

0-9736882-3-8

A Thousand Women, None Like You by Alejandro Raul Mujica-Olea (Mil Mujeres, Ninguna Como Tú)



Alejandro Raul Mujica-Olea

From "the deepest fibres of my being," Chilean-born **Alejandro Raul Mujica-Olea** has dedicated **A**

**Thousand Women, None Like You** to "the love of my mature years," Ariadne Sawyer, his World Poetry Reading Series partner. See [abcbookworld.com](http://abcbookworld.com) for details.

0-9731479-5-4

## ALSO RECEIVED



3 Women by Stephen Bett (Ekstasis \$19.95) 1-894800-90-7

The Octopus by Jennica Harper (Signature Editions \$14.95) 1-897109-10-5

The Human Shore by Russell Thornton (Harbour \$16.95) 1-55017-385-5

What Goes Up Comes Out by Ian Rudkin (Brio) 0-9733942-9-3

Bulletin From The Low Light by J. Fisher (Frontenac House \$15.95) 1-897181-07-8

Wood Mountain Poems by Andrew Suknaski (Hagios \$17.95) 0-9735567-9-X

Shall: ghazals by Catherine Owen (Wolsak & Wynn \$17) 1-894987-08-X

Go Leaving Strange by Patrick Lane (Harbour \$16.95) 1-55017-328-6

A Passionate Continuity by Elizabeth Mayne (Ekstasis \$19.95) 1-894800-85-0

Vermeer's Light by George Bowering (Talonbooks \$29.95) 0-88922-546-X

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# Reckoning 07

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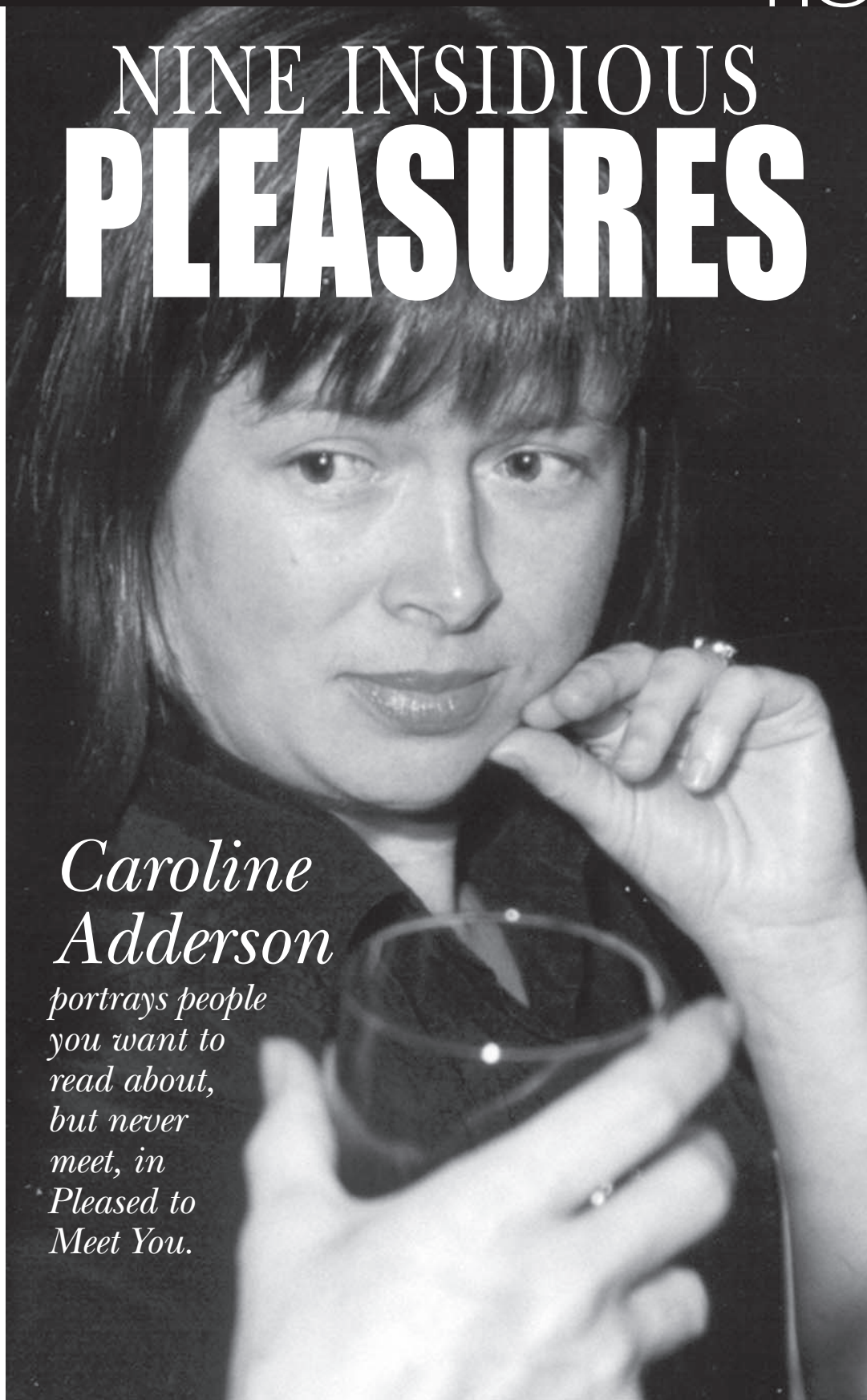
Canadian Centre for Studies in Publishing (SFU),  
Association of Book Publishers of British Columbia, Faculty  
of Arts and Social Sciences (SFU), Pacific BookWorld News  
Society (BC BookWorld), W.A.C. Bennett Library (SFU),  
Vancouver Public Library

Coordinated by Alan Twigg, Shadbolt Fellow (SFU)

\* In celebration of *BC BookWorld's* 20th anniversary.



# NINE INSIDIOUS PLEASURES



*Caroline Adderson  
portrays people  
you want to  
read about,  
but never  
meet, in  
Pleased to  
Meet You.*

in plastic pots. Some are fringed with laundry. Rap music punches out.”

By selecting images, styles and syntax to reflect the environments her characters inhabit, Adderson succeeds in creating a specific mood for each story. At every conclusion we find our-

selves uplifted, disgusted, angry or depressed. Her skill is so insidious we’re hardly aware of it.

Readers may not be *pleased* to meet some of the characters in *Pleased to Meet You*, such as Manfred, the decidedly unpleasant protagonist in *Spleenless*. As a shallow, selfish, and wom-

anizing bachelor who is recovering from an emergency splenectomy, Manfred suffers loneliness and an agonizing nightmare. The ex-wife he’s decided he really loves is not masochist enough to leave her new husband and baby for another tortured round with him, and his

current love abandons him to go on the trip the couple had planned to take together.

In Adderson’s deftly drawn *Shhhh. 3 Stories About Silence*, readers accompany a reporter and photographer on a frustrating assignment during which a casual relationship shifts and shimmers with the possibility of seduction.

In *The Maternity Suite*, a reluctant husband, who is about to become an even more reluctant father, stewes over his wife’s pregnancy. The use of subtitles: *The Reluctant Grandmother*, *The Expectant Mother*, *The Suspecting Father*, and *The Unexpected*, serve the author well as she shifts from the various points of view.

Adderson is also adept at portraying her minor characters. These include the degenerate elderly woman who agrees to ‘babysit’ the handicapped boy in *Ring Ring*; the reporter’s depressed, cartoonist husband in *Shhh: 3 Stories About Silence*; the pregnant woman’s jealous sister in *The Maternity Suite*; and the feisty dying Finn the widower has been visiting in *Hauska Tutustua*.

The collection also includes gentle, sympathetic stories about the ordinary people who enhance our lives; people like the underwriter in *Falling*, a graceful tale about a middle-aged, staid husband and father who is jolted out of his daily routine by his wife’s minor accident with his car. Forced to take a bus, he is exposed to poetry that shares space alongside the bus’s advertisements. Amazed that poetry still exists, he reads a poem fifteen times and finds himself subtly and unexpectedly transformed towards grace.

Every story delivers just enough to disturb, delight and fascinate.

0-88762-220-8

*Cherie Thiessen writes from Pender Island.*

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# LOOKOUT

## Truly, madly, deeply, fearfully independent

**Peter Grauer's** exhaustive account of American bandit **Bill Miner's** years in British Columbia—in the venerable do-it-yourself tradition of **George Nicholson's** coastal classic *Vancouver Island's West Coast*, reprinted a dozen times since 1962—ranks with the self-published debuts of historian **Derek Hayes**, ethnographer **Adolf Hungry Wolf** and unconventional poet **bill bissett**.

Based on six years of research, Grauer painstakingly recalls how Constable **William Fernie** and his four First Nations trackers—**Alex Ignace, Eli La Roux, Michel Le Camp** and **Philip Toma**—tracked the fleeing Bill Miner and his two accomplices for five days after their botched train robbery, enabling the Royal North West Mounted Police to capture the so-called Gentleman Bandit near Douglas Lake.

Not to be confused with print-on-demand titles that are mostly naïve, vanity projects, Grauer's **Interred With Their Bones, Bill Miner in Canada, 1903-1907** (Partners in Publishing / Sandhill \$35) is a 643-page definitive work, complete with a bibliography, sources, an index and high-quality illustrations.

Grauer believes a mainstream publisher likely would never have agreed to publish his labour of love because, ironically, it is too comprehensive and too expensive to produce.

Also, Grauer says he wasn't keen to endure the "interminable" waiting period between acceptance of a book project and its eventual publication.

We have asked Peter Grauer to explain his pathway into print.

## Why I self-published

BY PETER GRAUER

**I**nitially, while I contemplated the route I should take, the overwhelming emotion was that of fear.

It was that fear that smacks of unreasonableness; fear of rejection, fear of amputation, fear of confrontation and ridicule, and the fear of failure.

I was an unknown first-time author, and the thought of ever enticing a mainstream publisher from coastal Lotusland, or anywhere else in Western Canada, to deign to look at, never mind publish, my book was deemed to be almost fruitless.

To have had any editorial control over the end result would have been a ludicrous expectation. Besides, I was convinced that publishers were unapproachable by first-time authors. I could not see myself facing what I presumed to be the inevitable and personally debilitating rejection notices or requests for condensation. I was not pre-

pared to "pay my dues" when I was convinced of the worth of what had been produced.

Other authors I talked to and corresponded with have expressed their unfailing disappointment in dealing with mainstream publishers. Their most-often quoted criticism was the perceived rape of their work by unskilled and uncaring editors. This was quickly followed by the almost complete lack of monetary reward, despite reasonable sales, and a lengthy wait until publication.

I was adamant that I wanted to maintain editorial control over the content of my work, and the integrity of the work as a whole. I was convinced that it would take over 600 pages to tell this story, and I also wanted to help influence the publishing of my book, including design, distribution and marketing.

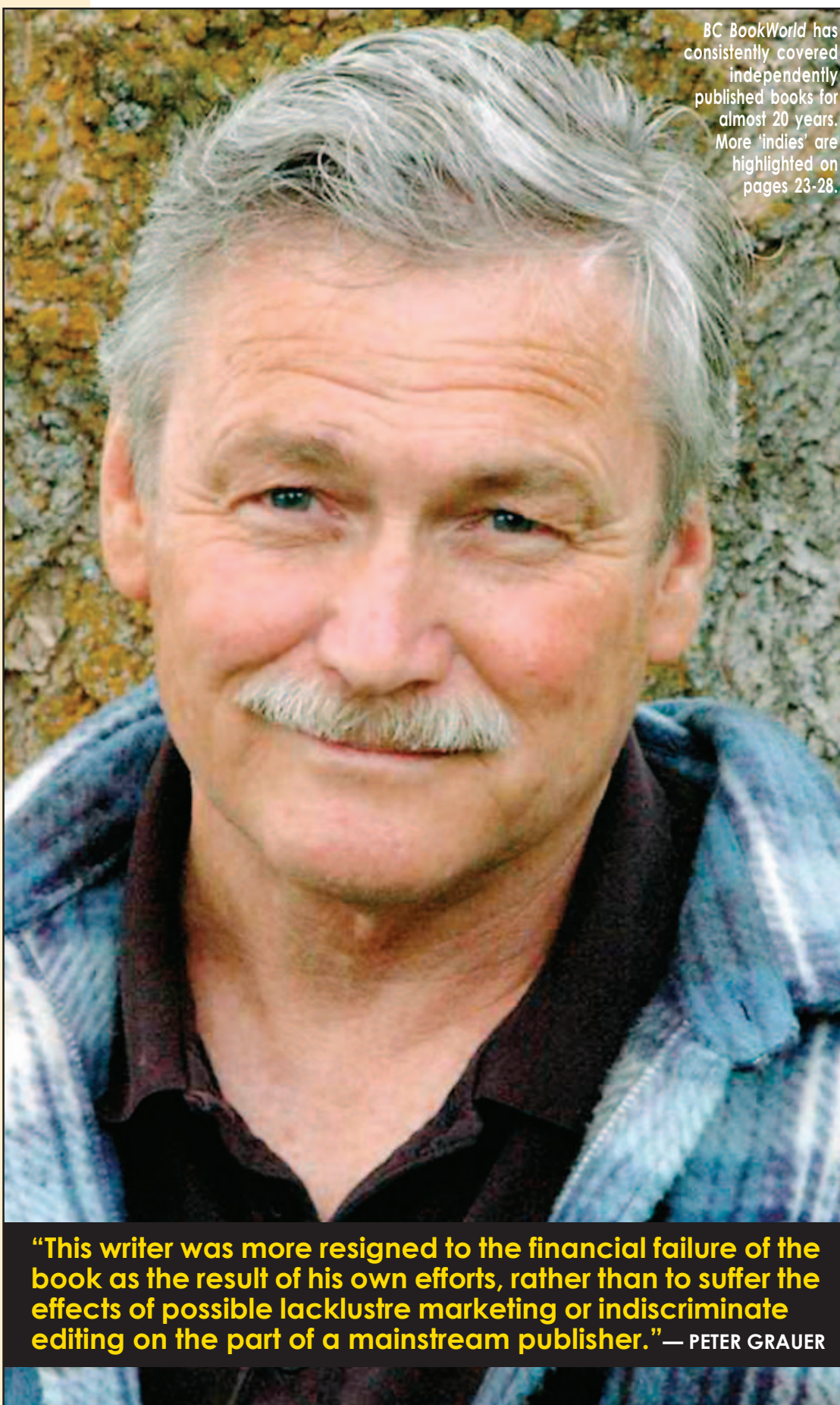
Expert advice from professionals, friends and fellow writers, as well as my own convictions, convinced me that I should exert some ownership over such minutiae as book dimensions, font size and type, paper quality, cover graphics and design as well as cover weight and surface treatment. These decisions, as well as the actual cover design with its fold-in flaps, were conceived in conjunction with the book designer well in advance of the actual time of printing.

I wanted to be able to control the number, quality, size and placement of all of the photographs in the book, as well as to incorporate original artwork. This writer was more resigned to the financial failure of the book as the result of his own efforts, rather than to suffer the effects of possible lacklustre marketing or indiscriminate editing on the part of a mainstream publisher.

There is no doubt that the decision to self-publish was eased by the knowledge that a professional book designer and a retired copy editor both volunteered to practise their various skills for the writer, as they believed in the value of the project. The masterful handling of these responsibilities by all the individuals noted in the copyright page of the book was critical in easing the decision to self-publish.

The anguish and worry that resulted from the decision to self-publish has largely been alleviated by a resulting book that has earned many positive comments from store owners and readers alike. Sales are continuing to be strong and steady, and the response of readers to the comments section of author's website ([www.billminer.ca](http://www.billminer.ca)) has vindicated my persistence in maintaining the integrity of the book.

BC BookWorld has consistently covered independently published books for almost 20 years. More 'indies' are highlighted on pages 23-28.



**"This writer was more resigned to the financial failure of the book as the result of his own efforts, rather than to suffer the effects of possible lacklustre marketing or indiscriminate editing on the part of a mainstream publisher." — PETER GRAUER**



# THE GREATER ONE

Victoria's **Steve Nash** is one of only ten NBA players who have won the league's MVP award back-to-back—but there's much more to him than that.

**N**ovelist and ardent sports fan **Mordecai Richler** once described **Wayne Gretzky** as the dullest man he ever met. No one could say the same thing about **Steve Nash**.

While literally looking up to 95% of the players in the National Basketball Association, Victoria's Steve Nash—Canada's other “great one”—has ascended to almost unimaginable heights as the thinking man's basketballer.

Last season Nash, at six-feet-three-inches, became only the third guard in NBA history to win the league's Most Valuable Player Award in two successive seasons, in the company of **Michael Jordan** and **Magic Johnson**. Now having his best statistical season, Nash is on track to win his third consecutive MVP award.

The third coming of Steve Nash, the man sometimes called Hair Canada, has resulted in two new books, **Jeff Rud's** *Steve Nash: The Making of an MVP* (Penguin Puffin \$12.99) and **Steve Nash** (Heritage \$16.95), a photo-laden tribute by **Paul Arsenault** and **Peter Assaff**.

Based on the latter, here are some of the highlights from Steve Nash's remarkable rise to fortune, fame, respect, family life and philanthropy.

Born in Johannesburg on February 7, 1974, Steve Nash and his younger brother **Martin Nash**—a starting midfielder for the league champion Vancouver Whitecaps—were raised in the Gordon Head area of Victoria along with their sister Joann, captain of the UVic women's soccer squad for three seasons. John and Jean Nash originally immigrated with Steve Nash to Regina because they didn't want their children to be raised in a racist society fractured by apartheid.

Sports was in the genes. Before marrying John Nash, Steve Nash's mother Jean had played netball at the national level in England. John Nash played professional soccer in South Africa. Idolizing Wayne Gretzky as a boy, Steve Nash initially excelled in hockey, lacrosse, rugby and soccer. John Nash recalls finding his ten-year-old son Steve in the backyard, exhausted after juggling a soccer ball more than 600 times with his feet.

At Mount Douglas High School, Steve Nash led his soccer team to a provincial championship and was named the most valuable player. “I've always thought soccer was a good explanation of who he is as a basketballer,” says Martin Nash. “Soccer is not a sport where you can be an individual. The role he played in soccer, playmaker, basically the point guard, is the kind of role he played in every sport, from rugby to lacrosse to hockey.”



In 2001, Steve Nash [white jersey] suited up for Victoria United as a guest player for a match against Seattle Saints. After attending soccer games at the 2006 World Cup in Germany, Nash practiced with the New York Bulls of Major League Soccer, prompting their coach to say, “I think he could probably play in this league.”

The man who first placed a basketball in Steve Nash's hands, Steve Gallo, was a Hillcrest Elementary vice-principal who ran a Wednesday evening league for 12-and-13-year-olds. “Within a month at fundamental basketball practice, you knew he was something special,” Gallo says, “[because] he got his biggest thrill setting up the other kids.” Whichever side Steve Nash played on usually built up a big lead, so Gallo would have to call a time out. “I'd switch him to the other side until they caught up, which they always did.”

At 13, when Steve Nash began playing basketball, he told his mother he planned to play professionally in the NBA. “I didn't doubt him,” she says. Nash proceeded to lead Arbutus Junior Secondary to the provincial junior high championship in 1990; then led St. Michael's University School to the senior high championship in 1992. For good measure, he also won his school's chess championship.

Toronto Raptors' commentator Jack Armstrong would later credit Nash with a “huge basketball I.Q., the type of genius-claim often made of Gretzky.” But Nash is clearly more sophisticated than Gretzky outside of sports, having earned a sociology degree at Santa Clara University.

*New York Times* writer Liz Robbins once asked Steve Nash why he was bothering to read *Communist Manifesto* by **Karl Marx**. “Nash explained,” she wrote, “as he picked up the manifesto, ‘only because I was reading the autobiography of **Che Guevara** and I wanted to get a better perspective.’”

After attending Santa Clara University in California on a scholarship, Nash was selected 15th overall in the first round of the NBA's entry draft on June 26, 1996, becoming the second Canadian (after **Leo Rautens**, drafted 17<sup>th</sup> in 1983) to be selected during the first round. Others drafted before Nash that year were 18-year-old **Kobe Bryant**, **Allen Iverson**, **Marcus Camby**, **Ray Allen** and **Stephen Marbury**.

As only one of twelve Canadian players to make it to the NBA level, the little-known white kid from the Great White North was booed by Phoenix Suns' fans from his draft day onward. “I was ... well, I wouldn't say maligned in my first year there,” he says, “but I was booed at home in my second year. That was a pretty amazing place to be in your career, to be booed at home as a young player, someone who is just trying to figure out what they can be. In some ways, it was great for me because it motivated me and taught me a lot about pro sports: Keep fighting and don't take things so seriously.”

Although his playing time was limited—just ten minutes per game in his rookie season—Nash used adversity as grist for his competitive mill, improving in his second season prior to being traded to the Dallas Stars where the fans didn't like him either.

After two seasons with a struggling Dallas team, Steve Nash didn't realize his leadership potential until he played for Canada at the Sydney Olympics in 2000. Having earned a silver medal at the World University Games in 1991 when he was seventeen, Nash was primed to catch world attention when Canada met world champion Yugoslavia in its final game of the round-robin.

Having beaten Australia, Angola and Spain, but losing to Russia, Nash and his low profile teammates were not expected to outdo Yugoslavia, the odds-on favourite to meet the United States for the gold medal. Nash became a national hero, scoring a team-high 26 points, stunning the Yugoslavians for an 83-75 win, finishing at the top of Group B. Four days later, when Canada lost a heartbreaker to France in the semi-finals, Nash left the court in tears but he came home a winner.

Having amazed the basketball world with his tenacity and creativity, Nash was also inspirational behind the scenes. He had anonymously distributed three thousand dollars spending money for each of his teammates, via Olympic coach **Jay Triano**, and he had declined the Olympic organizers' plan to have him fly first class. “If you have to buy a first class ticket,” he told Triano, “give it to one of the big guys.” Despite being a multimillionaire, Nash chose to sit in an economy seat for the duration of the 17-hour journey to Australia.

In 2002-2003, Nash established a new franchise record for free throws, sinking 49 consecutive attempts. After forming an important fraternal relationship with rising German-born star **Dirk Nowitzki**, Nash transformed the attack of the Phoenix Suns and became an NBA All-Star. He led the league in assists and was named the league's Most Valuable Player for 2004-2005 as his team reached the NBA finals.

Steve Nash was for real. He didn't win his first MVP because he was a white guy or because his main rival, Kobe Bryant, had been accused of sodomy and rape. For five years in a row, the team that had Steve Nash on it—whether it was Dallas or Phoenix—led the NBA in scoring.

## Married with twin daughters

Married in 2005 to his Paraguayan-born wife Alejandra (“Ale” to her friends), who formerly worked as a personal trainer in New York, Steve Nash is now the father of twin daughters, Lourdes and Isabella (“Lola” and “Bella”).

Although he once posed for *GQ* magazine, Nash is the antithesis of glam and he finds comments about his shaggy appearance absurd. He wore his hair long last year simply because his wife liked it that way. “I really don't care about the response to my hair,” he says. “This is just how my hair is. I don't take care of it, or comb it, or put anything in it .... When people comment on it, it is funny to me that it draws such attention. It makes me realize how insignificant that sort of thing is.”

Nash reputedly reads **Dostoevsky** and remains unusually candid, humble and free-thinking for a professional athlete. At the 2002 NBA all-star game he took a lot of heat for wearing a t-shirt with the slogan, “No war. Shoot for peace.” He is on record for opposing the American invasion of Iraq because no evidence of nuclear weapons was ever found.

When the B.C. youth basketball program was in trouble, following the transfer of the Vancouver Grizzlies franchise to Nashville, the Steve Nash Foundation, managed by Steve Nash's sister, came to the rescue. Now the Steve Nash Youth Basketball League supports 8,000 young players in B.C.

As the host of an annual charity basketball fundraising game, held first in Toronto, then in Vancouver, Steve Nash and his foundation have raised more than one million dollars for charitable projects. Recently he and his wife succeeded in supplying modern medical equipment to Paraguay's oldest teaching hospital, the Hospital of the Poor, in Asuncion, where a new post-operative pediatric cardiology ward has been created.

“We all love kids,” he says, “and feel their human potential and human resource is invaluable to society.” If any other sports superstar said that, cynics along the lines of Mordecai Richler would suspect it's pure balderdash. But so far, we can believe everything that Steve Nash says. Off the court and on it, he has become, without intending it, one of the best ambassadors that Canada has ever had.

## About the authors:

As a *Times Colonist* sports reporter, Jeff Rud wrote the first book about Steve Nash, *Long Shot* (Polestar, 1996; Raincoast 2002). Rud has also produced a basketball novel for middle-grade readers, *In the Paint: South Side Sports* (Orca 2005), and *Canucks Legends* (Raincoast \$50) containing profiles of 75 players. Essays by journalists **Archie McDonald**, **Tony Gallagher**, **Iain MacIntyre** and **Kevin Woodley** accompany more than 300 photos.

Paul Arsenault previously wrote *Sidney Crosby: A Hockey Story*; Peter Assaff is a Rogers television talk-show host and play-by-play announcer.

Steve Nash 1-894974-25-5; Making of an MVP 9780143053453



As the host of an annual charity basketball fundraising game, held first in Toronto, then in Vancouver, Steve Nash and his foundation have raised more than one million dollars for charitable projects. Recently he and his wife succeeded in supplying modern medical equipment to Paraguay's oldest teaching hospital, the Hospital of the Poor, in Asuncion, where a new post-operative pediatric cardiology ward has been created.



## Survivor— The B.C. version

Feats of survival have been a mainstay of B.C. literature ever since American sailor **John Jewitt** described his Robinson Crusoe-like adventures as the “white slave” of **Chief Maquinna** during nearly three years of captivity on Vancouver Island, from 1803 to 1805.



John Jewitt, slave to Chief Maquinna.

It is seldom noted that Jewitt’s original 48-page version of his ordeal was self-published from New England—and flopped—in 1807, but an (ahem) “enhanced” version by hired editor **Richard Alsop** has never been out of print.

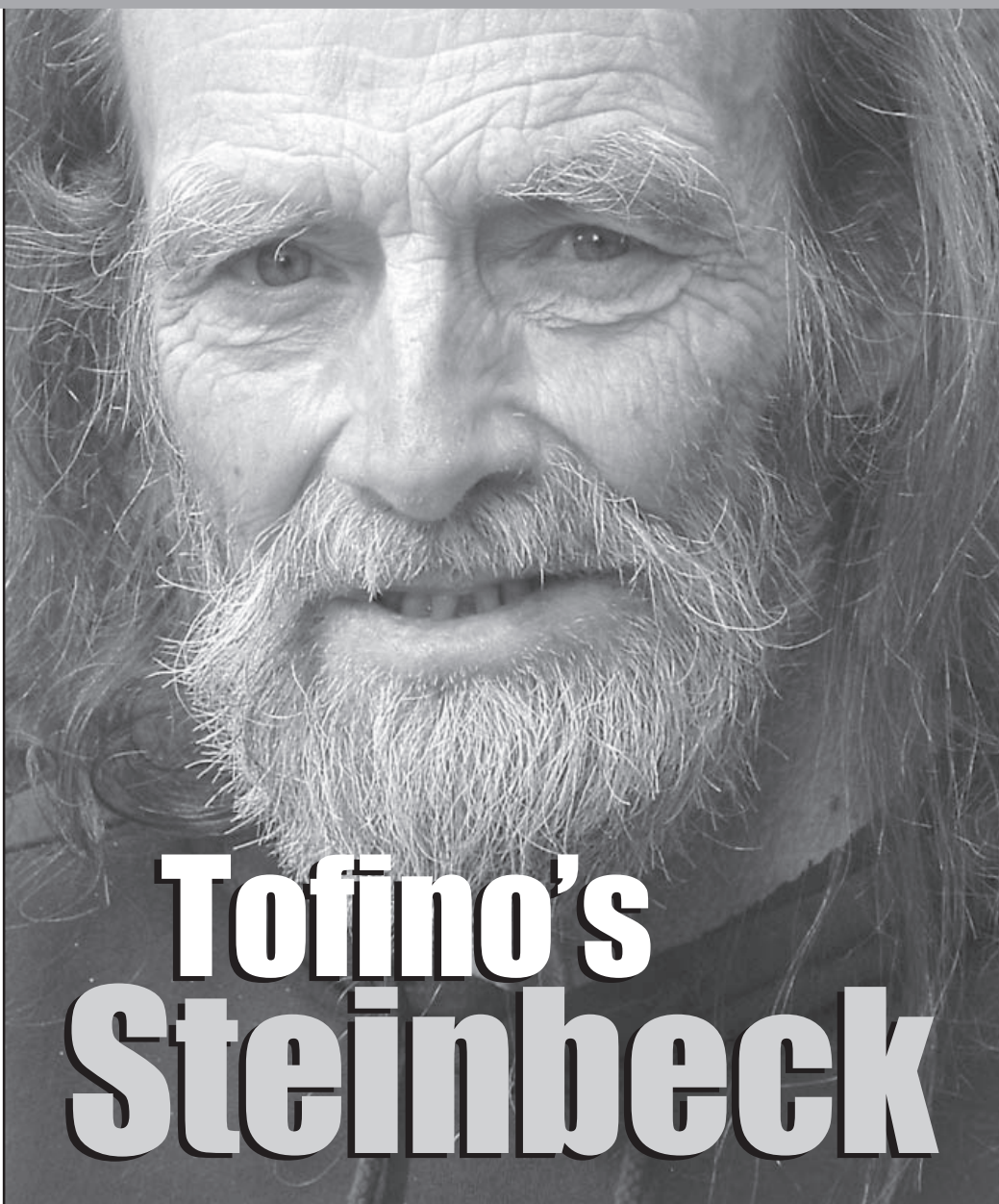
During the 200 years since then, there have been numerous wilderness survival classics, most notably **Eric Collier’s** *Three Against the Wilderness* (1959), in which Collier recalls how his family re-introduced the beaver population at Meldrum Creek.

Similarly, **Leland Stowe’s** *Crusoe of Lonesome Lake* (1957) is an oft-reprinted account of how **Ralph Edwards** and his family nourished trumpeter swans. It was mimicked by **Ed Gould’s** ‘as-told-to’ autobiography, *Ralph Edwards of Lonesome Lake* (1979), which, in turn, gave rise to **Isabel Edwards’** *Ruffles On My Longjohns* (1981).

The first female Thoreau of B.C., **Gilean Douglas**, originally published *River For My Sidewalk* (1953) under a male pseudonym, **Grant Madison**. She led the way for **Deanna Kawatski’s** *Wilderness Mother* (1994) and a superb follow-up, *Clara and Me* (1996), as well as the popular memoirs of **Chris Czajkowski** who lives alone near Nimpko Lake.

More sophisticated maritime memoirs, such as **M. Wylie Blanchet’s** *The Curve of Time* (1968) and **Edith Iglauer’s** *Fishing with John* (1988) are watery cousins of such works, emphasizing the indomitability of maverick spirits.

Now the “back to the land” movement of the Sixties and Seventies is bringing forth a fresh crop of rustic reminiscences, such as **Sunny Wright’s** *To Touch A Dream* (2006). In this issue highlighting independent publishers, we’ve noted just two of many “Survivor” stories arising from B.C.: **Frank Harper’s** *Journeys* and **Christine Peters’** *The Lure of the Chilcotin* [reviewed on this page].

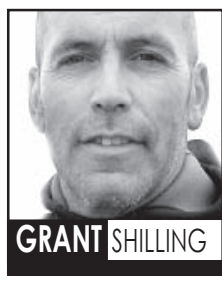


# Tofino’s Steinbeck

**Frank Harper is a well-loved figure who came to Clayoquot Sound with his young family at age forty in 1970. “I was a teacher at a factory-like university in Oregon,” he says. “I was seeking to change my life, to find a way to drop out and to drop in. I wanted to find a simple place to live, to find community and self-sufficiency and adventure.”**

Frank Harper and a small group of friends settled on a south-facing sandy beach on land below Catface Mountain, a twenty-minute boat ride from Tofino. To this day they continue to legally squat (and pay taxes) on the Crown land beneath this bumpy outline that can be seen from the Whiskey Dock of what he refers to as the “neo-classical resort” of Tofino.

The story of how Harper achieved his “drop-in” objective is told in **Frank Harper’s** *Journeys* (Cherub Books \$20), a charming collection of personal essays that



GRANT SHILLING

sold out its first printing in six months, despite being available from only two stores. Most significantly, Harper founded, edited and published *The Sound Newspaper* with a village of volunteers. In business since 1990, that newspaper remains the best record of Tofino when it was still a fishing village at the end of the road.

In short, Frank Harper is Tofino’s Steinbeck. His talents include a great ear for dialogue and the ability to make you feel right there in the story with him. Il-

lustrated by **Joanna Streetly’s** line drawings, *Journeys* is a collection of Harper’s essays that appeared under the same title in *The Sound*. A few additional stories were written specifically for this collection.

*Journeys* is book-ended by two stories—set thirty years apart—in which Harper is struggling to get to the Whiskey Dock in his car. In the first tale, a dog sleeping in the middle of the road stops him; in the second, a tourist traffic gridlock holds him up.

Other stories include an amusing tale of a bogus tsunami warning, a canoe rescue from Catface, a storm journal, life as a wilderness chef cooking moose meat, our occasional beastly attitudes towards nature and a tale set in Smiley’s Bowling Alley with a pesky interviewer.

*Journeys* is filled with amazing adventures, big and small, in which Harper is usually the central character. “But the book deals with a more profound journey than mine,” he notes. “An ever-changing mysterious wilderness is intruded upon by the sudden, money-haunted globalization of a tiny village.”

Produced by Cherub Books—a loose collection of Tofitians who have contributed both financial and digital support to the project—*Frank Harper’s Journeys* is now into its second printing. Harper neither decries nor laments; he simply uses his keen eye and ear to help us bear witness.

[Journays is available from Tofino bookstores: Wildside Booksellers (250-725-4222, wildbook@island.net) and Mermaid Tales Bookshop (250-725-2125, merbook@island.net).]

*Grant Shilling is a founding member of the Catface Bodysurfing Club and author of The Cedar Surf: An Informal History of Surfing in British Columbia.*

## Tatla tales From Dylan to Jesus, with love affairs in-between

In 1967, **Christine Peters** left Ithaca, New York, with Bronx-born Mark Gilman, in her father’s old Studebaker Lark and headed to British Columbia with seven hundred dollars.

Living out of their car they tried sleeping one night inside the Stanley Park hollow tree, only to be chased away by police. Desperate for money, she took a teaching job at Big Creek in the Chilcotin.

Some 38 years later, having raised four sons in the Cariboo-Chilcotin, mostly as a homesteader without running water, she has self-published her memoir, **The Lure of the Chilcotin** (Trafford \$23.95) from her Tatla Lake cabin, west of Williams Lake.

Peters’ twelve-year relationship with Gilman, an avant-garde saxophonist with whom she had her first son, Otis, ended in 1977.

Peters then cohabited with trapline operator Rick Stamford, who soon became more widely known as

Sage Birchwater, the Chilcotin journalist.

They homesteaded and home-birthed two children, Junah and Shiney, then amicably parted company in the mid-1980s, thereafter remaining friends.

A fourth son, Dylan, fathered by a neighborhood friend, was partially raised in foster homes.

Peters also met and married a man named George, moved her family to be with him in 100 Mile House, but his drinking and violence sent her back to the Chilcotin. When a different romance with a man in Quesnel faltered, she returned to Tatla Lake.

A songwriter who deeply admired Bob Dylan, Christine Peters later found Christ and joined the Reform Party of Canada.

“I believe that not only time heals a broken heart,” she writes, “but Jesus heals our wounds and disappointments with His touch.”



Christine Peters



# exciting spring titles!

march

**Birth House (paperback release)**

Ami McKay

april

**Divasadero**

Michael Ondaatje

**On Cesil Beach**

Ian McEwan

may

**Animal, Vegetable, Miracle**

Barbara Kingsolver

**A Thousand Splendid Suns**

Khaled Hosseini

**Water for Elephants (paperback release)**

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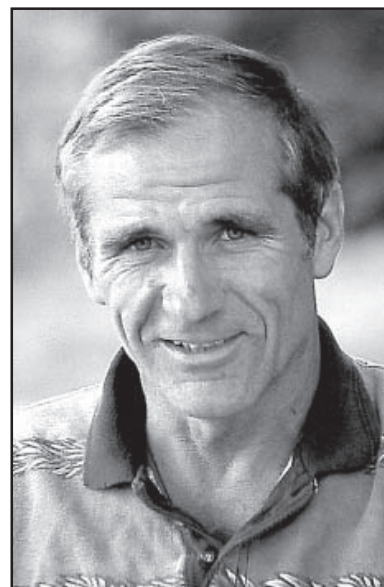
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## INDEPENDENTS

### Tall orders

Having returned from Hawaii to build his dream home in the peaceful farming community of Lister, B.C., **Dave Perrin**—B.C.'s tallest author—has chronicled his latest Kootenay adventures as a veterinarian in *Never Say Die: New Adventures from the Country Vet* (Dave's Press / Sandhill \$23.95). Sandwiched between two titles from large publishing houses, *Never Say Die*



Dave Perrin

has reached as high as number two in the cross-Canada index for sales provided by TBM Bookmanager.

"It's another testimony to his strong readership, or else a reading market that is desperate for tales about animals and doctors," says distributor Nancy Wise. "With 250 stores reporting actual sales, it's no fluke." It's Perrin's fourth volume of light-hearted memoirs as a country vet.

0-9687943-5-1



Insurance executive **Robert E.L. Trowbridge**'s autobiography *Foxglove* (Trafford \$27.15) is focussed upon his acquisition of a seventeen-acre equestrian estate in Langley in the Fraser Valley, bought in 2002 in the aftermath of a series of successful real estate deals. "With its ballroom, chapel, courtyard and gardens the property has been a magnet for Hollywood for a couple of decades. **Brad Pitt, Nicolas Cage, Donald Sutherland** and **Diane Lane** are just a few of the thespians who have toiled under hot lights at Foxglove Farm."

Humour-laden and boastful, *Foxglove* is a lively exploration of a natural writing ability that has been yearning to be released. It is most charming as a portrait of a marriage but it can also be dismissed by ungenerous readers as a mere advertisement for the author's success. The guy has the trophy wife and the trophy house; and has been on lots of nice trips. Why do we have to know about it?

141208019-3



Edited by **K.A. Finlay**, "A Woman's Place": *Art and the Role of Women in the Cultural Formation of Victoria, BC 1850s-1920s* (Maltwood Gallery \$20) is an expanded catalogue for the exhibition of women's art from the early days of Victoria that was held from September, 2004 to January, 2005. The book and exhibition concentrate on the "womanly arts" of painting, drawing, needlework and ceramics.

Artists featured include painters **Sophie Pemberton** and **Sarah Crease**, plus photographer **Hannah Maynard** and historical figures such as educator **Alice Ravenhill**, **Martha Harris** and Sister **Mary Osithe**. **Emily Carr** is included but not featured prominently.

1-55058-288-7

Irish-born **Margo Hearne** settled in Masset in 1974 and fished for 19 years aboard the troller/gillnetter *Lady Julia*.

Having written columns on birds and fish for local papers, she used her writing skills to help raise more than \$1 million to build a bridge to restore the Delkatla Wildlife Sanctuary to its original estuarine status in 1995.

Recently, as Executive Director of the Delkatla Sanctuary Society, she raised \$350,000 to build the Nature Centre at Delkatla in Masset.

Hearne's self-published book is **Small Birds Cling to Bare Branches: Nesting Songbirds of Haida Gwaii** (\$29.95), illustrated by **Janetta Pirt**.

0-9737394-0-1

### Small wonders

After her parents emigrated from Great Britain, **Jean Scott** was born in a grocery store in 1912, in Brandon, where she lived until age eight. As a single mother who coped with a violent husband and worked as a domestic servant, she evolved feminist sympathies and became an activist upon taking secretarial jobs with the United Steelworkers and the Vancouver Labour Council.

Married in 1932, she finally received a divorce in 1951 from the man she had tried to live with five times. After a whirlwind romance, she re-married in 1958, only to discover in 1959 that her second disappointing husband was a polygamist.

A co-founder of the Memorial Society, Scott, at 93, has published her memoirs, **Brown Sugar and a Bone in the**

**Throat** (\$26.95 includes postage) with the encouragement of Elsie K. Neufeld, while living in Chilliwack.

A major organizer for the Chilliwack Museum and Historical Society and the local transition house for women, Jean Scott has received an honorary doctorate from the University College of the Fraser Valley and the Governor-General's Person's Case Award for promoting women's equality.

The 1993 Violence Against Women Survey found that 51% of Canadian women experienced at least one incident of physical or sexual violence since age 16.

**Lee Lakeman**'s *Canada's Promises to Keep: The Charter and Violence Against*

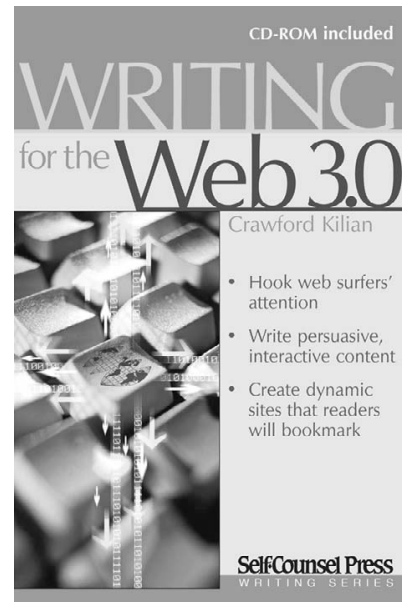
**Women** (Vancouver: CASAC \$20), reflects a five-year project of the Canadian Association of Sexual Assault Centres to unite Canadian feminist anti-violence groups, using shared crisis work, research and political activity.

Both these books would have been prime candidates for the VanCity Women's Book Prize—but unfortunately VanCity has terminated its support for the prize.

Lakeman 0-9734919-0-6;  
Scott 0-9739406-0-3



# SelfCounsel Press

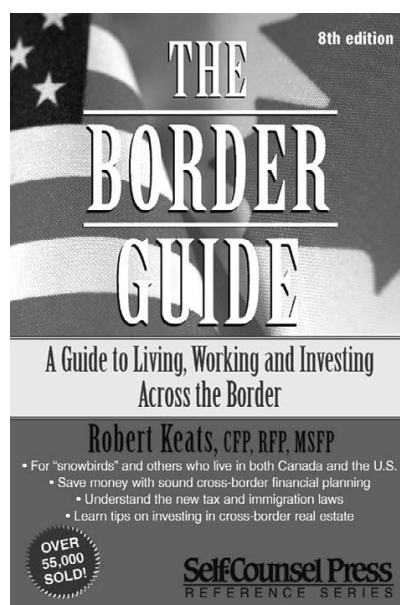
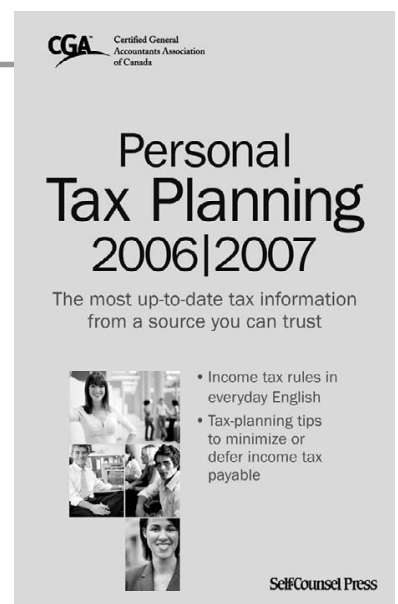


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Idrissa Simmonds: culture writer for *The Ubysey*.

## African/Caribbean Lit

As four students who had involvement with UBC's Caribbean and African Association, **Keita Demming** from Trinidad and Tobago, New Hampshire-born **Caterina Lewis-Perry** of Irish and Jamaican descent, Zambia-related **Anjuli Solanki** and Brooklyn-raised **Idrissa Simmonds** (Haitian-American and Jamaican parentage) co-edited *We Have a Voice: An Anthology of African and Caribbean Student Writing in BC* (\$15). With 17 contributors, the collection was privately printed in Richmond.

Simmonds, the founder of the anthology, went to work in Ghana in HIV/AIDS education after two years as a culture writer for *The Ubysey* newspaper.

## Drive, he said

**Tom Johnston**, a life member of the Sports Car Club of British Columbia, drove racing cars at the Westwood circuit from 1967 to 1973.

He subsequently entered many cars at Westwood that he designed and manufactured, piloted by well-known drivers such as **Frank Allers** and **Ross Bentley**. Johnston has also run his professional Formula Atlantic team at dozens of other circuits in Canada and the U.S. and represented the interests of the Sports Car Club of B.C. in managing the Westwood race track. To compile *Westwood: Everyone's Favourite Racing Circuit* (Granville Island \$54.95) he had access to the archives of the SCCBC as well as private photo collections.

This coffee table book includes a portrait gallery of over 300 drivers, officials and others from 32 seasons, along with celebrity visitors, notable cars, big races, race schedules, lap records and results. A collector's edition is available.

Dutch-born **John Lammers** immigrated to Canada in 1948 with his young family and found fulfillment as a guide in the Yukon wilderness after his

arrival there in 1953. Formerly a part-time newspaper columnist, he self-published his autobiography *A Castle on the Frontier* (Gray Jay Publications \$30.95) during his retirement years on Salt Spring Island. Subtitled *An Immigrant's Life Journey from Holland to the Yukon, 1921-1987*, it recalls the Nazi invasion of Holland and his 35 years in the Yukon. The castle of the title refers to a base camp at the confluence of the Pelly and Yukon Rivers.

Ten years in the making, his memoirs were completed when Lammers was aged 82. "The idea of a biography was tempting but for a very long time I felt that it would be little more than a form of conceit," he writes. In fact, his autobiography provides a fair-

minded record of Yukon pioneering and exploration during the latter half of the twentieth century.

0-9734905-0-0; Gray Jay Pub. P.O. Box 456, Salt Spring Island, B.C. V8K 2W1



**Roz Davidson**, aka the Granny Rapper, has self-published *Are Flowers Jewish?* (Talk-a-Tale \$16.95 plus handling) offering glimpses into Jewish life, including Shtetl and Rabbi vignettes, Klezmer-mania, sleuthing and a Farshlepteh Poodle story.

The second half is autobiographical up to puberty, with stories about growing up in Toronto, including Bubbe-Maises (grandmother stories.)

0-9737280-1-9



Having worked in the Antarctic for two years as a meteorologist in the early 1960s, **Michael Warr**, a long-time Prince George resident, revisited the Antarctic in 2005 and learned that husky dogs were no longer welcome as an alien species, whereas tourism for humans has increased to 27,000 visitors per year.

*South of Sixty: Life on an Antarctic Base*

(Antarctic Memories \$24.95) is his first book.

0-9738504-0-X



According to biologist and photographer **J. Duane Sept** of Sechelt, author of *Common Mushrooms of the Northwest* (Calypso \$12.95), mycologists believe there may be as many as 10,000

species of fungi living in the Pacific Northwest and up to 1.5 million species worldwide.

0-9739819-0-3



After she gathered the information for *Milk Stories: A History of the Dairy Industry in British Columbia, 1827-2000*, Fort Langley-based historian **K. Jane Watt** was given the green light by the Dairy Industry Historical Society of British Columbia to compile the story of how settlers have struggled against flooding in the Fraser Valley since the 1870s. *High Water: Living with the Fraser Floods* (Dairy Industry Historical Society \$50) is a lavish coffee table book of archival photos and oral histories that records the devastation wrought by major floods in 1894 and 1948 in particular.

0968766315



Sports Car Club co-founder Roy Shadbolt



## Whistling Pixie Tim Lander:

"I love playing music in the street. It is my cure for all the world's ills."



# GANDALF OF GRANVILLE ISLAND

It is impossible not to feel sympathy for Tim Lander when he describes sleeping under the Burrard Bridge and waking to discover his false teeth were stolen.

BARRY PETERSON PHOTO

**I**f you're passing swiftly, street musician **Tim Lander** might appear to be a harmless simpleton or a public nuisance, or both, or even a busker who needs a handout or even a bath, but stop and talk to the Yeats-quoting Lander, who operates a boarding house that he owns in Nanaimo, and you'll quickly realize he's a gentle and sophisticated wise man who masquerades as an over-grown sprite.

Like a universal character from a Tarot card deck who invites complex interpretations, Lander has lurked and laughed for years on the perimeter of the West Coast poetry scene, a self-publisher who frequently shows up at literary events as the real McCoy, mysteriously enduring beyond the writing departments and the cabals of mutually motivated poseurs.

Or, putting it another way, Lander remains leery of what he calls "the hierarchical filter of the Canada Council system of Approved Editors and Publishers." Stapling together his own meditations on life, Lander functions like the wandering minstrel of old, de-

pendent upon the curiosity of the general public, not the public purse.

Educated in England, Lander describes himself as a coward, not as a rebel, someone who knows he cannot change the world, but his barnacle-like presence on the literary scene of the Lower Mainland and Vancouver Island has gradually earned him widespread respect.

"I was an aged man," Lander once wrote in his self-published memoir, *The*

*Magic Flute*, "a paltry thing, travelling every week with my pack on my back, my hat on my head and my piccolo in my pocket, over on the ferry from Nanaimo, to play around the market and craft shops of Granville Island."

"At night I would unroll my sleeping bag on a thick, soft growth of ivy under the Burrard Street Bridge, with the ever-present noise of traffic t h u d d i n g above me. I reckoned that if I made a few dollars, why spend it on a cheap bed? I had no shame in sleeping like a

hobo. I'd always secretly admired the 'gentlemen of the road' and by nature I'm a penny-pincher."

Refusing to submit to Nanaimo's humiliating by-law that requires all busk-

ers to audition in front of a by-law officer to obtain a license, as well as a name tag, Lander increasingly gravitated to Vancouver to play his piccolo and penny whistle. Some youngsters have belittled him as a haggard version of Father Christmas, but far more have called out "Gandalf"—a comparison he enjoys.

Most passers-by have responded kindly. "If you can play me some Jethro Tull," said one Aboriginal man in a Pink Floyd t-shirt, "I'll see if I can find you a buck," to which Lander responded by saying he's just an old hippy who only plays music off the top of his head. The Jethro Tull fan gave him his take-out box of steak anyway.

Another time a Vancouver cop encouraged Lander to keep playing, even though a noise complaint had been made.



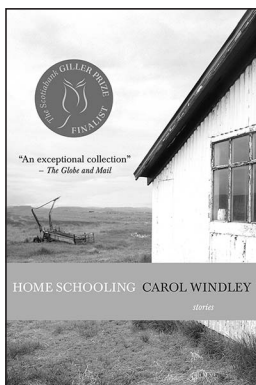
One morning Lander woke under the Burrard Bridge, put his hand in his hat and discovered his false teeth were missing. This happened a few weeks prior to

*continued on page 28*

**"And in Nanaimo, the licensed musicians, wearing their official photo identity cards, play on designated spots, on designated days, according to some code of by-laws dreamt of by City Hall."—TIM LANDER**



## WHAT IS IT ABOUT WEST COAST WOMEN AND FICTION?



### Praise for Giller Prize Finalist Carol Windley

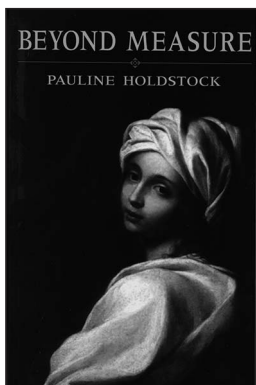
"Home Schooling ... is as delicate as it is intelligent ... nothing short of an exceptional collection of beautiful words and resonant insights." — Carla Lucchetta, *The Globe and Mail*

Selected as the Best Book of 2006 by *The Globe and Mail*, *National Post*, and *Quill & Quire*.



### Praise for Linda Rogers

"Rogers' work is both sensuous and intelligent, and it's impossible to read her without a creeping sense of terror and joy." — Susan Musgrave



### Praise for Giller Prize Finalist Pauline Holdstock

"This well-executed novel can sit comfortably on any bookshelf alongside works by writers like A.S. Byatt and Jane Urquhart." — *The Globe and Mail*

Selected as a Best Book of 2004 by *The Globe and Mail*.  
Winner of the Ethel Wilson Prize.  
Shortlisted for the Commonwealth Writer's Prize  
—Canada and the Caribbean Region.

**Sure. The world needs more Canada. But  
Canada needs more B.C. writers.**



From Cormorant Books. Where Imagination Takes Flight.

continued from page 27

Christmas. He searched desperately in the brambles to no avail. A malicious thief or a wild animal had stolen his ability to make his meagre living because Lander couldn't play his flute properly without his teeth.

"Then ... I realized that this was absolutely the funniest thing that had ever happened to me," he writes, "and the humour of the whole predicament filled me with light." The theft proved serendipitous. He found he could play his piccolo even better without teeth. "I could do things with the notes that I never could do before. This was my Zen moment, this was my satori. My flute and I, we had discovered each other like two lovers."

For decades Lander has conducted an erudite, one-man campaign to assert the validity of the humble chapbook as the purest vehicle for poets, "not dependent on the good will of the government," although he has just released his second 'legit' trade book called *Inappropriate Behaviour* (Broken Jaw Press \$19). Whereas his first collection, *The Glass Book* (Ekstasis 2000), was a gentle work, Lander describes *Inappropriate Behaviour* as "a book full of repressed rage" mainly comprised of poetry written before he started busking.

According to Lander, homemade chapbooks have the added advantage of displaying the hand, judgement and design sense of the poet. "Chapbooks can be printed in small quantities," he explains, "as needed, and they do not require a huge outlay of cash. They are cheap, unadorned, designed to be traded with other poets, and they are affordable to the kind of aficionados of poetry who attend readings, the educated underclass." Most of Lander's chapbooks over the years have been deftly illustrated with whimsical, minimalist sketches.

Somewhat alarmed when he realized *Inappropriate Behaviour* is a potpourri of pieces written between six and thirty years ago, Lander recently released his umpteenth chapbook, *Elegy Ritten in an ORL Nite Café*, only available for \$5 by mail, via his personal email address. As usual, it contains Lander's trademark advice to the reader regarding copyright: "Do not reproduce without love."



Joe Ruggier

✍️

In much the same tradition, unstoppable self-publisher and door-to-door book salesman **Joe Ruggier**, born and raised in Malta, has operated his Multicultural Books, and written ten titles of his own, most recently *Pope Caesar's Wake: Letters Exchanged with Pope Woytyla* (MBooks \$36.95).

Ruggier has had to invent his own niche for himself, overcoming health hurdles, in order to pursue his dream of respect for his ruminations on love, culture and religion. Although his persistence is remarkable, it's not peerless.

Self-publishers aren't necessarily inveterate egoists. Ruggier, for example, has evolved to publish numerous other writers with his MBooks imprint, and currently he is preparing the twelfth volume of his poetry journal, *The Eclectic Muse*.

The precedent for Lander and Ruggier is **Gerry Gilbert**, who sold his anthology publication *BC Monthly*, founded in 1972, and organized literary events. "Gilbert is legendary among the other poets of the city as the poet who rides a bicycle, a kind of Hermes on two wheels," commented reviewer **Jamie Reid** in 1992.

Similarly **Robert G. Anstey** of Sardis had produced more than 100 titles under his own West Coast Paradise Publishing imprint since his first book appeared in



Mona Fertig

1970.

**Terry Julian** of New Westminster and **Ben Maartman** (of Fogducker's Press in Errington) are just two of literally hundreds of writers who have produced highly readable and challenging works. Unfortunately few self-publishers have the smarts to advertise and market their work properly.

As well, there are countless chapbook publishers around the province, such as **Mona Fertig**, who operates Mother Tongue Press (aka (m)Öthër Tõnguè Press) with her husband **Peter Haase** on Saltspring Island. She's now seeking stories and photos from anyone who remembers her Literary Storefront days (1978-1982) in Gastown. Her latest poetry title is *Invoking The Moon: Selected Poems, 1975-1989* (Black Moss Press \$15).

Inappropriate 1-55391-038-9;  
Caesar: 0-9738392-4-4; Invoking: 0-88753-429-5

## EXCERPT by Tim Lander

"I am an old man, time moves on, and the rock musicians with their enormous amplified sound systems are telling the politicians how to run the world, and the politicians pretend to listen, smile for the cameras, and go back to their agendas. What magic, what truth can emanate from all that digital, solid state circuitry and strutting, grandstanding rock and roll tub thumpers?

"... Still the ancient struggles will not go to sleep and the armies march away to war, to disappear like water in the sand. The tide of entropy and the breaking wave of history are irresistible, but a line of music in the street can give the harassed mind a small beautiful place to dwell.

"The magic of the flute is a small magic, like a little white flower among the pebbles by the roadside, a lifeline thrown to the poor benighted people of the city in the deep heart of their suffering."



# THE END OF MACHO

*Ex-timber cruiser, scaler, forester, postmaster, guide and no-nonsense raconteur Jack Boudreau has matured into one of the leading historians for the heartland of the province.*

In his sixth book, *Sternwheelers and Canyon Cats: Whitewater Freight-ing on the Upper Fraser* (Caitlin \$18.95), **Jack Boudreau** recalls the men who made a living running the rapids of the Grand Canyon of the Fraser River.

Twelve steamers plied that dangerous section of river between 1862 and 1921—when more than 200 rafters lost their lives—bringing freight and supplies to northern B.C. prior to the onset of the Grand Trunk Railway.

“The main reason I got involved in writing,” he says, “was because many of the pioneer-type people were passing on and taking an incredible legacy with them. This has spurred me to action.”



**BC BOOKWORLD:** In the 1930s, the Interior was once described as “a land of hard-drinking and hard-working men of many nationalities, many of whom laughed at the perils of the road.” Is that still part of the Cariboo-Chilcotin mystique?

**JACK BOUDREAU:** I feel the macho era has ended. It has no place in modern society.

Years ago, if two people decided to go outside and settle things, the law usually looked the other way. This no longer applies.

**BCBW:** Do you have any specific geographic definition for where “the Interior” is?

**BOUDREAU:** I suppose my definition of the Interior would include an approximate piece of real estate stretching from Quesnel to Fort Ware, and from McBride to Smithers.

At the same time, I have heard other people define it as being within 150 km of Prince George.

**BCBW:** Do you sometimes view the Interior as its own mini-nation or province, within an artificial construct called British Columbia?



Born & raised in Penny, between the McGregor and Fraser Rivers, outdoorsman Jack Boudreau has produced the first history of upper Fraser River transport from 1862 to 1921.

**BOUDREAU:** No! Instead I define the Interior along latitudinal much more than along longitudinal lines. I simply write about the area I am most familiar with. It's not more complicated than that.

**BCBW:** When you were growing up in Penny, what were your literary influences?

**BOUDREAU:** From childhood I always had a voracious appetite for read-

ing. The adventures of such people as Lewis and Clark filled my world with wonder. I was never into pure fiction, possibly because I lived so close to the reality of nature.

**BCBW:** What are some of the better archives for doing research on the B.C. Interior within the region itself?

**BOUDREAU:** If I must single out one source, I have to salute the local public library for being my greatest assistant. I do not believe I could have been so successful without their endless and much-appreciated help.

Canyon Cats 1-894759-20-6

## BOUDREAU'S PICKS

Central B.C. writers recommended by Jack Boudreau include:

Bernard McKay, Bruce Ramsey, Stanley Washburn, Mark Wade and Bruce Hutchison.

Some of his favourite books are:

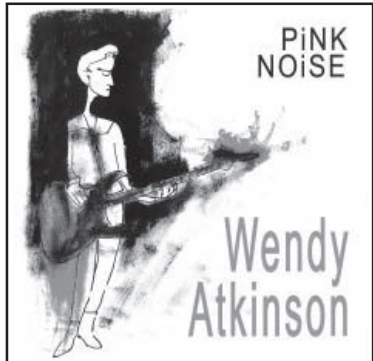
*The History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia* by Father A.G. Morice, *A History of Prince George* by Rev. F. E.



Father A.G. Morice

Runnalls, *Bacon, Beans 'n Brave Hearts* by surveyor Russell Walker, *Trails, Trappers and Tenderfeet* by Stanley Washburn and *The New Garden of Canada* by Fred Talbot.

See [abcbookworld.com](http://abcbookworld.com) for more info on Father Morice.



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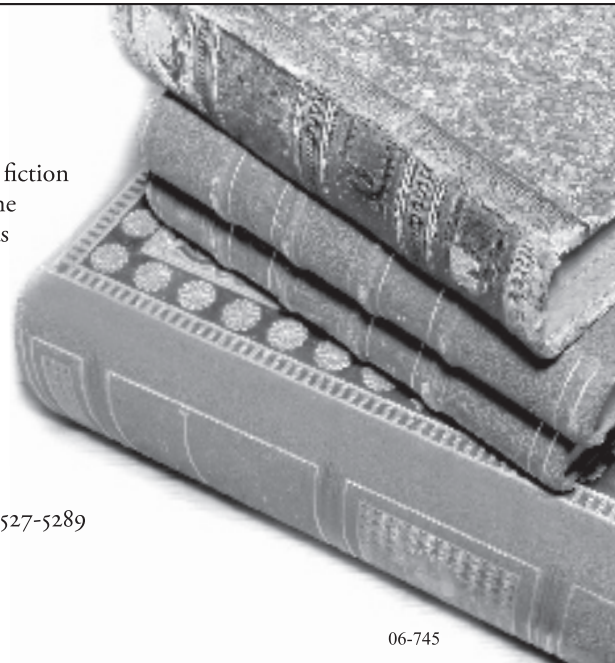
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# Of grizzly bears & bureaucrats

*"I was taught that man should defeat wilderness," said Bob Henderson, but now he finds "that man should respect wilderness and do everything they can to maintain it."*

**B**ob Henderson's weathered paw is extended as he steps into the studio, his grip firm, manner direct, but he's a bit apprehensive. He is too far from his natural habitat. There is too much traffic, too much concrete.

Bob Henderson has run a five-ton snow machine up the Stikine River as the ice melted around him. He has babied a fully-loaded truck with no brakes down a ten-mile hill. He has learned to fly and crash-land planes. But promoting a book in the Big Smoke is something else.

In Vancouver to talk about **Land of the Red Goat** (Creekstone / Sandhill \$21), Henderson is too far removed from his fishing lodge at Tatlatui Lake, his home near Smithers and the vast Spatsizi plateau that gave rise to the name of his memoir.

Spatsizi is a Tahltan word meaning Land of the Red Goat, a description that arose because goats in the area take dust baths by rolling on red iron slopes. Henderson's title is slightly misleading because he has been active as a guide and pilot throughout northern B.C. for four decades, having joined forces with Love Bros. & Lee, an outfitting company based in the Skeena River watershed and Kispiox Valley, as a young man.

Bob Henderson had a relatively privileged background. As a boy, he was sent from Victoria to one of Toronto's best private schools where he was introduced to a life of cricket and society balls. His father was a lawyer who had the legendary northern B.C. outfitter **Tommy Walker** as one of his clients.

In 1963, after completing high school, Bob Henderson, at age 18, accepted an invitation to live for one summer with Walker's guiding company in the north.

Born in Gravesend, England in 1904, Tommy Walker had immigrated to B.C. in 1929. He homesteaded on a farm east of Bella Coola and began to operate a sport fishing resort, Stue Lodge, that became Tweedsmuir Lodge.

In 1937 he contributed to efforts to create Tweedsmuir Provincial Park, then went to the headwaters of the Stikine River with his wife Marion in 1948, settling at Cold Fish Lake. After his first season in Spatsizi, he never hunted again with a rifle, preferring a camera. His many years of lobbying for the protection of the area led to the creation of Spatsizi Plateau Wilderness Provincial Park, the third largest park in B.C., after Tweedsmuir and Tatshenshini. Spatsizi Park is located 320 km (200 mi) north of Smithers, east of the village of

Iskut, off the Stewart-Cassiar Highway. The Walkers sold their property at Cold Fish Lake in 1968, but retained their trading post and sawmill at Tatogga Lake on the Stewart-Cassiar Highway. T.A. Walker's account of homesteading, simply called *Spatsizi* (Caitlin), has been reprinted five times.

In the early 1960s, the road north stopped at Fort St. James where Henderson jumped aboard a floatplane to Walker's Cold Fish Lake. "What happened in the next two-and-a-half hours was to have a major effect on the rest of



MARK FORSYTHE

kept an eye on me when I had less sense than a puppy dog," he says. "I had absolutely no idea what I was doing.

"It must have been a bit glaring for them at the time. I was considered to be the lead hand at the end of the third year.

They had a wonderful way of easing tensions when the going got tough. Like finding yourself in 60-below weather with not the right equipment and having to live off the land for several days. They never panicked, they just took it the way it came."

Henderson's early days included a near-drowning and the rescue of a CBC cameraman who was gathering footage of Walker's operation for a documentary. The cameraman wanted shots of a live grizzly, so Henderson guided him

the adjacent Kitchener-Tatlatui region.

**Jack Love**, an Englishman, had homesteaded in the Kispiox Valley near the Swedish-born Hagblad brothers and their sister, Anna, who he married. The couple had six children, one of whom married **Jack Lee** who had arrived in Hazelton in the 1930s. The Love brothers and Jack Lee formed a family business for logging, hunting, guiding and trapping. Started in 1947, their business, according to Henderson, rivaled, if not surpassed that of Walker Frontier Services in both volume and international reputation.

Henderson became a partner with the Love Bros., bought his first float plane, raised a family in the north and learned how to navigate obstacles thrown up by bureaucrats and Greenpeace. Along the way he did his share to help establish protected area status for the Spatsizi, and later helped conduct wildlife population surveys.

Henderson treasures a brief encounter with writer and conservationist **Roderick Haig-Brown**, but travel

writer **Edward Hoagland**, gathering material for 'Notes from the Century Before,' still leaves Henderson cold. "Ted, as he preferred to be called, was not much older than I and, like me, the product of a well-off family. But that's where the similarities ended. As my week with him unfolded and he met more of the Cassiar's residents, I found he had little positive to say about any of his new acquaintances. He perceived his role as that of judge rather than chronicler."

Henderson thinks too many good people were unnecessarily hurt by Hoagland's portrayal. Then again, he likely didn't endear himself to Hoagland after the pickup truck they were riding in turned turtle with Henderson at the wheel.

"What's impressed me after having done this now for over 40 years," says Henderson, "is the respect for the land that most of the people that do this kind of thing eventually get—whether they want it or not almost. You just can't have that kind of association with the land without both understanding and getting the respect for the benefits you get from it."

These days Henderson is anxious about mounting pressures to exploit mining and methane gas in the north.

"That was part of my motivation for writing the book," he says. "Hopefully people going in there to try to extract those resources have some understanding of how those of us who've made our living in a different way feel about it, and may they show some respect for those feelings and values.

"I was taught that man should defeat wilderness, and now at the end of my life, finding that man should respect wilderness and do everything they can to maintain it."

0-9684043-9-1

Mark Forsythe is the host of *CBC's Almanac*.



A far cry from private schools and cricket: The beautiful Love sisters, Ruth, Esther and Dorothy, and their nephew Wilfred Lee, with a moose shot in the lower Kispiox Valley in 1948.

my life," he writes. "As the plane flew north I experienced a new sensation—the intoxication of flying low over miles of untouched wilderness. As the mystery of valley after valley was revealed beneath us, I realized with certainty that Mrs. Henderson had raised a future bush pilot."

Henderson's first task was to build a two-holed outhouse beside Walker's new cabins. Before long he was stocking food caches, working horses, building hunting camps while fighting flies and mosquitoes, and learning how to guide trophy hunters on trips that could last four or five weeks.

Asked how he picked up the skills to survive, Henderson credits Tlogot'ine natives who worked as guides and wranglers for Walker. "They took me in and

to an old moose kill. He got more than he bargained for when a nine-foot-tall grizzly charged. Henderson sucks air through his teeth recalling the moment:

"I walked right into the bear. All I can say is I have met the devil, and someone was with me that day because I managed to kill it at 12 feet shooting from the hip. And when I stepped back and took careful aim after everything was over, I missed the bear completely at 17 feet."

Mounting friction between Henderson and the Walkers was exacerbated by a plane crash, an untested manager, lack of provisions, a foolhardy construction project and the duress of being placed in charge of fighting a large forest fire. After five years, Bob Henderson joined Love Bros. & Lee in



## A is for Arnott

When she's not keeping track of her six children, Richmond-based, Winnipeg-born Métis poet **Joanne Arnott Zenthoefer** has been organizing a Mothers Writing Workshop Advisory Group to be held in May with **Maria Campbell**, author of *Halfbreed* (1973) and *Stories of the Road Allowance People* (1995). They hope to gather diverse aboriginal mothers and grandmothers to focus their writing about pregnancy, childbirth and mothering.

As Joanne Arnott, she has released *Mother Time: Poems New and Selected* (Ronsdale \$14.95), a reflective volume covering her twenty years of maternity, including her years as a single mom on welfare, unable to afford a cup of coffee, and she has contributed with 23 other women to a new anthology, *My Wedding Dress: True-life Tales of Lace, Laughter, Tears and Tulle* (Vintage \$24.95), recalling the highs and lows of getting hitched. Arnott describes how her Métis friends **Flo Robertson** and poet **Greg Scofield** encouraged her to incorporate a marriage blanket ceremony into her wedding at Strathcona Community Gardens. "This blanket covers you," she was told, "in the way that your marriage will cover you. Treat it with respect."

Mother 1-55380-046-X; Dress 0-676-97846-0;  
Contact Joanne.Arnott+birth.stories@gmail.com

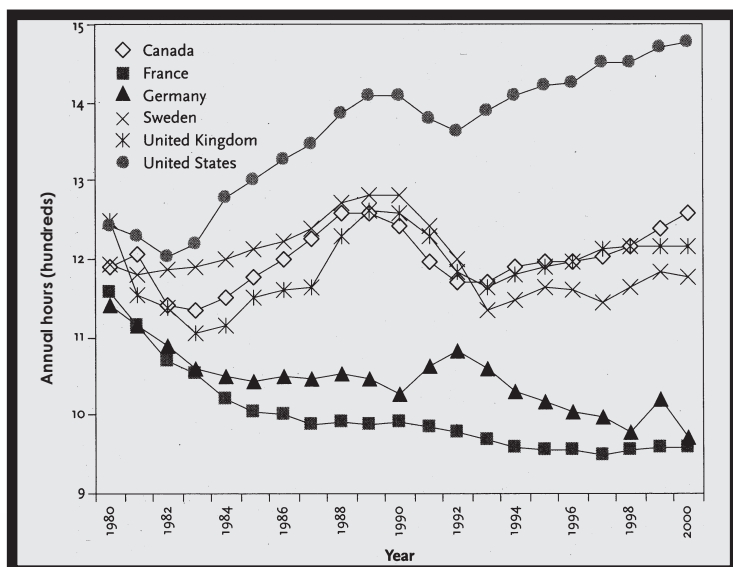
## B is for Baxter

**Sheila Baxter's** play *Death in a Dumpster* (Lazara \$14.95) was developed in a Friends for Life Mask Workshop and first performed by the West End Public Theatre in 2005 at St. John's United Church in Vancouver. Produced and directed by **Ian Wallace**, and featuring Baxter in the cast, this fictionalized drama recalls the death of Danny, a homeless man who was crushed to death in a garbage dumpster. After discovering he is HIV positive, Danny, a young fisherman from Nova Scotia, originally hitchhikes to Vancouver to find his mother, who abandoned him as a child. 0-920999-09-3

## C is for Czajkowski

**Chris Czajkowski**, a name that rhymes with Tchakovsky, lives near Tweedsmuir Provincial Park, a day-and-a-half walk (at human speed) from the nearest road, or four days walk depending on the weather, at an altitude of 5,000 feet, about 40 miles away from her first cabin that was destroyed by fire in 2004 during the Lonesome Lake Fire. She has recalled that fire, from the moment lightning struck until she was ordered to evacuate, in a collection of stories about her dogs and nature, *Wildfire in the Wilderness* (Harbour \$19.95).

1-55017-375-8



Graph showing the annual number of hours worked per person aged 15-64. From *Dimensions of Inequality in Canada*. [See E for Equality.]

## D is for Dalton

In *Baychimo: Arctic Ghost Ship* (Heritage \$19.95), **Anthony Dalton** traces the history of the Hudson's Bay Company ship that was seen, unmanned, at various locations in the Arctic for more than three decades after she was trapped in the ice and abandoned by her crew in 1931. Under Captain **Sydney Cornwell**, the *Baychimo* usually sailed from Vancouver for her annual Arctic tradition expeditions.

1-894974-14-X

## E is for Equality

Relative equality among all Canadians is diminishing according to **David E. Green** of UBC and **Jonathan R. Kesselman** of SFU, editors of *Dimensions of Inequality in Canada* (UBC Press \$29.95), a collection of essays that examines our economic patterns.

Canadians are also working longer hours than citizens of most major industrialized nations, except the United States, as a graph prepared by **Lars Osberg** clearly indicates. 0-7748-1208-7

continued on next page



Joanne Arnott is currently raising five sons and one daughter.



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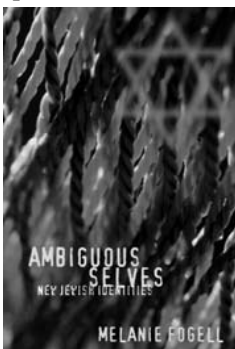
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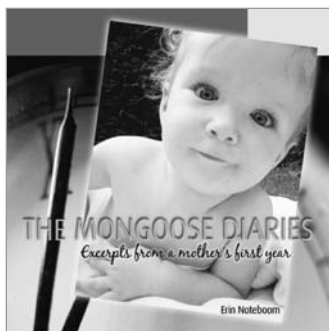
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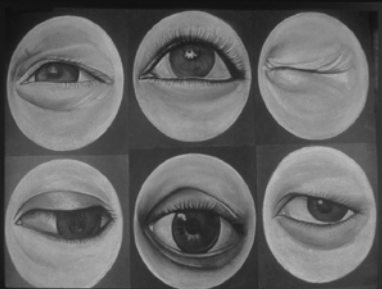
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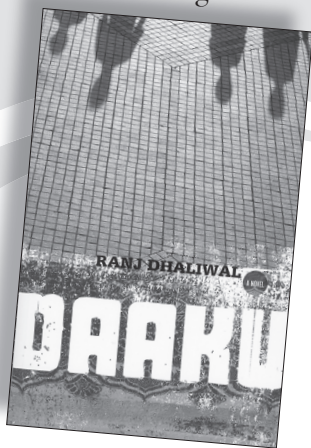
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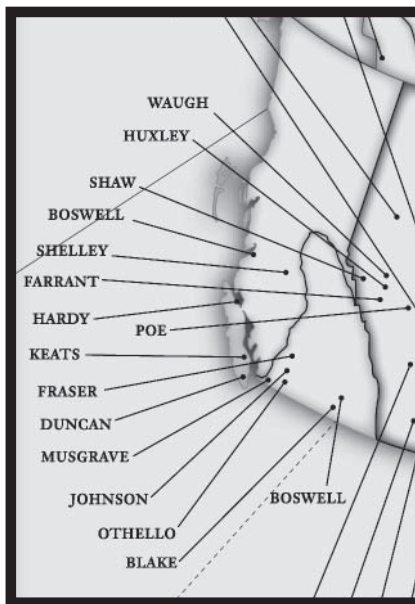
## F is for Farrant

Some promotional copy begs to be repeated, such as this prose about **M.A.C. Farrant's** *The Breakdown So Far* (Talonbooks \$17.95). "The Jonathan Swift of the bingo hall and elder-care, the Alexander Pope of pet-care and the dinner parties of the liberal intelligentsia, Marion Farrant continues her assault on the unaccountably disaffected and disillusioned of the Western world with *The Breakdown So Far*, her eighth volume of extremely short stories for those of us who seem to have lost both our way and our attention span. Unsparing in her critique of the New Age syncretism the mall culture has substituted for authentic emotion and belief, our adoption of Buddhism appears in her work as a rationalization for our ubiquitous materialism of the soul, Zen as our guiltless doctrine of neglect. Each of these stories is a new instance of the author's ongoing attempt at understanding language ironically—through itself—a willingness to let the deadly serious be as playful as it wants to be, a courageous shedding of what Tom Robbins called 'the tyranny of the dull mind.'" 0889225567

## G is for Geist

A former associate editor of *Geist* magazine, **Melissa Edwards** is the author of *The Geist Atlas of Canada* (Arsenal \$24.95), a collection of maps pertaining to subject matter such as Atwood, Beer, Doughnuts, Erotica and Literary, many of which have appeared in the magazine since 1995. **Stephen Osborne** contributes the introduction. 1-55152-216-0

Detail of B.C. in  
The Literary Map of  
Canada, from  
The Geist Atlas of  
Canada (Arsenal)



## H is for Howes

As Professor Emeritus of Asian Studies at UBC, **John F. Howes** has been awarded the Order of the Rising Sun by the Government of Japan in 2004. His study of the founder of a Japanese form of Christianity known as "mukyokia," *Japan's Modern Prophet Uchimura Kanzô, 1861-1930* (UBC Press \$85) also received a \$10,000 Canada-Japan Literary Award in 2006.

0-7748-1145-5

## I is for Iglauer

Recently remarried, **Edith Iglauer Daly White** has received her doctor of laws degree, *honoris causa*, from the University of Victoria to celebrate her sixty years of writing as a journalist and author.

Known for her memoir *Fishing with John* and her *New Yorker* articles, the Cleveland-born Iglauer moved to Canada in 1974. "I started writing when I was a small girl, and I still write because I can't stop writing," she said. "I can't emphasize enough the importance of good teaching at an early age."

## J is for Jennica

With an MFA in Creative Writing from UBC, **Jennica Harper** teaches screenwriting at Vancouver Film

School and has published *The Octopus and Other Poems* (Signature Editions \$14.95).

The title poem, concerning a debate between former lovers as to the merits of searching for extraterrestrial life, was a finalist for a National Magazine Award.

Harper also works as a story editor in the film industry, and occasionally as a stand-up comic. 1-897109-10-5

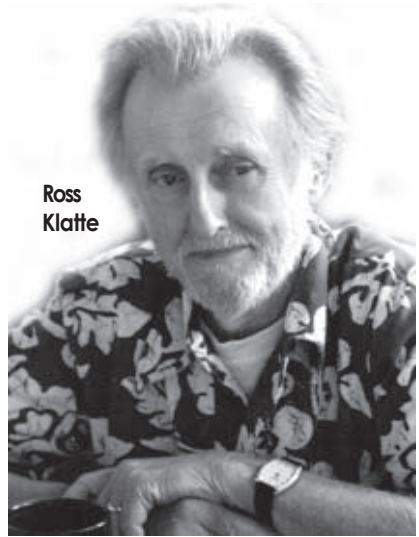


## K is for Klatte

Minnesota-born **Ross Klatte** knew what he wanted to be in life—a writer—after reading a biography about **Jack London** during his senior year of high school in 1952.

While attending St. Thomas College in St. Paul, Klatte discovered **Ernest Hemingway**. In 1955, the Klatte family sold its farm and Klatte enrolled in boot camp for the navy. “I’d joined the Cold War Navy not to keep the world safe for democracy but just to see it.” He earned a B.A. in journalism and became a reporter for the *Chicago Tribune*. Klatte and his wife immigrated to B.C. in 1971 and homesteaded near Nelson.

After winning first prize in a CBC Literary Competition in 1990, he traced his family roots from Quebec and Saskatchewan to Minnesota for his poignant family farm memoir, *Leaving the Farm* (Oolichan \$22.95). 0-88982-237-9



Ross Klatte

## L is for LaFave

**Kim LaFave** of Roberts Creek has probably lost count of the dozens of books he has illustrated since 1981. Aimed for ages 4-to-8, *A Very Unusual Dog* (Scholastic \$8.99) was written by **Dorothy Joan Harris** and has been shortlisted for five awards. Newly reissued, it’s the story of a boy with an invisible pooch for a pal. The boy leaves his imaginary dog at his Grandma’s so she can have some company. 0-439-93718-3

## M is for Magnussen

**Hazel Magnussen’s** *A Doctor’s Calling: A Matter of Conscience* (Parkville: Wembley Publishing \$30.45 includes shipping) recounts the life and murder of her brother, Dr. Douglas George Snider, and his efforts to ensure quality medical care for his community in the Alberta Peace country. In May of 1999, Snider was killed in Fairview, Alberta—where Magnussen launched her book in May of 2006—by a fellow physician, Dr. Abe Cooper, described as “a charismatic, driven, highly accomplished man, but one so arrogant and selfish that he felt justified in harassing, then killing a good man.” Magnussen suggests the Canadian justice system is weighted too heavily in favour of

criminals and that medical regulators must become more forceful in dealing with abusive and disruptive practitioners such as Dr. Cooper, who was charged with first degree murder but convicted of the lesser charge of manslaughter.

Hazel Joan Magnussen, a graduate of the University of Alberta, is a retired registered nurse with 35 years experience in health care. Her primary clinical focus in the last ten years was mental health nursing and her articles about nursing ethics and nurse-physician relationships have been published in various professional journals. In addition, she has written articles and presented papers on bullying and disruptive behaviour in the workplace, and detailed the experience and needs of victims of crime in the criminal justice process. Her speaking tour in B.C. will culminate with an appearance at the first Pacific Festival of the Book in Victoria on March 24, a new festival that has gained sponsorship from Trafford Publishing. 0-9739843-0-9

## N is for Nickel

A former poetry editor of PRISM international, **Barbara Nickel** has won the Malahat Review Long Poem Prize and the Pat Lowther Award for her collection *The Gladys Elegies*. Also an award-winning children’s writer and a violin teacher, she has returned to poetry for *Domain* (Anansi \$18.95), a collection devoted to the wonderment of childhood. She lives with her family in Yarrow, B.C. 0-88784-759-5

## O is for Owen

Having supervised *Beautiful British Columbia* magazine for 25 years, **Tony Owen** has lent his photographic talents to *Government House: The Ceremonial Home of All British Columbians* (Sono Nis \$39.95), with text by **Rosemary Neering**.

Originally built in the 1860s, and twice destroyed by fire, the primary home of the Lieutenant Governor in Victoria has a storied history and a remarkable garden that is partially maintained by volunteers. 1-55039-159-6

## P is for Page

“I am grateful to have grown up in an age when Grimm, Andersen, Perrault and the Arabian Nights were not considered too frightening for children,” writes **P.K. Page** in *The Filled Pen* (UTP \$21.95), a collection of her non-fiction edited by **Zailig Pollock**. “These tales must have laid a basis for

my continuing acceptance of worlds other than this immediately tangible one—worlds where anything is possible—where one can defy gravity, become invisible, pass through brick walls.”

*continued on next page*



P.K. Page: outlook Grimm

New from Governor General’s Award winner **ROY MIKI**

# There

*Find it here*

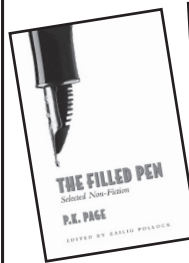
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### The Filled Pen

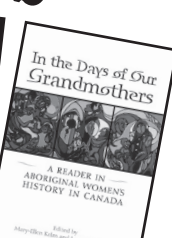
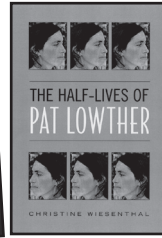
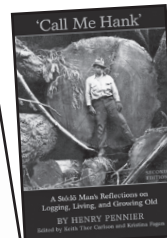
Selected Non-fiction

*P.K. Page, edited by Zailig Pollock*

‘What a pleasure it is to read such beautifully articulated, luminous writing! *The Filled Pen* is a treasure.’

Di Brandt

Pb 9780802093998 \$21.95



### ‘Call Me Hank’

A Stó:lō Man’s Reflections on Logging, Living, and Growing Old

*Henry Pennier, edited by Keith Thor Carlson and Kristina Fagan*

‘*Call Me Hank* is the work of a master storyteller who uses humour to drive his points home, as well as a serious work of history and one of the best descriptions of life as a logger.’

John Lutz, *University of Victoria*

Pb 9780802094261 \$24.95

### In the Days of Our Grandmothers

A Reader in Aboriginal Women’s

History in Canada

*edited by Mary-Ellen Kelm et al.*

Collected in one volume for the first time, this book combines two crucial areas of Canadian History, women and Aboriginal peoples, and explores developments in the field of Aboriginal women’s history.

Pb 9780802079602 \$35.00

### The Health Impact of Smoking and Obesity and What to Do about It

*by Hans Krueger, et al.*

This book offers solid evidence and practical advice to health care planners, decision-makers, and frontline providers in tackling the key risk factors, smoking and obesity in preventing chronic disease.

Pb 9780802094414 29.95

### New in paperback

### The Half-Lives of Pat Lowther

*by Christine Wiesensthal*

2006 finalist for the Governor General’s Literary Award in Non-fiction; Winner of the 2005 Clío Prize (BC)

‘[A] substantial biography of Pat Lowther, one of our finest poets ... Few poets will be fortunate to have so intelligent and painstaking an advocate.’

Gary Geddes, *Globe and Mail*

Pb 9780802094803 \$35.00

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# EVENT

new & established writers

# \$1,500

## Creative Non-Fiction Contest

Three winners will each receive \$500 plus payment for publication in *Event* 36/3. Other manuscripts may be published.

**Final Judge:** Keath Fraser’s memoir, *The Voice Gallery: Travels with a Glass Throat*, was published in 2002. He is editor of *Bad Trips* (Vintage) and *Worst Journeys: The Picador Book of Travel*. Writers are invited to submit manuscripts exploring the creative non-fiction form. Back issues of *Event* with previous winning entries and judges’ comments are available for \$7.42 (inc. GST and postage).

**Note:** Previously published material cannot be considered. Maximum entry length is 5000 words, typed, double-spaced. Include a separate cover sheet with the writer’s name, address, phone number / email, and the title(s) of the story (stories) enclosed. Enclose a SASE (Canadian postage / IRCs / US\$1). Douglas College employees are not eligible to enter.

**Entry Fee:** Each entry must be accompanied by a \$29.95 entry fee (includes GST and a one-year subscription or extension; make cheque or international money order payable to *Event*). American and overseas entrants please pay in US dollars.

**Deadline for Entries:** Postmarked by April 16, 2007.

# EVENT

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Douglas College



continued from previous page

Two of the non-fiction pieces appear in book form for the first time, including a memoir entitled 'A Writer's Life.'

Although primarily a poet, Page notes she has written more prose than poetry. Late last year, to mark her ninetieth birthday, she donated monies to *The Malahat Review* for a new annual prize to be named in her honour. Initially to be judged by **Marilyn Bowering**, the P. K. Page Founders' Award for Poetry is a \$1000 prize for the best poem or sequence of poems to appear in the magazine's quarterly issues during the previous calendar year.



Margrith Schraner

Since then the Nelson-based couple has operated an art gallery, literary periodical and publishing imprint.

1-894842-10-3

## U is for U.S.A.

**Derek Hayes's** *Historical Atlas of the United States* (D&M \$55) uses over five hundred maps to tell the story of America's past, including a fanciful political map called "The United States of Canada" depicting Canada joined with the states that voted for the Democrats in the 2004 presidential election.

1-55365-205-3

## V is for Van Luven

At the end of her anthology *Nobody's Mother: Life Without Kids* (Touchwood \$19.95), UVic's **Lynne Van Luven** recalls her "nefarious mission" at age 34, following a divorce, to get pregnant via a series of haphazard encounters with men in Greece. Now thankful that no progeny resulted from those es-

capades, she concludes, "I admit that the older I get, the more provoked I am by people's unspoken assumptions about childless women. And I am impatient with myself for the years I spent feeling lesser because I was unchilded. I'm now of the Popeye Philosophy: 'I yam what I yam.' Flawed, fumbling still, I yam trying to be a decent human being, a principled teacher, a caring daughter, sister, aunt and friend and, most recently, a good man's wife. (I'll keep track

of all those new babies' birthdays until I lose my marbles for good.) Most of all, in my remaining years, I want to be a more productive member of the larger society around me. That's my crop. I'll tend it the best way I'm able."

1-894898-40-0

## Q is for Queer

Kwantlen College teacher **Billeh Nickerson** and *Malahat Review* editor **John Barton** have gathered the work of 57 Canadian gay male writers, including material dating back to the 1890s, for an unprecedented anthology, *Seminal: The Anthology of Canada's Gay Male Poets* (Arsenal \$24.95). West Coast contributors include **Robin Blaser**, **Stan Persky**, **Andy Quan** and **Michael V. Smith**.

1-55152-217-9



Billeh Nickerson

## R is for Ricou

**Laurie Ricou's** ongoing investigations of the Pacific Northwest as a unique cultural environment have continued with *Salal: Listening for the Northwest Understory* (NeWest \$34.95), a travel narrative and memoir that celebrates the commonplace salal plant that is often used in floral arrangements. "Relatively few people recognize the plant," writes Ricou, editor of *Canadian Literature*, "but it has surely beautified most of their homes. Its wine-dark berries don't burst on the tongue so much as they crumble—but their taste will twist your mouth into a smile."

1-896300-43-X



Laurie Ricou

## S is for Schraner

Tolstoy's wife wrote nine versions of *War and Peace* for her husband; **Margrith Schraner** has published *The Reluctant Author: The Life and Literature of Ernest Hekkanen* (New Orphic \$25), a lucid and surprisingly objective appraisal of her husband's remarkable output. We learn that Hekkanen originally intended to become a playwright but realized he wasn't a very sociable person, a quality that struck him as essential for the theatre world. "I would contend that much like Kafka," she writes, "Hekkanen has erected his own Great Wall of Fictional Defense...." But unlike his role model, she says, Hekkanen revises his short stories and novels for each new edition. She also describes her pivotal impressions of him at the Burnaby Art Centre in 1988.

## W is for Wosk

In response to a *BC BookWorld* article about **Len Walker's** self-published book about the need for providing relief to tsunami victims in south-east Asia, philanthropist **Yosef Wosk** contacted Walker and provided \$9,651.00 towards the installation of library equipment in four pre-school/community centers in Sri Lanka.

Walker's Tsunami Haven Projects Society intends to continue nurturing these four community buildings—two in the South (Buddhist) area and two in the East (Hindu-Tamil) area.

For info, see Len Walker's entry at [www.abcbookworld.com](http://www.abcbookworld.com)



Anne Yandle (1930-2006)

Yandle was a mainstay of the B.C. Historical Society and managed her own antiquarian company, Marco Polo Books. Two days after Yandle's death, beloved editor and

SFU professor **Gordon Elliott** died; and four days after Elliott's passing, literary everyman **Mavor Moore** died in Victoria. Obituaries for all three, as well as independently published Kamloops novelist **Ernest Langford** and **Vi Plotnikoff**—the first Doukhobor woman in B.C. to publish fiction—are online at [www.abcbookworld.com](http://www.abcbookworld.com).

## X is for eXercise

Since age 15, **Brendan Brazier** has been obsessed with maximizing the body's potential, competing as a professional Ironman athlete by completing the 2.4-mile swim, the 112-mile cycle and the 26.2-mile (marathon) run. "The better the diet, the better the recovery rate," he writes in *The Thrive Diet* (Penguin \$24), a 12-week healthy eating plan to reduce body fat, improve sleep and increase energy. As a vegan, he emphasizes "stress-busting plant-based whole foods" to purportedly reduce biological age.

0-14-305236-5

## Y is for Yandle

One of the pillars of the B.C. book community, former UBC Special Collections director **Anne Yandle**, died of cancer in December. "Friend and mentor to a multitude, unique and irreplaceable, she was a gem with a thousand facets," said her UBC colleague **Basil Stuart-Stubbs**.



Karen Moe & Catherine Owen

## Z is for Zombie

Women have muses, too. In *Cuspldetrutus* (Anvil \$16), **Catherine Owen** recounts how she met hers—a schizophrenic and drug-addicted artist named **Frank Bonneville** who committed suicide at age 28 in the Montreal General Hospital.

Owen's obsession to eulogize Frank, and also to recover from him, having spent a week with him in the mental hospital, has resulted in a suite of poetry and narrative accompanied by **Karen Moe's** back-alley photos of decay and discarded furnishings.

Herself a singer and bassist for a "blackmetal" band called Inhuman, Owen fell irrevocably under the spell of Bonneville, a bass player for the "death metal" band called Eulogy. In a journal entry, Owen describes their first meeting in Vancouver's Commercial Drive neighborhood in 2000. "As soon as I threw open the door at Corazon, the after-hours salon Karen's been running out of her 1st Ave. apartment, and dashed his eyes against me like the blind, I realized that all I had experienced un-

til now of obsession and occult attachment was a pale rumble to a full-bore storm. With zombie devotion, I left when he left, not with him, but behind him, as an unwanted Euridice, floating into his hell."

Owen's description of making hurried love with her muse in a third-person narrative poem called 'A Remedial Post-Mortem' is graphic and chilling, culminating in the observation: "The time of his death, she then realized, had long since preceded her."

1-895636-74-4

## T is for Talonmeister

**A tireless and sometimes fearsome lobbyist for Canada's writers and publishers for decades, Talonbooks publisher Karl Siegler of Powell River is this year's recipient of the Gray Campbell Award for outstanding contributions to the province's literary community.**

