

becoming, as the department head Barbara Tetenbaum noted in her eulogy, one of the best students to come through the book arts program at OCAC.

Several of Claudia's student books went on to win awards, most notably *The Child's Foot*, a book she created when she was selected for the OCAC's Commission Award in Book Arts in 1999. She also entered it in the Northwest Bookfest that year, where it so impressed the judges that a special category was added to acknowledge her as an emerging book artist. Sandra Kroupa of the University of Washington wrote of it that "the jury came back to this understated but very compelling book again and again as a favourite. It is a subtle, well-crafted piece based on a simple but potent line by (Pablo) Neruda which has been combined with soft photographs of baby feet and hands... It was a pleasure to see such a finely focused piece from a new artist trained at the Oregon College of Art and Craft."

Claudia returned to Vancouver after graduation where for the next six long and tortuous years she struggled to create while constantly battling her ever-diminishing motor skills. The agony this horrific disease put her body through was nothing compared to the loss of her ability to make art.

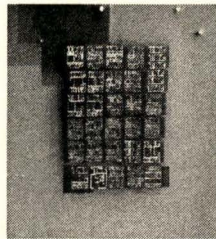
With the help of friends and volunteers she produced exquisite gocco-printed Christmas cards, redefining with her poetic sensibilities the beauty and perfection of simplicity. She also published *Poetry at Hand*, completing two in a series of cards featuring a letterpress-printed poem by an emerging Canadian poet on one side, and a gocco-printed design by Claudia on the reverse. These were distributed guerrilla-style and were meant to be found by people in unlikely places. The second was *Crows*, a poem by Gina Page, which unintentionally but fittingly became Claudia's last gesture as a book artist. The poem's description of the accidental death of a crow hit by a truck is beautifully expressed through Claudia's restrained and austere imagery. It ends with the haunting line "*Bare wires are left/to hum the elegy.*"

Powerless to slow down the inevitable, despite Herculean efforts, and unable to bear any more pain and anguish, Claudia, with typical strength, courage and deliberation, ended her suffering. Yet again, as she did in her art, Claudia has revealed the beauty in sadness, and the power in powerlessness.

Simone Mynen  
New Westminster, BC

## REALLY SMALL

*Has anyone seen Teeny Ted?*



VANCOUVER ARTIST, AUTHOR and publisher Robert Chaplin's latest work simultaneously expands and shrinks (by factors of ten) the scope of work for which he enjoys growing renown. *Teeny Ted from Turnip Town*, issued in April, has set a new record for the world's smallest book, measuring 0.07 by 0.10 millimetres. While the issue price of \$20,000 from the edition of 100 copies might seem steep, that's nothing compared to buying the scanning electron microscope needed to read the book.

Written by Malcolm Douglas Chaplin, it is the story of Teeny Ted's victory in the turnip contest at the annual county fair. Chaplin set the text in majuscules, and it was then carved into 30 microtablets (i.e., pages) on a single chip of polished crystalline silicon, using a focused-gallium-ion beam with a minimum diameter of 7 nanometres. (The work was done in conjunction with Simon Fraser University's Nano Imaging Facility.) Asked to describe the experience of reading the book, Robert is his usual effusive self.

"It's like flying into Las Vegas at night, or landing a space ship. At first you see nothing more than an atmosphere of constantly shuffling gray and black and white pixels, a shimmering mass of electrons. Then as you focus the electron beam, you lock in on the x, the mark on the surface of the chip, big enough to see with a naked eye. At this distance, it looks like a trench made by some twisted gigantic machine, and the pixels still shuffle like a boiling mass of cloud. Somehow in this chaos you begin to discern a vague outline, an area with a slightly more rectilinear boil. It begins to take shape, appearing like magic before your eyes, focused in a shower of electrons." To date only one copy has been produced, but as Robert says, "If even just one person bought a copy, how cool a world would that be to live in!"

For more on Robert's work, see [www.robertchaplin.ca](http://www.robertchaplin.ca).