

generated renewable fuel. It is interesting to think what kind of horse propelled society we would have evolved had the car and steam arrived 100 years later."

I read through some of my father's e-mails mentioning John and his collection, and in one he wrote "I think that in Western Canada the books would find a good home." And so they have.

ROLLIN MILROY

## WINDFLOWER



*"Ana has no choice but to flee by moonlight on the even of her wedding. She heads to the exotic port of Serona, in search of the elusive Felix Bulerias, a man reputed to have the answers she seeks—as well as in search of herself."*

An excerpt from NICK BANTOCK's new novel:

Zephyr asked me what I wanted to try first. I was nervous about the fast, swirling machines, their wound-up music and flashing lights, so I opted for the white tents that housed more gentle pursuits like archery, hoops, and coconut shies. It was this last stall that most fascinated me. I'd never even touched a coconut and I wanted one very badly. I flung each of my wooden balls with as much might as I could muster and twice I hit coconuts full on, only to see the ball ricochet off. I turned to Zephyr and threw my arms up in despair. "I think they're glued to their stands," I horse-whispered.

"That's more than possible." Zephyr removed his coat with a glint in his eye. Paying the young red-faced attendant for a new pail of balls, Zephyr weighed one of the spheres carefully. Then he let fly. I could not believe the velocity his slim frame was able to generate. For a fraction of a second the ball seemed too high, but it swung and dipped at the last moment and hit its target so violently that the coconut completely shattered. Zephyr turned toward the now even redder-faced attendant and

shot him a withering stare. The youth, who clearly wanted no argument with anyone who could throw a ball that hard, immediately held out a fresh, glue-free coconut. "I think," said Zephyr, "it belongs to the lady."

I confess I liked being called a lady. I clutched tight my coconut and declared that I was ready for something more arduous.

For the next two hours we rode in little cars that bumped into one another; I had my stomach turned inside out on a giant clockwork whale; we saw ourselves squashed and elongated in curved mirrors; we watched bearded ladies, five-legged sheep, and muscle-bound strong men. I lost myself in another world.

Finally Zephyr asked me how brave I was feeling. "Oh, brave as brave can be!" I said, heady with all the fun and gaiety.

"Then let's try the Catapult."

*Windflower, by Nick Bantock with Eduardo Ponti, is published this fall by Chronicle Books. A new play based on Bantock's Griffin & Sabine series premieres in Vancouver in October.*

## TRENDS IN COLLECTING

### *Man Booker II: The Wrath of Rushdie*

IN THE LAST column, I mentioned that J.M. Coetzee won the Man Booker Prize in 1983 for his *Life and Times of Michael K*. Aside from the disagreement as to which edition is the true first (the U.K. or the South African), there is also a story over how this title was chosen. The vote that year between the four judges was split between Salman Rushdie's *Shame* and *Life & Times of Michael K*. The tie-breaking vote had to be made by the Chair of Judges for that year, Fay Weldon, who initially selected Rushdie. As the prize organizer, Martyn Goff, was phoning in the final vote, Weldon changed her mind to Coetzee. Goff came back to the committee to confirm that it was Coetzee, and as he was calling in for the second time, he could hear in the background that Weldon was once again going to change her mind. However, Goff did not hesitate this time and proceeded to announce that Coetzee was the winner in spite of Weldon's indecision.

Rushdie was not pleased (of course) when Coetzee was announced the winner, and was quoted as saying that the selection of Coetzee's novel was "a shitty choice." One has to wonder



how many times over the past 25 years has the winner been chosen due to reasons other than “the best book”?

Arundhati Roy won in 1997 for her first (and, she claims, only) novel, *The God of Small Things*. True collectors of the Man Booker Prize will want to add the first Indian printing to their bookshelf—the publisher was IndiaInk in New Delhi. This edition is scarce, but I have seen three or four copies over the past few years, in various conditions. Typically, this edition will command as much as US\$2,000 in very fine condition.

Yann Martel’s *Life of Pi*, winner in 2002, is another interesting collectible because the true first is the Canadian hardcover edition by Knopf Canada. The book’s initial print run was 5,000 copies, followed soon after by a second print run of only 2,000 copies. The text of the novel was changed when the book was released in trade paper back by Knopf Canada, and the American and U.K. publishers adopted the changed text for their editions. Anyone interested in reading the original text as it was first published would need to find an inexpensive copy of the second printing of the Knopf Canada hardcover. The agonizing part of Martel’s win for me is that he had done some public readings of the novel in the spring and early summer of 2002, often with other, better known writers. I remember seeing Martel sitting at a table with huge stacks of his book (first printings), but everyone was lined up at the other authors’ tables waiting to get their books signed. To think that there were literally thousands of dollars of collectible books sitting on this table, but no one knew (including me) at the time of its future value. The first printing of the Knopf Canada edition currently sells for about US\$600, or about US\$1,000 for a signed copy in very fine condition.

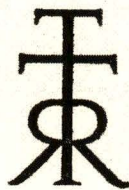
Shortlisted titles can pose as much of a challenge for collectors as the winners. If you are collecting Kazuo Ishiguro’s *An Artist of the Floating World*, you need to know how to detect the first edition, first state from the first edition, second state: the book was initially printed by Butler & Tanners, but due to some quality issues with the printing, the publisher, Faber & Faber Ltd. switched to Richard Clays to complete the printing of the book. *An Artist of the Floating World* was shortlisted for the Booker Prize in the fall of 2005 and then won the Whitbread Prize in the spring of 2006.

*Steven Palter is owner of Pages 'n' Pages Bookstore in Toronto (www.pagesnpages.ca).*

## BINDING

*The deluxe issue  
will follow later...*

FORTY-EIGHT YEARS after the book’s publication, the 10 deluxe copies of *Gold* (1958) promised in Robert R. Reid’s original prospectus were bound up and issued this past summer. *Gold* was Reid’s second private press book, reprinting F.G.



Claudet’s early B.C. monograph on extraction and processing. It was also Reid’s first collaboration with Takao Tanabe, who helped with the printing and also worked on binding copies up, along with Reid’s wife Felicity. Daunted

by the prospect of casing in 275 copies in quarter leather, Reid soon passed over the job to Victoria’s Fritz Brunn. Two prospectuses were issued for the book, both of which promised 10 copies bound in full leather, priced at \$75. Reid never got around to soliciting orders for these deluxe copies, and they were never executed.

Jump a couple of decades: Brunn died, and unbound copies of *Gold* and two other Reid projects were purchased from his estate by the booksellers Stephen Lunsford and William Hoffer.

Jump another two decades: Reid came back from a visit to McGill University, where much of his archive is held, with extra copies of the prospectuses for *Gold* promising the deluxe copies. A friend who knew that Lunsford was in possession of unbound copies suggested now was the time to have the 10 copies bound up. Reid was keen (as always), Lunsford agreed, and things got rolling. An additional page explaining the deluxe copies’ history was printed at Heavenly Monkey and added to the back of the book; Tanabe and Reid were corralled to sign the original colophons; and extra copies of the two prospectuses were stuck in. But who to bind it?

Two years passed. Enter Claudia Cohen, book binder extraordinaire, now living in Seattle. She took the commission on and was given a blank slate. The result was worth the wait: the books were bound in deep green morocco, with an elegant combination of blind and gold tooling. Reid’s and Tanabe’s press device (shown) was blind tooled into the front board, surrounded by a gilt floral oval. Each copy features unique marbled endpapers and comes in a gold-edged clamshell box.