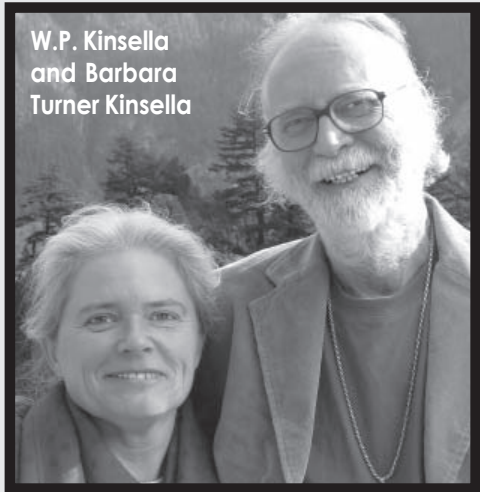


## W. BEACON SELLAR

Thank you for running that full-page announcement for the Woodcock Lifetime Achievement Award in the spring issue. And thanks to the photographer. Be careful when you make the plaque—I've had my name misspelled in almost every possible way. W. T. Kinsella on the Canadian Author's Prize; W. P. Kinsellabest in the Calgary Herald; W. Beacon Sellar in the Edmonton Journal. My books have been called Hairless Joe, Indian Joe, Dance Me Upstairs, The Iowa Baseball Conservatory; and those are the good mistakes.

Bill Kinsella  
Yale

W.P. Kinsella  
and Barbara  
Turner Kinsella



## CELEBRATE BC

I'd like to commend Andreas Schroeder for his wonderful article "Fiction From Vladivostok" as published in the winter edition of *BC Bookworld*.

It irritates me that the Toronto establishment can be so dismissive of regional cultures and identities that do not fit their notion of what it means to be a Canadian.

When I went to university in Ontario I got the impression that some of my peers viewed British Columbia with the same ignorance and naivety that we normally attribute to Americans and their world view.

"British Columbia has some gorgeous scenery, nice weather, lots of Starbucks and a laid-back lifestyle," they'd chime. "But it's not a centre for industry, culture and history."

Instead of trying to please Toronto, perhaps we should use our energy to celebrate our "British Columbianness" as this newspaper does.

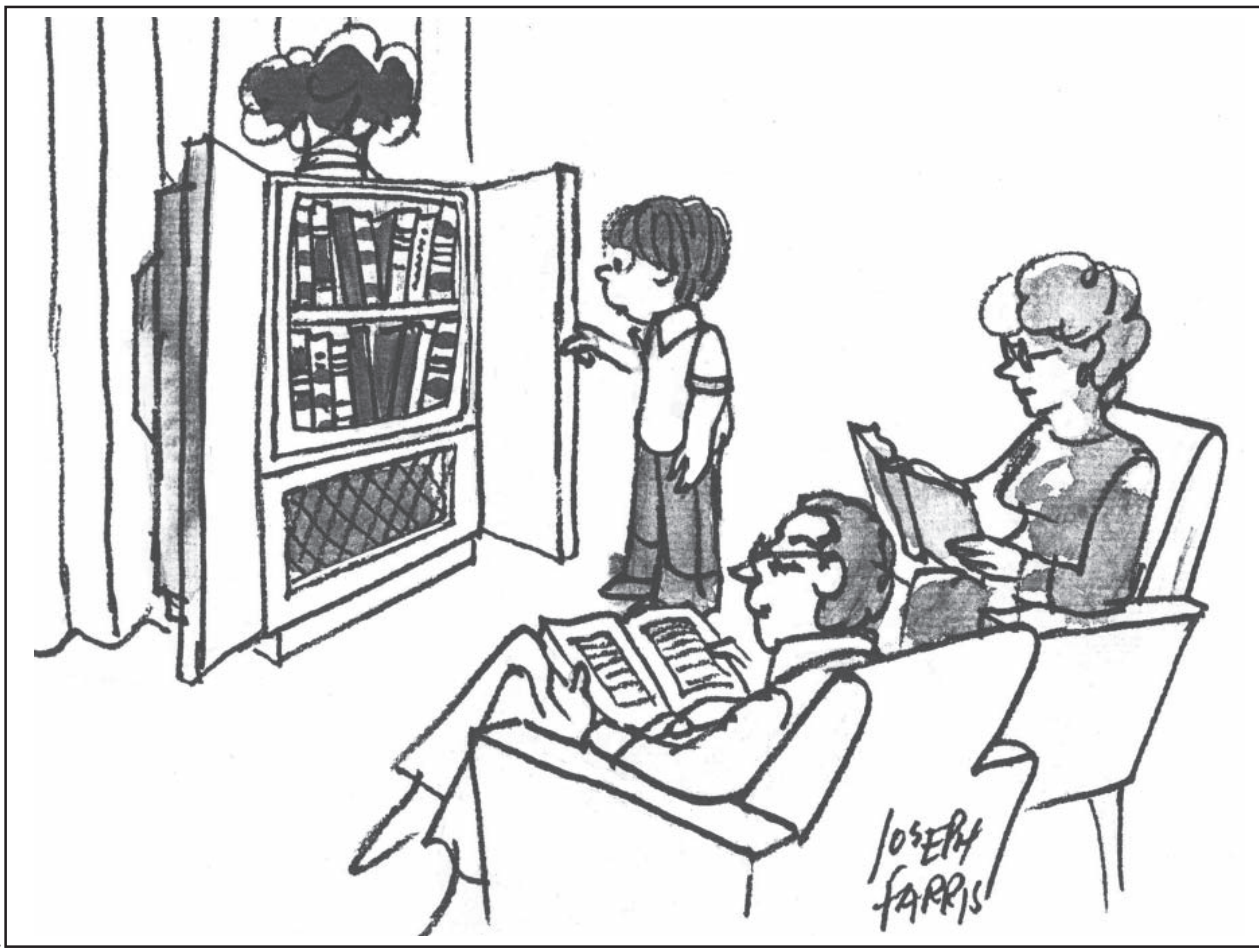
Nathaniel Christopher  
Burnaby

## SUSPICIOUS MINDS

I was surprised reading your *BC Bookworld* article: "Rise of the Sisterhood," which showed a large group photo featuring Jenny Kwan, MLA, that you didn't include Joyce Murray, prominently behind her, a former BC MLA and current female MP in Ottawa. Politically motivated?

M. Rocksborough-Smith  
Vancouver-Quadra

[Nope. Ignorance on our part.—Ed.]



JOSEPH FARRIS ILLUSTRATION

## FICTION VS NON-FICTION

I assume you are all educated people there, so why is Ernest Hekkanen's *Of a Fire Beyond the Hills* referred to as a "novel" and reviewed under the heading "Fiction Round-Up" when it is obviously a memoir, therefore non-fiction.

The closest Hekkanen's book can come to being a novel is that it might be regarded as "creative non-fiction." I find it disturbing that this distinction is being blurred in recent years. For example, my local library now classifies biography under "fiction."

Several years ago the local paper ran a book review in which the reviewer referred to a book that had won a non-fiction award as a "novel." This is a contradiction in terms.

I hate to see *B.C. Bookworld* feed into this confusion.

Anne Miles  
Gibson

[Ernest Hekkanen has written an essay in the *New Orphic Review* that partially explains why he has chosen to define *Of a Fire Beyond the Hills* as "a novel based on news stories." Avoidance of lawsuits can also be a rationale for avoiding the tag non-fiction.—Ed.]

## TO ERR IS HUMAN

Thank you and Rod Drown for the colourful review of my book, *Seeking Balance: Conversations with BC Women in Politics*, in your spring 2009 issue.

There were very few errors in the book, but your coverage managed to

reveal two of them. First, an omission: in the picture of Jenny Kwan at a community event, we failed to identify Joyce Murray, who is right behind her. My apologies to Ms. Murray.

And second, no correction was made to a statement on the cover that I served in Premier Glen Clark's government. In fact I went into cabinet with Premier Mike Harcourt and left when he handed over the premiership.

I hope you will publish this letter of correction so that your readers will recognize the mistakes as mine, not yours.

Anne Edwards  
Moyie

## SALTY REVIEW

I am writing regarding the *Rocksalt* review in your spring 2009 issue. I am not a poet, but I have the anthology on my shelf and have spent hours going through it, discovering new poets as well as established ones. It is a beautiful book, and it is not a small book. There is plenty worth mentioning. Unfortunately, the reviewer did not take that opportunity. There is enough to satisfy different tastes and preferences, even if it is a spoonful of each. Sometimes a spoonful is all one needs.

I wonder what motivates a reviewer to write a review. She seemed bored writing it, and bored me read-

ing it. It was not informative. I wonder if the review would have been different if her poem was accepted? Thank goodness I had the anthology before I read the review.

Nevena Giljanovic  
Vancouver

## PIRACY OR PROGRESS

Many writers are unhappy or confused about the proposed Google Book Search settlements. I strongly recommend they watch this video by Laurence Lessig, an intellectual property lawyer: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TmU2i1hQin0>

Although some people take an extremist stance against copyright, arguing that it should be abolished completely, I believe it has a role in society. Unfortunately, the copyright law of today is so bloated, and its enforcement so draconian, that it no longer serves its original purpose of encouraging innovation. Quite the opposite, it now stifles personal and political expression, hampers the pace of technological improvement and locks away our culture in a massive vault owned by a select few mega corporations.

We must put an end to this ill-conceived and incredibly disingenuous "War on Piracy." It's time we stopped talking exclusively about author's rights and remember that user's rights are a critical part of the equation, too.

Martin Twigg  
Vancouver



**BC**  
BOOKWORLD

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2009

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# 25

## FAMOUS LITERARY VISITORS



**This bestselling author of esoteric bafflegab, T. Lobsang Rampa, once wrote about his travels by flying saucer from Tibet to a paradise on Venus—but he never mentioned his two-year stay in Vancouver.**

**BY MICHAEL BUCKLEY**

1

IT IS A LITTLE-KNOWN fact that sometime in the early 1970s, the Lobsang Rampa entourage

lodged for about two years at the Denman Place Inn (as it was then known) in Vancouver's West End. The upper floors hosted residential suites with expansive views over English Bay.

The self-designated guru Lobsang Rampa stayed close to the top of the 35-storey building where he led a hermit-like existence, making occasional wheelchair forays to Denman Place Mall. It's possible he composed one or two books during his stay. He usually wrote in bed, closely monitored by his Siamese cats.

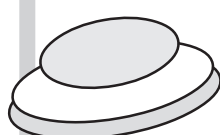


Lobsang Rampa (not his real name) was a refugee of the celebrity kind, on the run from news hounds. While he revelled in the attention he got from his books, he hated to be recognized in person. That's likely because he built his reputation under the persona of a Tibetan lama-physician purporting to be the author of a tome called *The Third Eye*.

The first-person narrator is a Tibetan physician with the psychic ability to read human auras—via a third eye sited vertically in his forehead.

Rather than present *The Third Eye* as fiction, Rampa stuck to his Tibetan lama identity like Velcro—in the interest of generating greater sales figures. The ruse worked—Rampa laughed all

# RAMPA ON THE RUN



**T. Lobsang Rampa** launched one of the greatest literary hoaxes of the 20th century with the publication of *The Third Eye* in 1956. He fled from scrutiny to hide out in British Columbia and Alberta until his pretty secretary could no longer tolerate his egocentricity and bizarre behaviour.

the way to the bank by writing more books about his travels in Tibet and other weird realms. His books developed a huge cult following, selling in the millions—by one count, over five million; by another count, over twelve million to date.

But in person, the illusion didn't quite hold up. Rampa did not look even remotely Tibetan—and he spoke not a word of the language. There were a

number of Tibetologists in London who were keen to expose this charlatan by reminiscing about their time in Tibet. Among them was **Heinrich Harrer**, author of *Seven Years in Tibet* and fluent in the Tibetan language.

Rampa was not so keen to meet the Tibetologists. The curious were informed that he was either seriously ill, or on a lengthy meditation retreat—and could not be disturbed. A news story

eventually broke revealing Rampa as **Cyril Henry Hoskins**, the unemployed son of a plumber from Devonshire.

Rampa weaseled his way out of monstrous contradictions in a later book by claiming that his English body had been 'possessed' by the spirit of a Tibetan lama. That happened on a Tuesday, when he fell out of a tree, thus explaining his full *nom de plume*: Tuesday Lobsang Rampa (wisely abbreviated as T. Lobsang Rampa in his works).

When news of Rampa's real identity came to light, the Rampas promptly decamped from London to a fort-like structure on the coast of Ireland, overlooking the sea. They were under virtual siege from members of the press, who tried to spy over the walls through periscopes and went through their garbage.

Fed up with this kind of attention, the Rampa entourage flew to the east coast of Canada, spending some time roving around Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes. Then they decided to shift to the west coast.



At the helm of the Rampa entourage was haughty **Sarah Rampa**, his wife—a former nurse who handled both business and Rampa's frail health. In the role of companion and secretary was **Sheelagh Rouse**, a pretty young woman who came aboard in Ireland—on the lam from a marriage that didn't work out (there was some speculation in the press of the day about whether her involvement was more than secretarial). And there were several Siamese cats,

*continued on page 7*



which the Rampas doted on, preferring feline company to human. This had side-benefits. According to Rampa, his Siamese cat Fifi Greywhiskers telepathically dictated an entire book to him, which diligently he translated from the 'Siamese cat language' into English. The book is called *Living with the Lama*.

It is through the eyes of Sheelagh Rouse that Rampa's Vancouver interlude comes into focus—described three decades later in a book called *Twenty-Five Years with T. Lobsang Rampa* (Lulu Books, 2005). According to her, Rampa liked the water views in Vancouver, but he found the people less than friendly—and definitely not cat-friendly (the entourage failed to find a suitable rental apartment that would accept cats).

By the 1970s, Rampa was suffering from chronic health problems and got around in a wheelchair. He railed against Vancouver's lack of wheelchair access, and railed against 'women's libbers' and teenagers. But the last straw was fans chasing him along the streets of the West End (he pretended not to be Dr. Rampa when accosted).

Eventually, the Rampas moved to Calgary, where they were left in peace for a lengthy stretch of time—over six years. Rampa even dedicated a book to the city of Calgary. In 1980, Sheelagh Rouse had a falling-out with Rampa and left in a huff—taking up employment in Vancouver. Rampa promptly disowned her. Rampa died in Calgary in 1981. His lucrative royalties were apparently donated to several cat organizations in Canada and the US.



Death usually puts a crimp in the output of most authors. Not so Lobsang Rampa. His books continue to sell and sell, with *The Third Eye* remaining his most popular title. He even managed to produce a book posthumously. It is called *My Visit to Agharta*, about his foray to the subterranean Himalayan realm of Agharta. The book was cobbled together from supposedly long-lost papers belonging to Rampa, and published in 2003—over ten years after his death. To this day, librarians are mystified where to shelve Rampa's books—under religion, occult, paranormal, thriller, sci-fi or autobiography. The best solution yet seen: file them under 'New Age.'



**L**obsang Rampa is profiled in **Michael Buckley's** recent book *Eccentric Explorers: Unraveling the Mysteries of Tibet—Wild and wacky Adventurers of the Tibetan Plateau*. The book views the rich culture and history of Tibet through a rather unusual lens—through the eyes of ten eccentric adventurers bent on unlocking its secrets.

*Eccentric Explorers* is available from [www.chapters.indigo.ca](http://www.chapters.indigo.ca) or from [www.itmb.ca](http://www.itmb.ca)

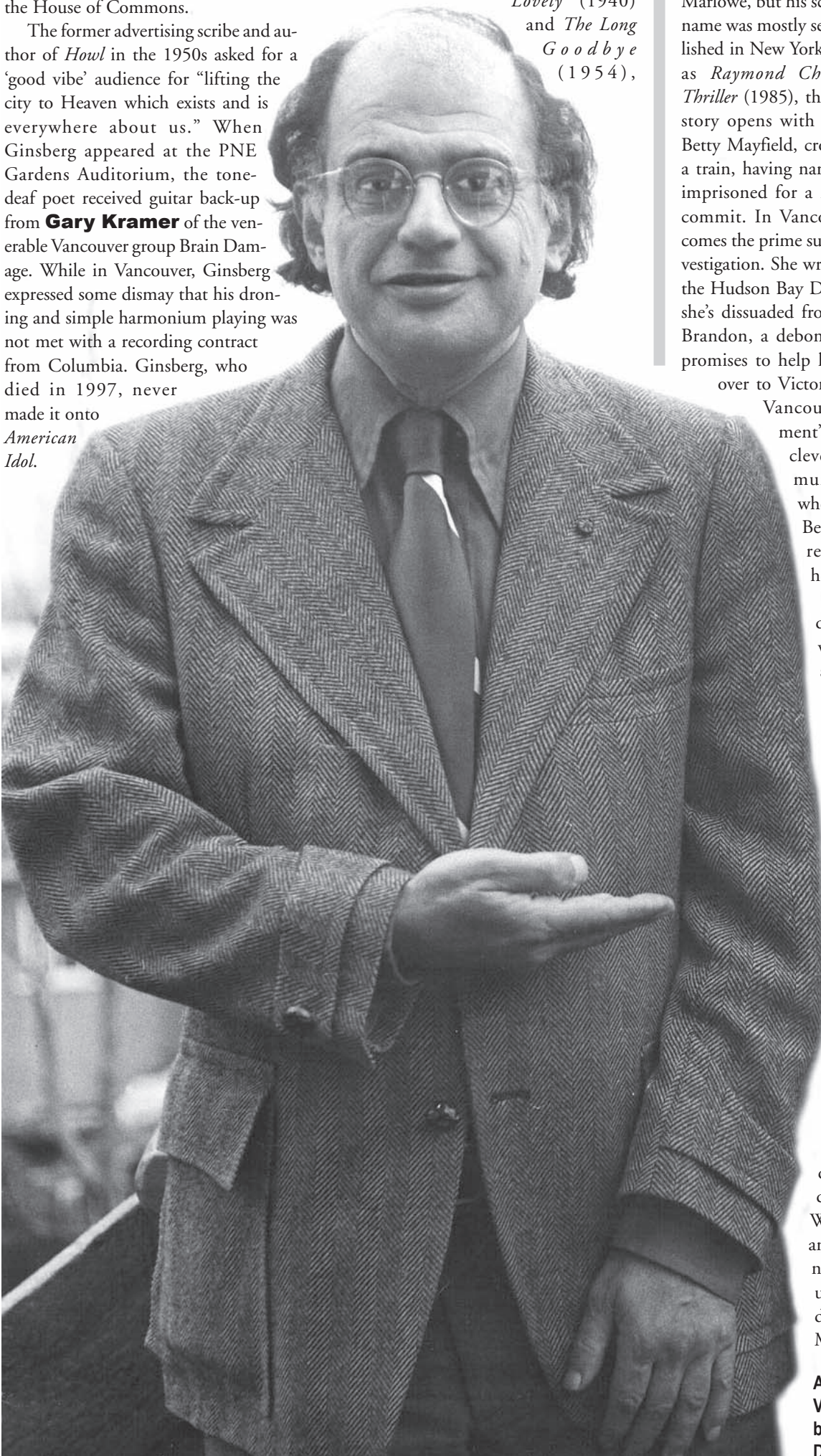
Buckley is author of several books on Tibet, including *Shangri-La: A Travel Guide to the Himalayan Dream*. His Tibet-themed website is at [www.himmies.com](http://www.himmies.com)

# 25 FAMOUS LITERARY VISITORS

## 2 ALLEN GINSBERG

**ALLEN GINSBERG** made several visits to Vancouver, notably in November of 1978 when he headlined two evenings in support of his friend **Warren Tallman's** Vancouver Poetry Centre and its 'defence' of Talonbooks under attack from Conservative MPs in the House of Commons.

The former advertising scribe and author of *Howl* in the 1950s asked for a 'good vibe' audience for "lifting the city to Heaven which exists and is everywhere about us." When Ginsberg appeared at the PNE Gardens Auditorium, the tone-deaf poet received guitar back-up from **Gary Kramer** of the venerable Vancouver group Brain Damage. While in Vancouver, Ginsberg expressed some dismay that his droning and simple harmonium playing was not met with a recording contract from Columbia. Ginsberg, who died in 1997, never made it onto *American Idol*.



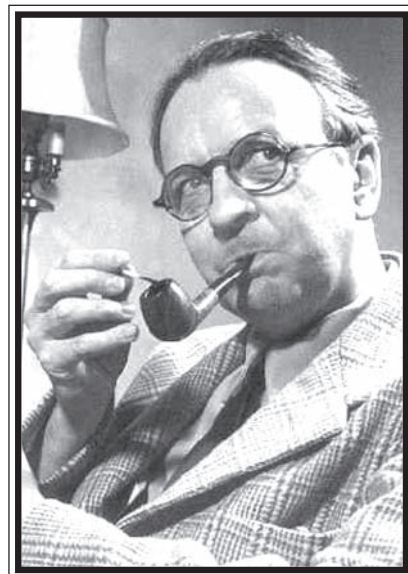
**Allen Ginsberg in Vancouver. Photo by cartoonist David Boswell**

## 3 RAYMOND CHANDLER

WHEN THE UNITED STATES joined the First World War effort, mystery novelist **Raymond Chandler** enlisted in the Canadian forces and underwent basic training in Victoria with the Gordon Highlanders prior to being sent to France via Halifax. Although he was born in Chicago, Chandler had been raised in England where he became a naturalized British citizen.

Chandler once recalled his three-month stint in Victoria in a letter to a friend: "If I called Victoria dull [in a preceding letter], it was in my time dullish as an English town would be on a Sunday, everything shut up, churchy atmosphere and so on. I did not mean to call the people dull. Knew some very nice ones."

Later to become widely known for his novels *The Big Sleep* (1939), *Farewell, My Lovely* (1940) and *The Long Goodbye* (1954),



**Raymond Chandler**

Chandler was discharged from the Royal Airforce on February 20, 1919 in Vancouver.

Raymond Chandler's final novel *Playback* (1953) was set mostly in Esmerelda, California, featuring Philip Marlowe, but his screenplay of the same name was mostly set in Vancouver. Published in New York by Mysterious Press as *Raymond Chandler's Unknown Thriller* (1985), the revised screenplay/story opens with a beautiful blonde, Betty Mayfield, crossing the border on a train, having narrowly escaped being imprisoned for a murder she did not commit. In Vancouver she again becomes the prime suspect in a murder investigation. She writes a suicide note in the Hudson Bay Department Store but she's dissuaded from killing herself by Brandon, a debonair millionaire who promises to help her by whisking her over to Victoria in his yacht. The Vancouver Police Department's Detective Killaine cleverly determines the murderer is Brandon, who is planning to kill Betty on his yacht. He rescues Betty with a helicopter.

Raymond Chandler was unusually well paid to write the script and took particular care to revise it. Although it contains excellent sardonic dialogue and it carefully recognizes the cultural differences between Canada and the United States, Chandler had difficulty transcribing the story into a novel. It lacks a cryptic first person narrator like his famous 'hardboiled' private detective Philip Marlowe.

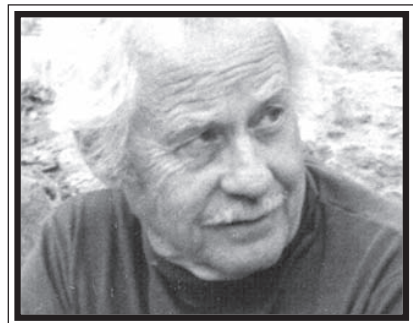
Raymond Chandler became president of the Mystery Writers of America and died of pneumonia brought on by an unusually heavy drinking binge on March 23, 1959.



# 4 W.O. MITCHELL

ALTHOUGH HE WAS mostly recognized as a prairie author, **W.O. Mitchell** spent many summers at his family's summer home at Mabel Lake, near Salmon Arm, B.C. where he and his wife **Myrna Mitchell** shared good times with their children and grandchildren.

**William Ormand Mitchell** was born in Weyburn, Saskatchewan in 1914 and died in Calgary in 1998. Most famously he wrote *Who Has Seen the Wind* (1947).



W.O. Mitchell at Mabel Lake

# 25 FAMOUS LITERARY VISITORS

later controlled and owned by McLeod. The history is fuzzy, but certainly the newspaper had literary beginnings. Other poets involved in its creation included **bill bissett**—whose blowintmentpress printed a handbill advertising an open organizational meeting for April 2, 1967—as well as **Pierre Coupey**, **Gerry Gilbert** and **Milton Acorn**.

# 6 ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

DURING HIS FOURTH VISIT TO NORTH America in 1923 (following visits in 1894, 1914 and 1922), Sir **Arthur Conan Doyle**, the creator of the rationalist-hero detective Sherlock Holmes, travelled across Canada and the U.S. to lecture on his favourite topic, Spiritualism. While travelling with his wife Lady Jean and their three children, Conan Doyle spoke in 15 cities across the U.S., as well as Vancouver.

Conan Doyle's visit to Vancouver is mentioned in *Our Second American Adventure* (1924). He offers the following analysis of the Komagata Maru Incident of May, 1914.

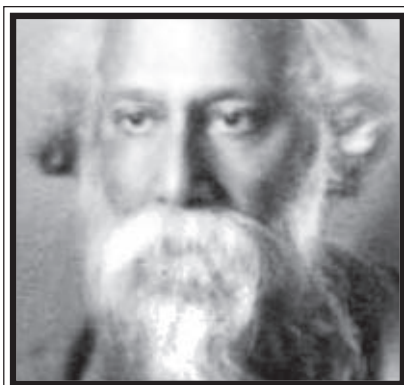
"The whole incident seemed to me



Arthur Conan Doyle

to be so grotesque—for why should sun-loving Hindoos force themselves upon Canada—that I was convinced some larger purpose lay behind it. That purpose was, as we can now see, to promote discord among the races under the British flag. There can be no doubt that it was German money that chartered that ship."

How Kiplingesque.



Rabindranath Tagore in 1929, photographed by John Vanderpant

# 7 RABINDRANATH TAGORE

THE FIRST PERSON FROM Asia to win the Nobel Prize for Literature, Sir **Rabindranath Tagore** (1861-1941) made four visits to North America and was photographed by Vancouver photographer **John Vanderpant** in 1929.

During his final visit in 1940 the Hindu mystic, poet and educator was detained at the border by U.S. officials

and cross-examined about the purpose of his visit. He telegraphed President **Franklin Roosevelt** from Vancouver but never received a reply. He cut short his visit and returned to India.

Knighted in 1915, he resigned the honour in 1919 to protest repressive British measures in India. Among his many books is *The Religion of Man*.

# 8 THEODORE ROOSEVELT

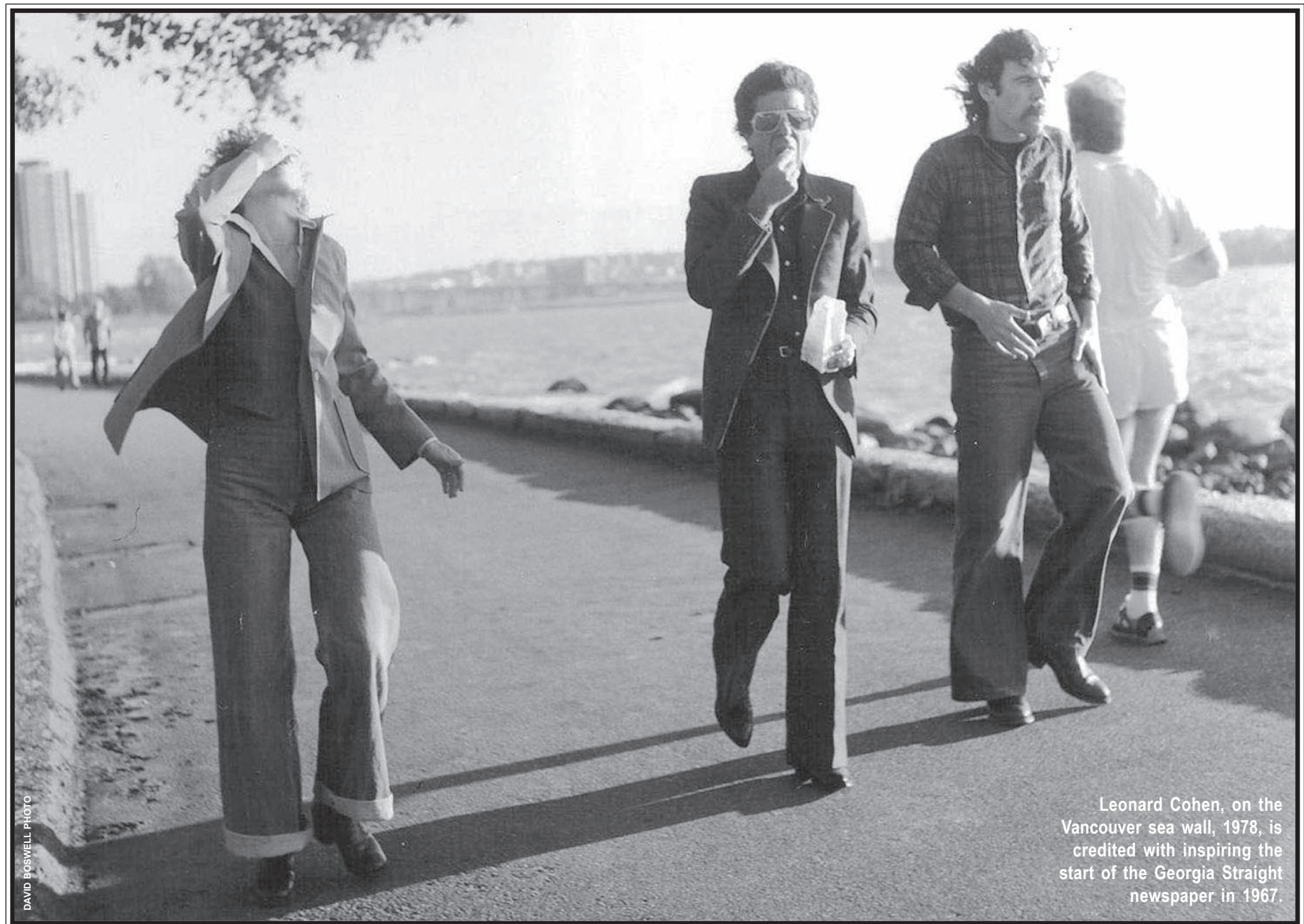
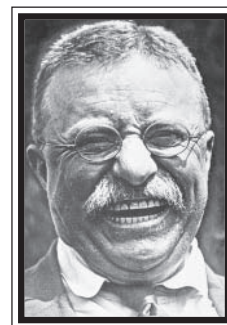
WHILE NOT WIDELY RECOGNIZED today as a literary man, **Theodore Roosevelt**, the 26th president of the United States, born in 1858, first rose to prominence as the 23-year-old author of *The Naval War of 1812*, hailed as a literary and scholarly triumph. Roosevelt rose to military prominence due to jingoistic newspaper reports that inflated the heroism

of his Rough Riders regiment as they overcame outmanned, under-supplied Spanish opposition in Cuba in 1898.

When Roosevelt visited

**Theodore Roosevelt** Vancouver in 1915, four years before he died, Mayor **Louis Dennison Taylor** outwitted his political foes by hopping on the train as it stopped in New Westminster. Taylor grabbed the spotlight upon Roosevelt's arrival by escorting him around Stanley Park in his car.

The man most famous for saying, "Speak softly, and carry a big stick; you will go far," received the Nobel Peace Prize in 1906.



Leonard Cohen, on the Vancouver sea wall, 1978, is credited with inspiring the start of the *Georgia Straight* newspaper in 1967.



# 9 CHARLES BUKOWSKI

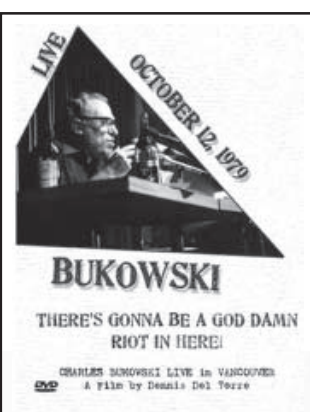
WHEN NOTORIOUSLY FOUL-mouthed boozer **Charles ‘Hank’ Bukowski** made his first trip to Canada in October of 1976, organizers for his Western Front reading were surprised that women in the audience far outnumbered men. That reading is described by Bukowski towards the end of his novel entitled *Women*. The slovenly Bukowski “was genuinely physically ugly,” according to reading organizer **Ted Laturnus**, but he had “a soothing monotone voice and a full head of hair that reminded me of Fabian.” At a post-reading party Bukowski didn’t drink much and “was besieged with offers of congress.” No matter where Bukowski went during his Vancouver visit, he “had to fight the women off,” according to **Jim Christy’s** *The BUK Book: Musings on Charles Bukowski* (ECW \$12.95).



Charles Bukowski returned to give another Vancouver reading in 1979. After a night of dancing upon his arrival, he fell out of bed in the Sylvia Hotel and had to be taken to the hospital for stitches. The reading the following day at the Viking Inn was a raucous affair at which Bukowski was drunk and the audience heckled. There were approximately 650 people in the audience. It was the last Bukowski poetry reading that was recorded on film. Footage from that reading appears at the outset of

*Bukowski: Born Into This*, a 2004 documentary about Bukowski by **John Dullaghan** that was screened at Vancouver’s Ridge Theatre in 2005.

During the making of that documentary, the filmmakers uncovered a videotaped record of the entire Bukowski performance that was made by **Dennis B. Del Torre**. This full-length performance by Bukowski has since been released as *There’s Gonna Be A Goddam Riot In Here*.



Saul Bellow

# 10 SAUL BELLOW

**SAUL BELLOW** LIVED ON Swan Lake on Vancouver Island in the spring of 1982 when he was a guest lecturer in the English department at the University of Victoria. There he reputedly wrote the title story for his book *Him With His Foot In His Mouth* (1984) about an American musicologist who has taken refuge in British Columbia.

# 11 WINSTON CHURCHILL

**WINSTON CHURCHILL** visited Vancouver with his son **Randolph** and his brother **Jack** in 1929. He opened the Annual Provincial Exhibition in New Westminster, commending a decision to proceed with the fair despite a fire on the grounds six weeks earlier. It was, he remarked, “the culmination of a courage that does not know defeat.” He visited a logging com-

# 25 FAMOUS LITERARY VISITORS



Winston Churchill

pany in Haney the next day. Afterwards he dined atop Grouse Mountain.

Although renowned as First Lord of the Admiralty, Secretary of State of War, Chancellor of the Exchequer and ultimately Prime Minister (1940-1945; 1951-1955), Churchill was also a gifted writer and rhetorician who wrote *The History of the Second World War*, *A History of the English-speaking Peoples* and other works. He began his career as a journalist covering the so-called Spanish-American War in Cuba.

Winston Churchill received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1953

# LIVES OF THE LIT & FAMOUS

When *Vancouver Sun* journalist **Mark Hume** accepted the **Roderick Haig-Brown Prize** in 1999 for *River of the Angry Moon, Seasons of the Bella Coola* (Greystone), co-written with **Harvey Thommasen**, he said, “I don’t really know how to thank someone who’s dead, but I do feel I should mention his name tonight: **Ted Hughes**, a poet-laureate of Great Britain. He used to slip into British Columbia every few years and fish the rivers for steelhead. He gave me a great deal of encouragement for this book. He was inspirational to me shortly before he died. He knew that the rivers of British Columbia are not to be taken lightly.”



Ted Hughes



If you’ve had an encounter of the literary kind—with someone like Ted Hughes—we’d like to hear about it.

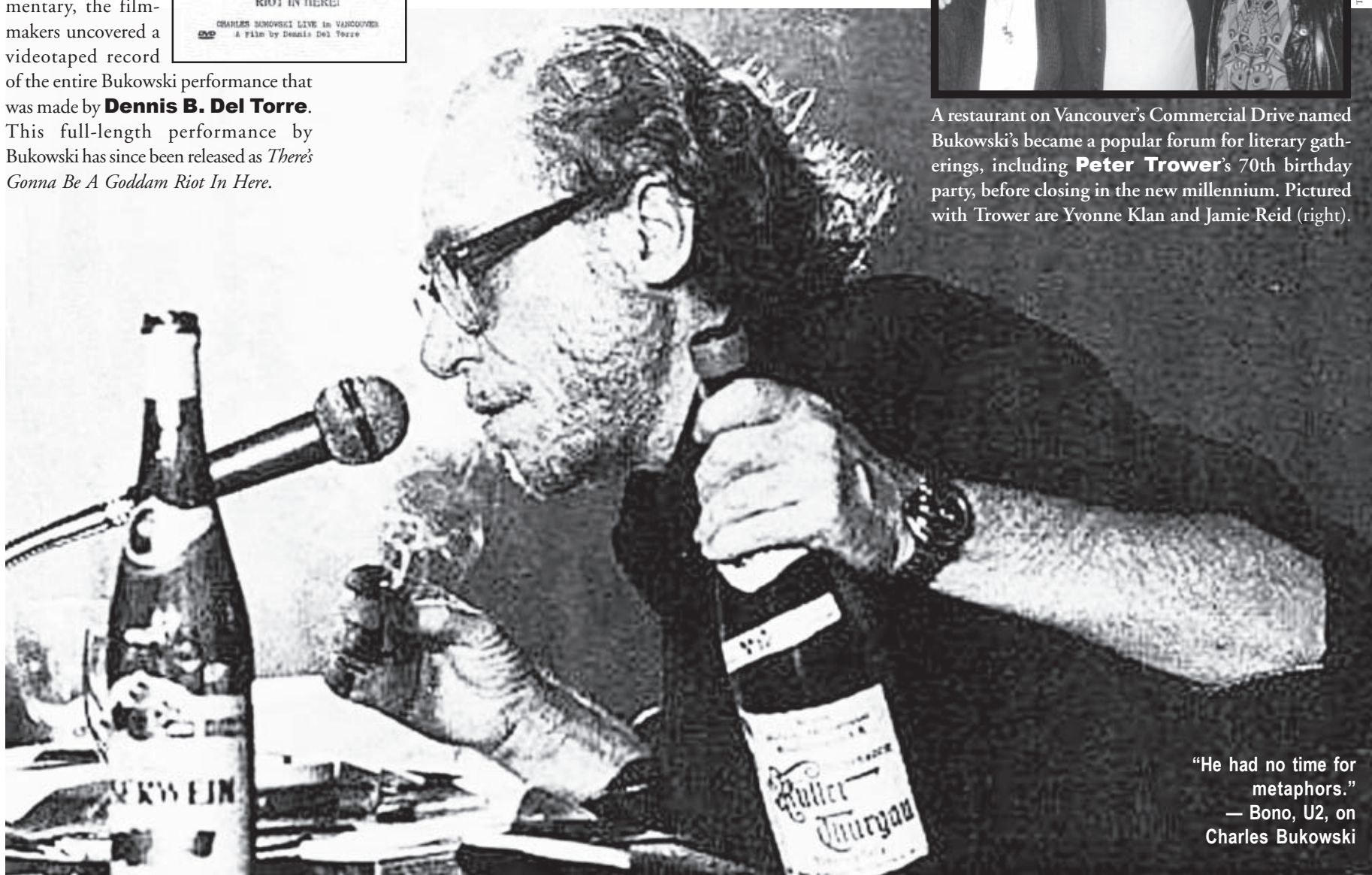
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TWIGG PHOTO

A restaurant on Vancouver’s Commercial Drive named Bukowski’s became a popular forum for literary gatherings, including **Peter Trower’s** 70th birthday party, before closing in the new millennium. Pictured with Trower are Yvonne Klan and Jamie Reid (right).



“He had no time for metaphors.”  
— Bono, U2, on Charles Bukowski



"The city of Vancouver is a quite handsome hellhole."  
— Dylan Thomas with his wife Caitlin



# 25 FAMOUS LITERARY VISITORS

## 12 DYLAN THOMAS

DYLAN THOMAS LIKED to say that he came to America to pursue "naked women in wet mackintoshes" but he was no Casanova.

Short, sickly and alcoholic, he was nonetheless accorded rock star status in April of 1950, at age 36, when he read poetry at the UBC auditorium before an audience of 1,300, then he recited more English verse at the Vancouver Hotel's Mayfair Room.

At an after-party in his honour at a house on Davie Street, Dylan Thomas and **Malcolm Lowry**—who had already met one another in England—locked themselves into a room with some liquor. "By the time they came out," **Earle Birney** recalled, "neither of them was very comprehensible. Lowry was inclined to pass out early, and I guess I must have helped to get Dylan back to his hotel."

The Lowrys fell asleep in the house and woke up there the next morning, visited Dylan Thomas at the Hotel Vancouver, found him in bed with a female admirer (who Dylan Thomas promptly dismissed), and started drinking again.

In a letter to his wife, **Caitlin Thomas**, dated April 7, 1950, Dylan Thomas wrote:

"The city of Vancouver is a quite handsome hellhole. It is, of course, being Canadian, more British than Cheltenham. I spoke last night—or read, I never lecture, how could I?—in front of two huge Union Jacks.

"The pubs—they are called beer-parlours—serve only beer, are not allowed to have whiskey or wine or any spirits at all—and are open only for a few hours a

day. There are, in this monstrous hotel, two bars, one for Men, one for Women. They do not mix.

"Today, Good Friday, nothing is open nor will be open all day long. Everybody is pious and patriotic, apart from a few people in the university & my old friend Malcolm Lowry—do you remember *Under the Volcano*?—who lives in a hut in the mountains & who came down to see me last night...

"This afternoon I pick up my bag of soiled clothes and take a plane to Seattle. And thank God to be out of British Canada & back in the terrible United States of America."

During his second visit in 1952, Dylan Thomas insulted professors at the UBC Faculty Club and again got rip-roaring drunk. He died one year later in New York, at age 39, after a colossal whiskey binge. In 1996, Langara English instructor **Ted Langley** generated a Dylan Thomas Society in Vancouver.

## 13 JOSEPH CAMPBELL

JOSEPH CAMPBELL, THE man who gave filmmaker **George Lucas** the archetypes for his *Stars Wars* saga, visited the Queen Charlotte Islands in 1932.

During the Depression, Campbell was close friends with a self-taught Cali-

fornia ecologist named **Ed Ricketts** and would-be novelist named **John Steinbeck**.

Ricketts made three excursions to British Columbia in 1932 [with Campbell], 1945 and 1946 to collect marine specimens. Steinbeck later modeled several characters in his fiction on Ricketts, including 'Doc' in the 1945 novel *Cannery Row*.

Ed Ricketts died when he was hit by a train near Cannery Row in May of



Joseph Campbell

In 2004, at age 32, Ucluelet-raised journalist **Eric Enno Tamm** published the first biography of Ed Ricketts called *Beyond the Outer Shores* (Raincoast 2004).

Whereas the sometimes stormy relationship between Ricketts and Steinbeck was well-known, *Beyond the Outer Shores* provided fresh insights into the friendship between Ricketts and Campbell.

Tamm's history of the friendship and rivalries between Steinbeck, Campbell and Ricketts contains a section outlining the three-month voyage made by Campbell and Ricketts around the Queen Charlotte Islands in 1932 in the *Grampus*, a small cruising vessel.

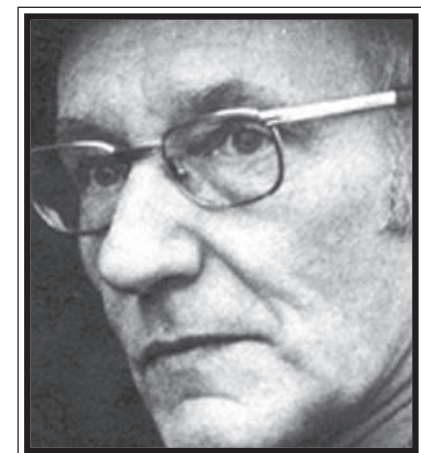
At the time, the yet-to-be-esteemed philosopher Joseph Campbell was escaping the wrath of Steinbeck for cultivating an affair with Steinbeck's wife Carol.

## WILLIAM BURROUGHS

14 WILLIAM BURROUGHS first gained notoriety due to a censorship battle regarding his 1953 paperback *Junkie*. Associated with the Beat poets of San Francisco and City Lights Books, he is renowned for his 1959 memoir of heroin addiction entitled *Naked Lunch*.

Burroughs screened his films and read from his works at 111 Dunsmuir street on November 17, 1974 and returned in 1988, staying at the Sylvia Hotel, for a Western Front exhibit of his 'shotgun art'—paint gun splats onto plywood that he sold by mail until his death on August 2, 1997.

Burrough's presence did have some influence in the evolution of experimental writing in Vancouver. Events dedicated to Burroughs were held at the grunt gallery in Vancouver in 1999.



Michael Morris' photo of William Burroughs (above) in Vancouver is from *Whispered Art History: Twenty Years At The Western Front*, edited by Keith Wallace (Western Front Society /Arsenal Pulp Press)



# 25 FAMOUS LITERARY VISITORS

15 WHEN RUDYARD KIPLING first arrived in Vancouver, during his “wedding tour” of 1892, the City Solicitor, **George Hamersley**, a member of the Inner Bar, London, was asked if he might greet the visiting writer.

“Kipling! Who the devil is Kipling?” the lawyer reportedly said. “Never heard of the man!”

That year Kipling greatly admired the efficiency of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. “Always the marvel to which Canadians seem insensible,” he wrote, “was that on one side of an imaginary line should be Safety, Law, Honour and Obedience, and on the other, frank, brutal decivilization.”

Kipling was so pleased with Vancouver that he purchased a town lot in the Mt. Pleasant area prior to embarking for Japan from the CPR dock on the Empress of India on April 4, 1892.

“He that sold it to me was a delightful English boy,” Kipling later wrote in *American Notes*. “All the boy said was, ‘I give you my word it isn’t on a cliff or under water, and before long the town ought to move out that way.’ And I took it as easily as a man buys a piece of tobacco.”

# RUDYARD KIPLING

THE MOST ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION GIVEN to a visiting writer in British Columbia was accorded to **Rudyard Kipling**—the chief literary cheerleader for the British Empire—when he addressed the one-year-old Canadian Club at the Pender Hall in 1907. It was the same year he received the Nobel Prize for Literature.

“I became owner of 400 well-developed pines, thousands of tons of granite scattered in blocks at the roots of the pines, and a sprinkling of earth. That’s a town lot in Vancouver.

“You or your agent hold onto it till property rises, then sell out and buy more land farther out of town and repeat the process. I do not quite see how this sort of thing helps the growth of a town, but the English boy says it is the ‘essence of speculation’ so it must be all right. But I wish there were fewer pines and rather less granite on the ground.”

Kipling was duped. When he returned in 1907, he learned that he’d been paying taxes on property legally owned by someone else.

Privately, Kipling wrote, “All the con-

solation we got from the smiling people of Vancouver was: “You bought that from Steve, did you? Ah-hah, Steve! You hadn’t ought to ha’bought from Steve. No! Not from Steve!” And thus did the good Steve cure us of speculating in real estate.”

In 1907, Kipling was met by the mayor, the Board of Trade and provincial government members. An audience of 500 attended his luncheon speech.

Women weren’t invited; there was not enough room. But women came anyway, crowding the hall to its doors, filling the spectator gallery.

After receiving a standing, cheering ovation and a Moroccan leather case, embossed with his initials, containing his honorary lifetime membership to the

Canadian Club, Kipling rose to discourse on Vancouver.

He compared the city to the head of an army bravely passing through the mountains “to secure a stable Western civilization facing the Eastern Sea.”

Frequently interrupted by applause, he added, “If I had not as great faith as I have in our breed, and in our race, I would tremble at your responsibilities.”

Kipling was a vitriolic racist, constantly spewing venom about Huns, Yids and Micks. He was equally contemptuous of trade unionists, liberals and suffragettes.

Kipling’s rhetoric was taken seriously in B.C., an outpost of the empire.

He ominously advised, “The time is coming when you will have to choose between the desired reinforcements of your own stock and blood, and the undesired races to whom you are strangers, whose speech you do not understand, and from whose instincts and traditions you are separated by thousands of years.”

When asked by a reporter for the *Vancouver World* about “the all-absorbing topic of Hindoo immigration,” Kipling confided he “had come six thousand miles to study it.”

Kipling was wildly enthusiastic about Victoria, having first visited in 1889. He wrote, “Real estate agents recommend it as a little piece of England—the island on which it stands is about the size of Great Britain—but no England is set in any such seas or so fully charged with the mystery of the larger ocean beyond....

“I tried honestly to render something of the color, the gaiety, and the graciousness of the town and the island, but only found myself piling up unbelievable adjectives, and so let it go with a hundred other wonders.”

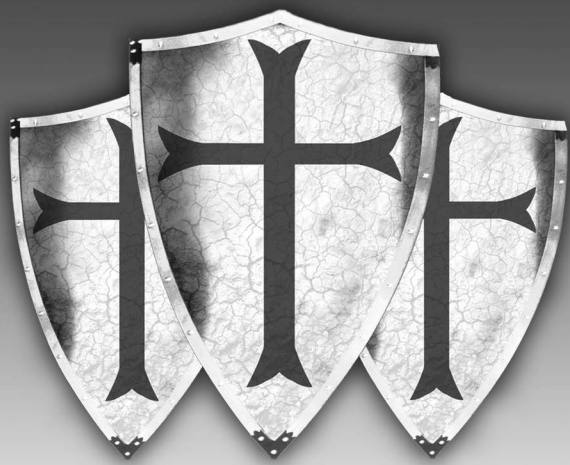
Nary a word was printed about his property loss in Vancouver.

Cartoon from the Vancouver Weekly News Advertiser, 1907

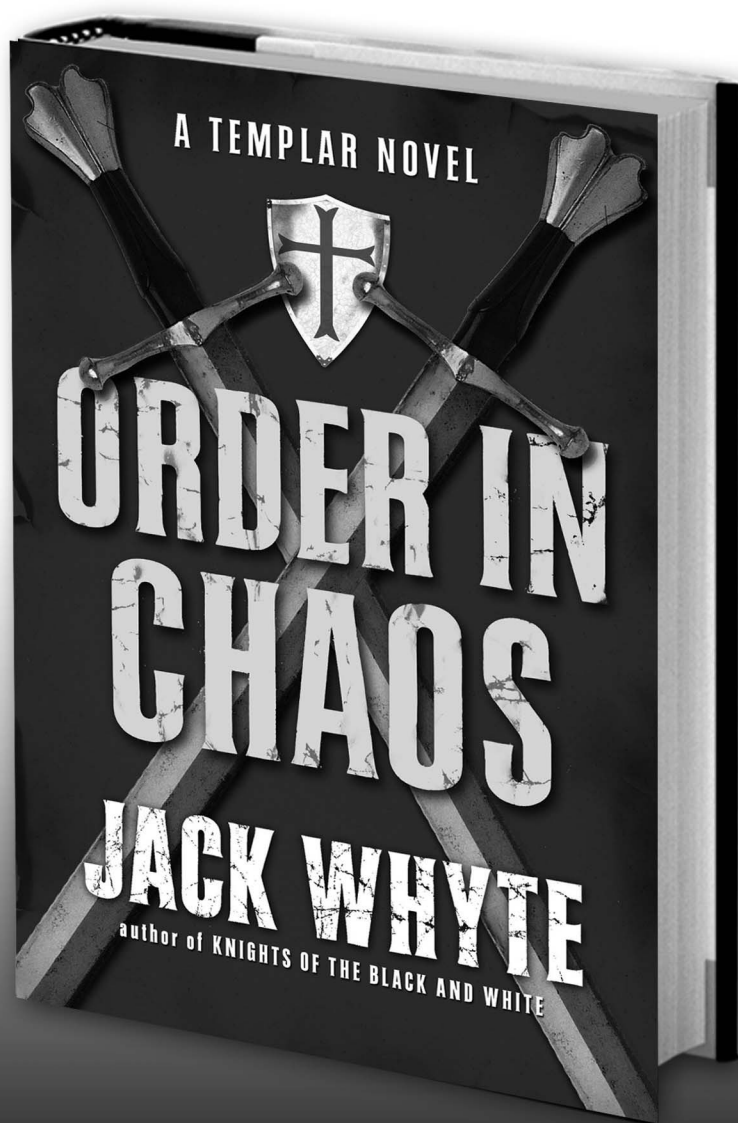


“Such land is good for the energetic man. It is also not so bad for the loafer.”—RUDYARD KIPLING ON B.C.





# THE HIGHLY ANTICIPATED FINAL NOVEL IN THE #1 BESTSELLING TEMPLAR TRILOGY

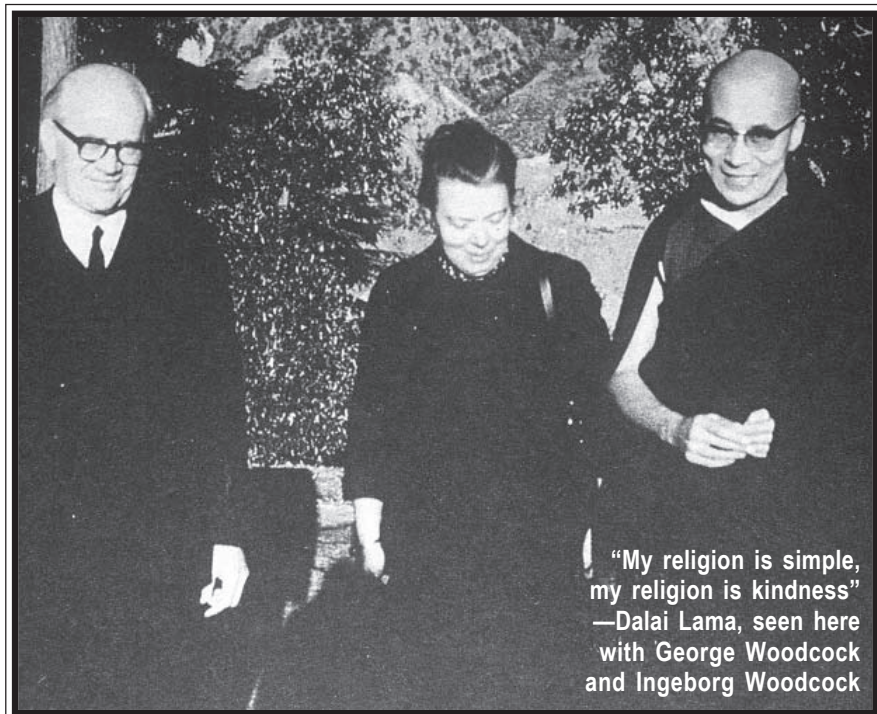


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"My religion is simple,  
my religion is kindness"  
—Dalai Lama, seen here  
with George Woodcock  
and Ingeborg Woodcock

## 16 DALAI LAMA

THE 14TH DALAI LAMA, **Tenzin Gyatso**, visited Seattle in 1979 and held a special audience for the representatives of the Tibetan Refugee Aid Society [TRAS], the Vancouver-based organization started by his friends **George** and **Ingeborg Woodcock** after they met him in Dharamsala, India, in 1961.

The Dalai Lama's first visit to Vancouver the following year was organized by **T.C. Tethong** of Victoria, the Dalai Lama's translator following his escape from Tibet in 1959 with the help of the CIA.

Having received the Nobel Prize for Peace in 1989, the Dalai Lama made his second visit to Vancouver in July of 1993, at which time he had a private meeting with the Woodcocks.

He returned in April of 2004 and September of 2006. A fifth visit is scheduled for September of 2009, chiefly organized by **Victor Chan** of Bowen Island, author of an extensive traveller's guide to Tibet.

For his fourth Vancouver visit in September of 2006, he planned to visit Ingeborg Woodcock, widow of George Woodcock, but she died several months earlier.

A monk who rises for prayer on a daily basis between four and five a.m., the Dalai Lama is also credited as being the author of numerous bestselling titles, some of which were written with the assistance of a ghost writer. The major autobiographical works are *My Land and My People* (1962), *Freedom in Exile* (1991) and *Ethics for the New Millennium* (2001).

## 17 POPE JOHN PAUL

BY FAR THE MOST TRAVELLED pope in history, **Pope John Paul II** became the first non-Italian pope since **Hadrian VI** (1522-3) in 1978. He visited nearly every country willing to receive him, including Canada in 1984.

Born as Karol Wojtyla in Wadowice, Poland, he wrote numerous books, including an autobiography, *Gift and Mystery: On the Fiftieth Anniversary of My Priestly Ordination*.

A book about his visit was produced for the archdiocese of Vancouver.

## 25 FAMOUS LITERARY VISITORS

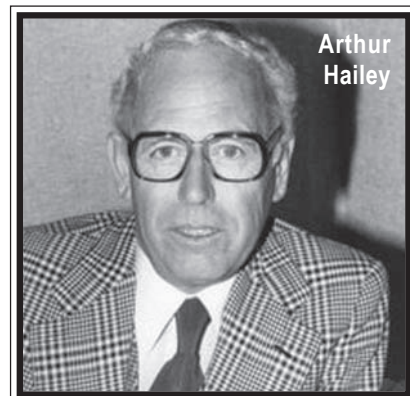
## 18 ARTHUR HAILEY

THE FORMER VANCOUVER International Airport, now used for small planes, was the model for the airport that appears in the climax of **Arthur Hailey's** *Flight Into Danger*, a 1956 television movie in which half of a plane's passengers and its crew are afflicted by food poisoning due to fish dinners. Hailey, a former pilot in WW II, imagined this scenario while taking a flight from Toronto to Vancouver.

The four-year-old TV network called the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation bought Hailey's script for \$600. The pivotal role of the emergency pilot was played by a young **James Doohan**, who later became widely known as 'Scottie' on Star Trek. The airing was an unprecedented success for the fledgling CBC, leading to a screening in Britain.

Hailey's script became the basis for a 1957 Paramount movie called *Zero Hour*. A novelized version of this story, co-authored by **John Castle**, was released in 1958. One year later it was published in the United States as *Runway Zero-Eight*, marking the start of Arthur Hailey's fiction career.

Hailey's thriller *Airport* was researched in Los Angeles and Chicago; his blockbuster novel *Hotel* was based on the Fairmont New Orleans Hotel. But his writing career—one can argue—took off from Vancouver.



Arthur Hailey



# 19 THOR HEYERDAHL

BEFORE HE BECAME FAMOUS for sailing the *Kon-Tiki* from Peru to the Raroia in the South Pacific, Norwegian explorer and archaeologist **Thor Heyerdahl** visited Bella Coola in 1939-1940 to compare petroglyphs at Thorsen Creek with



Thor Heyerdahl

Polynesian art forms. He had theorized that Hawaii could have been settled by people from British Columbia.

During his visit, when Germany overran Norway, Heyerdahl was forced to remain in Canada with limited funds.

Befriending guide and hunter **Clayton Mack**, he received help from Mack to visit pictographs at Kwatna Inlet whereupon Heyerdahl asked his resourceful Nuxalk guide if he thought it would be possible for his ancestors to have reached Hawaii in a dugout canoe.

Clayton Mack suggested they might have used giant rafts of kelp.

# 20 LADY DUFFERIN

IN 1876 **LADY DUFFERIN** visited British Columbia with **Lord Dufferin**, Governor General of Canada. Her impressions of Canada are contained in *My Canadian Journal 1872-'8: Extracts From My Letters Home Written While Lord Dufferin Was Governor-General* (A. Appleton, 1891).

Some of Lady Dufferin's watercolors of B.C. are housed at Library and Archives Canada in Ottawa.



Lady Dufferin

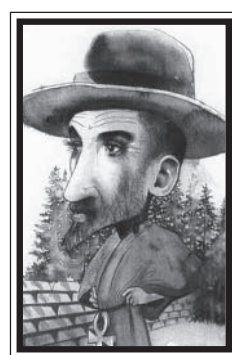
As one of the great role models for women in the late 1800s, Lady Dufferin epitomized progressive civility.



Mark Twain receives journalists at the Hotel Vancouver

# 21 BROTHER XII

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S most fantastic cult leader, known to his followers as the Brother XII, **Edward Arthur Wilson** was a theosophical leader who had a spiritual community on southern Vancouver Island in the late 1920s and early 1930s.



Brother XII

The financial and sexual scandals that arose from his Aquarian Foundation settlement have led to comparisons with **Rasputin**, scientologist **L. Ron Hubbard** and Jonestown

fanatic **Jim Jones**. Wilson has been more fairly dubbed Canada's False Messiah or False Prophet.

Infamous for his egotism and fraudulent behavior, Wilson is rarely cited as a literary figure. Yet he spread his delusionary claptrap in publications and books.

*The Three Truths* (1927); *The Aquarian Foundation* (1927); *Foundation Letters and Teachings* (1927); *The End of the Days* (1928); *Unsigned Letters from an Elder Brother* (1930); *Primer of Astrology for Children* (1930).

Books about him include *Canada's False Prophet* (1967) by **Herbert Emerson Wilson** and *The Devil of Decourcey Island* (1989) by **Charles Lillard**, **Ron MacIsaac** and **Don Clark**.

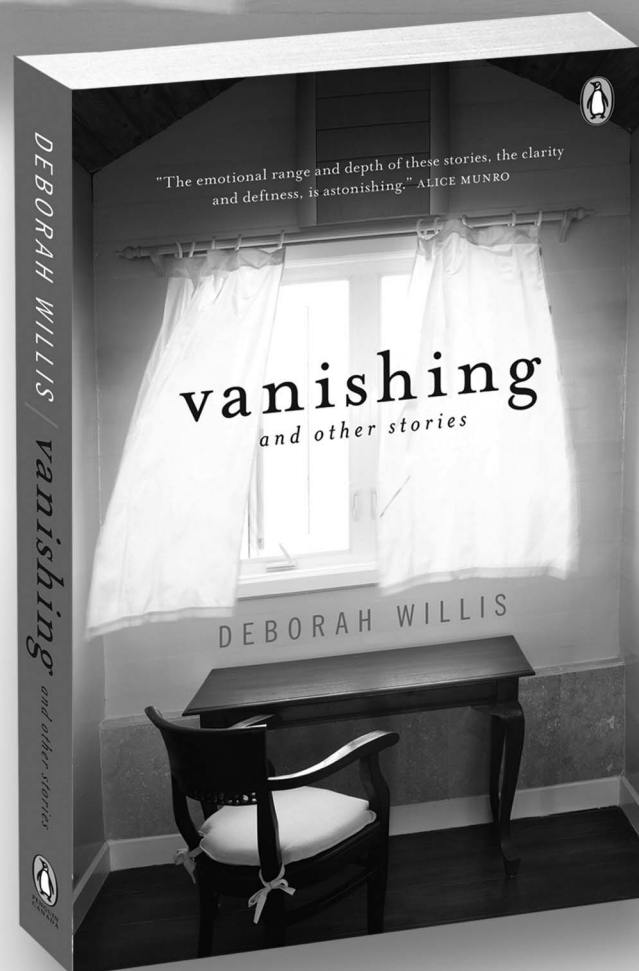
The main biography is *Brother Twelve: The Incredible Story of Canada's False Prophet and His Doomed Cult of Gold, Sex, and Black Magic* (1992) by **John Oliphant**. See [www.abcbokworld.com](http://www.abcbokworld.com).

# 22 MARK TWAIN

ONE OF THE FIRST literary luminaries to appear in British Columbia was the American humourist **Mark Twain**, alias for Samuel Clemens, who spoke to a delighted throng at the Imperial Theatre on August 15, 1895. He received rave reviews but came down with a bad cold, that left him recuperating at the Hotel Vancouver.

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—ALICE MUNRO



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# 23 KURT/MARK VONNEGUT

THE SON OF NOVELIST

**Kurt Vonnegut, Mark Vonnegut** grew

up in Cape Cod and studied religion at (Quaker) Swarthmore College in Pennsylvania. Upon his graduation in 1969, at age 21, in order to evade the draft and escape the shadow of his father, he drove to British Columbia in a Volkswagen van with his girlfriend **Virginia** and their dog Zeke. He briefly worked at Duthie Books.

In an effort to adopt the hippie lifestyle, Mark Vonnegut retreated to a coastal commune at Powell Lake, located 18 kilometres by boat from the nearest road or electricity, where his experimentation with drugs led to a severe descent into anguish, during which time he imagined he was responsible for a California earthquake that had killed his girlfriend. He was nonetheless accorded the status of mystic on the commune that included some of his friends from Swarthmore College.

Emaciated and suicidal and delusional, Mark Vonnegut developed bizarre notions, such as a belief that he had communicated with every great artist in history. Aliens were out to get him.... On Valentine's Day, 1971, following intervention by his father, he was committed to Hollywood Psychiatric Hospital in New Westminster where he was diagnosed as being severely schizophrenic. "My son Mark's most unsociable performance when bananas, and before I could get him into a Canadian laughing academy," Kurt Vonnegut Jr. later wrote, "was to babble on and on, and then wing a cue ball through a picture window in an urban commune in Vancouver, British Columbia. It was only then that his flower children friends telephoned me to say he was in need of a father. God bless telephones.

"Mark's dear mother, **Jane Marie**, née Cox, now dead, a Quaker and, like Mark, a graduate of Swarthmore, would often tell him that he was supposed to save the world. His college major had been religion and he had not yet considered becoming what he has indeed become, a paediatrician. One seeming possibility before he went nuts was that he study for the Unitarian ministry.



Mark Vonnegut in the 1960s



Kurt Vonnegut and his son Mark

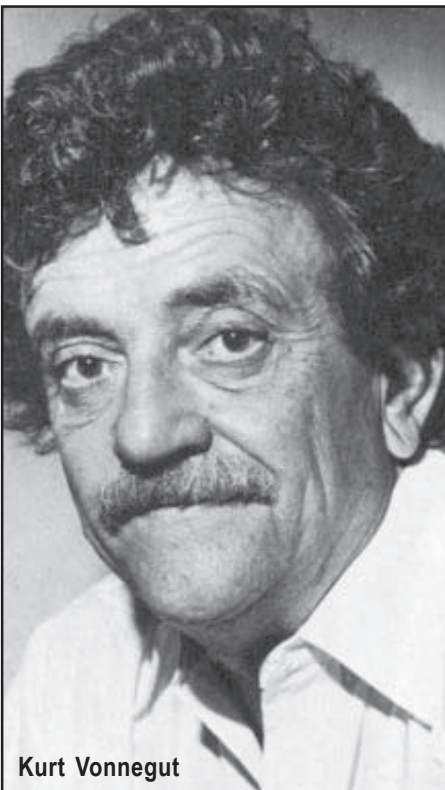


"He was then 22, and I myself was a mere spring chicken of 47, a mere 32 years ago. By the time Mark and I went in a hired car from the house with the broken picture window in Vancouver to what turned out to be an excellent private mental hospital in nearby New Westminster, he had at least become a jazz saxophonist and a painter. He babbled merrily en route and it was language, but the words were woven into vocal riffs worthy of his hero **John Coltrane**."

*The Eden Express: A Memoir of Insanity* (Praeger/Bantam, 1975) by Mark Vonnegut describes his difficulties with



Mark Vonnegut in the 1970s



Kurt Vonnegut

drugs and schizophrenia between 1969 and 1972. It was written after Vonnegut accepted his need for medication and returned to the society from whence he came. Initially Mark Vonnegut wrote an article entitled, "Why I Want to Bite R. D. Laing's Leg."

Having first attributed his recovery to orthomolecular (megavitamin) therapy, he later came to the conclusion that he had been manic-depressive for hereditary reasons.

Mark Vonnegut subsequently studied medicine at Harvard Medical School and became a pediatrician in Boston.

# 24 TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT playwrights of the 20th century, **Tennessee Williams**, attempted to rekindle his

flagging career by accepting an invitation to workshop his revised play *The Red Devil Battery Sign* at the Vancouver Playhouse. Ostensibly his work was given its world premiere in B.C. in 1980, directed by **Roger Hodgman**.

In fact, *The Red Devil Battery Sign* had already flopped once before when



Tennessee Williams

it was first produced in Boston in 1975.

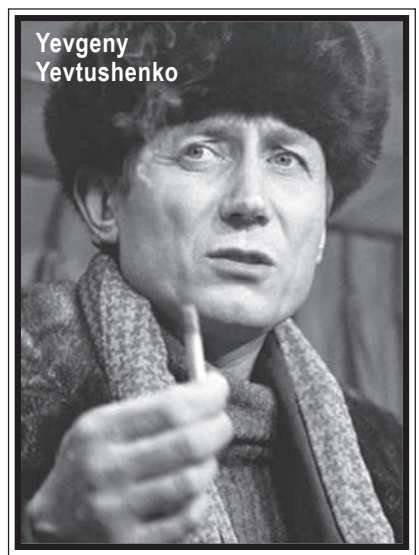
Reviews were, at best, mixed. Nonetheless, the city was sufficiently flattered by Williams' gushy praise for its hospitality (in public, at least) that

America's most influential playwright was invited to return as a Distinguished Writer in Residence at the University of British Columbia in 1981.

Upon his return, the UBC Theatre Department mounted his rewritten version of **Anton Chekhov's** *The Seagull*, staged as *The Notebook of Trigorin*. The revised script for *The Red Devil Battery Sign* was first published in the UBC-based literary periodical PRISM international.

Born Thomas Lanier Williams in 1911 in Missouri, he changed his first name to Tennessee in 1939. Starting with *The Glass Menagerie* in 1944, he achieved a remarkable string of successful plays into the 1950s, winning the Pulitzer Prize for *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*.

A drug addict, he choked to death on a pill bottle cap in 1983.



Yevgeny Yevtushenko

# 25 YEVGENY YEVTUSHENKO

THE RUSSIAN POET

**Yevgeny Yevtushenko**

was celebrated outside of Russia in the 1960s and 1970s as an emerging new, liberal voice within the Soviet Union. He visited Vancouver in 1974 and gave a packed reading at the Vancouver Art Gallery. Pulp Press publisher **Steve Osborne** has described the subsequent dinner with Yevtushenko and Vancouver literati at Orestes restaurant in his collection of essays *Ice & Fire: Dispatches from the New World, 1988-1999* (Arsenal Pulp).

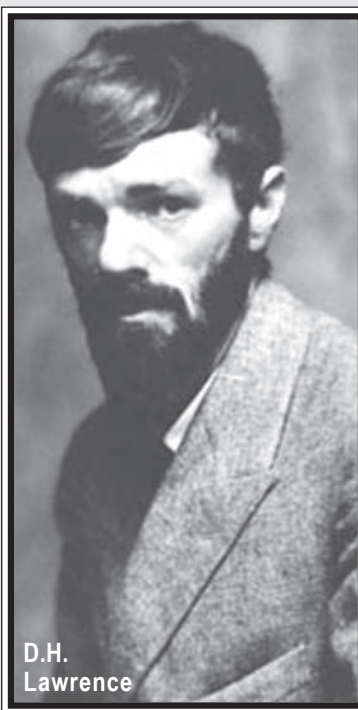
## AND DIDJA KNOW?

### D.H. Lawrence

The author of *Lady Chatterly's Lover* once wrote in a letter from Sicily on October 9, 1921, "My plan is, ultimately, to get a little farm somewhere by myself, in Mexico, New Mexico, Rocky Mountains, or British Columbia." The comment was made in a letter to **Earl Brewster**, reproduced in *The Letters of D.H. Lawrence, IV* (Cambridge University Press, 1987), edited by **W. Roberts, J.T. Boulton** and **E. Mansfield**.

### Anthony Trollope

In the novel *The Small House at Allington*, published by The Cornhill Magazine between 1862 and 1864, **Anthony Trollope's** protagonist John Eames is so forlorn and disheartened by love that he considers fleeing to the ends of the earth, asking, "Had he not better go to Australia or Vancouver Island, or \_\_\_\_?"



D.H. Lawrence

### Jonathan Swift

The first literary reference to the area now called British Columbia occurs in the second book of *Gulliver's Travels*, a fictional work by satirist **Jonathan Swift**.

Caught in a storm "so that the oldest sailor on board could not tell in what part of the World we were," narrator Lemuel Gulliver sails up the northwest coast of America in 1703 to a land of giants called Brobdingnag.

Swift also included a map showing Brobdingnag was north of New Albion, a term used by Sir **Francis Drake** to describe the west coast after his secret voyage of 1579.

Hence Brobdingnag approximates present-day B.C.



## LAUGHTER IS THE BEST SPORTS MEDICINE

by Jim Taylor

WHEN I LEFT THE SPORTS PAGES for good in 2001 I swore not to become one of those tiresome carping old farts who bitch at the way things are and long for the days that were. I'd like a mulligan on that. Just a little one.

I need to know where the laughter went.

The weekly crop of fiscal foolishness, fat-headed owners, tunnel-visioned executives and jockstrap me-firsters has never been more bountiful. Yet I see little laughter in the sports sections. It's not that there's no one who could do it. There are gifted young writers out there, sharp and sardonic and fully capable of inserting needles in the hides of the pompous or poking fun at silly masquerading as important.

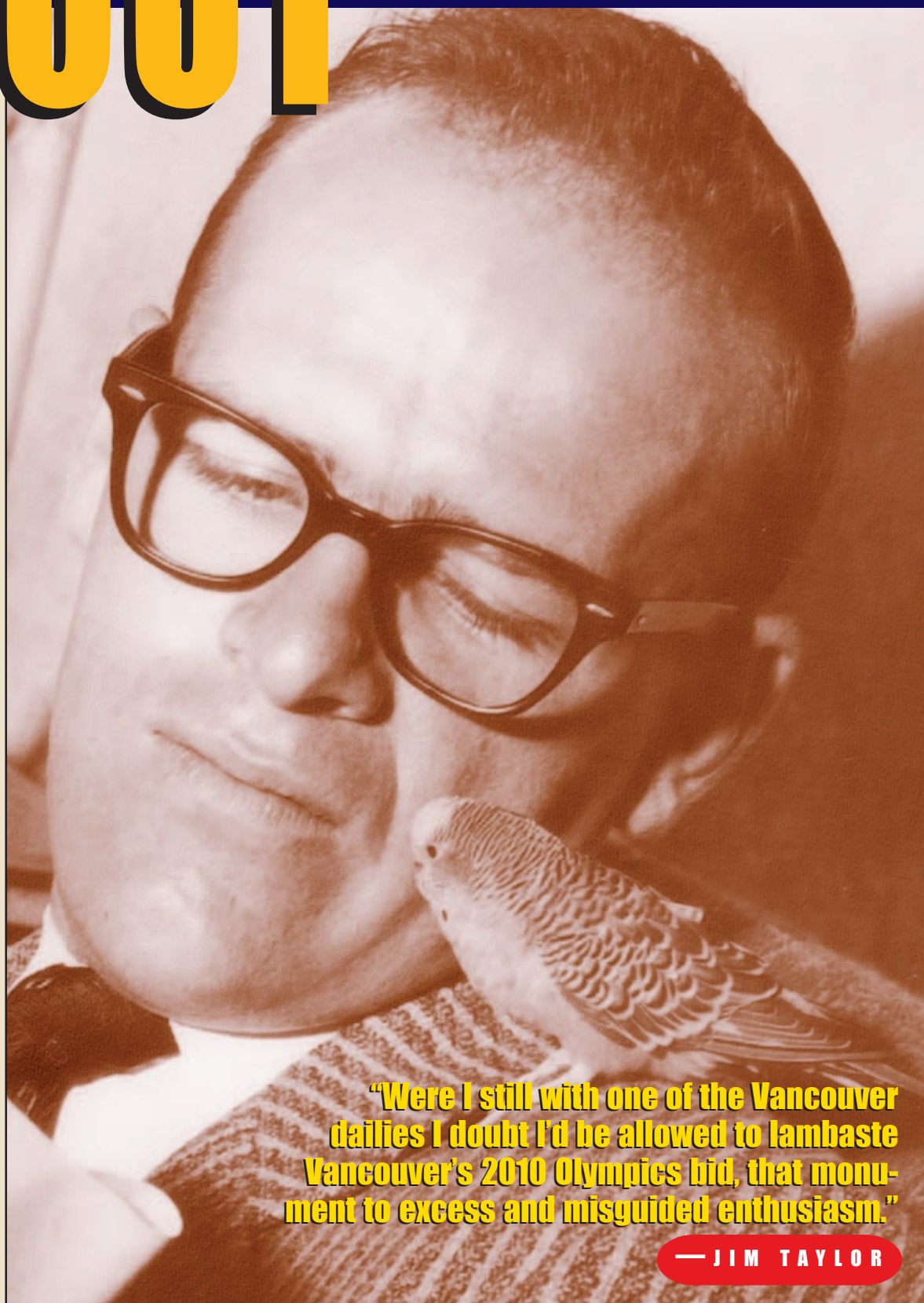
But somewhere between press box cynicism and laptop creativity they sip the cliché Kool-Aid and slide the sabre back into the sheath.

I'm not sure why. Maybe, in this new mixed-media universe, management doesn't want it. Were I still with one of the Vancouver dailies I doubt I'd be allowed to lambaste Vancouver's 2010 Olympics bid, that monument to excess and misguided enthusiasm, as I would have from the day the bid was announced.

In a city where the media race to see who can over-cover the Vancouver Canucks has turned into a year-long preoccupation, there might not be room for a guy who looked at the old black, orange and yellow uniforms and suggested they looked like there should be a candle under every helmet, and that the huge V was on the front of the jersey to point them to where they were to put on the jockstraps.

Well, of course I'm biased. I made a living laughing. Mind you, I was blessed with editors who let me run even as they wondered what the Lone Ranger was doing in a sports column; or what the hell I was doing writing about riding an elephant in Thailand and telling our guide that in North America all elephants were named Gerald in honour of the great jazz singer Elephants Gerald.

Or why I demanded that Disney president Michael Eisner explain, as his company created the NHL's Anaheim Mighty Ducks, how a family-oriented business could let Donald Duck care for his



**"Were I still with one of the Vancouver dailies I doubt I'd be allowed to lambaste Vancouver's 2010 Olympics bid, that monument to excess and misguided enthusiasm."**

— JIM TAYLOR

three underage nephews when he had no visible means of employment and they were all running around without pants.

But early in the game I learned an important lesson: people like to laugh. If you can amuse them as you make your point there's a better chance they'll see it, or at least read to the end. The other half of the equation: When you stop laughing, when you really get ticked about something, rear back and throw the high hard one, it has even more impact.—excerpt from *"Hello, Sweetheart? Gimme Rewrite! My Life in the Wonderful World of Sports"*



Jim Taylor was once B.C.'s most widely-read sports columnist. He drank beer from the Stanley Cup, saw Paul Henderson score "The Goal" in

1972, and he once predicted rookie place-kicker **Lui Passaglia**—who became the all-time top scorer in professional football—wouldn't last with the BC Lions more than one season. Along the way he wrote more than 8,000 newspaper columns.

Born on March 16, 1937 in Nipawin, Saskatchewan, Taylor began his newspaper career in 1954 as a part-time sports reporter at the *Daily Colonist* in Victoria and later wrote for the *Vancouver Sun*, the *Province* and the *Calgary Sun*. His 1987 chronicle of **Rick Hansen's** wheelchair journey, *Man In Motion*, reputedly had a record first printing for a B.C. book. In addition to Taylor's books on **Wayne Gretzky** and B.C. Lions' receiver **Jim Young**, Taylor is credited with the re-write of a Soviet journalist's biography of **Igor Larionov**. Always mindful of his predecessors, he compiled

*The Best of Jim Coleman: Fifty Years of Canadian Sport from the Man Who Saw it All* in 2004. A member of the B.C. Sports Hall of Fame and the Canadian Football League Hall of Fame, Taylor was awarded a lifetime achievement award by Sports Media Canada in 2000.

Jim Taylor has recalled his half-century as a sports writer in *Hello, Sweetheart? Gimme Rewrite!* (Harbour \$32.95).

### Jim Taylor Bibliography:

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**The Edmonton Eskimos: Inside the Dynasty** (Methuen, 1983)  
**Dirty 30** (Methuen, 1974)



WHEN JUDITH PLANT PUBLISHED HER FIRST book, we were living in the mountains north of Lillooet, where we had published *The New Catalyst* magazine for four years.

Perched on a rocky bluff by the side of a mountain stream, we generated enough electricity from a micro-hydro system to power our household and our fledgling business.

Having to sometimes type by the light of two candles placed on either side of our portable Osborne computer, we called this our Paleotechnic era.

That summer we received a visit from the chief New Society editor and his partner, who was the finance manager for their book publishing operation. They had recently left the East Coast to open a West Coast office in Santa Cruz, California.

**David Albert** suggested that instead of publishing our quarterly magazine on tabloid newsprint, we should consider packaging the material in book form. That way it would last longer and have more shelf appeal.

It was an opportunity we couldn't refuse. We decided to open up a Canadian office for New Society Publishers, acquiring editorial projects ourselves and marketing the whole of NSP's list to the Canadian market.

That's how New Society Publishers Canada officially opened for business in 1990.

The first project we undertook was to edit, with our good friends **Van Andruss** and **Eleanor Wright**, the first anthology on bioregionalism, *Home! A Bioregional Reader*.

As promoters of the bioregional idea (we had organized the third continent-wide North American Bioregional Congress in 1986), this was a project close to our hearts. We then got to work on the new series. The first volume involved the transformation of some past *New Catalyst* material into book form. *Turtle Talk: Voices for a Sustainable Future* comprised a collection of interviews we had conducted with key characters in the sustainability movement that had appeared in the centerfold of *The New Catalyst* magazine. The book came off the press at the very time that we moved from the Lillooet area to our new home on Gabriola Island, and we spent many hours around the dining room table packaging up copies to send out to our 2000-odd subscriber list, conscripting my visiting aunt into the mailing process.

Other volumes followed in close succession—including *Our Ecological Footprint*, by **Bill Rees** and **Mathis Wackernagel**. We released two titles per year, sold by subscription and direct mail, as well as through the conventional book trade. We originated other B.C. titles, too, including *Colonialism On Trial*, something of a pre-Manga cartoon record of the Gitksan Wet'suwet'en land claims court case, and *Clayoquot Mass Trials* which documented a watershed phase in the environmental movement.

For the next couple of years or so, we learned the basics of book publishing, alongside advanced study in business cooperation. New Society was organized as a collective and our task was to insert ourselves into their management structure from a distance. There was no e-mail at the time and communication was a challenge, to say the least. Nevertheless we managed our tiny transnational corporation from three locations with remarkable ease.

The fax machine was a revolutionary tool that simplified our lives tremendously. We gathered once a year at an annual face-to-face meeting, and governed ourselves by means of a very unusual mutual aid agreement. We were publishing books to build a new society and running our lives according to the same values we espoused in our publications. These were heady times indeed.

Chris Plant and Judith Plant on Gabriola Island, 1997

How the  
activist agenda  
of New Society  
Publishers has  
been embraced  
worldwide

# FROM CANDLELIGHT TO LEADING LIGHTS

Twenty years ago, when **Judith Plant** published her first book, *Healing the Wounds: The Promise of Ecofeminism* with New Society Publishers in Philadelphia, she and her partner Chris Plant wrestled with a publishing decision that changed the course of their lives, leading them out of the backwoods to the forefront of the Sustainability Movement. Here **Chris Plant** recalls the evolution of their remarkable imprint.

At a face-to-face meeting in Philadelphia in 1995, we learned very suddenly that the Philadelphia office was basically bankrupt. Unless someone stepped up to the plate, the publishing operation overall would be forced to close. Unlike the key players in the Philadelphia collective who seemed tired, we were not ready to stop publishing—on the contrary, we were just getting going.

The only thing to do was to take over the whole operation. We were organized as non-profits at the time, and at first we tried raising the necessary capital through charitable means. But good fortune stepped in at the right time in the form of an angel investor, **Joel Solomon** (this angel had been on our mailing list from the beginning of *The New Catalyst* days), and so in 1996 Gabriola Island became the international headquarters of New Society Publishers.

We bought just over 50 percent of the NSP list along with the U.S. distribution infrastructure and a whole lot of goodwill. Not everyone was entirely pleased that New Society had become a Canadian enterprise, however, and our task became that of convincing authors and others that we could continue to be an effective social change publisher from north of the border.

New Society had started as a social movement, opposing the war in Vietnam, nuclear weapons and nuclear power, and publishing pamphlets on peace and nonviolence, civil disobedience, conflict resolution and social change. Their early books focused on nonviolence, feminism and alternative economics.

When we entered the picture, we added an environmental focus. Now we needed to reinvent the company and did so around the emerging idea of sustainability which, in our eyes, combined all of these interest areas and more. The question was whether we could sustain a values-based publishing operation while making sustainability successful in the business world.

It didn't help that, not too long after we purchased the company, InBook, our U.S. trade distributor, went bankrupt. It also didn't help that postal rates climbed dramatically as mail subsidies were gradually eroded—a kiss of death for the direct mail sales on which the company had been built.

Switching to Consortium for our U.S. trade presence was a major relief: they were well-organized and effective. But our attempts to support trade sales by religiously attending BEA, ALA and the like drove us to despair.

Slowly, we realized that, as an activist publisher, we had to be where the activists were, not try to compete in the glitzy corporate world of trade bookselling. We switched strategies, making it our business to be at renewable energy fairs, Green festivals, natural building colloquia and a myriad other events where we could network with the people who needed the material we were publishing for their organizing work—and who were writing the material we wanted to publish.

In the early years of this period, we continued publishing *The New Catalyst* as an occasional free broadsheet, distributed in tens of thousands of copies. Inside was our catalog of New Society books. Direct mail continued to be a major source of revenue, and early employees—and the occasional family member—took phone orders and packed books in the crowded little office next to our home.

We nervously borrowed money against the property to build the company, and slowly added staff. I was doing the editorial and production work; Judith masterminded finance and marketing; and we both made acquisition decisions.

Sustainability was a hard sell but we relentlessly released books on sustainable communities, simple living and eco-cities alongside critiques of economic growth, manuals on progressive leadership skills (facilitation, mediation, group process and the like), and parenting and education resources.

Thinking of ourselves as a progressive business, we even ventured into business publishing with a series called Conscientious Commerce that highlighted the ways in which the corporate world could contribute to environmental and social sustainability. Importantly, we walked the talk ourselves, committing, in 2001 with the release of *Stormy Weather: 101 Solutions to Global Climate Change* by **Guy Dauncey**, to printing all of our books on 100 percent Post Consumer-Waste paper and, a few years later, going carbon-neutral. We estimate, as of 2008, our pulp nonfiction business has saved over 13,000 trees.

For many years we existed on a very uncomfortable financial edge. But we were slowly building our market and our reputation. When peak oil first emerged as a crucial topic for the future of industrial society, we were there with one of the first books on the topic, *The Party's Over: Oil, War and the Fate of Industrial Society*, by **Richard Heinberg**.

When 9/11 happened, we released a major exposé on the topic, linking the event to peak oil, that sold strongly. We added important renewable energy books to our categories of interest, as well as a line of natural and green building titles that caught the emerging Green building wave before it became merely fashionable.



Judith Plant typesets by candlelight, 1988

Sales increased. We added staff. We added buildings. We almost doubled our output of titles per year. We gained some recognition for our efforts through two Ethics in Action awards for our social and environmental initiatives, and the BC Publisher of the Year award in 2003. In a note attached to the award, Jim Douglas praised "the international quality of our list."

And we began to make money. Always five to ten years ahead of the mainstream, our books rapidly gained relevance for a wider audience as the early years of the new millennium came to pass, and sustainability was suddenly the name of the game. As "green" became the color of choice, sales rose steadily, and we realized we had moved into a new phase.

At last, the sustainability publisher had become financially sustainable. But we were tired. We wanted our freedom back—including freedom from the anxiety of running a publishing business in a volatile market. So with considerable trepidation, we put New Society up for sale.

It was a relief when the final purchaser turned out to be Douglas & McIntyre. Their list had integrity and we had obvious compatibilities with their Greystone imprint, **David Suzuki's** publisher. More to the point, they were demanding no radical changes in the way the company was run. With our on-going mentoring, our loyal and highly capable staff will gradually take over the management of New Society. It looks like a win-win situation.

Judith and I never really intended to be Publishers for Life, and we certainly weren't business people at heart. In 1990, we had made a conscious decision to do our bit for the "turn-around decade" that was called for by David Suzuki and others. But somehow that turn-around decade has turned into almost *two* decades...

Now it's time for us to be *doing* more of the things we were publishing about. So we're forging ahead with a new chapter...



# bc book prizes



2009 BOOK PRIZE WINNERS  
Gabor Maté, Stephen R. Bown,  
Katarina Jovanovic, Stephen Hume,  
Daphne Marlatt, Scott McIntyre.

ALAN TWIGG PHOTO



Photographer Barry Peterson and Ming Ow mounted the Lit Happens exhibit featuring B.C. authors.



Downtown Eastsiders Teresa Chenery and Clyde Wright were on hand to root for *Hope in Shadows: Stories & Photographs of Vancouver's Downtown Eastside*, nominated for the Haig-Brown Prize.



Book Prize Society's Sally Harding, Gwen Point, Lieutenant Governor Steven L. Point, coordinator Bryan Pike of Rebus Creative.



Egoff Prize presenter Meg Tilly and Haig-Brown Prize nominee Gillian Jerome

ALAN TWIGG PHOTO

## QUARTER CENTURIONS

IT WAS TWENTY YEARS AGO TODAY, SGT. PEPPER TAUGHT THE BAND TO play. And it was twenty-five years ago that a little-known and much-forgotten umbrella group called BC Book Promotional Council suggested folks should rally 'round to produce an alternative to the defunct Eaton's Book Award.

About 300 people subsequently gathered for the first BC Book Prizes gala in 1985. Four prizes were handed out, including one to a coffee table book about preserving Haida Gwaii. The artist **Bill Reid** accepted and angrily told his mostly white-faced audience, "You people are a bunch of murderers. You are worse than a swarm of locusts." Everybody drank too much, danced and had a good time.

Fast forward to 2009. Lieutenant Governor **Steven Point** jokes that he is First Nations Catholic who now officially represents the Queen of England. There are eight prizes. And nobody drinks too much.

Book Prizes' co-founder and emcee **Alan Twigg** asked how many people had attended the first bun toss back in '85. Seven people raised their hands. When he asked if anyone had attended all 25 successive galas, only **Howard White** of Harbour Publishing stood up.

His Honour Steven Point had some competition this year for Best Speech [see next pages] and half the prizes were won for books published in B.C., even though B.C.-published titles only amounted to about one-third of the nominees.

First-time event organizer **Fernanda Viveiros** is off to a good start for the next quarter-century.

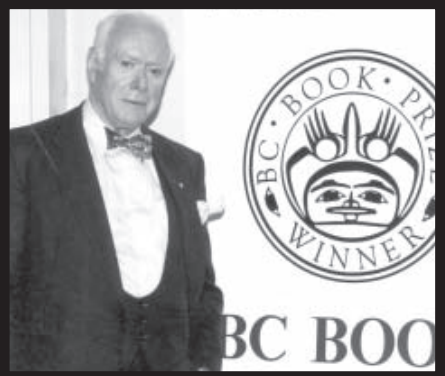
## BC BOOK PRIZES 1985-2009



Bill Reid accepts Haig-Brown Prize, 1985



Howard White with NDP Culture Minister Darlene Marzari at Penticton gala, 1993



Pierre Berton emceed events that honoured George Woodcock in 1994.



Susan Musgrave in 1997. She hosted the gala twice more in Victoria.



Lee Henderson was a surprised winner of the Ethel Wilson Fiction Prize in 2009.

ALAN TWIGG PHOTO



The President of the West Coast Book Prize Society, Sally Harding, declared it was *The Year of the Speech*. Here are two pages of excerpts.

**GABOR MATÉ**  
*RECEIVING the Hubert Evans Non-Fiction Prize for his book about addictions, In the Realm of the Hungry Ghosts, Downtown Eastside physician Gabor Maté reminded the audience of the proximity to Main & Hastings:*

“I’m honoured to have been awarded this prize for literary non-fiction. It’s a validation of a deep part of me. Since childhood books have played an essential part in my development. Books show us what life is, what it truly is beneath the surface dross of the mundane and the day-to-day superficialities of our culture. Beyond that, they show us what life could be like if we honoured who we really are, and what existence is at its human and divine core.

“As a writer, I work on two levels. First, the level of facts and ideas, and in this realm I don’t have too many self-doubts. I’m arrogant enough to believe that by the time my thoughts find their expression in print, they are grounded in science and logic and intuition, no matter how they are received and who agrees or disagrees with me. But on the level of literary expression I’m vulnerable. This is where I have insecurities and for that very reason this prize is such a welcome validation, an affirmation that I belong to the great community of writers.

“Having said that, there is a living fact I cannot neglect to mention. Ten blocks to the east of us is the epicenter of the world I depict in my book, Vancouver’s Downtown Eastside. Here are fellow human beings who are ill and impoverished and hunted and ostracized because they were abused early in their lives and, as a result, came to the conclusion that only through certain substances will they find relief from their pain, only through drugs a source of pleasure, only through addiction any escape from torments most of us would find unbearable.

“In the Downtown Eastside thirty per cent of my patients are of First Nations origin, whereas our aboriginal people make up only a small percentage of the Canadian population. There is a prevailing myth that they are genetically prone to addictions to drugs and alcohol. Nothing is further from the truth. There were potentially addictive substances in North America before the European invasions: peyote, tobacco and even alcohol. As elsewhere in the world, aboriginal peoples used psychoactive substances as spiritual teach-

# GABOR MATÉ

“Books show us what life is, what it truly is beneath the surface dross of the mundane and the day-to-day superficialities of our culture.”

ers and never in an addictive way.

“That the DES is so heavily populated by people of First Nations background has nothing to do with genetics, and everything to do with the way our society has displaced and oppressed them, drove them from the lands and natural habitat, destroyed their ways of life, invalidated their spiritual universe and, finally, abused their children for several generations in the residential school system. That dislocation and that abuse is the template for addictions.

“So amidst this celebration of our culture, of our writers and poets and publishers and books, we must not forget the reality of those who, no fault of their own, lead lives of suffering and not-so-quiet desperation only a short distance away, whose entire lives are a struggle against despair.”

**KATARINA JOVANOVIC**  
*RECEIVING the Christie Harris Illustrated Literature Prize for The King Has Goat Ears, Serbian-born Katarina Jovanovic repeated the aphorism, ‘Good children’s literature appeals not only to the child in the adult, but to the adult in the child.’ She continued:*

“I wanted to make a book about the necessity of self-acceptance, but also about its complexity. Accepting yourself the way you are is not an easy job and it requires work and patience.

“The main character in my book is the king who was born with goat ears. Of course, he is very much ashamed of that and his difference creates lots of difficulties in his life including the barbers who come one after another to shave him and do his royal haircut. When the king finally pokes his head out of the carriage for the first time

and shows himself in public, he shouts, “It is true, the king does have goat ears!”

“By doing that he is a winner. In children’s eyes he is a hero just like any other, for what makes a hero is not his perfection but his strength and the ability to act in an exceptional way.

“I felt a huge admiration for this character, after the book had been published. Presenting it to the young readers and answering their questions I realized that even though I had written the book and had created the protagonist, there was a lot for me or any other

adult to learn from it.

“I am a person of words and language had been my major channel to life since I was a child. Fifteen years ago, I lived the words: I was a writer and a journalist with a solid career in radio broadcasting. I saw poetry in every segment of the day. But it was all in another country and in another language.

“When I came to Canada I spoke English very well like many people from Europe who went through university studies and travelled. My English was good enough to work, to read, to teach, to integrate and to make friends. But not sufficient to be the writer I used to be.

“Language is not only about grammar and morphology, it is also about the mind and the feelings. It took me years of silence, years of seeing myself as a diminished poet, before I started sensing the English words the way I had felt the words in my first language. It took me years of not writing for the simple reason that I couldn’t decide in what language to write.

“It took me years before my deepest reflections and thoughts touched the words and I started writing literature in English. Still, it takes courage to talk about that.”

Gabor Maté writes exploratory books about mental and physical health issues such as addictions and attention deficit disorder.

**BOOKS:**  
Scattered Minds (Knopf 1999)  
When the Body Says No (Knopf 2003)  
Hold On To Your Kids (Knopf 2004) with Gordon Neufeld  
In the Realm of Hungry Ghosts (Knopf 2008)



IN HIS ACCEPTANCE SPEECH, Terry Glavin cited previous winners of the Lieutenant Governor’s Award for Literary Excellence and encouraged British Columbians to “find themselves” in local stories—to rebel against the parochial. “This requires not just an alertness to the local, but a conscious rebellion against the parochial, the cosseted, and the preconceived.” Here are some excerpts.

## ACKNOWLEDGING HIS PREDECESSORS

(P.K. Page, Gary Geddes, Patrick Lane, Jack Hodgson, and Robert Bringhurst)

“When I was in high school, I came upon **Gary Geddes’** *15 Canadian Poets*, which led me to **P.K. Page** and **Pat Lane**. Drawn deeper into the interior, upriver, and upcoast, I saw in **Jack Hodgson’s** *Spit Delaney’s Island* a magical landscape, in a work of fiction, that I immediately recognized as the real world, which was also a kind of a hidden world that I was only then discovering around me.

“I’d been noticing that there were words in the language I spoke, and I didn’t even know where they came from. They were words like skookum, cultus, hyack, and klootchman.

“I found myself returning, puzzled and awestruck, to the epic stories the old people used to tell in places like Katzie and Popkum and Musqueam.

“I didn’t fully understand why until years later when I read **Robert Bringhurst’s** translations of the oral literature of the Haida mythtellers, and the stories of **Ghandi**, the blind poet of Sea Lion Town.

“On the old maps, such works of grandeur and beauty were supposed to be located only in such places as the Ramayana, or the Epic of Gilgamesh.”

## ON FALSE IMAGES

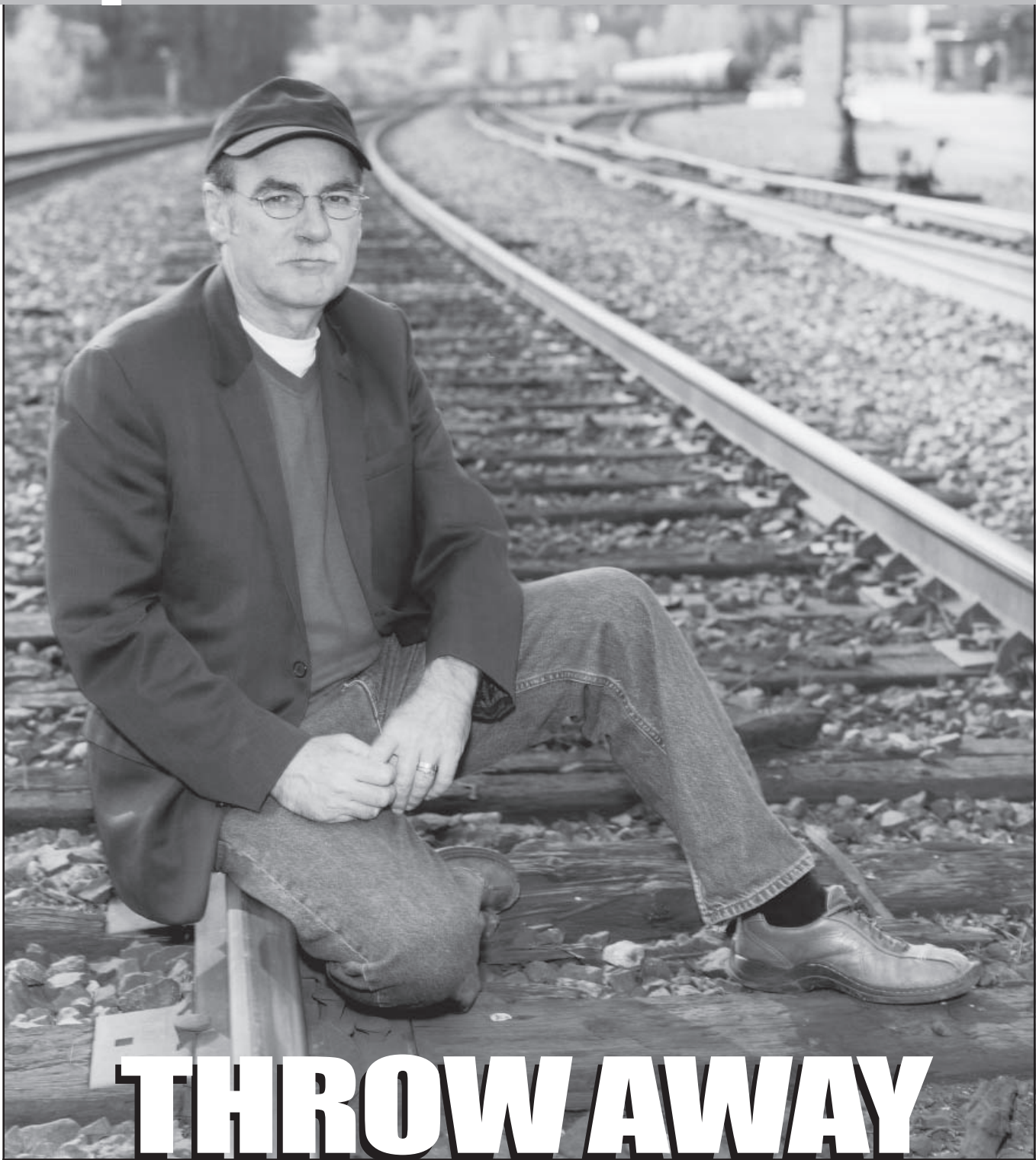
“The old maps show **Alexander Mackenzie’s** route from Canada to the coast in 1793, and you will be told that he was the first white man to do it, and fair play to him, but they do not show the route the Algonquian chief **Mongsoaeythinyuwok** took on his own overland journey from Lake Michigan to the Pacific in 1728.”

## ON JAMES DOUGLAS

“New parochial histories admonish us to be ashamed of our colonial legacy, and fair play to shame. But there is nothing to be ashamed of in our first governor, **James Douglas**, the grandson of a “free coloured” woman from Barbados, or in Douglas’s wife, **Lady Amelia**, an Irish Cree, both of whom were followers of the great British abolitionist, **William Wilberforce**.”

## ON CROSS-CULTURALISM

“Unless you’ve been listening to **Todd Wong**, the animateur of Vancouver’s annual Gung Haggis Fat Choy celebrations, you might not know that



BARRY PETERSON PHOTO

# THROW AWAY THE OLD MAPS

Terry Glavin is the seventh recipient of the Lieutenant Governor’s Award for Literary Excellence.

the Cantonese merchants of Chinatown were celebrating Robbie Burns Day as far back as the 1930s.”

## ON UNIVERSAL VALUES

“If I hadn’t listened closely to old people like **Vera Robson** on Mayne Island, I would never have known about the white people who fought against the internment of their Japanese neighbours in the 1940s.

“I would not have known that from the camps, the Japanese sent back Christmas cards with maps that showed the places where they’d hidden troves of sake for their islander friends, as presents.

“Those are the maps worth keeping and studying. On those maps are the small kindnesses and the purely local affairs that make up what is universal in human affairs, and no true story can be told without them.

“Throw away the old maps that don’t show these things. Listen closely to the stories the old people will tell you in places like Gitanmaax and Captain George Town and Yakweakwioose, and you’ll learn that the old maps are wrong,

that there are no impenetrable mountain ranges between the wild and the tamed, nature and culture, or language and landscape, and there is no unfathomable sea between east and west.

“Throw out the old compasses, sextants and chronometers. Travel back overland across Canada without them, and you will notice that this is not a western country. It is just as much an eastern country, especially out here, and out here is just as much Canada as anywhere else.

“Take this method with you to such places as the Russian Far East, Afghanistan, or Guangdong, and you will notice the same.

“The compasses that never worked here won’t work there, either, so you put them aside, and you see there is no such thing as “western values,” only universal values.

“There is only the whole world and its stories, and we’re right in the middle of it all, no matter where we are.”

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*Robin Inglis stands alongside the modernist anchor erected at Spanish Banks, Vancouver, in 1986, to mark the approach of Spanish explorer Don José María Narváez in 1791 (prior to George Vancouver in 1792). Spaniard Juan Pérez reached B.C. waters in 1774 (prior to James Cook in 1778).*



Historical Dictionary of the Discovery and Exploration of the Northwest Coast of America by Robin Inglis (The Scarecrow Press \$110 U.S.)

When you go to a hockey or baseball game, there's generally a program that provides the names and numbers of the players to enhance the meaning of the contest, to make the encounter into a better story. Similarly, if you go to the theatre, or open a Russian novel, there's a list of characters provided at the outset to prevent you from losing your way.

Robin Inglis' mouthful-titled *Historical Dictionary of the Discovery and Exploration of the Northwest Coast of America* now provides a similar orientation service to untangle the fascinating blend of male and female characters and events that were formative influences on the early history of the last temperate coastline to be placed on the world map.

For a succinct endorsement of this volume, one cannot do much better than cheer, "It's about time!"



After four years of concision, Inglis' *Northwest Coast*, at 428 pages, could have been twice as long, but it would have been half as valuable. Condensed-but-all-inclusive, this authoritative guide casts a gigantic biographical net over a dizzying range of little-known Russian, British, French, Spanish and American mariners and traders.

The first European known to

## ROBIN'S WHO'S WHO THE LAST WORD ON THE LAST COAST

*Robin Inglis untangles the fascinating blend of characters and events that were major influences on the early history of the last temperate coastline to be placed on the world map.*

have visited British Columbia waters was **Juan Pérez**, sailing from the San Blas naval base, south of San Diego, in 1774, to Langara Island (Haida Gwaii) and then south to the mouth of Nootka Sound (eastern Vancouver Island). He was followed by Captain **Bodega y Quadra** in 1775, and more famously by Captain **James Cook** in 1778 (including young officers **George Vancouver** and **William Bligh** of *Mutiny on the Bounty* fame).

Beyond that, most British Columbians know next-to-nothing, or simply nothing, about the first invaders of coastal First Nation's lands, so Inglis has provided more than 400 cross-referenced entries, along with a cogent introduction, maps and illustrations, an extensive bibliography (with advice on essential reference works) and an engaging chronology of events dating from the Treaty of Tordesillas in 1494 (when the Pope divided the undiscovered world between Spain and Portugal) and the purchase of Rus-

sian America by the United States in 1867.

Whew. Inglis' streamlined omnibus is the fourth volume in a series of historical dictionaries of discovery and exploration edited by **Jon Woronoff** who has noted there has been a tendency towards scholarly patriotism—or just laziness—in works about the North Pacific Coast.

"Thus the greatest merit of the author," according to Woronoff, "is to have placed equal and fair emphasis on all

of the actors, including the Spanish, French and Russian, who all too often and unfairly come in a very distant second to the British and Americans."

This is true. The dozens of Russian names we encounter are made pleasing to learn when we know their numbers, the positions they play, their stats. Inglis has expanded North Pacific history into a new league. Who knew that **Kirill Khlebnikov** (1785-1838) was the official historian of the Russian-American



*In 2003, John R. Jewitt, a sixth-generation descendant of John Jewitt, traveled to Yuquot on the east side of Vancouver Island to meet with Mike Maquinna, a descendant of the Chief Maquinna who met Captain Cook in 1778. The two descendants first met as young men in October, 1987, at the Vancouver Maritime Museum, at which time the museum made available the dagger made by Jewitt for Chief Maquinna during his captivity.*

Company? And that in 1953 his private papers revealed the long-lost journal of **Vasilii Khromchenko**, navigator for the **Otto von Kotzebue** expedition, 1815-1818?

Better yet, this compendium is as trustworthy as it is culturally unbiased. As the guiding force behind Vancouver-based *Instituto de Historia del Pacifico Español* (Spanish Pacific History Society), Inglis, former director of the Vancouver Maritime Museum and North Vancouver Museum and Archives, has been able to benefit from the intelligence and knowledge of an impressive list of contacts such as **Donald Cutter**, **Barry Gough**, **Glyndwr Williams**, **Derek Hayes**, **John Kendrick** and **Freeman Tovell**—to mention only a few.

Perhaps as a consequence of his intimidating peer group, Inglis assiduously avoids going out on limbs of scholarly conjecture. As to whether or not the mysterious Greek-born **Apostolos Valerianos**, better known as **Juan de Fuca**, might have reached a broad inlet between latitudes of 47 and 48 degrees in 1592, Inglis will only condescend to agree this intriguing scenario "is not entirely outside the realm of possibility."

Inglis' restraint in not including titillating tidbits is admirable. For instance, he limits his entry on the fantastical life of **John Ledyard**, 'The American Marco Polo,' to four paragraphs,

*continued on page 32*



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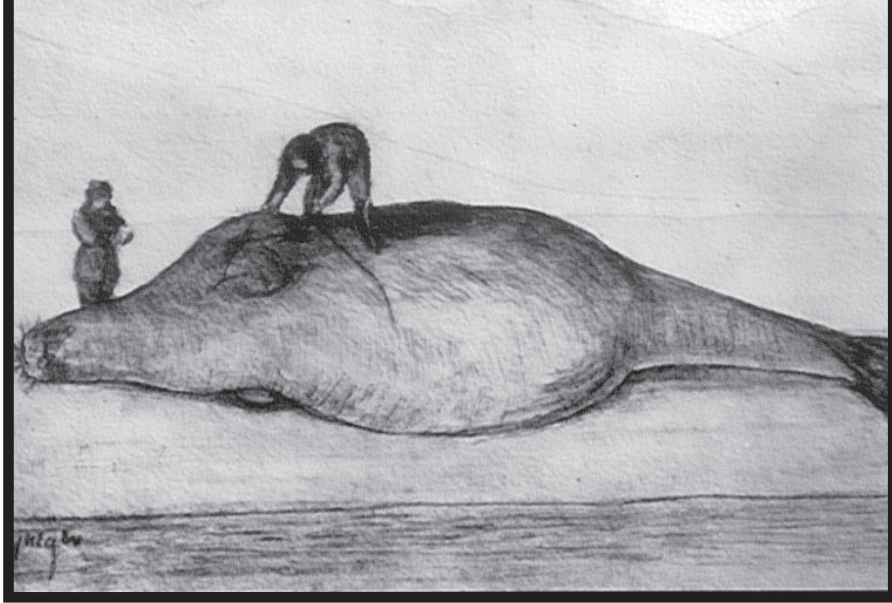
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# feature review

## NON-FICTION



Georg Steller is depicted measuring a sea cow on Bering Island, from *Bering's Voyages* by F.A. Golder (1925), art by Leonard Stejneger

continued from page 31

and he does not accord much historical status to the bizarre misadventures of **John Mackay**, the first European to live year-round at Friendly Cove and Tahsis with Chief **Maquinna**, from 1786-1787. The famous captivity of **John Jewitt** from 1803-1805 is worthy of just one paragraph.

Clearly Inglis is serving the interests of posterity, not *People* magazine. But he does play a few favourites. Notably he trumpets the work of German botanist **Georg Wilhelm Steller**, who documented the sea cow or northern manatee, *Hydrodamalis gigas*, before it was hunted to extinction by Russians in the late 18th century. (British Columbia's provincial bird was later named *Cyanocittus stelleri* or Steller's Jay, another tidbit excluded by Inglis, who is clearly writing for an international readership.)

Entries range far beyond maritime explorers such as the ineffectual **Vitus Bering** and the under-appreciated George Vancouver to include overland explorers (**David Thompson**, **Simon Fraser** etc.), sea otters, scientists, Nootka Crisis, Shumagin Islands, San Juan Border Dispute, Chief Maquinna (there were likely two Maquinnas between Cook's arrival in 1778 and Jewitt's captivity) and the far-sighted **Thomas Jefferson** (who sponsored the **Lewis & Clark** expedition, after being encouraged by Ledyard).

The art of concision is seldom rewarded, or even mentioned—but *Northwest Coast of America* is an artful undertaking. (You have to know a lot before you can figure out what parts to leave out.)



One example of Inglis' succinctness, within the book's 400-plus entries, is a rare mention of a female personality, **Frances Barkley**. The only two women with separate entries are **Catherine the Great** and **Natalia Shelikhov**, wife of the Russian explorer **Grigori Shelikhov**.

**Charles William Barkley** (1759-1832) sailed in the service of the **East India Company** (EIC) before resigning in 1786 to make a trading voyage (sponsored surreptitiously by a number of Company directors) to the Northwest Coast in the English-built *Imperial Eagle*.

The ship left Ostend in November, flying the Austrian flag to avoid the monopoly regulations of the EIC in the North Pacific. At 400 tons with 20 guns, she was the largest vessel to visit the coast up to that time.

A month earlier Barkley had married a young wife, Frances, the first European woman known to visit British Columbia, and whose reminiscences (first published in 1978) provide an intriguing insight into life and activities aboard an 18th century trading vessel.

The *Imperial Eagle* reached Nootka

Sound in June 1787. Here Barkley met **John Mackay**, a ship's surgeon who had been left there the previous summer by another trader, **James Strange**. Mackay offered valuable information about local trading activities and the geography of the coast, which suggested that Nootka was on an island, not the American continent. As a result Barkley sailed his ship south and traded successfully in Clayoquot Sound and another large indentation in the coast, which he named Barkley Sound after himself.

Proceeding farther south he was astonished to find, at the end of July, that he was off the entrance to a great strait, which he promptly named after the legendary navigator **Juan de Fuca**, who was said to have discovered a strait in the same latitude on the American west coast in 1592. He was particularly surprised because the strait's existence had been discounted by **James Cook** a mere nine years earlier in 1778.

Tragedy then befell the voyage when, near Destruction Island and the mouth of the Hoh River in Washington, six men landed a small boat but were promptly killed by local natives.

Barkley sailed immediately for Canton to sell his cargo of furs. There he found not only an already saturated market but also, more ominously, that the EIC had discovered the threat to its monopoly. As he planned a second voyage his partners disassociated themselves from the venture to save their positions; their agents sold the *Imperial Eagle* and Barkley's charts, journals and stores were acquired by **John Meares**. Meares used the information in the account of his own voyages to the Northwest Coast, published in 1790, in which he credited Barkley with the discovery of the Strait of Juan de Fuca.



It's easy to predict that Inglis' *Historical Dictionary of the Discovery and Exploration of the Northwest Coast of America* will gradually become a required reference work, stored on the same shelf as the *Encyclopedia of B.C.*, **Chuck Davis'** *Vancouver* volumes or **Jean Barman's** *West Beyond the West*.

Unfortunately the process of reliance upon this book can only be gradual due to its price.

“The book is a superbly useful reference,” says historian **Derek Hayes**, “and should be on every shelf, but unfortunately it won't be unless there is a cheaper paperback edition. Amazon has it for (hold your breath) \$133.76 (Cdn.). I think this American publisher calculates the number of institutions they can sell it to and prices it accordingly, and are not even trying to sell to the general public. It's a shame really. Just one way of doing business I guess.”

978-0-8108-5551-9

## New from the Royal BC Museum

### Bannock and Beans A Cowboy's Account of the Bedaux Expedition

**Bob White**

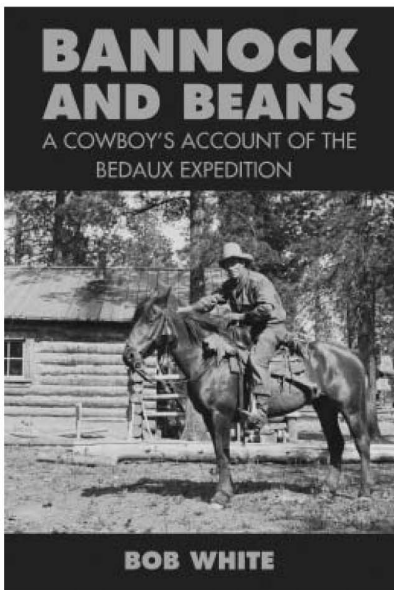
Edited & introduced by Jay Sherwood

In 1934, millionaire Charles Bedaux spent \$250,000 in an attempt to cross BC's northern wilderness in five trucks. *Bannock and Beans* tells the story of this extravagant failure from the perspective of one of the cowboys who worked on the expedition.

Available on July 15, 2009.

**\$18.95**

ISBN 978-0-7726-6060-2



### Pacific Coast Ship China

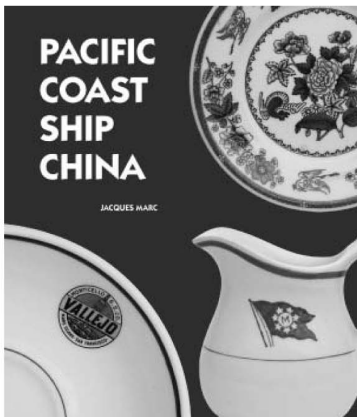
**Jacques Marc**

This comprehensive catalogue describes almost 300 china patterns used by shipping lines based along the Pacific coast of North America.

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 ROYAL BC MUSEUM



# GREGOR’S GIFT

*This ain’t no Dead Poets Society—it’s a coherent choir*

**A Verse Map of Vancouver** edited by **George McWhirter** (Anvil \$45)

One can’t imagine Prince George or Kelowna or Surrey would have the hubris to generate a coffee table book of “verse geography” such as **A Verse Map of Vancouver**, edited by outgoing, pre-Olympic Poet Laureate **George McWhirter**.

But Vancouver—and Victoria—take themselves seriously as city-states of the mind. The new Vancouver Mayor **Gregor Robertson** will be handing out gift copies of McWhirter’s quirky urban atlas to distinguished visitors—and good for him. Because McWhirter has molded a non-self-celebratory, mostly private reflection of a public place.

On a Seabus ride, **George Whipple** describes “20-storey high steel pterodactyl cranes as delicate as dragonflies” and notices “one happy flag having an orgasm with the wind.”

*A Verse Map* is not another advertisement for a ‘world class city’ to raise the property values even higher. It is a sampling of moments, of minor epiphanies amid the clamour of machines and the distractions of nature.

★  
Instructing contributors to accentuate places (rather than themselves) was a great idea, as was making the poems equal partners to **Derek von Essen**’s unpretentious urban photographs, but this patchwork of impressions is illuminating because McWhirter has mostly chosen poetry about how it *feels* to be a citizen of Vancouver.

**Shannon Stewart** encounters electric eels and an octopus at the aquarium. **Mark Cochrane** describes the banjo busker outside the 4th & Alma liquor store. **David Conn** has a lovely description of returning home from work to non-descript East Vancouver, “body charged, euphoric, the daily commute an accomplishment.”

**Heidi Greco** contributes a recollection of being stuck in an elevator of the Lee Building at Main and Broadway. **George Stanley** recalls the oddity of evacuating his building at 5:30 a.m. due to a fire alarm, “apartment dwellers, strangers, gathered out on the sidewalk.”

When the famously handsome English poet **Rupert Brooke** visited Vancouver and Victoria in 1913, he wrote, “You think B.C. means before Christ, but it doesn’t. I’m sitting, wildly surmising, on the edge of the Pacific, gazing at mountains which are changing colour every two minutes in the most surprising way. Nature here is half Japanese.”

★  
By opting *not* to provide context for the poems (i.e. by choos-

ing *not* to inform the mayor’s next Distinguished Visitor that **Joy Kogawa**’s ode to her former home incorporates the painful family back story of forced internment during World War II), George McWhirter’s verse map is, well, half Japanese. Whatever Rupert Brooke meant by that.

There is an element of haunting mystery to this carefully laid-out poetry garden of concrete and cherry blossoms. From VanDusen Gardens, **Michael Bullock** can see “The distant mountains / veil their sad faces / behind a scarf of mist.” You have to be a Vancou-

ver insider to “get it.” But outsiders are welcome to have a gander, too.

**Bernice Lever** describes the urban circus of Word on the Street with a knowingly jaundiced eye. **Kate Braid** describes the architecture of the Science Centre as an “ugly attempt to mimic heaven.” **Jancis Andrews** ponders a cultural divide when she peers at grandmothers in Chinatown who “seem boneless, these women, twigs of black pants and dragon-embroidered jacket.”

Even **Bud Osborn**’s sublime poem about predators in the

Downtown Eastside is more poetic than political. The shortest poem is **Joseph Ferone**’s haiku-like four-liner about visiting the BC Collateral pawn shop. “The bus stopped / before the pawnshop window: / I went to the guitars, / you went to the knives.”

Perhaps some poems about Vancouver from estranged outsiders—views of the Big Smoke from **Anne Cameron** in Tahsis—would have added a dash of piquancy but it’s silly to dwell on all the poets who might have been included. No *Kerrisdale Elegies* from **Bowering**. No **Birney**. No **bissett**, etc. Well, that just creates room for newcomers like **Elizabeth Bachinsky**, **Stephanie Bolster** and **Daniela Bouneva Elza**.

Beyond the noteworthy inclusions of **George Woodcock**, **Pat Lowther** and **Al Purdy**, this ain’t no dead poets society. McWhirter’s Vancouver is mostly contemporary—and also fleeting. The editor’s selectivity has rendered this gathering of “surveyors” into a coherent choir of small voices.

978-1897535-02-8

**A Well-Mannered Storm: The Glenn Gould Poems** by **Kate Braid** (Caitlin \$16.95)

It has been more than forty years since his last concert appearance, and more than twenty-six since **Glenn Gould** died suddenly, but the pianist’s reputation as an eccentric and a musician remains as durable as The Beatles. **Kate Braid**’s **A Well-Mannered Storm: The Glenn Gould Poems** consists of an imagined correspondence between an unabashed fan named “K” and Gould, even though the notoriously fastidious Gould does not reply directly. Despite hearing problems, she finds her greatest comfort in his playing, particularly **Bach**.

1894759281

**Inventory** by **Marguerite Pigeon** (Anvil, \$15)

Raised in Blind River, Ontario, **Marguerite Pigeon** of Vancouver received her MFA from the University of British Columbia in 2004. Her first book of poetry, **Inventory**, contains 58 “object poems,” arranged alphabetically, describing the mundane to the mysterious. She has been influenced by **Francis Ponge**, **Gertrude Stein**, and **Zbigniew Herbert**.

978-1-895636-97-0

## ALSO RECEIVED

**Sumac’s Red Arms** by **Karen Shklanka**, poems by a family physician (Coteau Books \$16.95) 978-1-55050-402-6

**Little Hunger** by **Philip Kevin Paul**, poems about nature, family and traditions (Nightwood Editions \$16.95) 978-0-88971-220-1

**Poems for Blooming Natures** by **Ian Rudkin** (Brio Book) 978-0-9782963-4-6

**Swift Winds** by **Ron Sakolsky**, includes poetry, rants, manifestos, and utopian visions. (Eberhard Press \$10)



PHOTO BY DEREK VON ESSEN

*In 1921, the Canadian Pacific Railroad paid Coeur de Lion MacCarthy to make this Cordova Street statue depicting an angel carrying a World War I soldier to heaven.*

## my Vancouver starts by William New

my Vancouver starts somewhere behind blackout curtains,  
starts in a fenced-garden  
with the canopy cloth on a wooden toy truck,  
camouflaged,

starts with a streetcar ride  
and the dead soldier on cordova street,  
limp on an angel’s arm,  
dragged upward  
beside the southeast corner  
of the cpr station:

the soldier never moved:

every childhood trip to town, there he stayed, hanging:  
heaven as close as maybe  
the north shore mountains,  
out of reach,  
the coastline dissolving in war and death,  
as clear as fear and rain

—from *A Verse Map of Vancouver*, edited by **George McWhirter** (Anvil Press \$45) 978-1-897535-02-8



*William New*



Susan Ketchen and her horse Lollipop live on a Vancouver Island hobby farm where she teaches her horses to play the piano with their noses and identify flash cards.

# EQUUS FOR TEENS

*Susan Ketchen's young adult novel combines a teen's obsession with horses & a struggle with Turner's Syndrome.*

For one thing, no matter how many weird stretching routines she devises, Sylvia is no bigger than an eight-year-old. The kids call her Pygmy Chimp and laugh at her ears. It's only when Sylvia and her well-meaning but overly-analytical and recently-graduated psychoanalyst mother are delivered to a young replacement psychiatrist that the truth comes out.

Dr. Cleveland looks at Sylvia's palm and, like Sylvia's cousin, notes she only has one line, not the usual two. When she makes a fist, she has three knuckles, not four. Her fingernails look like claws. She has a really thick mass of hair at her nape, like the mane of a horse. Her mom weeps at the probable diagnosis—Turner Syndrome—but Sylvia is ecstatic.

Finally, she understands why she's so different and, the best part of all, there is still a tiny chance, with treatment, that she might grow taller.

Turner Syndrome is a 1-in-2000 chromosomal malfunction. The condition occurs only in girls, who normally have two X chromosomes. Girls with Turner Syndrome are either missing an X chromosome entirely or have one that is incom-

plete, or they have cells missing the X chromosome. Like Sylvia, these girls are short with absent or incomplete development at puberty and they can be prone to health problems such as arthritis, middle ear infections, diabetes and kidney ailments.

There are also fertility issues. With medical intervention such as growth hormone, and estrogen replacement therapy at adolescence, girls with Turner Syndrome can lead normal lives or, as in Sylvia's case, whatever passes for normal for the severely-horse-addicted.

★ **Born That Way** is **Susan Ketchen's** first young adult novel and she suffers from severe horse addiction as well. To write and to ride have been her life goals achieved through an overly-long education in a number of fields at a number of universities across the country.

She's now a Marriage and Family Therapist, living on a Vancouver Island hobby farm where she teaches her horses to play the piano with their noses and identify flash cards. When not involved in such lofty projects, she daydreams in the barn, the pasture and the shower. Not once, she admits, has she ever "received creative inspiration while vacuuming."

978-0-88982-254-2

**Bank Job** by **James Heneghan and Norma Charles** (Orca, \$9.95) AGES 9-12

It was Billy's idea. Rob a bank, give the money to Janice and Joseph Hardy. The Hardys put in a second bathroom. Social services are happy and everyone gets to stay put.

As narrator Nell and Billy warn reluctant Tom, who's new to ministry care, "You don't want to even think of what's out there passing for fosters."

They pick a Bank of Montreal branch. It goes like clockwork. Almost \$1500! At this rate, warns Tom, now even more convinced of the plan's lunacy and danger, they'll still have to hit another six banks. How long can they keep it up before they're caught?

A newspaper account of three teens who robbed seven banks in the Vancouver area inspired long-time kidlit and young adult authors **James Heneghan** and **Norma Charles** to join up and pen **Bank Job**.

1551438550

**Rachel Dunstan Muller**

**The Solstice Cup** by **Rachel Dunstan Muller** (Orca, \$9.95) AGES 9-13

Solstice is a magically potent time. Anything can happen on the longest day of the year. Or the shortest. In **The Solstice Cup** twin sisters Breanne and Mackenzie are facing the winter solstice in Ireland and Mackenzie is terrified the Otherworld is reaching out for them again.

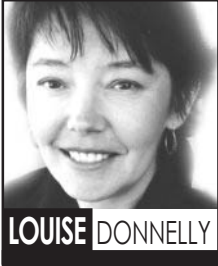
Five years earlier, during the summer solstice, Mackenzie knows for certain that a long, thin arm came out of the shadows, her sister disappeared and when they found her, she was not the same girl. Breanne scoffs at the outlandish idea that her limp, a leg that won't heal, is the work of a malevolent night-dwelling creature's dart.

But Breanne does blame her sister for the affliction and when once again the two girls cross into the Otherworld the festering resentment may well cost them their lives.

*The Solstice Cup* began brewing for **Rachel Dunstan Muller** a few years ago when she accompanied her husband on a teaching exchange to Northern Ireland and found inspiration in the mysterious glens. A mother of five, including twins, she lives in a small community on Vancouver Island.

978-1-55469-017-6

*Louise Donnelly writes her quarterly column from Vernon.*



LOUISE DONNELLY





# WHO'S WHO

## BRITISH COLUMBIA

### A is for Archer

Veteran canoe guide Laurel Archer has provided detailed instructions for eight northern BC paddling routes over eleven rivers in *Northern British Columbia Canoe Trips* (Rocky Mountain Books \$29.95), including the Taku, Gataga, Jennings and Omineca rivers. Archer teaches canoe tripping and whitewater kayaking for the Canadian Outdoor Leadership Training Program (COLT) at Strathcona Park Lodge on Vancouver Island. 978-1-897522-13-4

### B is for Buckley

Those interested in the upcoming Vancouver visit of the **Dalai Lama** in September, marking his 50th year of exile from Tibet, might be curious about the ten books on Asian and Himalayan travel by Vancouver-based **Michael Buckley**.

His newest release, *Eccentric Explorers: Unravelling The Mysteries of Tibet* (Crazyhorse/Gordon Soules \$27.95), is a very entertaining introduction to early explorers on the Tibetan plateau. It has just won the U.S.-based 2009 National Indie Excellence Award in the biography category.

Buckley has simultaneously released *Shangri-La: A Travel Guide to the Himalayan Dream* (2008), preceded by *Tiber: the Bradt Travel Guide* (2006) and *Heartlands: Travels in the Tibetan World* (2002).

Buckley is one of those intrepid types who has rappelled from the treetops of Costa Rica, cave-kayaked in Thailand, bicycled over high passes on the Karakoram Highway, trekked over a snowbound pass at Mount Kailash, chased rare mammals in Bhutan, and swam with manta rays in the tropical waters of Borneo. For more info on Buckley and his books, visit [www.abcbookworld.com](http://www.abcbookworld.com). 9780969337027

### C is for Chernobyl

**Aaron Bushkowsky's** quirky romance *My Chernobyl* (Playwrights Canada \$16.95) has won the 2008 Victoria Critics' Spotlight award for Best Professional Production and Best New Play. When a naïve Canadian travels to Belarus, in order to give an inheritance to his father's last remaining relative, he meets his long-lost cousin, a beautiful, young Russian woman who views the Canadian as a ticket out of the radiation-blasted country. Cultures and ideals clash with touching and hilarious results. 978-0-88754-859-8



Aaron Bushkowsky

### D is for Dyer

In **k.c. dyer's** *A Walk Through a Window* (Doubleday \$14.95) a young girl named Darby reluctantly spends a summer with grandparents until she and a neighbourhood boy discover a magical stone window frame that transports them into Canadian history.

After she encounters the Underground Railroad; the coffin ships of the Irish Potato Famine and the Inuit as they cross the Bering Land Bridge into North America, her perception of Canada changes and she is strengthened to face tragedy within her own family. 978-0-385-66637-4

### E is for Egesdal

Translated by scholars working in collaboration with Salish storytellers, *Salish Myths and Legends: One People's Stories* (University of Nebraska Press \$31.95) is an anthology of stories, legends, songs and oratory edited by **M. Terry Thompson** and **Steven M. Egesdal**. Thompson has conducted research on Salish languages for forty years and co-authored *Thompson River Salish Dictionary* and *The Thompson Language*. Egesdal has written *Stylized Character Speech in Thompson Salish Narrative*. 978-0-8032-1089-9

### F is for Fetherling

**George Fetherling's** novel *Walt Whitman's Secret* will be published in December by Random House. It's *not* about Whitman's well-known homosexuality. Rather, it involves Whitman's link to the assassination of Abe Lincoln. Fetherling and friends recently celebrated his 60th birthday at the Kathmandu restaurant in Vancouver.



George Fetherling (centre) with literary well-wishers.



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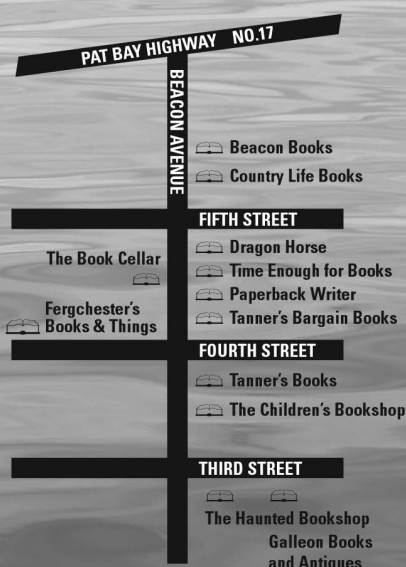
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# who's who

## G is for Gresko

The Catholic archives of the archdiocese of Vancouver were not organized until the 1980s, but **Jacqueline Gresko** has managed to prepare an extensively illustrated and broad history to celebrate its centennial, **Traditions of Faith and Service** (Archdiocese of Vancouver \$39). The archdiocese is one of B.C.'s oldest and largest institutions, currently representing some 450,000 Catholics. 978-0-9683191-5-4

## H is for Hickling

**Meg Hickling** is a retired R.N. who has been instilling knowledge of sexual health in children and adults for over 30 years. A recipient of numerous awards, including the Order of British Columbia and the Order of Canada, she has most recently published **Grown-Up Sex: Sexual Wholeness for the Better Part of Your Life** (Wood Lake \$18.95) and previously *The New Speaking of Sex: What Your Children Need to Know and When They Need to Know It* (Wood Lake 2005). 978-1-55145-567-9

## I is for Ippy

A new collector's edition of **Donald Pettit's** archival photos, **The Peace: A History in Photographs** (Sandhill \$79.95) has tied for a gold Ippy award (Independent Publisher Book Awards) for Western Canada, and has also received an Honourable Mention in the Art category of the Eric Hoffer Book Prizes. 978-0-9736678-4-4

## J is for Jamieson

Formerly a career banker in B.C. for 30 years, **Eric Jamieson** also doubled as a freelance writer of outdoor articles and gradually switched to historical subjects. He co-authored **Gareth Wood's** account of his unsupported journey to the South Pole with a British Expedition. Jamieson has now written a memorial volume about the collapse of the Second Narrows Bridge in 1958, **Tragedy at Second Narrows, The Story of the Ironworkers Memorial Bridge** (Harbour \$32.95). 978-1-55017-451-9

## K is for Kahn

San Francisco-based **Lloyd Kahn**, a former editor for 1960s magazine *The Whole Earth Catalog* and the publisher of *Shelter* (1973) and *HomeWork* (2004), has featured many builders and carpenters from Vancouver Island and the Gulf Islands in his photo-essay of ingenious, eco-friendly experimentalism in building styles and dwellings. **Builders of the Pacific Coast** (Shelter \$26.95), includes more than 1,200 colour photos of mostly "hippie-style" contemporary architecture. 978-0-936070-43-8

## L is for Lydon

Having studied medicine at Yale University and given fitness advice to **Quentin Tarantino**, B.C.-based fitness model **Christine Lydon**, M.D., offers 35 recipes and 65 exercises for her program to slimmer hips and flatter abs in **Ten Years Thinner: 6 Weeks to a Leaner Younger-Looking You** (Penguin \$32). 978-0-14-305516-7

## M is for Munro

Now into his 46th year as a bookseller, **Jim Munro** of Munro's Books in Victoria has received the Gray Campbell Award to recognize his contribution to B.C. books and publishing. The accompanying Jim Douglas Award for publisher of the year from the Association of Book Publishers of B.C. was presented to **UBC Press** and received by its current director, **Peter Milroy**. In other award news, **Sarah de Leeuw** of Prince George won First Prize for "Columbus Burning" in the 2008 CBC Literary Awards for Creative Non-Fiction, and **Denise Ryan** of Vancouver was runner-up for "My Father, Smoking."

**Jim Munro gives his acceptance speech after receiving the 2009 Gray Campbell Award**

TWIGG PHOTO

## N is for Nykanen

A former investigative reporter for NBC News who has won four Emmys and an Edgar for his journalism, **Mark Nykanen** of Nelson has written three psychological thrillers (for St. Martin's and Hyperion), one of which was a bestseller in Germany. His forthcoming thriller is **Primitive** (Bell Bridge Books), about a mother and daughter caught up in the "war on terror" and climate change.

## O is for Oulton

Bachelor **Dick Oulton** was a somewhat cheesy, commercial photographer who worked in Vancouver from 1962 to 1994. As part of its superb, non-elitist series on BC photographers, Presentation House in North Vancouver has mounted an exhibit of Oulton's portraits and fashion images, rescued from oblivion by friends, that inadvertently provide an oddly alluring representation of middle-class looks and values. "Whether plain or pretty, casual or dressed up, the models emanate personality as they enact a performance for Oulton and his camera," in **Meet Dick Oulton: Lynn Valley 5** (Presentation House/Bywater Bros Editions \$20). Included is a photo of Oulton with a would-be model named **Dorothy Stratten** in a Vancouver nightclub in 1979. 0-920293-82-9



**Dick Oulton and Dorothy Stratten**



# who's who

## P is for Punk



Chris Walter

Punk rocker **Chris Walter's** *Wrong* (GFY Press \$16) is a novel of social unrest in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside as the 2010 Winter Olympics approach. Walters's own GFY imprint will next publish *Punch The Boss*, a semi-autobiographical novel chronicling the author's varied work history. For more about his 17 books, visit [www.punkbooks.com](http://www.punkbooks.com)

## Q is for Quickies

First come, first served. For our Quickies community calendar of ads from authors--see page 30--we accept reservations from the first 30 applicants. Just email us.

## R is for Robertson

In a heartfelt collection of reflective essays on travel and family life, in particular the challenges of coping with her parents' mental and physical decline, Prince Rupert-based photographer **Nancy Robertson** has evinced difficult intimacies that are universal in *Searching for the April Moon* (Creekstone / Sandhill \$21). Robertson grew up in Nelson, married in the 1960s, and moved to Prince Rupert with her two children in 1973.

978-0-9783195-1-9

## S is for Stouck

As a retired associate professor in the humanities at Simon Fraser University, **Mary-Ann Stouck** has edited *A Short Reader of Medieval Saints* (UTP \$19.95), a selection of readings based on her earlier and longer book, *Medieval Saints: A Reader*. Portraying the lives of nine saints, the text ranges from accounts of torture and trials to descriptions of virtues and visions.

978-1-44260-094-2

## T is for Tilberg

Born in Germany of stateless parents, **Mary Tilberg** was raised in Morocco and West Africa. She immigrated with her family to Canada in 1965 and became a citizen in 1979. Having lived in Ontario, Manitoba and B.C., giving birth in each province, she has settled near Powell River. Her novel *Oonagh* (Cormorant \$21) is the story of a young Irish immigrant named Oonagh Corcoran and a fugitive American slave named Chauncey Taylor who meet in Ontario in 1833, fall in love, and discover that the acceptance of a small community is not unconditional.

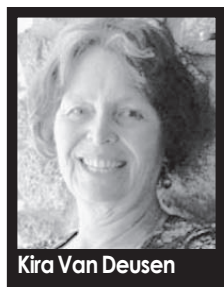
978-1-897151-18-1

## U is for Underground

We have to mention **June Hutton's** novel *Underground* (Cormorant \$21) a second time cuz, well, we blew it. In our spring issue we managed to refer to the author of this story about an idealistic Canadian soldier in the Spanish Civil War as Jane Hutton. Hey, we were only one letter away from being right... Our apologies to June, who looks just a little bit like a young **Jane Rule**.

978-1-897151-812

## V is for Van Deusen



Kira Van Deusen

After decades exploring Siberian cultures, **Kira Van Deusen** has turned to the Canadian north to write *Kiviuq: An Inuit Hero and His Siberian Cousins* (McGill-Queens \$32.95), touted as the first in-depth book on Inuit oral literature to appear in English in nearly a century. It provides versions of the legend of the hero/shaman Kiviuq, an Inuit counterpart to Homer's Odysseus, as told by forty Inuit elders. Van Deusen also points out cultural connections across the Bering Strait, past and present.

9780773535008

## W is for Whyte

In 2006, **Jack Whyte** launched a new trilogy about the original nine Templar Knights, commencing with the madness and cruelty of the First Crusade in 1088. The final volume *Order in Chaos* (Penguin \$38) follows the plight of Templar Knight William St. Clair after Philip IV arrests every Templar in France, seizes the Order's assets and launches the Inquisition. St. Clair escapes to the island of Arran in Scotland where he trains his comrades for a return to France. After a final battle with his Templar Knights, he becomes disillusioned and leads survivors to consider a search for a fabled land that lies beyond the Western Ocean.

978-0-670-04515-0

## X is for eXperimental

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## Y is for Yeadon-Jones

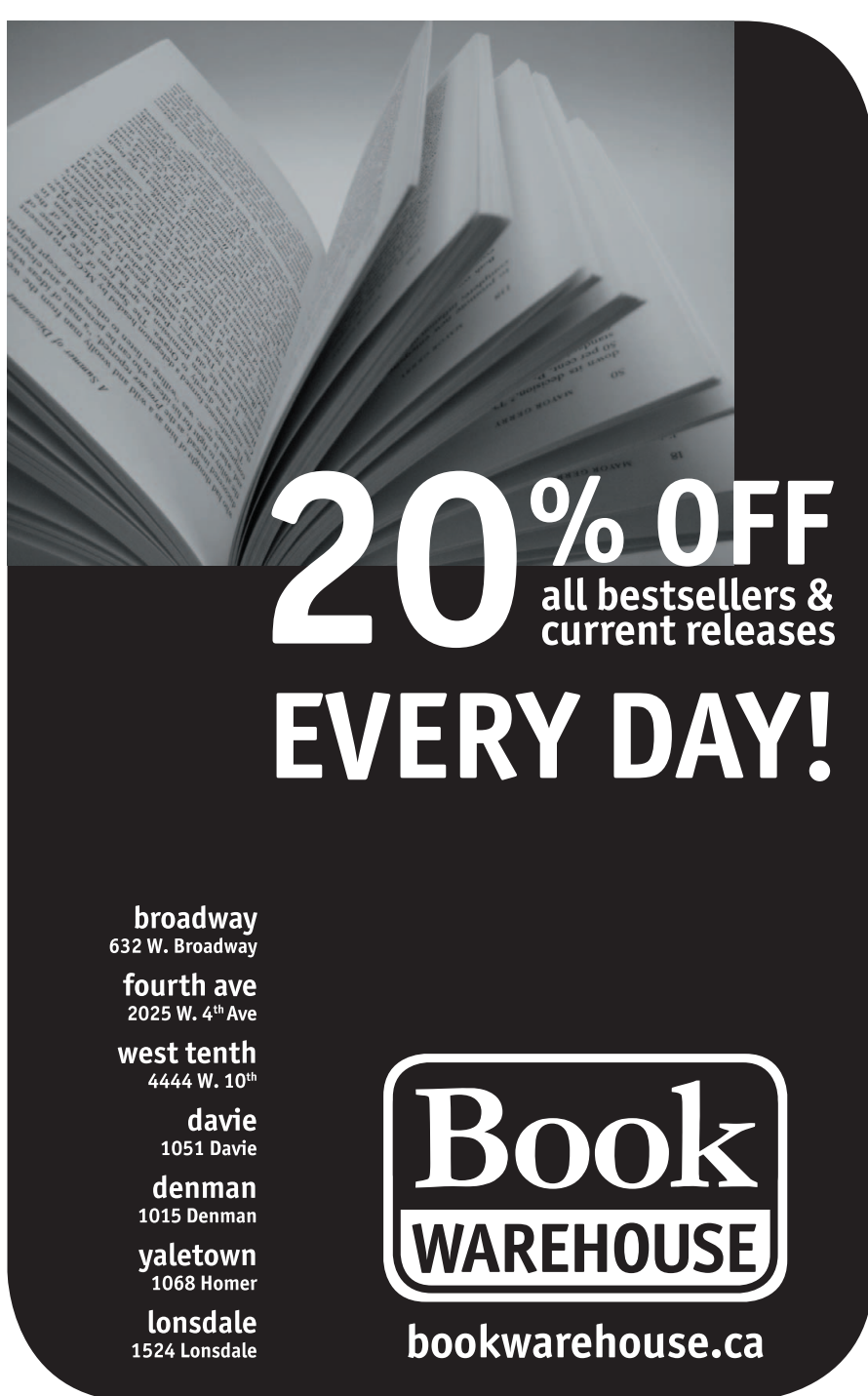
With their sixth *Dreamspeaker Cruising Guide* in the style of a boater's logbook, **The West Coast of Vancouver Island** (Harbour \$49.95), **Anne** and **Laurence Yeadon-Jones** are unsurpassed ambassadors for unspoiled West Coast cruising waters. Their new guide to Vancouver Island's western shoreline includes the Bunsby Islands and The Broken Group. The couple live in Vancouver's west end where they keep their 36-foot sailboat *Dreamspeaker* and faithful dinghy *Tink* nearby.

978-1-55017-445-8

## Z is for Zrymiak

Surrey-based **Michael Zrymiak** has recalled his youth near Hubbard, Saskatchewan, about 100 miles northeast of Regina, during the 1940s and 1950s, where he attended the two-room Hard Rock School, in his memoir *Prairie Roots* (Libros Libertad \$17.95). His Ukrainian father, from southeast Poland, had served as a conscript in the Austro-Hungarian army; his mother was from Sokal, a small city north of Lviv, under Polish rule.

978-09808979-2-0



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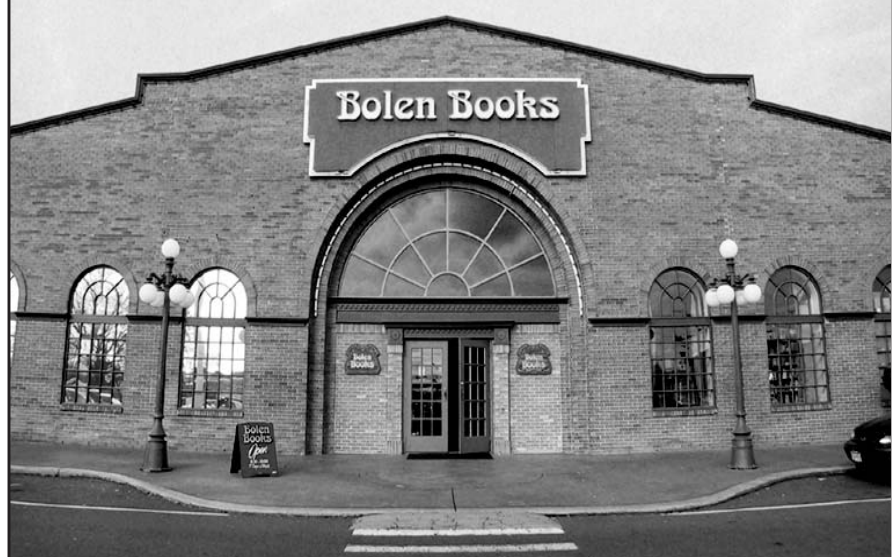
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# Final chapter

THE WORD ‘EKSTASIS’ COMES FROM AN ancient Greek word meaning ‘to stand outside oneself.’ **Richard Olafson** is now in a state of ekstasis.

After publishing 328 titles in 28 years, Olafson, who owns and operates Ekstasis Editions of Victoria, has received a letter from Canada Council advising him, in his words, that his operations are “not up to the standards of the Canada Council.” Without Council backing, he is reluctantly pulling the plug. The potential loss of Olafson as a literary lynchpin in Victoria is also lamentable because his offshoots include the Pacific Festival of the Book, the City of Victoria Book Prize and the *Pacific Rim Review of Books*. Olafson says he is unwilling to mount any counter-offensive, having received widespread support from writers during a crisis involving his relations with Canada Council two years ago.

“I am one of the few poetry publishers who pays advances to poets,” he says, “And it is a slap in the face of the West. There are at least three entities that will expire when I quit.

“First off, what Victoria and Vancouver Island and the province need more than anything is a major book festival and the Pacific Festival of the Book satisfies that goal. It occurred this year because Carol and I financed half of it. We had about 50 local and international authors, brought some Beats up from SF, and had visitors from Europe participating.

“Secondly, the country needs more than ever a publishing house with a purely literary mandate, that is willing to risk the publication of first time authors, and addresses the nature of the modern lyric. Ekstasis Editions is a necessary press. I have already invested in this year, paid advances for books including new poetry by **Dennis Reid**, current chair of the League of Canadian Poets, as well as a tribute to Victoria with art and poetry by the city’s major figures such as **PK Page** and **Marilyn Bowering**, edited by poet laureate **Linda Rogers**. As well I have signed the contracts for 4 translations, two from Québécois writers, and all these books

TWIGG PHOTO



Richard Olafson ends 28 years of literary publishing

may never see the light of day. This will affect the careers and incomes of writers and translators, as well as many others including editors, graphic artists, employees and printers.

“Thirdly, with the disappearance of media and especially book coverage in the popular media, it is a necessity that a journal like the *Pacific Rim Review of Books* exists, a journal devoted to pure critical discourse yet in a familiar and casual style. The *PRRB* is the perfect journal for Canada right now. Now that *Books in Canada* no longer exists in paper format it is the only one.”

## Some like it short

**Ric Beairsto** learned in 2007 that his book, *The Tyranny of Story: Audience Expectations and the Short Screenplay*, was #1 on the American Film Institute’s list of required reading for its incoming students, under the screenwriting category, when an AFI student called him looking for the book. The call prompted Beairsto to rewrite and self-publish *The*

*Tyranny of Story* as a print-on-demand title. “At the risk of hubris,” he says, “I don’t believe any of the other books on short screenplay writing have grasped the essential difference between writing feature-length vs. short screenplays.”

✍

The Vancouver Public Library has announced **Brad Cran**’s appointment as the city’s second poet laureate, following **George McWhirter**. One of Victoria’s most integral literary personalities, **Linda Rogers**, is that city’s poet laureate until 2011. Her forthcoming novel is *The Third Day Book* (Cormorant).


✍

Screenwriter, playwright and performer **Mark Leiren-Young** joins Eric Nicol, Howard White and Arthur Black as a B.C. winner of the Stephen Leacock Medal for humour. He pockets \$15,000 from the TD Bank Financial Group for his memoir *Never Shoot a Stampede Queen: A Rookie Reporter in the Cariboo* (Heritage).

✍

**D.C. (Dennis) Reid**, as president of the League of Poets, is taking Access Copyright to task regarding how little money they give to writers for photocopying revenues and, conversely, how much they give to large publishers. “While writers were the target of the program, the big publishers are taking, along with administration, about 90% of the estimated \$40 million taken in this year, leaving 10% for us writers.”


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