Hair Canada! Hair Canada!
The Third Coming of Victoria’s
Steve Nash
Greater than Gretzky, humble as pie. See page 20

Fred Herzog: Master of Colour P. 5
Carmen Yuen: Cosmos in a Carrot P. 5
Robert Service: Unrequited Love on Vancouver Island P. 13

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BC Bookworld
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, Africa, Europe, Asia, and Australia.

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 delightfully array of drewndering 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 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.

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 delightfully array of drawer-dropping depots.
Having 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.”

The team of Ian Macdonald and Betty O’Keefe has done it again—another BC 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 50th anniversary of the tragedy.

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.

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“I’ve taken photographs in colour for fifty-five years, and I’m still doing it with considerable motivation,” he says.
"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 eggheady 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, "one of 28 of the world's wealthiest countries in terms of water stewardship," Lasserre warns.

It 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 hazards of water governance on "integrated water management" (something provost Lasserre warns makes our resistance to water exports right to clean water. They think Canadians should do so. "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 Canadians to follow the European Union example of basing water governance on "integrated watershed management" (something provincials 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 Their Water Within?" "In a Nutshell — 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. In a future Britain 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?
on 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: 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 her subject and a tugboat. As his title suggests, he prefers the more heroic nature 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—“Mummy,” “Mother Mac,” and “The Godmother.”

As the daughter of parents who managed a park concession stand, Lucille joined the workforce in 1946, 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 for success” or have dreams of “climb-

She worked with 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 tug, 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.

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 Patterson all sing her praises in this admiring biography.

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

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.

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.

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.

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.”

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.
BY JOAN GIVNER

Robert Service: Under the Spell of the Yukon by Enid Mallory (Viking, $31.75)

S tumbling 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 in 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 a New York journal with a circulation of 700,000. It was the biggest farm in the Eureka stock farm in Cowichan Valley. Constance McLean and the poem are significant discoveries. Service wrote two autobiographies late in his life, “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.

For the rest of his writing days. Robert Service left the farm and tried to enter university, but 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 “Quat-rain,” a poem that describes a debate between a first person narrator who believes that “We all were made or married 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.

For the reader of this period paints a different picture. There he concentrates 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 Service’s most serious rival as a writer was a local lady who believed that “We all were made or married long ago” and a speaker who counters that “Thy life is thine to make or mar.”

“I’m an old man now, and have my little farm in the north,” Service wrote in April 1908, only days before his marriage to Constance McLean. The exchange that followed makes it clear that the relationship was not a healthy one. Service wrote, “We all were made or married long ago” and a speaker who counters that “Thy life is thine to make or mar.”

For the rest of his writing days.
JOHN PASS ON VICTORY

BC BookWorld talks to the Governor General’s Poetry winner

Two 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 Ontario 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 Lantrnyde 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 Oolichan. Bookstores don’t particularly like outsize books and yet the poetic values came first. I appreciate that kind of editorial decision a lot.

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” publishing 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.

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You can go anywhere from here
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.”

Roy Miki, whose previous book won a Governor General’s award, offers a kaleidoscope of words, neither lyrical nor conventional, 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 connection of travel, there is some collision between globalisation and place there is some collision between globalisation and place. In every connection of travel, there is some collision between globalisation and place.

Miki’s reeling associations led this reader dizzied but fascinated. Puzzling and formidable but not forbidden, these poems reward a second, diligent reading: “the hologrammic undertow finally proved disarmang.”

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

“O ghostly gatekeeper on the shore / We come from lands beyond your lovely her / 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 cross well…”

Though never an easy read, the multiplicity of voices in *Reckoning* is intense. Photos and montages set 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.

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ROY MIKI

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

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PHOSPHOROUS by Heidi Garnett

translated by Roy Miki

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 BONCING by Christine Smart

translated by Alejandro Raul Mujica-Olea

Born in Shawnville, Quebec in 1963, Christine Smart grew up mainly on an Ottawa Valley farm. She has recalled her early life in *Decked and Bouncing*, 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

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A THOUSAND WOMEN, NONE LIKE YOU by Alejandro Raul Mujica-Olea

As P.K. Page wrote decades ago in a prophetic piece about global warming, “only an inconce-
In Caroline Adderson’s title story, *Hauska Tutustua*—a Finnish phrase that means ‘pleased to meet you’—David Elton has lost his beloved wife and finds it hard to cope a year after her death. As a volunteer with the Hospice Society, he visits and assists a dying man from Finland. Oddly touched by the bachelor’s lonely death, Elton attempts to find the daughter the dead man abandoned at birth in Finland.

In *Ring, Ring* we meet the indolent young mother of a mentally challenged boy; the last person who should have responsibility for a special needs child—the kind of parent who makes us want to pick up the phone and call the authorities.

“Dumpster stench, fried chicken stench. She flicks the lighter, dully expecting the unmoving air to ignite. A mustache of perspiration sprouts as she sucks the hot smoke in….The balconies of the facing building expose themselves: bicycles, junked furniture, mops, buckets, toys, coolers, bleach bottles, mattresses, dead plants 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 ourselves uplifted, disgruntled, 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 womanizing 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.

Adderson’s deftly drawn *Shhh: 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, stews 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.

Cherie Thiessen writes from Pender Island.
Why I self-published

BY PETER GRAUER

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 Canada’s West Coast, reprinted a dozen times since 1962—ranks with the self-published debuts of historians Derek Hayes, ethnographer Adolf Hungr Wolf, and unconventional poet Bill Bissett.

Based on six years of research, Grauer painstakingly recasts 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 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 vanity, vanity projects, Grauer’s Interred With Their Bones, Bill Miner in Canada, 1903-1907 (Partners in Publishing / Wandel $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.

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 critical in easing the decision to self-publish.

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.

It was that fear that smacks of unreasonable 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 Lotasland, or anywhere else in Western Canada, to design 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 prepared 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-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 minuscule 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 possibly lackluster marketing or indiscriminate editing on the part of a mainstream publisher.

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

BC Bookworld has consistently covered independent published books for almost 20 years. More will be highlighted on pages 22-28. 
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.

After attending Santa Clara University in California on a scholarship, Nash was selected in the NBA draft in 1996. Nash has since gone on to win the NBA’s Most Valuable Player Award twice, in 2002 and 2005. Nash is considered one of the greatest point guards in NBA history and is widely regarded as one of the most intelligent players in the game. Nash has been praised for his court vision, passing ability, and his ability to move the ball quickly and accurately, which has led to his nickname of “The Rainmaker.”

In 2001, Nash was named as a guest player for the match against Seattle SuperSons. At the 2002 World Cup in Goldman, Nash achieved 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 Gale, was a former Men’s Branch President in 1980, and Steve Nash proceeded to lead Arbutus Junior School to a provincial championship in 1990; then led St. Michael’s University to a Westminster vice-principal who ran a Wednesday evening basketball team for boys in the Gordon Head area of Victoria along with their sister Susan. When Steve Nash arrived in Victoria to start his senior season, in the company of a fellow player, Michael Jordan and Magic Johnson. Now having his best statistical sea- son, Nash is on track to win his third consecutive MVP award.

The third coming of Steve Nash, the man sometimes called Hare Canada, has resulted in two new books, Jeff Rud (Heritage $16.95), a photo-graphic memoir, Steve Nash: The Making of an MVP (Pursuit Puffs $12.99) and Steve Nash (Heritage, 19.5%), a photo-essay published by Paul Arnaudel and Peter Assaf.

Based on the latter, here are some of the high-lights from Nash’s career, from Nash’s early days in school and his family life and philanthropy.

In 2000, Nash was traded from the Miami Heat to the Dallas Mavericks for two first-round picks, and Nash used adversity as grist for his mill. He became a national hero, via, the odds-on favourite to meet the United States in the round of 16.

Having amazed the basketball world with his on-court talents, Nash has also continued to be active off the court. Nash is the owner of the basketball team the Victoria Royals and is a co-owner of the Seattle Storm of the Women’s National Basketball Association (WNBA).

In 2002-2003, Nash established a new franchise record for free throws, sinking 49 consecutive free throws in a row. Nash also holds the record for most three-pointers made in a single season with 102.

Nash is a strong supporter of social causes and has donated millions of dollars to various charities, including the Steve Nash Foundation, which provides grants to organizations that support at-risk youth and children with special needs.

Nash is married to his wife, Jillian, and they have two twin daughters, Darian and Dylan. He is also the father of a son, Matthew, who was born while Nash was with the Minnesota Timberwolves.

Nash is a strong advocate for mental health and has been open about his own struggles with anxiety and depression. He has also been an advocate for the LGBTQ community and has supported various organizations that promote equality and inclusivity.

In 2019, Nash was inducted into the Basketball Hall of Fame in Canada, becoming only the third player from Canada to receive this honor.

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Survivor—the B.C. version

It is seldom noted that Jewitt's original 48-page version of his ordeal was self-published from New England—and flipped—in 1807, but an (ahem) "enhanced" version by hired editor Ralph Edwards 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 Cruse 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 Israel Edwards' Ruffles On My Longjohns (1981).

The first female Thorneu of B.C., Gileen 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 (1966) and Edith Iglauer's Fishing with John (1988) are wetty cousins of such works, emphasizing the indomitability of maverick spirits.

Now the "back to the land" movement of the 1960s and Seventies is bringing forth a fresh crop of rustic reminiscences, such as Sunny Wright's 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 Curve of the Chilcotin (reviewed on this page).

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. Desperately 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 Curve of the Chilcotin (Traffic $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, Oli, ended in 1977. Peters then cohabited with trapper operator Rick Stanford, who soon became more widely known as Sage Birchwater, the Chilcotin journalist. They homesteaded and home-birthed two children, Junah and Shirey, 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. In an effort to build their 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, 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 dispels the darkness with His touch."

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 Carface 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 humpy 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 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. Illustrated by Joanna Streetly, 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 Carface, a storm journal, life as a wilderness chef cooking moose meat, our occasional Betty Grable attitude towards nature and a tale set in Smiley's Bowling Alley with a pesky inter-

Journey 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 in its second printing. Harper neither dictates nor lectures; he simply uses his keen eye and ear to help us bear witness.

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

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

"I believe that not only time heals a broken heart," she writes, "but Jesus heals our wounds and dispels the darkness with His touch."

Christine Peters 23 BOOKWORLD SPRING 2007

Frank Harper's Journeys is available from Tofino bookstores: Wildbook Bookstore (250-725-4222, wildbook@island.net) and Mermaid Tales Bookshop (250-725-7125, mermaid@island.net).
exciting spring titles!

- March
  - Birth House (paperback release) by Ami McKay
- April
  - Divasadero by Michael Ondaatje
- May
  - On Cesil Beach by Ian McEwan
  - Animal, Vegetable, Miracle by Barbara Kingsolver
  - A Thousand Splendid Suns by Khaled Hosseini
  - Water for Elephants (paperback release) by Sara Gruen

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

"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.

Insurance executive Robert E.L. Trowbridge’s autobiography Foxglove (Trafford $27.15) is focused 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 ungentle readers as 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?

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 Gease, plus photographers Hannah Maynard and historical figures such as educator Alice Ravenhill, Martha Harris and Sister Mary Osithe. Emily Carr is included but not featured prominently.

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, 89, has published her memoirs, Brown Sugar and a Bone in the Throat ($26.95 includes postage) with the encouragement of Elke 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: CASC $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.
Drive, he said

celebrity visitors, notable cars, big races, and others from 32 seasons, along with as well as private photo collections. had access to the archives of the SCCBC Westwood: Everyone’s Favourite Racing Club of B.C. in managing the presented the interests of the Sports Car circuits in Canada and the U.S. and represented dozens of other circuits at Westwood that entered many cars at Westwood 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.

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 Shetel and Rabbi vignettes, Klezmer-mania, sleuthing and a Farbshlepteh Poodle story.

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

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.

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 lush coffee table book of archival photos and oral histories that records the devastation wrought by major floods in 1894 and 1948 in particular.
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.

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, dependent 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 pafty 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 thudding 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 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...
WHAT IS IT ABOUT WEST COAST WOMEN AND FICTION?

“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.

Joe Ruggier

“I think of poetry written before 1970, 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 do not depend on the good will of publishers.”

Selected Poems, 1975-1989

Joe Ruggier, who rides a bicycle, a kind of Hermes on two wheels,” commented reviewer Jamie Reid in 1992.

Similarly Robert G. Ansty of Sarid had produced more than 100 titles under his own West Coast Paradise Publishing imprint since his first book appeared in 1979.

Terry Julian of New Westminster and Ben Maartmann (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 (i)/Other Tongue 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 Gairson. Her latest poetry title is Invoking The Moon: Selected Poems, 1975-1989 (Black Moss Press $15).

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 trash and 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 beseeched people of the city in the deep heart of their suffering.”

Joe Ruggier

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“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 beseeched people of the city in the deep heart of their suffering.”

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 Cesar’s Wake: Letters Exchanged with Pope Wojtyla (MBks $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 invertebrate egotists. Ruggier, for example, has evolved to publish numerous other writers with his MBks imprint, and currently he is preparing the twelfth volume of his poetry journal, The Ex
clectic Magazine.

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.

Unusual, it contains Lander’s trademark ad-

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

“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 edu-
cated 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, Egg Y Ritten in an ORL Nite Cafe, only available for $5 by mail, via his personal email address. As usual, it contains Lander’s trademark ad-

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

Selected as the Best Book of 2004 by The Globe and Mail, National Post, and Quill & Quire.

“You’re not going to get some wild animal to steal your canoe,” said and resonant insights.” — Carla Lucchetta,
**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-Ringing 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.”

**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 Prince George.

At the same time, I have heard other people define it as being within 150 km of Fort Ware, and from McBride to Smithers.

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

**BOUDREAU:** From childhood I always had a voracious appetite for reading. 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.
Bob 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 hauled a fully-loaded truck with no brakes down the mountain 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 (Creekside / 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 Kiskapu 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. outfitting business T.A. Walker's account of his memoir.

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, Stuie Lodge, that became Tweedsmuir Lodge.

In 1937 he contributed to efforts to create Tweedsmuir Provincial Park, then went to the home of Whistler River with his wife Marion in 1948, settling at Cold Fish Lake. After his first season in Spatsizi, he never hunted again.

With writer and conservationist Roderick Haig-Brown, but travel writer Edward Hoagland gathering material for "Notes from the Canadian Frontier Before", it 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 enjoy 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 is that feeling that the land is not 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 what is going on. But they are 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."

"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."

Mark Forsythe is the host of CBC's Almanac.
Joanne Arnott is currently raising five sons and one daughter.

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 Cornwall, the Baychimo usually sailed from Vancouver for her annual Arctic tradition expeditions.

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.
**Bloodstains** by Diane Anderson
With captivating narrative and meticulous research, Anderson chronicles the worst multiple murders in Canadian history. Includes a chapter on Vancouver’s Missing Eastside Women.
ISBN: 978-1-55059-322-8, $26.95, pb

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**Ambiguous Selves**
by Melanie Fogell
This investigation into individual identity explores Israeli and Canadian ideas of Jewishness. Melanie Fogell fascinates the reader with her candid discussion about life in the era of fragmentation.
ISBN: 978-1-55059-327-3, $26.95, pb

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**Bloodstains** by Diane Anderson

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 Bloodstains*. Her eighth volume of extremely short stories for those of us who seem to have lost both our way and our attention span. Unsparking 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 redemption is a new instance of the author’s on-going attempt at understanding emotion span. Unsparing in her critique of the unaccountably disaffected and disillusioned of the Western world with *The Bloodstains*, her eighth volume of extremely short stories for those of us who seem to have lost both our way and our attention span. Unsparking 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 redemption is a new instance of the author’s on-going attempt at understanding emotional 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 redemption is a new instance of the author’s on-going attempt at understanding emotional 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 redemption is a new instance of the author’s on-going attempt at understanding emotional 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 redemption is a new instance of the author’s on-going attempt at understanding emotional 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 redemption is a new instance of the author’s on-going attempt at understanding emotional 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 redemption is a new instance of the author’s on-going attempt at understanding emotional span.

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**Wordscapes: British Columbia Youth Writing Anthology 2007**

Ripple Effect’s 6th annual anthology of poetry, fiction, personal essays and visual art by B.C. teens.

980-1-894735-11-7 $15

Ripple Effect Arts and Literature Society will be hosting a launch in partnership with the West Vancouver Community Foundation and BOOKtopia May 11th at the West Vancouver Memorial Library, featuring readings and gallery by youth in *Wordscapes 2007*. For more info:

info@rippleffect.ca

www.rippleffect.ca

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**M.A.C. Farrant**

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 “mukyōkai,” *Japan’s Modern Prophet Uchimura Kanzō, 1861-1930* (UBC Press $85) also received a $10,000 Canada-Japan Literary Award in 2006.

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**Edith Iglauer**

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.

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**Melissa Edwards**

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 Artwood, Beer, Doughnuts, Erotica and Literary, many of which have appeared in the magazine since 1995. **Stephen Osborne** contributes the introduction.

1-55152-216-0

**Diana Anderson**

A former promotional copy bego 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. Unsparking 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 redemption is a new instance of the author’s on-going attempt at understanding emotional span. 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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.

"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 nonfiction edited by Zazlig Pollock.

"These tales must have laid a basis for the battle over words other than this immediately tangible one—worlds where anything is possible—where one can defy gravity, become pass through brick walls."
**WHO'S WHO**

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, she marked 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 in appearance to the magazine’s quarterly issues during the previous calendar year.

Derek Hayen'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 joining with the states that voted for the Democrats in the 2004 presidential election.

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 pregnancy resulted from these escapades, she concludes, "I admit that the older I get, the more proved 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 Philosphy: '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.

Women have muses, too. In Cupids and Aviats (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.

SFU professor 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-ally 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 his 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 until 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 hurled 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."


derek hayen

Derek Hayen’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 joining with the states that voted for the Democrats in the 2004 presidential election.

laurie ricou

Laurie Ricou’s ongoing investigations of the Pacific Northwest as a unique cultural environment have continued with Salal: Listening for the Birds (Arsenal $24.95). West Coast contributors include Robin Blaser, Stan Persky, Andy Quan and Michael V. Smith.

andrew yandle

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 Gordon Elliott died; and four days after Elliott’s passing, literary everyman Mavor Moore died in Victoria. Obits for all three, as well as independently published Kamloops novelist Ernest Langford and VP Plonikoff— the first Doukhobor woman in B.C. to publish fiction—are online at www.abcbookworld.com.

michael v. smith

Michael V. Smith

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

Margrith Schraner

Margrith Schraner

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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 pregnancy resulted from these escapades, she concludes, “I admit that the older I get, the more proved 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.

(To be continued...)

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 (Pen- guin $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.

Marcie bell

For info, see Len Walker’s entry at www.abcbookworld.com.