BOOK REVIEWS

The Freshwater Fishes of British Columbia

J.D. McPhail

Edmonton: University of Alberta Press, 2007. 620 pp. Illus. $90.00 cloth.

Tony J. Pitcher
University of British Columbia

I have good reason to be eternally grateful to the author of this book on BC's freshwater fishes. Many years ago in my first university post, when desperately seeking interesting material with which to enliven the teaching of the first ecology classes ever in what was then Britain's newest university (built in the middle of rather bleak, flat, and uninspiring Irish bog), I came across some exciting papers on three-spined sticklebacks in the Pacific Northwest by Don McPhail. Our inspiring, peaky mountains proved to be pivotal to the issue. It was elegant ecological science, beautifully written up, and it truly grabbed my attention and that of my neophyte ecology students. So the ecology teaching went well and helped ensure my academic tenure! Thirty-five years later, this latest work by the same scientist, written in retirement from his academic position at UBC, proves equally appealing and valuable.

The inland waters of BC host eighty-five fish species in seventeen families. Don McPhail makes clear what is known and what is not known about each and every one of these species – many readers will find it surprising how little has been established for sure about many of these freshwater fishes. Each species is described in sections covering Distinguishing Characters, Sexual Dimorphism, Hybrids, Taxonomy, Distribution (in and beyond BC), Life History, Reproduction, Growth, Maturity, Diet, Habitats (both adults and juveniles), and Conservation Comments. McPhail's book brings together all this information for the first time, but it is far more than a useful compendium.

At the core of the book's utility are the identification keys, illustrated with many diagrams. Identification is an important first step in the conservation of biodiversity – many in the general public scarcely realize how critical this step is and how difficult it can be without expert guides such as this one. With this careful work, Don McPhail has left a really powerful legacy for future fish ecologists in BC.

But this book is way, way more than an identification guide. In particular,

the sections on conservation include material vital to present management and the establishment of rational, science-based strategies for conservation. There is information on DNA, extirpated populations, range fragmentation by dams, urbanization, transportation corridors, recreation, and COSEWIC status. Moreover, the text in each case explains reasons behind all this. We find important details and references to past stocking programs (clandestine and otherwise), and assessments of the current status of both endemic and introduced fish. The book also includes fossils, fascinating examples of neoteny, and more. For example, I enjoyed the delightful account of the "murky taxonomy" behind the aptly named *Cottus confusus* (shorthead sculpin, or is that the baffled sculpin?). At the end of the book, a glossary defines a very complete set of fish biology terms ("plicate" and "nubbles" were new to me!), and names (such as that Fish Biology 101 trick question on the difference between salmonids and salmonines). Sixty-five pages of references ensure that the sources for all this information are fully explicit.

I see on my desk a fat book of over six hundred pages that is very well produced, with many maps and line drawings, while the remarkably few typos testify to effective proofreading. There are nonetheless one or two oddities of production. For example, the book has seventy-one pages of introductory material numbered in the roman numerals that signal what publishers call "front matter" and that readers are wont to skip (page 1, the start of the taxonomic section, is about half an inch into the book!). But please don't skip the front matter in this book, as from page 37 (er, that's xxxvii), readers will find a first-rate and informative essay on the origins of BC's freshwater fish fauna. There is also a plangent foreword by Joe Nelson (Alberta) that outlines Don McPhail's significant research contributions to knowledge of the ecology of related sympatric morphs of fish species such as sticklebacks and pikeminnows. However, pages from the six sponsors of the book are less inspiring: their valuable contributions to the costs of production might have been equally well appreciated had their logos sufficed to alert us to their philanthropy.

In conclusion, not only should Don McPhail's book be placed on all reference shelves in Canada, but also many workers in the field will find it completely invaluable. An even larger audience will benefit from the thoughtful and informative discussion of conservation issues therein. It's a bargain at ninety dollars. I thoroughly recommend it!

Fortune's a River: The Collision of Empires in Northwest America

Barry Gough

Madeira Park, BC: Harbour Publishing, 2007. 400 pp. $36.95 cloth.

Robert A. Campbell
Capilano College

If you tackle this readable but detailed history of imperial rivalry in the Pacific Northwest, I recommend that you reread the preface after finishing the book. It will help to explain what you just read. While at times fascinating, *Fortune's a River* can also be overwhelming and a bit disjointed.

Gough describes his work as "comparative imperial history," or "the history of empires in rivalry and conflict" (10). Geographically the book examines

the area from northern California to Alaska, with a curious side-trip to the Missouri River valley. The time period extends from the early 1700s to around the Convention of 1818, which provided for joint occupation of Oregon Country by Britain and the United States. Four empires vied for the region: the Russian, Spanish, British, and American. Yet Gough's emphasis is the competition between Britain and the United States, particularly over who would control the Columbia River.

According to Gough, the agents of empire were explorers and traders. As he puts it: "The maritime enterprise on the Pacific coast, exercised by competing American and British traders, came to a head with the overland quest for dominance by rival American and Canadian concerns" (11). He identifies "four giants of western overland exploration and imperial expansion" (12): Alexander Mackenzie, David Thompson (both of the Northwest Company), and American explorers Meriwether Lewis and William Clark. He is particularly impressed with the accomplishments of the Montreal-based Northwest Company, especially since it received little support from Britain, except briefly during the War of 1812. He claims that the "Nor'Westers were the true lords of the wilderness," and he optimistically concludes that "Nor'Westers achieved their goals, winning the prize of the upper Columbia River watershed and all of the Fraser River watershed" (340). I found this conclusion a bit odd, since Gough makes it clear that the real prize was the mouth of the Columbia River, which now forms the border between Oregon and Washington. I was also puzzled by his comment, unsourced, that since the 1740s the 49th parallel had been discussed as the "proper boundary" (205). My immediate thought was boundary between what? The United States did not yet exist, and Louisiana was part of New France. Britain was largely confined to the Atlantic seaboard and the lands whose waters drained into Hudson Bay.

Conceptually Gough says this book fits in the "borderlands" interpretation of exploration, as defined by Jeremy Adelman and Stephen Aron in an article in the *American Historical Review* (104, 3 [1999]). According to Gough, historians "have moved from an Anglocentric, triumphalist narrative of continental expansion," to one that emphasizes "newcomers' relations with aboriginal peoples, stressing accommodations or forms of resistance" (10). It would be a stretch to say that aboriginal people are at the centre of this book, but they are not invisible, and Gough highlights their determination to control, often forcefully, trade and their traditional territories.

Barry Gough is a seasoned historian who has published a number of critically acclaimed books. This one is very well researched, and Gough has a talent for taking archival documents and turning them into compelling narrative. I just wish the structure of the book were more narrative in orientation. Chronologically it would have made sense to begin with the Russian explorations of Alaska. Instead, the book opens with a prologue on John Ledyard, who was with James Cook at Nootka Sound in 1788. The Russians do not appear until Chapter 4. Rather than linear, the structure is more episodic, and the result is both jarring and a bit repetitive as explorers arrive, depart, and then return in later chapters. That said, reading *Fortune's a River* made me realize how much I did not know about the early exploration of the Pacific Northwest. I finished it feeling wiser, if a bit dazed.

Recording Their Story: James Teit and the Tahltan
Judy Thompson

Vancouver and Toronto: Douglas & McIntyre/Gatineau: Canadian Museum of Civilization/Seattle: University of Washington Press, 2007. 207 pp. Illus. $55.00 cloth.

Jennifer Kramer
University of British Columbia

Judy Thompson, Canadian Museum of Civilization (CMC) Curator of Western Subarctic Ethnology, has produced a lavishly illustrated book, compelling for its quality of images, clarity of writing, and elegance of design. Seventy-one rarely published and illuminating photographs depicting the land and peoples of British Columbia in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries are paired with fifty-one vivid colour images of Tahltan objects in the CMC collections. Belied by its heft and formal air, this is a straightforward and descriptive text that traces chronologically the life of James Teit from Shetland Islands youth to British Columbia settler, from reluctant shopkeeper to famed outdoorsman, and from Aboriginal rights advocate to important, yet under-recognized, ethnographer. Thompson offers an in-depth representation created from extensive archival research in order to reveal the character and worth of a man with little academic education, but who nonetheless played a formative role in British Columbia anthropology and Aboriginal politics.

Teit's exquisite portraits of the Tahltan serve as testimony to Thompson's characterization of him as a perceptive and supportive friend of the First Nations of British Columbia. Although Teit employed the ethnographic technique of photographing subjects from multiple angles, his results did not turn individuals into abstract, scientific specimens. Rather, his portraits are imbued with humanity, intelligence, and beauty. Furthermore, Teit fulfilled his promise to return prints to the Tahltan who posed for him – an action that demonstrates his empathy, respect, and regard and the atypical quality of his sensitivity.

While a novel hybrid of biography and museum catalogue in format, this work follows the well-trod path of contextualizing an ethnographic collector of non-Native descent to explain objects sought, collected, or rejected and the values implicit in these choices (e.g., Black 1997; Cole 1985; Jacknis 1996). The book concentrates upon Teit's formation of a collection of Tahltan objects, songs, stories, and photographs for the Canadian Anthropological Division of the Geological Survey of Canada in 1912 and 1915. Of particular interest is his correspondence to his superior, Edward Sapir, because it offers a first-person account of Teit's experiences and motivations. For example, he expresses his reluctance to purchase either Tahltan ritual regalia that were employing Tlingit or other northern coastal styles or functional items that displayed non-native materials or technology. Instead, he tended to buy quotidian clothing directly from Tahltan women or to commission replicas of older types of material culture to assure their authenticity. This distaste for collecting intercultural traded items or borrowed styles is now recognized as representative of a salvage anthropological perspective typical of the time. Teit's selections contributed and still contribute to representing the Tahltan in specific, perhaps essentialized ways. Unfortunately, Thompson

refrains from commenting on Teit's biases, missing the opportunity to link this important, historical research with contemporary scholarship.

Most ethnographers and museum practitioners perceive standard research methods of piecing together archival documents to form coherent narrative and selectively quoting letters and culling interviews to be an active shaping of text. When so much has been written about the crisis in representation, especially from a museological perspective (eg, Ames 1992; Butler 1999; Clifford 1985; Clifford and Marcus 1986), readers expect these issues to be made transparent. Although Thompson may be making a conscious choice not to intrude upon the story, her unwillingness to make explicit her own interpretations or to reflect on the knowledge she produces seems unusual.

Given the emphasis on collaborative museology and participatory action research in anthropology, one wonders why Thompson does not include the voices of contemporary Tahltan. Tahltan opinions and reception of Teit's legacy and collections would seemingly be vital. The book's title is misleading in this regard: *Telling Their Story* suggests that the Tahltan are agents in conveying their story. Putting aside the issue that a First Nation does not have a singular story but many, this book is not about the Tahltan sharing their perspectives on their material or intangible culture. The text appears strangely mute when it recognizes only in the acknowledgments the participation of contemporary and deceased Tahltan. While this might be due to experiences the CMC has had in working with the Tahltan, the chance to explain the benefits, challenges, and complexities of collaborative museology has been lost.

That said, there is much to value in this rich and detailed description of James Teit – a man clearly made for life in settler British Columbia, fluent in numerous Native languages, connected with the landscape, a famous hunter and guide with a profound respect and understanding for Aboriginal peoples and their cultures. The most important revelation from this book was how intrinsic Teit was to the Aboriginal rights movement in the early 20th century – translating, interpreting, and representing chiefs and other Native leaders of the Allied Tribes of British Columbia in their land claims and sovereignty declarations. Teit played an active role in helping the Tahltan write their 1910 "Declaration of the Tahltan Tribe" that to this day serves as their recorded statement of sovereignty and laws. Thompson has done great justice to Teit's enduring memory in producing this worthy book.

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Be of Good Mind: Essays on the Coast Salish

Bruce Granville Miller, editor

Vancouver: UBC Press, 2007. 336 pp. $32.95 paper, $85.00 cloth.

Dorothy Kennedy
Victoria, BC

Be of Good Mind is promoted as revealing "how Coast Salish lives and identities have been reshaped by two colonizing nations and by networks of kinfolk, spiritual practices, and ways of understanding landscape" (back cover). It purports to be a "seamlessly edited" interdisciplinary assemblage that "teases apart the received wisdom of earlier studies and brings the scholarship on the Coast Salish up to date." The volume further claims to be the necessary follow-up to Wayne Suttles' seminal work on the Coast Salish. I would have liked to have heartily recommended a new work of such breadth, but I cannot.

In the interests of full disclosure I should first declare a bias in reviewing this compilation of ten essays, which arises from the fact that my own work precisely on the subject of the book has been ignored. My master's thesis, awarded the Lieutenant-Governor's medal, tested Wayne Suttles' influential model of social relations. I examined and quantified the evidentiary basis for the assumptions concerning the extent and incidence of village exogamy within central coast Salish society that purportedly underpin much of Suttles' work. My doctoral thesis, awarded by the University of Oxford, addressed the situational nature of identity within Coast Salish society and the relationship between identity and place, including the milieu of contemporary First Nations' land claims. Instead of referencing these locally available works, *Be of Good Mind* (71) references only my 1983 book *Sliammon Life, Sliammon Lands* (co-authored with Randy Bouchard), where this volume oddly appears, along with my 1978 *Coast Salish Spirit Dancing*, under the subheading "Litigation," as though these books were done for court purposes, thereby attributing to them, in a reductive manner, a cloudy political genesis. While the author mistakenly presumes that "not much went on in Coast Salish research in the 1970s and 1980s" (71), an accurate accounting of those decades must await a more extensive review.

I should not be surprised by the omission of my own work, for much else from scholarship other than that of the contributors and their teachers (who unfailingly cite each other) is either neglected or disparaged. Even with classics like Wilson Duff's 1952 *Upper Stalo,* an attempt is made to show it as inadequate, contributing to accounts "somewhat jumbled and confused" (142), although in order to do so the deconstructor has to distort the facts. For instance, Duff does not

"erroneously" (142) assign the location of the landslide that started the migration of the Chilliwack to *xéyles* lower down the river. Duff has it right at No. 22 in his published list, and he reports directly from his field notes without the complained-of discrepancy. In fact, the discrepancy is in the footnote citation in the present volume (175 n. 6) which refers to p. 50 of Duff's field notes, instead of p. 63. Nor can any alleged problem of translation aimed at Duff be corroborated by Oliver Wells's interview with Albert Louie on the subject of the migration (175 n. 8). Mr. Louie simply does not say what is credited to him by this chapter's author (and the discussion in question appears on p 162 of Oliver Wells, 1987, and not p. 160).

The few exceptions to the axe-grinding essays collected here include that of archaeologist Colin Grier, whose approach contains all the modesty in regard to previous sources that one would expect from a devoted scientific investigator. Critical thinking and a well-structured argument provide an engaging discussion of restrictions in the application of ethnographic narratives to questions posed during archaeological inquiry. Grier acknowledges that his views may be dismissed as academic or irrelevant to contemporary Coast Salish political concerns (302), but he contends that the pursuit of a more carefully constructed prehistory will achieve, in the end, more beneficial understanding all round (303).

The majority of the contributions in *Be of Good Mind* seem more clearly devoted to the task of creating a new paradigm out of current political aims. This is made most apparent by Daniel Boxberger and should therefore be cited fully: "Contemporary Coast Salish anthropologists are working within the context of *Boldt* and *Delgamuukw*, and our entreé into Native communities depends upon the communities' perception that our research has some practical application in respect to land, resources, and self-determination. Not only does our relationship with Coast Salish communities depend upon this perception but our moral and ethical commitments demand it. My hope is that we are witnessing a shift from a politically motivated research agenda directed by the nation-state to a politically motivated research agenda directed by the Fourth World state" (76).

Many of the contributors to *Be of Good Mind* subscribe to the notion that the process of interpreting factual knowledge into palatable current weaponry is the job of the anthropologist and historian. Can a seeker of the truth respect this new expediency?

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Salal: Listening for the Northwest Understory
Laurie Ricou

Edmonton: NeWest Press, 2007.
263 pp. Illus. $34.95 paper.

Theresa Kishkan
Madeira Park, BC

I live on forested acreage at the north end of the Sechelt Peninsula, surrounded by salal. I think of *Gaultheria shallon* as the signature plant of the landscape I have loved my whole life. The glossy leaves belie winter's chill; the beautiful little flowers, along with salmonberry blooms, are harbingers of spring; the berries (more correctly, the fleshy sepals) are wonderful in pancakes and muffins (cooking them brings out their juice); and a drizzle of salal syrup topped with sparkling wine makes an intensely flavourful cocktail. In late summer, the winey smell of the berries makes a walker in this terrain particularly alert for bears whose dark and seedy scats are as vivid an indication as any of the season's turning and salal's importance in the food chain.

Laurie Ricou has written a richly important book about this quintessential plant of the northern Pacific coastal region. His earlier books, *The Arbutus/Madrone Files: Reading the Pacific Northwest* and *A Fieldguide to Dungeness Spit*, revealed him to be that rare thing: a scholar in the tradition of John Evelyn, Gary Snyder, and Richard Mabey. At large in the natural world, and as alert to poetry as to chlorophyll, Ricou pursues his plant in all its incarnations, from seed to florist commodity to confiture to the rumour of wine. He visits people in all walks of life who have a connection with salal and he tapes their stories. In some ways this book is a fieldguide; it uses the apparatus of identification, habit and habitat, ecology, and notes on ethnobotany to acquaint the reader with salal. Yet on page 21 we are told, "To wander sideways, thus, from the topic of guidebook to writing the connection between 'shining' shrub, the surface where animal meets world, and the achievement of human art work, is to signal not only our resistance to being guided, but my sense of this narrative as a whole."

Wandering sideways with this particular author is a pleasure. The terrain is uncertain but the encounters with horticulturalists, pickers, poets, and explorers make for fascinating travel. We enter facilities where salal is seeded for future groundcovers (and I am reminded of stately gardens in Britain where gardeners proudly show their beds of this homely plant). We learn how to snap a stem of salal where green meets brown and then how to bunch these stems to create a bale. We trace the plant backwards, in an older orthography, into the childhood of the poet Mavis Jones:

> I gather memories like seashells
> and set them in a box of scented cedar
> wood. My fingers stain with berries
> as I work. I hold my breath
> and listen to the night.
> Small creatures rustle under the shallal. (192)

And we share the excitement of botanist David Douglas, encountering salal for the first time in its native soil, on April 8, 1825: "On stepping on the shore *Gaultheria Shallon* was the first plant I took in my hands. So pleased was I that I could scarcely see anything but it"(147). The photograph on page 82 of his samples from the Fielding-Druce Herbarium at Oxford is particularly moving; the leaves and blossoms are intact, though a little worn, speaking

their leathery durable name across the centuries.

There is plenty for all in this book. Those interested in regional history will find lots of it. Theories of ecoforestry and plant science will appeal to the Cartesians. Laurie Ricou wears his learning lightly but pleasingly, eager to share what he discovers but not resorting to difficult and obtuse jargon. He is playful but reverent, an inspiring combination. In choosing to let people tell their stories in their own words, he encourages a diverse and eclectic narrative. The lengthy bibliography attests to the care taken in pursuing salal across geography, through taxonomy, in and about poetry and fiction, and locating its position in coastal economy. If one thing is missing, it's the glossy green of the plant itself. The illustrations are all in black and white, and although the cover image suggests something of the tone and texture of salal leaves, one wishes for example that Emily Carr's "Wood Interior, 1932-35" on page 25 could have been reproduced in colour. Or that those unfamiliar with the plant could see the deep wine-dark berries, the delicate blossoms.

When we first moved to our land near Sakinaw Lake, we were surprised to encounter a Native woman from old Egmont in our woods, carrying bundles of salal over her shoulders. She told us this was good salal and that she had picked in these woods her entire life, earning pocket money she could call her own. I remember it as a moment when I learned something important about where I lived – that an ordinary plant could provide this kind of ongoing sustenance. Near the end of the book, Ricou comments that, "Travelling with salal, both moving through space and across the page with eye or pen, I have always been surprised at the connections a little-known shrub initiates…"(205). Read this book for those travels, those surprises, those connections. Savour the richness of the ordinary, the utilitarian, the wonder of arrival with David Douglas at "the long wished-for spot," (148) which for many of us is right at the edges of our own backyards.

Phantom Limb

Theresa Kishkan

Saskatoon: Thistledown Press, 2007.
171 pp. $17.95 paper.

Harold Rhenisch
150 Mile House, BC

A phantom limb is an amputated arm or leg that feels like it hasn't gone anywhere. At the end of a phantom arm, for instance, the fingers of a phantom hand still feel heat, the touch of another's hand, and pain. They are extremities of a ghost body that moves along with the body itself. It is the shadow body we perceive in our minds, the one we know most intimately – if not the only one we really know at all. The phenomenon of a phantom limb remaining after the amputation of a physical limb is evidence that we're both biological beings and creatures of memory that spans our entire biological lives. Phantom limbs aren't a purely physical matter, of synapses firing in a glitch of spatial representation within our minds; the complex world rising out of the points of commonality between them and the phantom selves of other people creates a phantom society moving in and through human social life. Intangible, unprovable, on the edge of perception or even past it, such phantom life is ultimately a metaphor for the depths and complexities of

human social interaction and their dependency on the nurturing ground of physical space. This is the world at the heart of Theresa Kishkan's collection of essays, Phantom Limb.

Phantom Limb is one woman's ecology. It is a meditation on the connections of her life, from earliest childhood to the present, through which it presents each generation – indeed, even each iteration of the self – as the ghost of the one that preceded it in time and space. In brief, for Kishkan, landscape is intimately bound with self, self is lived among others, and landscape is a social fabric. At the time of writing, she is the mother of children older than she was when she first lived her earlier selves – a girl and her horse in Victoria, a young woman in love in Ireland – that became her first phantom limbs, when she left the constrictions of non-phantom life to become her own mature and often teasingly phantom self.

Phantom Limb ultimately concerns place and attachment to place – tenuous concepts in their own right. The place is a hilltop home above Sakinaw Lake on BC's Sunshine Coast, a home built by hand and lived in for more than a quarter century, until every moment, every artifact, every tree and bear sighting, has become imbued with self. It's as if in the long living of a place, her self has become scattered further and further across the landscape; when encountered there again, in a creek pouring down to the lake or an apple tree in her garden, it opens doorways into moments shared with others, who have perhaps also left their own traces there. Accordingly, Kishkan's description of the landscape of Sakinaw Lake is an exploration of the otherwise hidden dimensions of herself – the *landscape* of herself. In this world view, time passes inexorably but leaves a trace – which, like a phantom limb, becomes the one world that can be seen and dreamed, however intangible it may be.

Phantom Limb is above all, of course, a book. Specifically, it is a book about sitting still and sifting through the pattern blocks of a life to uncover what has stuck to the heart and can be used now to further the quilting, to deepen the recognition of a life's pattern, to celebrate it, extend it, or even pass it on – or even to use it to make a new quilt altogether. In her writing, Kishkan continually contrasts the lives of her parents (welded to machinery and propriety) and of the Mormons she lived among for a winter in Idaho (welded to duty and without interest in the natural world around them) with her own life (one curious about the natural world and open to unexpected experiences of connection). Like many writers, she has retained many of the qualities of childhood past adolescence and has used them as building blocks for her adult self. She is not childlike, however. Her voice is that of a woman, rooted in her body and at home in the world.

As *Phantom Limb* progresses, Kishkan draws parallels between her way of being in the world and her physical and spiritual identity as a woman – a body taking things into itself and giving birth to new life. Through contemplations of traditionally feminine arts – cooking, knitting, and quilting – she enters the phantom lives of generations of women before her, and even those of the Mormon women still living lives less open to the chance operations of the world. Quilts are patched together throughout the whole of *Phantom Limb*; even the book itself is a quilt. Among these, one of her favourites is "The Drunkard's Path." As she explains, among the Mormons, this almost infinitely variable quilt pattern is a hidden story – of a trickster, an elusive life lived just past the edge of the

acceptable, an otherwise forbidden life brought back into the warmth of family and love through the art of its recreation – a form of the Blues, in other words. For Kishkan, "The Drunkard's Path" is a story of the shape and art that remains after she has stumbled almost blindly through the world. It haunts her; in it she lives most resonantly, as her life slowly becomes a unity – becomes, in other words, a *life*.

Kishkan grounds this lyrical thread within precise, luminous descriptions of place. Biology and nomenclature are among her passions, and she names with precision the creatures and plants in the domestic and the natural worlds around her. To complete this pattern, this drunkard's path of stepping over roots and stones and around dead salmon, children, husband, and old Irish lovers, *Phantom Limb* contains Kishkan's essay "Month of Wild Berry Picking." Deeply engaging with First Nations experience, the essay grounds *Phantom Limb* by extending its sense of personal and social place into the experience of innumerable generations who have lived on her land and the precise mechanisms by which they managed the barrier between domesticity and wildness. In dissections of both her own experience in the light of First Nations stories and traditions, and vice versa, she argues that First Nations people had delineable social rules not only for interacting with other people but also for interacting with other species on the planet – a system of etiquette caused by lives lived very close to other species. In this context, *Phantom Limb* is ultimately Kishkan's own set of social rules for living closely on, and within, the earth, where she has given birth to three children, who she has actively encouraged to leave – and to stay. While continuing to nurture them, at greater and greater distance, she finds herself living with her own phantom selves that return to her from her children's own experiences. Throughout, Kishkan uses her meditations to ensure the continued safety and closeness of their lives in this place, no matter how distant they stretch away from it. It's a kind of shamanistic spell that continually returns the tenuous to the physical and the physical to the tenuous, and keeps place alive through story.

Time is the spoiler in this world. On the one hand, it is a positive force, embodied in Kishkan's attempts to act against disintegration by creating a sense of language and attention that can map and maintain all her phantom lives and set them up as meaningful ways in which other people can interact with the human and geographical worlds around and within them. On the other hand, time here is a disturbing, negative force. It reveals itself most openly in Kishkan's exploration of the town of Granite Creek, a gold-mining boomtown in BC's Tulameen Valley, a century past its heyday. In her essay, "Erasing the Maps," she meditates on how this town, that seems to have completely vanished, is still alive enough in memory that people will want to be buried there, as indeed they are. She meditates on what exactly will remain once the place returns to wilderness, and whether allowing it to return to silence and forgetfulness is indeed the best way of honouring the human lives lived within what people defined once as a place – to return them to the land in a way parallel to that of salmon spawning in the stream in which they hatched. To this question she has no answers, as she should not: an answer would betray the drunkard's path. It would wander off the quilt. It would be death, stumbling into life and demanding obedience.

Dark Storm Moving West
Barbara Belyea

Calgary: University of Calgary Press, 2007. 202 pp. Illus. 33 historical maps, 6 drawings. $49.95 paper.

Matt Dyce
University of British Columbia

"The trouble with narrative – telling stories, making histories," Australian ethnohistorian Greg Dening says, "is that it is so easy, but thinking about it is so hard" (*Performances*, 1996). I suspect Barbara Belyea would agree, because *Dark Storm Moving West* is a wonderfully hard book to think about. It is in many ways the culmination of Belyea's long career thinking against the grain of how stories are told and arguments are constructed. The six essays comprising this volume all focus on the early period of Euro-American exploration and mapping of northwestern America. They do not seek to disrupt the way histories of the Northwest are generally constructed, and many readers will recognize familiar protagonists here – James Cook, George Vancouver, Peter Fidler, David Thompson, Lewis and Clark. So too, we find them doing exactly what they are known for – gradually recording with sextant and survey grid the labyrinthine inland waterways west of Hudson's Bay. Gains and mistakes are made, the HBC and NWC battle for economic control, and personal ambition feeds into myth-making about ideal river systems linking the rich inland fur districts to Hudson Bay or the Pacific Ocean. Rather than rendering early explorers as benign peripheral figures set against the structural power of the fur trade, however, Belyea argues that their work represents the "early stage of a total revolution" that was the Euro-American domination of the Aboriginal west. The storm clouds moving westward are really the spatial and epistemological changes that prefigured colonization, and may serve well as an apt metaphor for the methodologies Belyea employs to analyze these developments.

The shifting optics she employs in addressing these changes make her book challenging and innovative, as it deals with the conflation of myth and science in the navigational hypotheses of British officers in the Pacific Northwest (Chapter 1), the personal and institutional framing of David Thompson's authority as a surveyor (Chapter 2), or the attempts of Lewis and Clark to configure their observations made on the Missouri River exploration between their Native informants and the HBC maps (Chapter 3). As explorers move from oceans and bays deeper into the river networks of western North America, the arc of Belyea's first three chapters reveals the contrast between Native and non-Native understandings of space and landscape. The result is an engaging central essay that attempts to reconstruct Amerindian spatial conventions by questioning why "Native maps *look* so different from European ones" (53). Two sets of records provide the basis for this examination: the pictorial depictions created by Native artists (many produced in captivity) mimicking the European tradition; and maps (largely created by Peter Fidler) that copy or incorporate Native originals. European maps and drawings are structured by a "principle of spatial equivalence" that establishes a relation between representation and reality. Co-ordinates on the map and co-ordinates on the earth therefore relate in a standard fashion – an inch on the map represents a mile on the ground, for instance – just as every blank space

corresponds to an equal amount of "uncharted" territory on the earth. In analyzing Native cartography, Belyea recognizes that it cannot be collapsed into the *look* of the Western tradition. Here it is important to understand that "the surface on which the Native map is drawn is *in*significant" (53) and that "blank" spaces are therefore devoid of meaning, contrary to the European tradition, where "unmapped" space is replete with significance. Viewing the maps' edges as bounded space, and the cartographic signs within as proportionally equivalent, obscures both the history of a complex Native spatial storytelling convention and evidence of the resistance to Western vision the cartographic record contains. Belyea equates the erosion of this resistance with the "warrior-artists" in captivity conforming eventually to European spatial perspective.

Throughout the volume, Belyea's main focus is on graphic maps. She is less interested in the uses and "social lives" of maps and their meanings than in the internal formations they express or conceal. This close focus on the material practice of cartography affords a new way of examining what may be a "contact zone" where Native and newcomer cultures overlap and are hybridized. Indeed, Belyea shows how explorers like Fidler and Samuel Hearne began to incorporate Native representational devices into their own maps and journals. Yet on this point, Belyea is clear: "There is no 'common ground': European and Amerindian conceptions of space are essentially different and remain incapable of merged contribution" (73). The same logic guides the final two essays of the book. In "The Silent Past Is Made to Speak" (Chapter 5), the meaning invested in "blank" spaces on European maps is equated with the way fur trade historians reconstruct the social dynamics of the trade, often by projecting contemporary political ideas into the gaps and "silences" that appear in the incomplete archive. Readers will find compelling – if somewhat dated – critiques questioning Sylvia Van Kirk and Jennifer Brown's early work on women's agency in exchange relations, and of Edith Burley's class interpretation of fur post social structures. Belyea's agenda is not to make history familiar to the present, which she charges these authors with doing, but to insist that "the line between past and present is a hazardous intellectual frontier. The job of historians is to guide the bounds of a foreign country, and to let us wonder at its strangeness and variety" (107). The final chapter in *Dark Storm Moving West* represents Belyea's most recent effort to apply these paradigms to ethnohistory. "Outside the Circle" is a reflective essay on the problem of "fixing" Aboriginal oral tradition and performance in textual form. Belyea interprets anthropologists' attempts to cross the boundaries of culture as moving Native tradition from inside (performative-oral-fluid) to outside (interpretive-textual-static) the circle. Weaving parallels between contemporary practice, nineteenth-century salvage anthropology, and Peter Fidler's experiences overwintering on the North Saskatchewan with a group of Pikani in 1792, this chapter offers a broad critique of ethnographic writing from "outside the circle" as an arrant type of neo-colonialism. It is marred by Belyea's reinscription of a universal European world "outside" and a hermetically sealed and isolated Native cosmology within, a schematic postcolonial studies has sought to dismantle. Readers will also wonder whether Belyea's volume might have benefited from a more direct engagement with spatial history, visual

culture, hybridity, and especially more recent writing on the fur trade and histories of exploration.

At a glance this large unassuming volume, complete with glossy black and white reproductions of the images and maps discussed by the author, conceals the critical impact her essays are intended to have. Belyea's close familiarity with the fur trade's archival and cartographic legacy is more evident than the theoretical and methodological lineages that guide her study. A professor of English at the University of Calgary, Belyea's long engagement with French post-structuralist thought and her further investigation into ethnography and the history of cartography permeate the book from beginning to end, though never in a consistent manner. She eschews an explicit thesis and narrative structure, but to say that the chapters "are not bound by a central theme; instead they glance off one another, each commenting on the rest by its difference and divergence" (xiii) is not enough. A seventh essay is lacking where Belyea would expand her thoughts on historical practice and develop what she believes the lines connecting these divergent stories may be. *Dark Storm Moving West* is a valuable and challenging contribution to western Canadian historical and geographical study, engagingly written by a scholar with a keen mind for critique.

The Lost Coast: Salmon, Memory and the Death of Wild Culture

Tim Bowling

Gibsons, BC: Nightwood Editions, 2007. 255 pp. $29.95 cloth.

Jocelyn Smith
University of British Columbia

Tim Bowling, who spent his childhood on the west coast of British Columbia and now lives in Edmonton, is perhaps better known as a poet than a prose writer. He has published seven collections of poetry, two of which were nominated for the Governor-General's Literary Award, and three novels.

The *Lost Coast*, part memoir, part local history, part supplication for environmental reform, straddles uneasily the gap between prose and poetry. The work is anchored in the summer of 1969, when Apollo 11 became the first manned craft to land on the moon. At the time, Bowling was a young boy growing up in a gillnetting family in Ladner. The landing impressed the boy Bowling and continues to impress the adult; throughout the memoir he returns to it again and again with a wistful nostalgia that reinforces his central contention: everything that happened before 1969, during the first few years of Bowling's childhood, was good, and everything that has happened since then has been bad. There is no room for disagreement. Of course, that is over-simplifying Bowling's thesis, but it illustrates the most problematic aspect of this book. A writer must take a position and must advance his thesis, but a writer who ignores the other side of an argument (indeed, who refuses

to admit that another side might exist) risks losing credibility.

Although Bowling might deny that such a formal structure exists in *The Lost Coast*, the work is divided into two intertwined parts. The beautifully written larger part deals with Bowling's childhood in Ladner, and in particular with his family. Bowling reaches back into the past and describes not only characters who he knew as a child but also characters from Ladner's past: the workers in the salmon cannery, the fishermen who supplied the cannery, the Ladner family themselves. Bowling also writes poignantly about the early years of his parents' marriage, his father's grandparents' attempt to raise bees in Edmonton, and his own grandfather's war years on the Western Front. One of the most moving passages in the book concerns his mother's childhood in Toronto.:

> Although she has always been a huge-hearted woman to whom people are drawn for her innate warmth and generosity, my mother is attended by a sorrow more faithful than any servant. Her stories always have about them this fundamental darkness borne out of darkened parlours and rental houses wreathed with black to let the neighbours know of the latest tragedy. As she says about her mother's life, 'The midwife was coming in one door as the undertaker was going out the other.' As she says about her own life, 'We coped' (235).

If only the whole book were like that! The book's other theme, however, is the decline of the salmon fishing industry on the west coast. This is clearly the theme that is closer to Bowling's heart and when he turns to it, his writing shifts from evocative clarity to angry, overwritten hyperbole. "So," he writes, "I return to the salmon, as always. They haven't changed, they still drive forward into the same self-destruction and resurrection, little Christs to which no one prays, little canvases that carry inside them their own oils for their own Last Supper" (62-63). And later on: "Tilt. Game over. The earth's a machine of lights and motion that we've been booting hard for well over a century. The old lines of the nations split wide open and menstrual blood gushes out with the roe and salt to flood the classroom floor and seep into the hallways. What shall we do? Shall we manage it?" (143). This is Bowling at his most incensed and also at his least credible. By failing, for example, to talk about the role of fishermen such as his father and older brother (and even his own role: Bowling himself worked as a fisherman until the mid-1990s) in the decline of salmon fishing, he appears partisan, even obsessive, and unwilling to hear counter-arguments.

The issues that Bowling raises matter. His writing style, especially in the memoir passages, is beautiful and poignant. But his anger at the injustices of the past and the present at times overwhelms and obscures his argument. "Our culture, our tree-cutting, death-denying, conformity-loving culture, shrugs and says, *In the past* … How to protect the past that trails from me, how to bring it in so I can return to the towhead and set once more with greater knowledge and sensitivity for the weathers of the task, is the real work of the years to come" (108). Yes, but which past does Bowling most want to protect? His grandparents' past? His own? His children's (which is his present and future)? Having purged his anger in *The Lost Coast*, Bowling now needs to be more forthcoming with practical solutions. He must now write

a second, supplemental work which shows how he plans to set about the real work of the years to come.

Nikkei Fishermen on the BC Coast: Their Biographies and Photographs

Masako Fukawa, editor

Madeira Park: Harbour Publishing, 2007. 200 pp. $39.95 cloth.

Midge Ayukawa
Victoria, BC

The term "Nikkei" has become prevalent in the last decade or two. Its broad definition is "people of Japanese descent and their descendants," and includes those of mixed heritage. It assumes they have an interest in Japan (3). It is often a highly debated term.

In 1888, Kuno Gihei, often referred to as "the Father of Canadian Emigrants" by the people of Wakayama prefecture in Japan, came to Canada, where he is said to have seen the Fraser River "teeming with salmon" and encouraged his fellow villagers to try their fortunes. By the early 1900s, due to the numbers who had emigrated and sent their earnings back to their relatives, Kuno's home village, Mio, was called *Amerika-mura*. For centuries the inhabitants of Mio-mura had depended on fishing for their livelihood since there was little or no arable land. To survive, they had had to go further and further afield, even as far as Korea.

When first in Canada, they "commuted" between their home village and the Steveston area of British Columbia. Later, they brought their immediate families and the women worked in the canneries. They soon ventured into the more remote areas of British Columbia, living and fishing along the north coast and Vancouver Island. The Nikkei were at the mercy of the canneries, and discriminated against by white and native fishers. However, they persevered, knowing no other method of making a living, but more because of their love of the sea.

Events following the bombing of Pearl Harbor by the Japanese were heartbreaking. The Nikkei's fishing and collector boats were rounded up and sold for a fraction of their value and they were moved far inland, away from the ocean. After April 1949 when Japanese Canadians were permitted to return to coastal British Columbia, the majority remained where they had already settled in their new lives. They preferred the less racist environment in eastern Canada. Many fishers, however, returned to coastal British Columbia. In the post-war years, they were able to break down the racial barriers that had stood in their way earlier.

This attractive book is the culmination of a number of years of great effort by a committee of dedicated people who strongly believed that there should be a record of their lives, their years of struggle, their method of fishing, and the part they had played in west coast fisheries. The editorial committee was led by Masako Fukawa, a retired teacher and principal who spearheaded production of the *Resource Guide for Social Studies 11 Teachers, "Internment and Redress: The Japanese Canadian Experience.* Her husband, Stan, a certified translator, used his expertise in the linguistic explanations. The book has been carefully edited, has photographs and short biographies, and shows where the subjects fished.

I have a problem with the use of "fishermen" in this day when one is careful to use words that are not gender-specific. Undoubtedly the men called themselves "fishermen" and may have

insisted on using that term. However, there is one woman, Nadene Inouye (56), among the thirty-six hundred names – is she a "fisherman"?
The main part of this book will likely be of little interest to people other than those closely connected to the individuals listed. However, the maps of the fishing areas, the introduction, and the appendices are excellent and thus the book is well worth adding to one's library. The "translation" of the Fishermen's Language (*Mio-ben*; i.e., the patois of Mio-village) and the Japanese pronunciation of English words are excellent. As a child I puzzled over the language spoken by young and old in Steveston and once had the temerity to ask some children there what language they were speaking. Later in the internment camps along Lemon Creek in the Slocan Valley, the Mio expressions became our uniquely Japanese Canadian teenage version of "jabberwocky and jive."

A committee member recently mentioned that they were now writing Volume 2, the history of these immigrants to British Columbia who loved the challenges of the sea. I, for one, am impatiently awaiting the book. It is certain to be a fascinating saga of their homeland, their perseverance, and bravery. It took three-quarters of a century before others accepted these fishers as equals. However, now it appears that nature, overfishing, and global warming will defeat them.

Negotiating Demands: The Politics of Skid Row Policing in Edinburgh, San Francisco, and Vancouver

Laura Huey

Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2007. 253 pp. Illus. $29.95 paper.

Rick Clapton
University of British Columbia - Okanagan

Negotiating Demands originates from Huey's PhD dissertation of the same title completed at UBC in 2005 under the supervision of Dr. Richard Ericson, a professor of criminology and law. Unfortunately, due to the above fact, it is unlikely that the text will find an audience beyond the academy; the dissertation framework – overt signposting, formulaic prose, lengthy literature review, a narrow focus, and a structure in keeping with the discipline of sociology cause the author to belabour the book's main points.

It examines frontline policing in the skid row districts of Edinburgh, Scotland, San Francisco, the United States, and Vancouver. Huey's main argument is "that skid row policing is political and that the politics of the institution – its relative inclusiveness and/or exclusiveness – are largely dependent on political forces both within and external to the institution" (8). In support of the thesis, *Negotiating Demands* studies Edinburgh's Cowgate and Grassmarket areas, where police and other authorities operate within the political ideology of *Ordoliberalen*. According to Huey, in contrast to American neo-liberalism, *Ordoliberalen* rejects "extreme individualism," thus allowing the community and state to play a larger role in Scotland's skid row

districts (21). Consequently, Edinburgh has "wet hostels" – where alcoholics can drink away from the "public eye" – and provides enough shelter beds for the homeless (47, 188). Huey's assertion that the Lothian & Borders Police Force pursues an institutional agenda relying on social work, peacekeeping, and knowledge work policing, rather than enforcement models, ignores the historical origins and significance of UK police as a crime prevention organization.

In San Francisco's Tenderloin area, the San Francisco Police Department (SFPD) follows the "broken windows" model of policing in its skid row district. In keeping with the United States' property-owning culture, the city's style favours exclusionary and coercive inclusionary policing, which "privilege[s] the law enforcement role over other conceptions of policing" in maintenance of order (101). Not surprisingly, ideas of order maintenance and public safety often reflect middle-class values and stamp out or control problems of homelessness and addiction such as vagrancy, public urination and defecation, panhandling and other public nuisance activities (111, 199).

The Vancouver Police Department (VPD) in policing the Downtown Eastside (DTES) again provides a model that is in keeping with Canada's larger political climate. Huey defines the nation's, and more specifically British Columbia's, political milieu as "an incomplete mixture of Canadian welfarism and U.S. neo-liberalism – that is, as a 'middle way' between these two forms of governance" (132). This thinking allowed "the facility [safe injection site], the first of its kind in North America," to finally open in September 2003. City officials opened the site under the auspices of the Vancouver Agreement in 2002 and devised the Four Pillars plan (prevention, treatment, enforcement, and harm reduction) to engender "positive social change in the DTES" (142). In keeping with politics and the above initiatives, the VPD pursued a program entitled City-Wide Enforcement Teams, which is "saturation policing introduced with the intent of breaking up and scattering the illicit markets of the DTES ... Some critics ... have suggested that this new police presence in such numbers represents a 'mini-occupation force,'" undermining Huey's assertion that the community gets the police force it deserves (151, 153).

Negotiating Demands reveals how Scottish, American, and Canadian police forces reflect the political ideologies in which these government organizations operate. Reflecting Huey's academic experience at UBC and the nature of fieldwork, the book provides a detailed account of BC's recent provincial politics, illustrating how recent political trends have negatively affected funding for skid row programs. The book does not provide this background of political parties in either San Francisco or Edinburgh.[1] Although the main point that police are political actors is supported throughout the text, there are weaknesses with the argument. At no point does Huey acknowledge that police forces are paramilitary organizations with strict chains-of-command, though she contradicts other academics who assert "that devolved responsibility within police organizations is democratic" (106). She counters by stating that district captains in the SFPD "implement local policies and programs they choose" (ibid.). Frontline police officers, moreover,

1 Huey also completed her Master's thesis at UBC. See Laura Huey, "Policing Fantasy City," MA thesis, UBC, 2001.

are cast as political actors in their own right, when in fact these members of the force use discretion in fulfilling their mandate. Because Huey has sidelined ideas of discretion, her casting of frontline police officers as political actors remains unconvincing.

There is no doubt that police organizations are an "arm of the state," sanctioned to use force if necessary (197). No doubt this very fact makes their work political. Huey's narrow focus on skid row is beneficial and firmly comes down on the side that the community gets the police force it demands. However, not to acknowledge the plethora of other activities which fall to police – at least in the conclusion – fails to "reify the police" as true political actors (214).