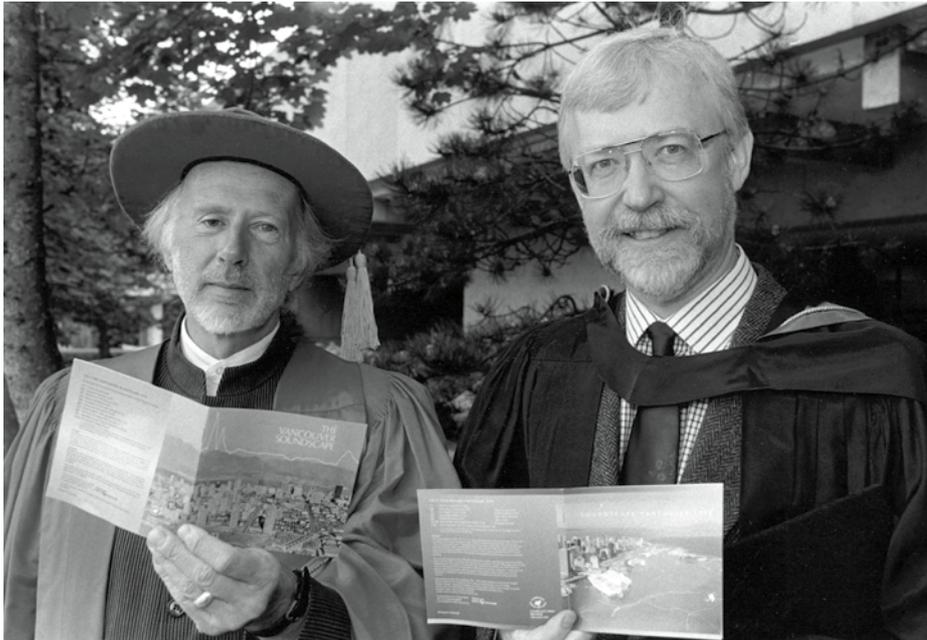




Remembering Murray Schafer (1933 - 2021)

By Barry Truax



Charter SFU faculty member and renowned Canadian composer R. Murray Schafer passed away August 14. He taught at SFU from 1965 to 1975, first in the Centre for Communication and the Arts, and then in the fledgling Department of Communication Studies, now the School of Communication, where he founded the World Soundscape Project and the Sonic Research Studio. SFU awarded him an Honorary Doctorate in 1997 as shown in the photo. That occasion also marked the publication of the double CD set of *The Vancouver Soundscape* from 1973, and the updated *Soundscape Vancouver 1996*.

Murray's prodigious output as a composer – arguably he has been Canada's most widely known musical creator – is what has been mainly documented in the various articles that have recently appeared, such as this one from the CBC:

<https://www.cbc.ca/music/r-murray-schafer-composer-writer-and-acoustic-ecologist-has-died-at-88-1.5404868>

However, in other circles, his writings and activism with regard to the acoustic environment has garnered greater attention and admiration.

The emerging field of sound studies regards the WSP and SFU as the most important pioneers of the field, and often refer to Schafer as the “father of Acoustic Ecology” with his seminal book *The Tuning of the World* as its Bible. His concern for the sonic environment in which we all live has, if anything, become more urgent over the years, and today new generations of students and others continue to find inspiration for their own work in his, whether in research, sound design or soundscape composition. Schafer put the emphasis, not just on being anti-noise, but on listening and what is positive and worth preserving in the soundscape, as experienced for instance in a soundwalk – and in this way, it could be said that he changed the ears of the world.

Here is a more personal reminiscence about his influence on my career:

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Call for board members

Dear members,

With our annual general meeting coming up on November 4, 2021 (details to follow), SFURA is seeking energetic and committed volunteers to serve on our next board of directors.

The current board has diligently kept the association afloat and engaged during the pandemic, by means of this newsletter, our online forums, contact points, university liaison conduits, and more. Now the association faces new challenges and adventures reviving our social events, reinvigorating our activities, connecting with new university executives, and forging new directions, as we all chart an uncertain course out of the pandemic.

SFURA is structured as a non-profit society under the B.C. Societies Act. According to its bylaws [<https://www.sfu.ca/retirees/about-us/sfura-bylaws.html>], the board of directors consists of four officers (President, Vice President, Treasurer, and Secretary) and up to seven additional directors, for a maximum of eleven. Our practice is also to have the Past President on the board in an ex officio capacity.

We are especially looking for someone to run for President (I have decided not to run again, after serving in that role for four years), and for Vice President with a view to becoming a future President. Several of the current board members are likely to run again for director positions, but all are eager to see new people stepping forward. There is always a sense that a mix of continuity with some turnover and new faces would be healthy and welcome.

Helpful attributes for director positions include leadership experience, communication skills, financial and minute-taking skills, technical expertise in web development and social/communication technologies, experience working on boards of directors, and above all just plain old-fashioned enthusiasm and commitment.

Are you interested in taking a position on the board? Is there someone you think might be good at a particular role and willing to accept a nomination? Can I suggest you approach those you would like to nominate to ensure they are willing? We welcome nominations for all positions, and especially ask you to think about the need for a new President and Vice President.

Since its formation in 1997, SFURA has played a vital role as the most recognized voice inside and outside the university for SFU retiree interests and concerns. Successive board members can attest to the considerable rewards of collaborating in dedicated teams to do this meaningful and important work.

Please help to spread the word. We are eager to hear from all who feel compelled to volunteer. Below you can find the names of the current board members. Please feel free to contact any of them.

While I'm here:

I would like to inform you of two important decisions the board made during the pandemic: first to grant free membership until March 2022; and second, going forward, to change the membership year to be from September to August. This is to better align with the academic year and to simplify several processes. It will involve extending free membership to August 2022, and using our annual Welcome lunch in September as a chance to meet and greet each other and pick up the new annual membership cards.

Warm regards,
Frances

2019/2021 SFURA Board of Directors:

Frances Atkinson (frances@sfu.ca)

Jim Boyd (jimboyd0@gmail.com)

Jay Burr (burr,jay@gmail.com)

Apollonia Cifarelli (apollonia_cifarelli@sfu.ca)

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Joanie Wolfe (joanie.wolfe@gmail.com)



Green-headed Tanager / Photo: Ron Long

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I arrived at SFU in the summer of 1973, following my postgraduate work in The Netherlands, at the invitation of Murray Schafer to join what he was calling the World Soundscape Project located in the newly formed Department of Communication Studies and the Sonic Research Studio. He assured me, with characteristic understatement, that they were doing “probably the world’s most important work” and so the allure was irresistible.

Once at SFU, I joined an enthusiastic group of research assistants who were putting the final touches on the first major publication project *The Vancouver Soundscape* (a booklet and two LPs), soon to be followed up by a cross-Canada recording tour, and in 1975 a European tour which involved studying five villages in different countries which could be regarded as acoustic communities, all of which is now documented in the online WSP Database.

However, my new colleagues and I were also impressed by the intellectual milieu that this new Department offered (now the School of Communication), with scholars coming from a myriad of social science and humanities backgrounds and establishing a new interdisciplinary model of human and social communication. They, in turn, recognized that those disciplines had traditionally ignored the acoustic aspects of communication, and hence a fruitful exchange of ideas and practices began to emerge within a critical interdisciplinary framework.

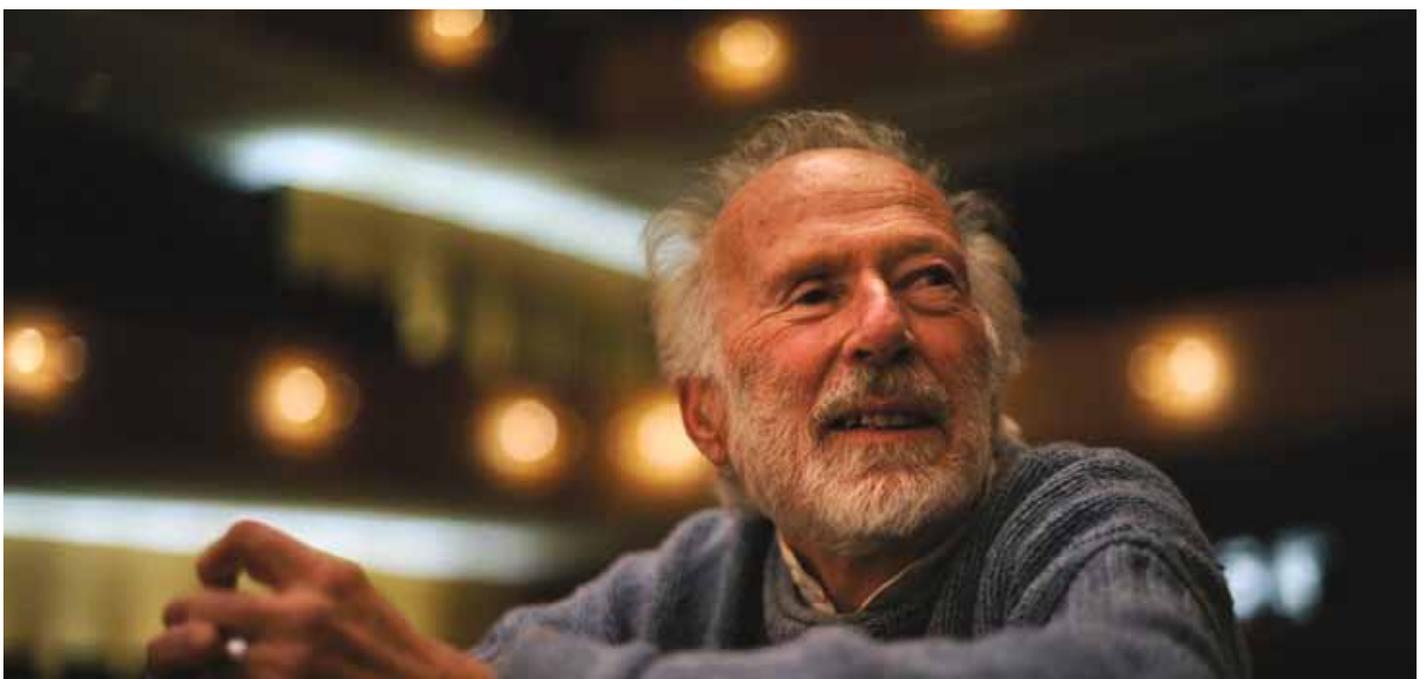
Little did I imagine then that after two years I would become Murray’s successor when he left SFU in 1975, and that my entire academic career would be focused on what I called Acoustic Communication and Soundscape Composition. Even less that it would grow into a worldwide organization called the *World Forum for Acoustic Ecology*, and that a few decades later, the field of Sound Studies would emerge and regard SFU’s early involvement as pioneering and inspirational. With today’s concerns over environmental sustainability, these efforts seem more urgent and relevant than ever.

Barry Truax
Professor Emeritus

Notes: A set of historical lectures from 1967 by Schafer, Tom Mallinson, C. Nelson, Fred Brown, Jack Shadbolt, Klaus Rieckhoff, and Fred Candelaria are available at:

https://www.sfu.ca/sonic-studio-webdav/Historical_Faculty_Lectures/index.html

A number of interviews, documentaries, and radio programs by Schafer are available on the WSP Database (contact Barry Truax at truax@sfu.ca for a guest password).



Composer R. Murray Schafer. Photo: Fred Lum/The Globe and Mail

Apples

By Albert Curzon

Today is Wednesday the 3rd of November 1999. A few days ago I was looking straight ahead out of the window above our kitchen sink. It was a beautiful, sunny, autumn day and the ripening apples on our Elstar tree were glowing brilliant red against the dark evergreen trees behind them. For days now I have been watching these apples, wondering when it would be just right to pick them and to sink my teeth into one and taste the delicious burst of sweet juice from the firm, tasty fruit. The tree has been there for several years and this is the first year it has had any quantity of fruit. From the window, the fruit looked wonderful, but close-up it is possible to see that insects have spoiled several of the apples rather badly. At least the apples will be edible because in all the time we have been at our house we have not used any herbicides or pesticides. I was particularly looking forward to enjoying the largest apple, which, by some miracle, had escaped the attention of garden pests and was absolutely perfect. As I stood admiring the tree I noticed one branch moving to and fro, perhaps from a light breeze, but then I also noticed that the other branches of the tree were resolutely still as were the branches of the evergreens. A bird, a flicker, was responsible for this disturbance. At all times except for apple ripening times I love flickers. This bird has a black bib in front, a mottled breast, a long sharp beak and the most glorious red plumage under its wings, seen as a flash when it flies away. I knew one was in the neighbourhood because of a piercing single-note cry announcing its presence. When I arrived at the tree, the beautiful, largest apple was no more. There was now a hemispherical red surface showing how splendid the apple had been but the other face was browning and pecked-marked. Disappointed, I collected a steel bowl from the kitchen and filled it with the remaining good apples. I left the poorest fruit on the tree so that the flicker would still be able to feed. Who knows, perhaps his good strong bill will later eat some insects for me.

My twin brother, Frank, and his wife, Anne, have a new dog called Ashby. I have asthma and a refrigerator in the basement containing some Bramley apples from our other garden apple tree. The plan is for Anne to come with Ashby on Friday the 5th and for them to stay in the basement overnight. In this way I should stay healthy and Anne will be able to visit us, which will please me a great deal. Well, the refrigerator is noisy so Mona, she's my wife, and I decided that it should be turned off. This would make the basement quiet so that the visitors would be able to sleep peacefully on Friday night. The apples would be converted to puree so that we could freeze them for the winter. There's nothing like hot Bramley apple puree and custard to revive the spirits on a dull winter's day. Mind you, most people would need more sugar than we use because Bramley apples are rather sour and regarded as inedible by many North Americans unless they are sweetened by what I consider to be an astronomic amount of sugar. Today's the day for dealing with the Bramleys. Mona is at work and I am at home, retired, so, recklessly she has entrusted me with the task of converting our stored treasure to puree.



Here I am at the kitchen window. The branches are stirring in the wind. It is overcast and threatening rain. A branch on the Elstar tree is moving more energetically than the others. It's that flicker again. This time he's eating one of the insect ravaged apples. He'll probably get some meat with his apple. I am pleased. If I stand on the tips of my toes and look to the left I can see there are still many apples on the Bramley tree. He leaves them alone - no doubt too sour. "A typical North American bird", I think. To my right on the dining room table are the Elstar apples glowing in their bowl. They bring me the joy of the harvest. I peel, core and wash the Bramleys in one sink and then put them in a bowl in the second sink. The water in this bowl stops the apples from turning brown. I put on the radio for company. The man is talking about a diary project (no not dairy product!). I think it was in Prince Edward Island. They have had a project for collecting diary entries from women in the Second World War. One woman was in Holland. She and a friend were girls in the country. It was the time when the Germans were in retreat. The girls were eating apples when a disciplined troop of Germans marched by wearing their steel helmets and carrying their guns. The girls ran to the top of the compost pile to get a better view. They threw apples at them to show their contempt. Mothers, hearing the commotion, called the girls in. One of the mothers was horrified. She explained that apples, too, are weapons. These men do not want to fight. The apples would hurt even them. They were there because of their leaders.

A tear fell into the bowl of sectored apples. Ripples spread out over the calm surface of the water and, for humanity, I dared to hope. ❖

On Childhood Deaths

Marilyn Bowman



I am now 81, and I have discovered that Canadians younger than I have mostly grown up in our urban areas and do not realize the recency of so many of the easy and safe things we take for granted in city life. When we recently read news of unmarked burial grounds beside old residential schools the news seemed shocking, but it made me think of my own first decade in a tiny remote northern village, and of the deaths of children that swept through it, mostly through highly infectious childhood diseases.

I have written before of life in my village of 700 in northern Alberta. It was an important railway town during WW II, when large numbers of troops heading north to build the Alaska Highway passed through our divisional point on the railway. Their job was to make access in case of a Japanese attack. Despite that, it was a town with no running water system, no sewage system, and no electricity (until my father built the power plant). It was like homesteading in a village rather than on a piece of isolated prairie.

Living conditions just 80 years ago in such a village meant many deadly risks arose from the difficult access to light, to clean water, to hot water, and thus to cleanliness. Arising from these conditions, children attending school were the major vectors and recipients of deadly infections. Our weekly family bath (in just one tub of water) required hours of work: hand-pumping it from the basement cistern of tanker-truck purchased water up into the kitchen which had the only sink, transferring it to a large boiler on the wood stove to heat, then pouring it into the tin tub on the kitchen floor. This was the major activity on Saturday nights for weekly cleaning three kids and parents. For that time, our home was new, modern and clean.

Because such challenges affected the whole village, everyone greatly feared childhood infectious diseases. A household with infection would have a large yellow “Q” for quarantine sign placed on the front door by the public health nurse, and no one could enter or leave until the infected person recovered or died. Children died of whooping cough, for which there was no treatment, and a truly effective and safe vaccine was not developed until the 1980s. Children died from diphtheria (10%), survivors risking permanent heart failure and paralysis for which vaccine development only started in the 1920s. Children died from scarlet fever (strep bacteria) for which there was no treatment because antibiotics were only in common use after WW2 and even now there is no vaccine. It was a leading cause of children’s deaths; if they survived they might have lifelong kidney and rheumatic heart disease. Of the children who contracted rheumatic fever (also strep bacteria), 12% died. No vaccines exist today and in the pre-antibiotic era it could cause permanent heart disease. There were regular measles epidemics, a disease which had no specific treatment and could involve seizures, corneal scarring leading to blindness, and brain inflammation. Measles and mumps brought death infrequently, but were highly contagious viral infections with serious complications. Children with tuberculosis were sent 300 miles south to the only provincial TB sanatorium because there was not yet any medical treatment; if untreated, 50% died. Polio was a viral disease that killed children or left them permanently crippled or unable to breathe without an artificial lung. During the much longer period of the residential schools, the great flu epidemic of 1918-1920 killed 55,000 in Canada, and the rest of the world was ravaged with estimates of more than 50 million dead.

Thus, infectious childhood diseases threatened the health and lives of all children in small northern villages, whether in residential schools or from homes such as mine, which was possibly the best in town. Effective treatments did not exist as vaccines did not exist for most of these diseases, and antibiotics did not come into use until after 1948. Childhood deaths were frequent and feared by all. My friend’s grandmother could not remember how many children she had had, explaining it could have been 14 or 16, “because a lot died, you know”

Severe punishments represented another threat to the well being of children, and were a standard part of my school life. As a tiny 6-year old not knowing the rules, I was ordered to the front of the class for having chewed, then swallowed, gum. There our large teacher/principal, Miss MacKay, took out a thick leather strap about 3 feet long, and gave me three strong straps on each hand, creating bruised, swollen, red hands. Others in my Grades 1/2/3 class were similarly beaten with The Strap for infractions of her rules. It was standard that schoolteachers could administer major corporal punishment.

In a recent “roots road trip” to my home village and motivated by the current interest in unmarked graves, I checked out the graveyard. I found my village graveyard consisted of mostly unmarked graves, alongside a small number of mostly abandoned headstones. Such small towns remote from urban Canada, all diminished by the huge urbanization movements that started after WW II, losing populations and dispersing family members, have left such graveyards half-abandoned.

All of this is simply to remind all who enjoy the fantastic physical and psychological benefits of life in a world with easy access to clean water, electricity, vaccines, antibiotics, and supervisory regulation of those who care for vulnerable populations, of the recency of all these wonderful things. The huge gains in life expectancy that women have enjoyed in Canada, increasing from 60 in 1920, to 83.9 last year, are largely because of the mastery of childhood infectious diseases. A time before that mastery, a time when none of these lavish advantages of modern urban life were available and when children frequently died, is actually very close in time. It is within living memory. It is within my living memory.❖

Lecture Hall Hijinks

By Bruce Leighton

It gets quiet on campus between semesters. I was working on a Saturday, alone in the science wing except for a few, panicked-looking graduate students whose defenses were looming. Returning from the cafeteria with coffee, I discovered the door of one of the great lecture halls had been left open.

The huge room was empty, the cavernous space dimly lit by a few tubes in the scalloped ceiling, and silent except for the hum of ventilators. It was hard to resist sitting among the hundreds of empty seats, sipping coffee and reminiscing about 40 years at the University as a student, lab assistant, researcher and member of the technical staff. As a student, I had attended many lectures in this room, captivated by some, dozing through others. In time, I too, had stood at the lectern to deliver a few guest lectures. At SFU, one thing can lead to another.

I first visited the campus at the age of thirteen. It was 1967 and my grade 8 teacher, aware that East End kids were given little exposure to the possibilities of post-secondary education, took a few of us up to the new university in his old Chevy convertible, to sit in on a public lecture.

After a tour of the unique architecture, including us shaking down all the vending machines for quarters, and fishing one of my classmates out of the Reflecting Pond, we entered the great lecture hall.

I don't remember the title of the lecture, but it should have been called, “How to make your own explosives,” and was given by a very animated, long-haired, chain-smoking professor who obviously loved a bit of showmanship, as well as this escape from the rigors of his laboratory.

The chemical mixtures, some solid, some gases in plastic bottles, were exploded in a vertical concrete pipe on the front bench, and each demonstration was louder and more spectacular than the one before it, while the professor explained—loudly for our ringing ears—the chemical principles, and the nature of the forces involved in each explosion, while suggesting household products that could be employed. He offered no notes and made no use of the shiny, new overhead projector except when he stopped to roll another cigarette on its flat, glass surface. He would walk up into the audience with his remote detonator, and squinting over the hand-rolled smoke stuck to his lip, he would press the detonator's one large button and a sequence of yellow lights would blink before the red light glowed. There was a suspenseful pause and then the painfully loud report.

The room was thick with coloured smoke, and those sitting in the front rows were showered with debris that was blown upward from the pipe, the high ceiling above the bench showing a history of curious stains.

I am not sure what take-home message the professor intended, but he was preaching to the choir after the first demonstration. A university education had suddenly become attractive, and Hallowe'en would never be quite the same.

When it came time for school photographs, and all the boys were desperately trying to grow beards or mustaches for the photos, we were just hoping our eyebrows would grow back. ❖

Introducing *Senior Line*, The Jewish Seniors Alliance magazine

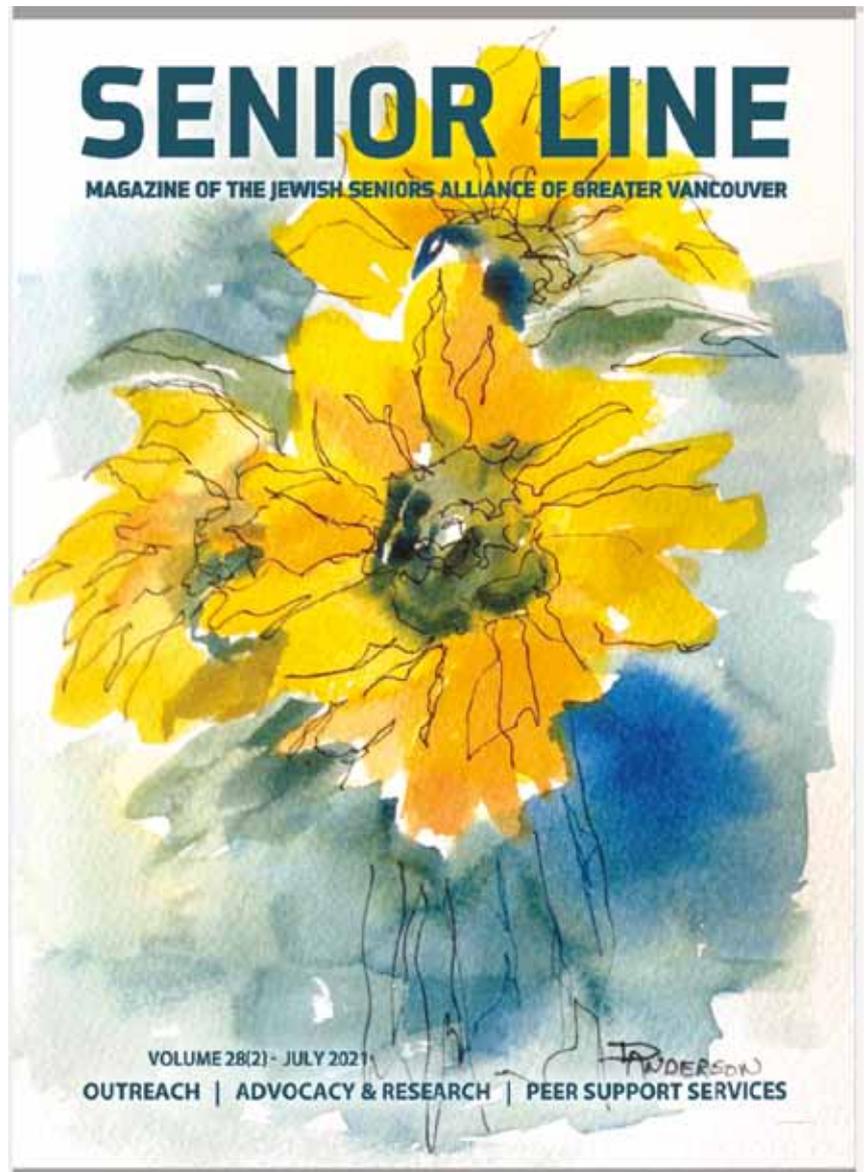
By Dolores Luber

Senior Line magazine is a full-colour, 40-page magazine published three times a year by Jewish Seniors Alliance, a charitable organization that supports frail and isolated seniors with weekly visits, friendly phone calls and other valuable services. Trained volunteers who come from various ethnic groups in the Greater Vancouver area perform all of these tasks. *Senior Line* magazine is our major outreach project. It contains articles related to education, advocacy, medicine, entertainment, creativity, health, inspiration and culture.

We have an editorial committee that consists of volunteer senior writers from many of the professions, including social workers, teachers, a doctor, a lawyer, a psychotherapist, a journalist and an architect. With only one meeting for each issue and copious emails, we manage to create an informative and entertaining magazine. Our cover often features local artists, and sometimes highlights an international cultural event or unique creative works of art. We then create a two-page spread about the artists and their work. The Great Debate column argues both sides of an important issue. In the summer issue the topic was MAiD, Medical Assistance in Dying. The Seniors at the Movies column features short reviews of movies and television series, profiling important directors or current trends in streaming. The Curl Up with A Good Book column gives 3 or 4 book reviews and Lost in Translation takes a tongue-in-cheek attitude towards words and phrases in our culture that are unique. Health and Wellness features an article on important medical issues concerning seniors' health and wellness, such as Vertigo and its many forms. We feature inspirational articles, offering readers the benefit of getting to know these unique people and their experiences.

The *Senior Line* magazine is archived on the website of Jewish Seniors Alliance, www.jsalliance.org. It is available to supporters of JSA for \$18 a year. As well, thousands of copies are distributed throughout Greater Vancouver, where they are available for free. Each magazine has a form to fill out to become a supporter or registration can be done on line through the website. We welcome new supporters, as our goal is to increase the number of volunteers we can train in order to better serve the senior population of Vancouver.

Dolores Luber
Editor-In-Chief
Senior Line Magazine
Jewish Seniors Alliance of Greater Vancouver.



Steppin' Out with High Tech

Tom O'Shea



Many (some?) of you may have gone to the van Gogh immersion event at the Vancouver Convention Centre. It's a great example of how technology is being used to enhance, or at least complement, the experience of art gallery viewing. Projections of van Gogh's works are shown on the walls and floor of the large exhibition space accompanied by a sometimes irrelevant classical musical background. The effect can be overwhelming as one is surrounded by his world of sunflowers, irises, landscapes, seascapes, peasants, and sailors. Playing until October 15th. Details at www.imagine-vangogh.com.

Along similar lines is the Leonardo da Vinci digital immersion exhibit now playing at the Tsawwassen Mills, the First Nations shopping mall near the ferry terminal in Delta (see www.sensea.show/canada/). The exhibit consists of four parts: a gallery showing details of da Vinci's life, descriptions of his painting techniques, and wooden models based on his sketches. The second area is devoted to a huge replica of *The Last Supper* with explanatory notes. The third is similar to the one described above in the van Gogh exhibition. Of note is the fourth section where one dons virtual reality headsets and enters a 3d version of one of da Vinci's proposed war machines. The experience of sitting in its control seat and being surrounded by moving cogwheels as cannons are firing is remarkable. Playing until Oct 31st.

Earlier this summer Nettie Wild's virtual reality version of "Uninterrupted," originally displayed on the underside of the Cambie Bridge in 2017, was shown in outdoor locations in North Vancouver, Burnaby, and Vancouver. The show is described as "synchronized reality" in that a small group of people is able to share the virtual reality experience at the same time. The theme is salmon migration in BC and by using underwater cameras we join the salmon as they struggle through the river to spawn, becoming more disfigured as they progress, and eventually dying. It's a moving experience and gives a renewed appreciation for the need to protect our diminishing salmon runs. The event is free and will likely be repeated in other locations in future.

See www.uninterrupted.ca for more information.

Another variation of virtual reality is "augmented reality" as experienced in the new Vancouver Biennale "Voxel Bridge" installation under the south end of the Cambie bridge. A voxel is the three-dimensional equivalent to a pixel in two dimensions. Viewers download an app to their cell phone or iPad, and then stand in a number of designated locations to create a series of unique three-dimensional images on their phones that explain blockchain technology and non-fungible tokens. The installation is free and will be in place for the next two years. See www.vancouverbiennale.com/artworks/voxel-bridge/.

And just this morning, as I was seeking a different source for my Sunday morning croissant, I found a new augmented reality installation next to the Yaletown-Roundhouse skytrain station. It looked very promising but I needed to download Instagram (growl) and still wasn't able to get it to work as promised. Sponsored by Bombay Sapphire, this one is all tonic and no gin. Seems that steppin' out with high tech sometimes leaves you the wallflower. ❖

What's In A Name? A great deal, it seems

by Marcia Toms

Over the past decade in North America and the United Kingdom particularly, efforts to change the names of some public places, schools, prizes, monuments, and natural features as well as to remove memorials, have grown. Motivated by the push for reconciliation with Indigenous communities and for redress of other historic grievances and injustices, present-day activism has upended, among others, Confederate generals, Bristol slavers and at least one Canadian prime minister. Is all this new and a bit of an ephemeral fad? No. Name changing in the face of a variety of social and political pressures has a long history. The following examples make the point.

In June 1917, finally bowing to sustained lobbying and increasingly loud and hostile popular complaining; King and Emperor George V changed his dynastic name from Saxe-Coburg-Gotha (with a background hunk of Hanover) to the more pronounceable – at least for the British public- and politically palatable Windsor. He made his relatives; the Battenbergs do it, too. They became Mountbattens. Neither fame nor fortune suffered.

During the same war that caused the British transformations, Russia's window on the west, St. Petersburg became Petrograd and after 1924, Leningrad. Late in the 20th century it became Petersburg once more. In Canada, too, spurred by World War One anti-German sentiment, Berlin Ontario morphed into Kitchener, for the British general whose face was synonymous both with recruiting cannon fodder and unbridled British patriotism.

The indigenous people of Alaska had known Mount McKinley as Denali for millennia until it was changed in 1917. About 6 years ago, the original name was restored. There is no word on how the former president took the news. The

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Berlin Ontario morphed into Kitchener, for the British general whose face was synonymous both with recruiting cannon fodder and unbridled British patriotism.

Queen Charlotte Islands, off British Columbia's north coast, named for King George III's consort, remained Haida Gwaii to the original inhabitants. Theirs was an act of defiance, since 2010 formally acknowledged and on all the maps fit to print.

In the current debate, objectors to similar changes charge that so doing erases history or dishonors memories or applies present-day moral standards to past realities that were once just fine and only now are 'unacceptable.' Monuments, plaques and statues, even place and prize names, however, are not history. Such signifiers are created and selected to commemorate whatever it is that their sponsors and funders choose. Often, civic boosters, members of local elites and well-placed leaders seek to cement – no pun intended – their own reputations and connections to fame by elevating those just like themselves. It's a concrete

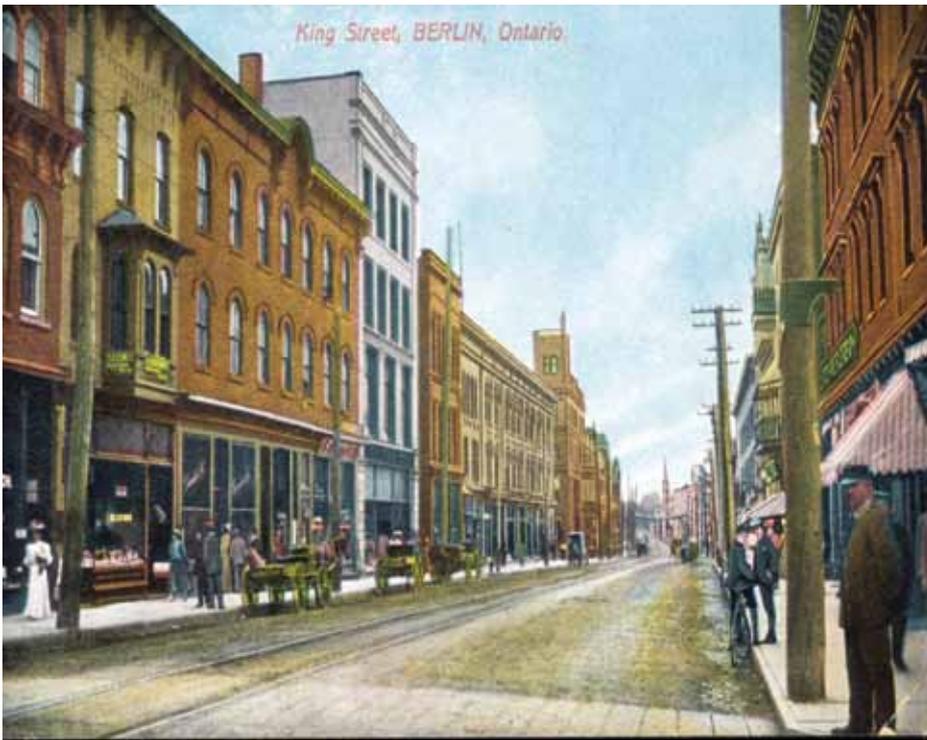
form of cronyism, even if everyone is long dead.

Signifiers do not make history; they follow it. Nelson's Column didn't cause the Battle of Trafalgar. Lord Beaconsfield was long dead and his accomplishments and papers analyzed years before a Vancouver, BC school was named after him. Most statuary of Confederate generals on prancing horses was elevated throughout the Jim Crow Era, one of brutal violence against Black Americans, when a sentimentalized war lost in 1865 became an incendiary motivation for twentieth century destruction. Canada's first prime minister, Sir John A Macdonald, became so without a single monument, or, for that matter without a single woman, Indigenous or Asian person, or property poor man voting for him.

History is not erased as a result of discussions and debates about removals or relocations or new names. As University of Manitoba historian and former president of the Canadian Historical Association Adele Perry writes: "When people argue in favour of taking down statues or renaming schools, they aren't erasing history: they are looking it squarely in the eye." (Renaming monuments is closer look at history." Winnipeg Free Press, 09/2017)

The issue of dishonouring memories is an intriguing one. In Vancouver, many names that ought to have been honoured prominently on civic buildings and schools are nowhere to be found. A few of the traditionally excluded have made the grade: Chief Maquinna and Florence Nightingale schools come to mind. But, those are cold comfort when one considers the absence of local Indigenous elders, as well as Chinese, South Asian and Black early newcomers and community builders. Where are the entrepreneurs, entertainers, teachers, athletes, labour leaders, politicians, social activists and scholars from those groups? Imagine if their names, now hidden from history, were known and honoured and set in the memories of children and youth.

Instead, we've got hordes of men, many of them British aristocrats, generals, prime ministers, barons of business, and



Meet Your Waterloo is created and maintained by the Waterloo Public Library

colonial functionaries. Most never set foot in Canada, let alone Vancouver. Why are they over represented on street and school names? What's with Blenheim, Trafalgar and Waterloo? Big British battles, that's what. Blenheim is also a palace, the ancestral seat of Dukes of Marlborough. If you've ever stood at the gates, you're keenly aware that you and it have very little in common.

Many old Vancouver street names changed without a fuss. Shore, Dupont and Westminster are gone and Union became Adanac when it reached the aspiring posh heights of Grandview. We've still got Cambridge, Oxford and Eton, named for three of the world's most exclusive schools. They bisect East Vancouver, a working class neighbourhood. But there's nothing to

honour either Angelo Branca or Vie Moore among a legion of others equally deserving. Branca, born in a modest home in East Van's Strathcona neighbourhood, became a formidable lawyer and jurist, sitting on BC's Supreme and Appeal courts and devoting much time to pro bono work. Moore, a descendent of the Alexander family, Black homesteaders who arrived in Victoria in 1858, founded and ran 'Vie's Chicken and Steaks' on Union Street in Strathcona, an iconic after-hours diner frequented by jazz greats. White patrons were welcome to rub shoulders with Lena Horne in a city where Vie would have been unwelcome in most of the 'best' places.

Canadians live in an evolving democracy, one with a long way to go. Why not include the stated attributes of that project: inclusiveness, equal and accessible rights, fairness and justice, as well as the need to examine and rectify the wrongs of a colonial past, when names and physical memorials are considered. Much of what requires mitigation was usually problematic from the start, as any robust historical study shows.

In the spring of 2020, at the behest of Vancouver's Gladstone Secondary School parents, area MP Don Davies proposed that the school be re-named. Opened in 1950, the school board's archival records show it was named after the street it sits on which was named after William Ewart Gladstone (1809-1898). A British prime minister, Disraeli's famous rival and, rumour has it, detested by Queen Victoria, he was also a scion of one of the British Empire's wealthiest slave owning families.

Response to the re-naming suggestion was swift and varied. Some cheered, others expressed outrage: history would be wiped out and a part of Vancouver's identity would disappear. Prominent, too, was the charge that advocates for change judged the past by 21st century values. The assumption? Everyone in the 19th century accepted enslavement (It was legal, after all.) and thus, it was reasonable in the middle of the 20th century to name a Vancouver school after one of its well-known proponents.

The notion that in the 19th century 'everyone' was either indifferent to or supportive of slavery is nonsense. Gladstone was born in the immediate wake of the British parliament's 1807 abolition of the slave trade in the Empire, a reform long fought for by enslaved people, free people of colour, and white abolitionists: unenfranchised women and workers, priests, preachers, and parliamentarians. It was a way-station victory on the road to complete abolition, a struggle activists had to continue for another 27 years. Even though Magna Carta and the courts interdicted slavery in the UK, Black Britons lived in fear of kidnapping and transportation. During this period opposition to slavery grew, Gladstone reached manhood, was elected to parliament and there became enthusiastically involved in trying to save slavery. In 1834, he voted against the bill that ended it. Accomplishing that goal left slave owners handsomely compensated for the loss of their 'property' and the British public paying the debt until 2015. Gladstone's father received the 2020 equivalent of 83 million British pounds¹. Freed people got nothing.

By way of a minimal balancing of the scales, retired Vancouver principal and school trustee Noel Herron has taken up the



A bilingual roadside mileage sign i (Andy Clark/Reuters)

Gladstone challenge. He wants to see it become Rosemary Brown Secondary School. Born in the Caribbean, Brown was a descendant of slaves and died a Canadian icon: a tested women's and human rights activist, a successful BC politician and a groundbreaker who, in 1975, ran for the leadership of the federal New Democratic Party. She did not win, but she was the runner up. Her candidacy was an important beacon for many. Better to memorialize her than the likes of Gladstone. Better to be true to those values of fairness, justice and inclusion than their polar opposites.

Name changing, monument removal, plaque storing and so on are not new. They are constants. The few examples

above could be joined by many more. Perhaps, now, in the wake of debate and a realization that those who have been hidden from history have much to offer the future, a thoughtful and representative approach is possible. To quote the inimitable American sage, Walt Kelly, who put wise words in the mouth of a beloved informant: "Don't take life so serious. It ain't nohow permanent." ❖

Notes: 1 "Britain's colonial shame: Slave-owners given huge payouts after abolition." Sanchez Manning. *The Independent*.

Successfully Navigating the CRA's Disability Tax Credit

By Marv Wideen

I write this article to report on an experience I had with my health and how Revenue Canada assisted me financially. I pass this on thinking that perhaps some of you readers might benefit from what my family and I have learned and benefited from financially.

I will first briefly discuss the program of Revenue Canada that I am referring to. Then I will mention the physical experience leading up to my disability. Finally I will describe my doctor's role in assisting me taking my problems to Revenue Canada. I conclude with a note about the results.

The program to which I am referring is the Disability Tax Credit (DTC), which is a non-refundable tax credit, that reduces the amount of income tax, you owe to Revenue Canada. The purpose of the DTC is to provide for greater tax equity by allowing some relief for disability costs, since these are unavoidable additional expenses that other taxpayers don't have to face. My daughter brought it to my attention.

My physical problems started with a fall in my backyard that led to back pain that was hard to clear up and limited my movement. A couple of trips to the emergency ward helped, as did a therapist. That pain has now mostly passed except when I have active movement. I also found myself going to the emergency ward a few times for other reasons. Then came two internal surgeries that involved my bladder and prostate. These were the physical problems I experienced that led to me applying for the Disability Tax Credit.

My family discussed these issues with our doctor and their connection to the Disability Tax Credit that we had seen advertised by Revenue Canada. My doctor applied for it at my family's request. She summarized my problems in a report she put together as part of Form T2201, the application form for the DTC. It was sent along to Revenue Canada along with my Income Tax form.

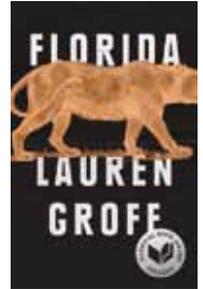
In May 2021, I received a notice of determination that I was eligible for the DTC for 2019 and future years. They also included a cheque for \$3,025.00, the amount I had paid for my income tax. From what I understand, this tax credit will be available for years to come.

For more information about this process, you can call CRA at 1-800-959-8281 or consult <https://www.canada.ca/en/revenue-agency/services/tax/individuals/segments/tax-credits-deductions-persons-disabilities/disability-tax-credit.html>.



Florida by Lauren Groff / Penguin Random House 2018, review by David Stouck

Lauren Groff was born in upper New York State in 1978. When she was in her twenties she began writing her first book, *The Monsters of Templeton*. It would make her famous in the American literary scene, a fiction rich in local history that was immensely popular and highly praised, but at the same time it was regarded by many critics as too ambitious, undisciplined. This literary debut did not register with me at the time, nor did her subsequent publication of five more books that won prestigious awards and the praise of critics and enthusiasts including president Obama. For me it was the price paid sometimes for being a focused scholar and not a general reader! But recently my daughter's partner (the father of my grandchildren) made me a gift of Groff's latest book titled simply *Florida*, which to me is an outstanding collection of stories steeped in place, specifically the Gainesville, Florida area, its vegetation and inhabitants both human and animal, and since then I have been doing catch up with the five books preceding. But here I will focus on *Florida*.



It is often hard to review a collection of stories because plots and settings vary and characters are numerous. One focuses instead on stories that stand out which I do here, but I want to say in advance that I did not find one story in *Florida* that was not of interest. Much of this interest derives from setting, for most of the stories take place in rural northern Florida, where a sometimes fragile family (mother, father, two small sons) is frequently threatened by hurricanes, tropical heat, dangerous flora and fauna—snakes, panthers, alligators, not to mention neighbours with challenging political views. In “*The Midnight Zone*” the father is away for two days and, while replacing a light bulb, the mother falls from a stool and lies helpless on the floor knowing that “safety was 20 miles away, and there was a panther between us and there, but also possibly terrible men, sinkholes, alligators, the end of the world...no landline, no cell phone.” The anxiety of being a mother is one of the urgent themes in several of the stories.

“*Eyewall*” is another tour de force in dramatizing the north Florida setting. “I stood at the window I had left unboarded and watched the hurricane’s bruise spreading in the west. I felt the chickens’ fear rising through the floorboards to pass through me like prayers.” When the full impact of the storm hits she is still in her home instead of a shelter. A neighbour, with whom she had once had a brief affair, pulls up to offer rescue but she toasts him with a glass of wine and sends him off and we are told that “the great rag of the storm would wipe him off the road”: his jeep going a hundred miles per hour “lovingly kissed the concrete riser of an overpass...his dog would land clear over the six lanes in the southbound culvert ... the sole survivor of a mile-long-flesh-and-metal sandwich.”

Another important theme is a social one; in the background of several stories there are tent cities and homeless people. The narrator feels enormous guilt; she wants to shelter people under her own house. In a story titled “*Above and Below*” she recalls that when experiencing depression she dropped out of college and eventually joined a group of homeless people where she was assigned maintenance jobs under Eugene-Euclean. It was chaotic but the children played in a graveyard that was calm and neat with rows of plastic flowers and sturdy trees. On the other hand, she sees herself in the eyes of a policewoman as “dirty, stringy, smelly, browned to leather, clearly homeless.” In their storm of personal memories I glimpse in these stories something of the fertility and chaos of a Bosch painting.

Two stories are different from the patterns of content that I have described. One of these is “*Flower Hunters*” in which she explores her attraction to the Quaker botanist William Bartram who travelled south from Pennsylvania and wrote about Florida in the eighteenth century. In this story she also says she is too intense and overwrought to sustain friendships with most people. In the other story “*Yport*” she takes her young sons with her on a research trip to Normandy to learn what she can about the nineteenth-century French writer Guy de Maupassant who has long interested her. Almost novella in length, this story brings into focus the domestic strains often present in the others. The anxieties she faces as a wife and mother are foregrounded in this story that seems remote from the book's American title but is excellent nonetheless. Lauren Groff is a writer I am so happy now to know about and one, like Alice Munro in Canada, who stands head and shoulders with the best writers of her generation. ❖

Sheila Delany

Finally! At long last, the F-bomb can be heard on US television news. No, not that one, the other one: Fascism. It's been waiting in the wings, perhaps even longer than it took American and international media to permit themselves the word "lies" about the former president's assertions. Then, once "lie" came into general usage in at least some of the media, and the American paper of record counted them, thousands of lies were documented. (They can be googled at "Trump's lies".) I watch two US news stations (and a few international ones), and noted that MSNBC news presenters Joy Reid and Lawrence O'Donnell have brought "fascism" up front, in their own comments and in interviews with scholars who've written about Hitler, Mussolini, and other autocrats. India, Israel, Hungary and Poland are not excluded from such discussions: plenty of international journalists and historians have made the fascism, neo-fascism or proto-fascism case for those countries in various media.



What do I have in mind with the word "fascism" (a term apparently coined by Mussolini in 1919)? Controlling judicial and legislative institutions of government in the interests of a capitalist ruling class would be the main thing; accordingly, destruction of an autonomous workers movement and of any opposition would follow. I think here of John Heartfield's famous poster "Millions stand behind me", a line from a Hitler speech. Heartfield's "millions" showed dollars: the deep support of Hitler's party by German industry. Hitler's "millions" had referred to people, the millions who had voted him into office: the lower middle classes, or petit bourgeoisie—much like the millions who voted for Trump or the thousands who stormed the capitol in Washington, DC, on January 6. In Italy and Germany, a strong workers' movement and strong communist and socialist parties constituted genuine threats to capitalism. North America lacks these now, but the U.S. status quo is nonetheless threatened by demographic change-- visible even in Congress--so the resistance to change and reform is spearheaded by white supremacy rather than anti-communism. In this sense it's a weaker proto-fascism, not backed by the military, not yet (despite some elements within the military who applaud it—think General Mike Flynn among others) but equally committed, ultimately, to preserving profits and power for those who own the means of production and finance (capital). Ironically, tragically, such a system necessarily turns against those who brought it to power.

Was/is Trump the fascist-in-chief? Definitely not: there are worse waiting for their chance, more competent, perhaps less corrupt. If Trump runs again, if he wins (god forbid), he'd be a figurehead, an orator, but others would be pulling strings and giving orders. Still, now we know how advanced and many-pronged Trump's plans were for a faux-legal coup. He tried to install new pro-Trump electors, then to fiddle the census to eliminate many immigrants and thus change allocation of congressional seats; he asked state officials to "find" enough votes for him to win; his sad-sack lawyers (now threatened with disbarment) sued in court - over 60 suits! - claiming fraudulent election procedures or faulty voting machines; he used the corrupted Department of Justice in some of these efforts. Luckily, not all the allies Trump counted on did come through for him: many—judges, state elected officials, D o J personnel-- said no, others resigned or threatened to, thus halting one or another convoluted scheme. Even his vice-president didn't follow the line. And so there was the failed quasi-military coup of January 6, a physical attempt by Trump's followers to intercept certification of the duly elected president and install the loser instead. So no, we're not Weimar—but we could get there, given the millions of Americans and many military and civilian leaders who think racism is OK, Nazis rule (or should), Hitler was right, etc. "Today...there lives alongside the [21st] century the tenth or thirteenth...Capitalist society is puking up its undigested barbarism" (Leon Trotsky on fascism in 1933 Germany).

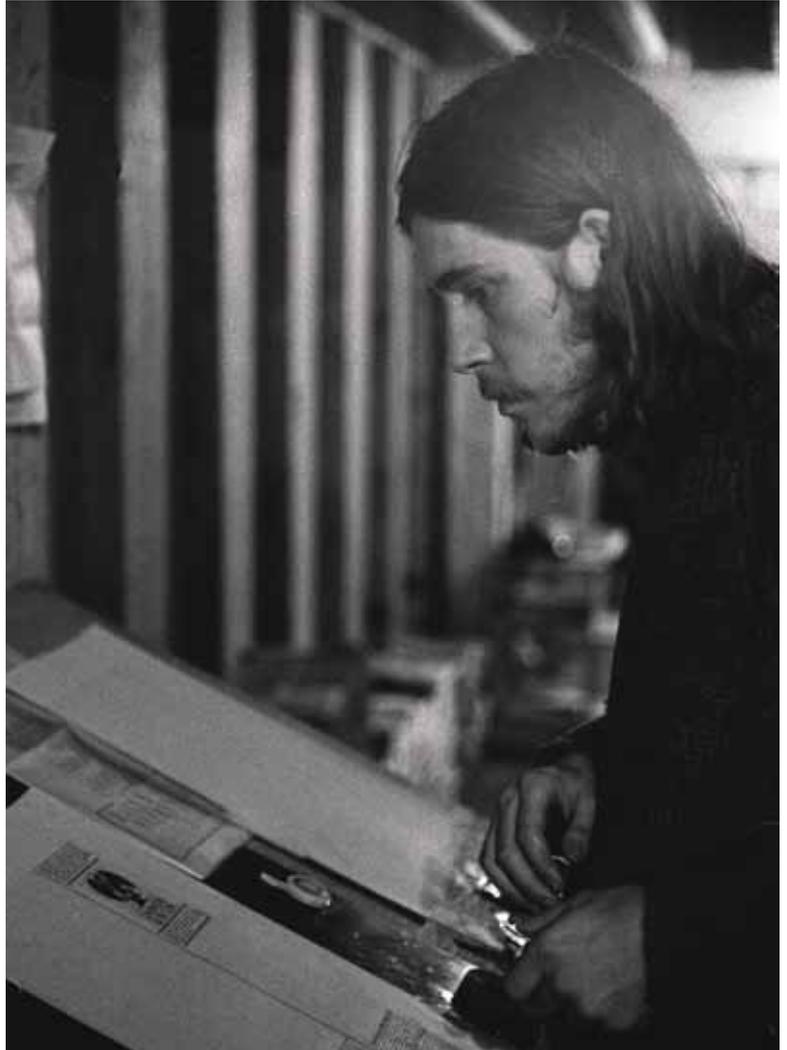
Some commentators claim that Republicans backing the "big lie" of election fraud know they're doing wrong, only mouthing falsehoods to placate their base so as to stay in office, preserve their power and privilege (not to mention large salaries). Can we be so sure? Surely a lot of them do think they're doing right by supporting lies about the election, believing that racism is correct and normal, that it's not only OK but proper to disfranchise people of color by whatever big or small tricks they can devise. The many bills passed in every state doing just that suggest this is the case: it's not about individual privilege but systemic privilege. So I worry about what's going on in my country of origin, and am grateful for journalists who also worry and are willing to say why. ❖

Remembering Bob Mercer

By David Spaner

Bob Mercer was one of the SFU 114 arrested for occupying the administration building in 1968. In those days, political defendants were often lumped together by number (the Chicago 8 were the best known), but each one of these Simon Fraser University 114 had their own story to tell. Bob's began in Manitoba in 1948. "I came from a Father Knows Best kind of family. Everybody's got shit, right, but I was well-nurtured." Bob liked to say, "I was the son of a preacher man." He followed his United Church minister father across the Prairies, pausing longest in Calgary, where he grew up a keen observer of popular culture, especially rock 'n' roll (playing his own), comic books (drawing his own) and Mad Magazine (devouring each new issue). In the summer of 1967, he hitchhiked to the West Coast and enrolled at SFU where he fell in with the campus radicals, joining SDU (Students for a Democratic University).

After two years at SFU, Bob ran off with the Vancouver Street Theatre. Following a performance of a commedia dell'arte farce in Stanley Park, Bob engaged in impromptu repartee with a couple of cops patrolling on horseback. "They had come around and started hassling us. 'Do you have a license?' Yes, we did." The police continued talking. "Basically insulting remarks. We were young comedians and this was an improv opportunity like you don't get thrown every day, so we just gave back as good as we got and the remnant of the audience kept on chuckling. Cop says something stupid and insulting, it gets turned around in his face, and they're all laughing at the cop who thought he was going to get the laugh. This cop suddenly dismounts and says I'm placing you under arrest." The charge: Smart-assing an officer. Dismissed on appeal.



Bob Mercer working at the Peak, 1970. Photo by William Reimer

* * *

At SFU, Bob had found SDU too staid for his liking, so he helped form a student council electoral slate called FART (Front for Anarchist Revolutionary Terrorism). The group announced itself as a member of the Northern Lunatic Fringe of the Youth International Party (Yippie). There would soon be Yippie collectives across Canada, but Bob's FART was the country's first YIP group. When Vancouver Yippie formed in 1970, Bob came up with the name Yellow Journal for its newspaper. The Yippie combination of theatrics and protest appealed to Bob, as did YIP's mix of New Left politics and hippie counter-culture. It was Bob who came up with this inspired description of Vancouver Yippies' intentions: "We're out to smash capitalism. And we mean business."

The era's street politics came to a head in May of 1970 following the U.S. government's invasion of Cambodia and the shooting deaths of protesters at Kent State University. Vancouver Yippies met to consider a response to these events and decided to invade America at the Blaine border crossing. An "INVADE AMERICA" poster designed by Bob went up across the city. As much as any action, the Blaine invasion combined the comedy and militancy that defined Yippie. It was an original, funny premise — Canadians invade their "superpower" neighbour after it invades a small country — but these invaders also shared the anger millions of people were feeling that May. Young protesters were taking to the streets



Then-Georgia Straight editor Bob Mercer (right) backstage at The Cave nightclub with Ginger Rogers and David Boswell, Sept. 26, 1978. Photo: David Boswell

like never before and the story of this invasion of America was broadcast everywhere from BBC radio to Walter Cronkite's evening news. The Blaine Journal editorialized: "One of the saddest and most degrading incidents suffered by the people of this country since the Alamo."

* * *

Bob and I crossed paths in many ways on many days. We first met as Yippies, then cofounded The Open Road newspaper, then I managed the punk band The Subhumans and he designed our posters and album covers. I wrote for publications (Vancouver Magazine, Georgia Straight, Vancouver Lifestyle Magazine) he edited and when we found work at the same daily newspaper we took time once a week to have dinner together. So, we were more than cofounders and coworkers. We were friends and comrades, drawn to counter-cultures and popular culture. And I deeply admired so much about Bob. He could do so many things extremely well. He was a brilliant graphic artist, designing several publications, and he returned to SFU to teach magazine production in the communications

department. Also, a wonderful singer-songwriter and front man for several rock bands. Bob's song "Wilson, Lucas and Bruce" was an anthem of the prisoners' rights movement. The one thing about Bob that stood out above all else: his sheer honesty. Bob instantly saw through b.s., and the pompous and the pretenders rarely escaped his withering wit. With most everyone else, though, Bob was a big softy, as kind and generous as can be.

* * *

Almost 50 years after the Blaine Invasion, Bob and I visited the American border town. In the middle of Peace Arch Park, the border is demarcated by a 67-foot-high monument. On May 9, 1970, after the invasion Bob stood at this Peace Arch monument with its "May These Gates Never Be Closed" line whittled in concrete. As a theatrical gesture, he gave its bolted-open iron gate a tug. To his surprise it gave a bit. "Other people jumped on it and they were full of beans. ... We're like little five-year-olds playing on the jungle gym. We pull the gate. It came free. You can imagine the roar that went up from the people nearby." Returning to the arch a half-century later, Bob reached for its gate and gave it another playful tug. We stepped out from the arch and Bob turned serious, saying that the Blaine Invasion is best understood as one small part of the culture of resistance against the Vietnam War. "That kind of activism didn't actually stop that war in and of itself," he said. "It's hard to say just what successes were achieved by it ... except the whole world was made aware of the capacity of the state to proceed without the consent of the governed. Every once in a while the governed gets a little bit crazy and puts the brakes on that. And if so, we were on the side of the angels because no way did the Vietnamese deserve to be colonized and recolonized by the French and then the Americans."



Some people thought Bob moved like Mick Jagger on stage, but he told me that the one he loved was John Lennon. In Bob's song "I dreamed I saw John Lennon," he wrote: "I dreamed I saw John Lennon floating down a stream. I asked him what he knew of dreams, of dreamers such as me. Said John, 'A dream you dream alone is only just a dream, a dream you dream together is reality.'" ❖

David Spaner is a graduate of SFU. His latest book is *Solidarity: Canada's Unknown Revolution of 1983*.

What I Did in the War

By Paul Delany

In the summer of 1944, my older brother David and I were sent for our safety to stay at Darzle Farm, near Morwenstow, north Cornwall. It must have been after June 6 (D-Day), because I remember my father coming home that day at Cobham, shouting and waving a newspaper: unusual behaviour for him. The first V-1 flying bomb hit London on 13 June, followed by the V-2 rocket on 8 September. After the German bombing of London and other cities in 1940, their air offensive had tapered off. The V-1s and V-2s struck renewed fear into the British population. Both weapons fell at random in populated areas, and against the V-2, which was supersonic, the only defense was to bomb its launching sites. The V-1 was more frightening because you could hear the pop-pop-pop of its pulsejet engine as it approached, until it ran out of fuel and came down in a parabolic curve. The V-2 produced a boom when it went through the sound barrier, but after that its explosion came before the sound of its passage (the great novel about the V-2 is Thomas Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*).

We stayed at Darzle Farm for two summers, in 1944 and 1945. This left a huge impression on my childhood. Our hosts were Bert and Ida Tape, who had no children of their own at the time. The evacuations were privately arranged, so my parents would have paid for our board and lodging. I remember our first meal of "broth," which consisted of pieces of bread in a hot soupy liquid. This was both strange and unpalatable, though after that we got used to Cornish pasties—moon-shaped pies, filled with potatoes or whatever else was going. Roast pigeon or rabbit were occasional treats; but, as I remember, the local farmers were strict about rations and didn't take advantage of the butter, cream or meat that they produced.

Emotional nourishment is harder to recall. When children are separated from their nuclear families, they often believe that they are responsible for the change, and are being punished. In my time, a naughty child was often told to "go and stand in a corner"; I had to stand in a corner for two or three months, two years in a row. A year after that, I was sent to boarding school. If on any level I felt that I was myself to blame for being evacuated or sent away to school, I can only say that I have no memory of it. Nonetheless, there is an extensive literature on the after-effects of evacuation, inspired by the "attachment theory" of the psychoanalyst John Bowlby. He argued that infants form a deep attachment to a single caregiver, usually the mother. When that attachment is broken, despair and emotional numbing follow. Children aged between two and five are most vulnerable, though all suffer to some extent. Follow-up studies of early separation have suggested that these injuries have proven, to a large extent, incurable. They include depression, anxiety, below-average health, and what Bowlby called "affective psychopathy": a poverty of both personal feelings, and empathy for others.



Morwenstow parish, Cornwall Photo: parishmouse.co.uk



Harvesting Scenes at Margate Farm near Bodmin in 1940 (Image: Cornish Studies Library)

Similar warnings are made about the emotional effects of boarding school. In England there is an organisation for “Public School Survivors” which argues that boys who went to Public Schools (i.e. private boarding schools) are, in adulthood, both damaged individuals and damaging to others. Sobering thoughts, even if I think I was more resilient than many others.

If evacuation made me a “victim,” there were also compensations. The wartime government recognised that they were facing a battle for food. The Battle of the Atlantic was about importing food and armaments against deadly submarine attacks. The

battle on the Home Front involved maximising production on British farms. Darzle Farm, where David and I stayed, was about 100 acres; it had cattle, sheep and chickens, and also crops of wheat, barley, oats, hay, and mangelwurzels (used as cattle-feed). Darzle was a hill farm, in beautiful country on the north Cornish coast (it is no longer farmed, but survives by renting holiday cottages). There were hardly any cars on the road. We went about in carts—pulled by horse or tractor—or even in a dray, which was a rough sled, pulled along the ground by a horse. Everyone around us spoke with a broad Cornish accent with its own grammar, such as “I be going” for “I am going.” By the time David and I went home we had picked up the accent, much to our mother’s dismay. We spent most of the daylight hours with Bert Tape, the farmer, or with his one farm-hand, Dick. Apart from electricity and indoor plumbing, we were thrown back into a rural England much like that described in Thomas Hardy’s novels. Hardy himself had come to Cornwall 74 years before, to work on the restoration of the Parish church at St Juliot, which is about 20 miles down the coast from our farm. There he fell in love with his first wife, Emma Gifford, a sister-in-law of the Vicar. Their marriage did not turn out happily, and after she died Hardy returned to St Juliot and wrote his greatest poems, full of remorse for his estrangement from Emma and nostalgia for the time they had first met (Poems of 1912-1913).

I don’t think there was much to read at Darzle, but there were other ways to learn about life—and about death. If there was going to be chicken for dinner, the chicken had to be killed, eviscerated and plucked first. I learned that when you cut the head off a chicken, the rest of it could still run in circles until it dropped. When a field was being plowed, the blade might often run through a nest of field mice, which was not nice to see. One of Bert Tape’s dogs was a collie bitch, who ran away when she was in heat. Bert met her coming back and gave her a vicious kick, which upset me because I had no idea why he had done it. He had a 12-bore shotgun, with which he shot pigeons and rabbits for the table, or pests like crows or foxes. Rabbits were important prey for the farmers, when the meat ration was scarcely enough for heavy work.

There were two kinds of rabbit hunts, both very exciting for small boys. The first was when a field of wheat was being harvested. The reaper would start along the edge, then close in on the centre in diminishing circles. As it came close to finishing, rabbits would come flying out of the standing wheat, heading for the safety of the hedges. Our job was to jump on a rabbit as it tried to escape, which was not easy to do. If we did succeed, the farmer would come over and quickly put his boot on the rabbit’s head, then pull its hind legs to break its neck. When the field was finished, we were put to work “stooking”: standing up six bundles of wheat against each other, for them to dry. The thresher then came later, to separate the wheat from the chaff (except that the chaff had its use, to feed the cattle and sheep).

The second kind of rabbit hunt was a kind of community celebration. The local farmers would all converge on a rabbit warren, where there would be dozens of rabbit holes in the side of a hill. First, every hole would be blocked with a net. Then, each farmer had a pet ferret that he put into a hole. In a few minutes, terrified rabbits came shooting out of their holes, and into the nets. Sometimes a ferret stayed inside, to feast on its prey; when that happened, the farmers would set fire to a newspaper and fan the smoke into the hole to drive the ferret back out.

I don't think David and I became bloodthirsty because of such events; but we did learn that farmers had no sentimental attachment to little creatures of fur and feather, and that we could do nothing to change their ways. And rabbit pie was a tasty treat after a steady diet of bread and butter or potato pasties. There was also a contrast with our parents: they were Londoners who had no liking for gardening or keeping chickens. On the other hand, they were not pigeon or rabbit-killers.

Another feature of wartime life in Cornwall was the presence of Italian prisoners of war. The Allies had landed in Sicily in June 1943, and the Italian government signed an Armistice with them in September. The regime then declared war on Germany in October, though Rome was not liberated until June 1944. The Italian prisoners we knew had probably all been captured in the North African campaign, which ended in May 1943. They lived in a camp across the border in Devon. So far as I remember they were no longer considered enemies, and moved around freely in the countryside. Lorries delivered them to work on local farms except that, by the laws of war, officers could not be required to work. I became friends with one young officer, and we would go for walks together. He told me how much he missed Italy, and how beautiful it was. The POWs made woven shopping baskets, which they sold door to door. Another strange custom, in local eyes, was gathering wild asparagus to supplement their rations. People found the Italians cheerful and friendly; they would have been much more hostile to German prisoners, who also worked on farms, but I don't remember ever seeing any.

By the time of my second visit to Darzle, in 1945, the European war was over. Were we still sent there because we were eager to go back, or because our parents thought we would be healthier and better fed in the Cornish countryside? I can't say. I do remember a celebration of VJ Day (August 15), at the local village hall. Bert Tape played the cornet (similar to a trumpet) in a pick-up dance band and everyone, children and grown-ups, joined in.

The main local industry now, two or three miles from Darzle across the fields, is GCHQ Bude, where the British security service has massive antennas to spy on satellite communications, including everyone's cellphone calls. Transatlantic cables also make landfall between Morwenstow and Bude, sending financial information between London and New York; twenty-five percent of world internet traffic passes through that point. So much for the shadow of Thomas Hardy—though much in his novels depends on failures to communicate. ❖

Musing on Argument

By Leslie Ballentine Emeritus professor of Physics

One of the things that I liked best at SFU was the opportunity to have discussions with people in very different specialties from my own. The university is a great place to broaden one's intellect. Two such places to do that were the Round Table at the old Faculty Club and the faculty email list. The latter functioned like what is now called a "blog" in the days before weblogs were common. The unwritten rules were not to use specialized jargon and never to resort to ad hominem. Everyone from all parts of the political spectrum followed the rules and contributed constructively. But some anti-intellectual in the university objected on the fatuous grounds that we were always arguing. What a dumb argument! Learning proceeds through rational argument and is impossible without it. So a fine intellectual forum was destroyed by a stupid anti-intellectual.

One topic that generated much discussion was same-sex marriage. Many well-formed arguments (both for and against) were presented. The last presentation (by a professor whom I leave nameless) argued: <The people who oppose same-sex marriage are the same people who opposed freeing the slaves and giving votes to women>. This surprising outburst of irrationality put an end to our discussions. However, I was so outraged that I followed the offender and spoke to him in private. I pointed out that his argument was nothing but a combination of ad hominem and non sequitur, and that he had actually given an argument in favor of compulsory retirement for professors, since he was over 65 and apparently had lost the ability to create a valid logical argument! I then left him. A few days later he crossed my path and said that he had not given a logical philosophical argument, but was rather engaging in a political argument. I pointed out to him that although such rhetoric may indeed emerge both from the political stage and from the pulpit, it was not an acceptable form of argument. I then abandoned him and do not believe we have ever spoken since.

Some time later I noticed that an organization had scheduled a public discussion on the topic of same-sex marriage. I attended. The first speaker repeated the same trope that we hear too often, and concluded that according to the Bible homosexuality was a sin. The chairman then announced that they would be mounting a legal challenge on that basis, and hoped that we would all contribute financially to the cause. I promptly raised my hand and was recognized to speak. I said that although they had the right to follow their chosen religion it is not permitted in a democracy to legislate their religion onto other people. I then left what was my first and last visit to a socially conservative organization. ❖



IT'S ALL ABOUT YOU

Evelyn Palmer



This from **Nini Baird** who has chaired the TELUS Fund Board of Directors since the Fund started in 2013:

I think that many members of the SFURA and their families may be caregivers. I'd like to share *Stories for Caregivers*. The TELUS Fund is an independent production fund that finances the development and production of health content (documentaries, television series and web series). Our caregiving initiative, now going into its fourth season, has had more than 4.5 million views during this COVID challenging period. All the *Stories for Caregivers* are on-line at www.storiesforcaregivers.com (and also on Facebook). There are tips for caregivers, heartwarming stories, and insights into specific challenges. The *Stories for Caregivers* series has given birth to the largest online caregiving community in Canada – and likely all of North America, judging from the interest generated south of the border.

These are the links to Stories for Caregivers:

Website: <https://www.storiesforcaregivers.com/all-series/>

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/storiesforcaregivers>

YouTube Channel: <https://www.youtube.com/storiesforcaregivers>

In our family, my husband Leigh likes to refer to me as **The Caregiver and to himself as **The Caretaker**.*



One of Professor Emeritus **Barry Truax's** ongoing "retirement" activities is recording his own piano performances and making them available as longer streams on his website: <http://www.sfu.ca/~truax/Streams/Streams.html>

There are now 15 such streams with 268 tracks, most about an hour long, evenly divided between Classical and Jazz Standards. They are all recorded on Barry's Kawai grand piano in his living room so the atmosphere is relaxed and informal, very suitable as an accompaniment to daily activities.

The Classical streams include familiar Bach and Handel keyboard works, but also feature an undeservedly neglected 18th c. Venetian composer Baldassarre Galuppi. There are also streams with Debussy and Satie.

Speaking of Satie, which Barry plays very slowly, he has recently posted a "de-stressing" stream of new pieces inspired by Satie by Vancouver composer Jordan Nobles. Try it out!

Historian **Jack Little** has added two books to our collection of books by SFURA authors. One is *Fashioning the Canadian Landscape, Essays on Travel Writing, Tourism, and National Identity in the Pre-Automobile Era*. It was published in 2018. See http://www.sfu.ca/retirees/Books_By_Retirees/Fashioning_the_Canadian_Landscape.html

The second is: *Reading the Diaries of Henry Trent, The Everyday Life of a Canadian Englishman, 1842-1898*, published in 2021. It is about the life of a Victorian man in London, on Vancouver Island and in Quebec.

See: http://www.sfu.ca/retirees/Books_By_Retirees/Reading_the_Diaries_of_Henry_Trent.html

Jack had previously given us *At the Wilderness Edge, The Rise of the Antidevelopment Movement on Canada's West Coast*, published in 2019. See: https://www.sfu.ca/retirees/Books_By_Retirees/At_the_Wilderness_Edge.html



...it gives me great satisfaction to sit down at the keyboard and write a sentence that sings.

Our champion author **Selma Wassermann** has done it again with *Teaching Social Issues in the Middle Grades, A Teacher's Guide to Using Case Studies to Promote Intelligent Inquiry*. This was published July 7, 2021 and is Selma's ninth book written during her retirement. When I asked her how she does it, she responded: It's the way I continue to teach — through my writing. Writing has always been a natural mode for me; and now I can combine all I've learned about teaching into my books. I don't know if that explains it. But it gives me great satisfaction to sit down at the keyboard and write a sentence that sings.

See the list of her books at: https://www.sfu.ca/retirees/Books_By_Retirees.html?q=Wassermann

In the Summer 2021 newsletter I wrote the story of how **Bob and Ika Hackett** made The Move from Burnaby to Powell River and I wondered how many other SFURA members have left Metro Vancouver for quieter communities. I asked for names in a recent email.

Elizabeth Michno wrote that she got married and moved to Colwood on Vancouver Island and loves it there.

Jack Little has moved to Salt Spring Island.

And **Bert Schoner** did not move very far but is enjoying his new life. He writes:

For the last two years Norma and I have been residing in an independent living residence in West Vancouver. It is a little like living in a very large cabin suite in a docked cruise ship, minus the Broadway show every night. At first I was horrified by being surrounded by a bunch of really old people, then I made the mistake of looking into the mirror. In any event, we got here just in time. When Covid hit we were not reduced to sitting by ourselves in a condo with nowhere to go. Now we have a gym, exercise classes, all meals, movies, bridge, cribbage, excursions and a bill every month equivalent to my salary at SFU before tax.

I no longer attempt to keep up with anything scholarly. Instead I have written a crime novel and a book for children. Each has been submitted to numerous agents and publishers but the response has always been a negative email. In the old days at least you would receive rejection letters that you could hang from your refrigerator door. I console myself by remembering that Van Gogh did not sell a single painting in his lifetime, but to be fair, he didn't live that long.

I hope you are all well, even though all of us are past our "best by" date.

There must be more of you who moved away. Please let me know for the next newsletter at <evelyn@sfu.ca>.



A big welcome to **Ralph Korteling** to this year's class of Club 85. In the summer newsletter we announced the names of 15 new members who will turn 85 during the membership year and will receive a life membership in the SFURA. If you qualify, please let me know at <evelyn@sfu.ca>.

We now have about 61 members of *Club 85*..

Marilyn Bowman writes that her paintings are piling up all around the edges of her living room!! "But I still like to paint more..."

Here is one of her latest. Title: *Glowing Fruit*, acrylic on canvas, 14 x 20.

And here is a reminder to visit the SFURA online Art Show 2021 at <https://www.sfu.ca/retirees/gallery/retirees-art-show-2021.html> ❖

IN MEMORIAM



We ask any of you who have further information about any deceased SFU retirees to submit obituaries to the SFURA Webmaster on the link provided on our website at: https://www.sfu.ca/retirees/in-memorial/a_g.html We post names of all deceased SFU retirees of whom we are aware of, not only those who were SFURA members. We welcome tributes to your former colleagues. We will place them with their obituaries on the website.

Sheila Dwyer passed away on April 3, 2021 in Port Moody at age 76. She worked for the Vancouver Board of Trade and while at SFU she worked in the School of Engineering Science as the Undergraduate Program Secretary. She was an artist and an active member of the art associations of both Port Moody and Port Coquitlam.

Her Obituary is on our website at: https://www.sfu.ca/content/dam/sfu/retirees/memorial/2021/Dwyer_Obit.pdf

Canadian Composer **R.Murray Schafer** was a Charter Faculty member of SFU and remained here for ten years.

During this period he initiated the World Soundscape Project and the Sonic Research Studio. His 1977 book *The Tuning of the World*, reissued as *The Soundscape* in 1994, is a foundational document in the field of acoustic ecology. He was awarded an Honorary Doctorate by SFU in 1997. He died on August 14, 2021 at age 88.

His obituary from the *Globe and Mail* is on our website at:

<https://www.sfu.ca/content/dam/sfu/retirees/memorial/2021/MurraySchaferOBIT.pdf>

There is a long article about him with video clips of his work at:

<https://www.cbc.ca/music/r-murray-schafer-composer-writer-and-acoustic-ecologist-has-died-at-88-1.5404868>

Professor Emeritus of English and Charter Faculty member **Jerry Zaslove** passed away June 23, 2021. He was a Chair of English and the founding Director of the Institute for the Humanities. Jerry, **George Suart** and **Klaus Rieckhoff** presented a panel discussion for the SFURA on January 17, 2012; *Times of Turbulence: Three Views*. It is sad that all three of them are now deceased, as are many other SFURA members who appear in our six *Oral History* videos. See: <https://www.sfu.ca/retirees/history/dvd.html>

See the tribute to **Jerry Zaslove** from the Department of English at our website;

<http://www.sfu.ca/english/news/blog/in-memorial--jerry-zaslove--professor-emeritus.html>

Memorial Services / Celebrations of Life

A Celebration of Life will be held for **Maurice Gibbons** on Saturday September 18, 2021 at 2 pm at the North Shore Unitarian Church (370 Mathers Ave., West Vancouver). Maurice passed away last year on August 21st. Due to Covid, the family was unable to give him the celebration they wanted and now, at last, they can invite you to join them and raise a glass of wine to celebrate a life fully lived.

We know that many members have passed away in the past 18 months and their families have been unable to have public gatherings to remember them. If you are planning such an event for a loved one and would like us to announce it to the SFURA, please email the details to Walter Piovesan, <walter@sfu.ca>



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Editorial

This edition of 'Simon Says' has been a joy to read and edit. It comes near the end of a second year spent navigating the global pandemic and perhaps that helps explain the creativity and liveliness evident in the articles. That may seem counterintuitive, but often the most surprising things emerge from difficult times: take nylon and penicillin. Both got going right before World War Two, and came into their own during it.

In these pages you will find memoirs that may spark your own memories. Paul Delaney writes about his wartime evacuation from London to Cornwall. It reminded me that one of my Londoner great grandmothers refused to leave her home. She remained adamant until her house was bombed and she reluctantly repaired to Finchingfield to live with a daughter. Marilyn Bowman's story about the many diseases that imperiled childhood not so long ago got me thinking about my own recollection – certainly filtered through my parents reactions as I was only 3 – of the 1953 Canadian Polio epidemic. I do remember lining up at school for the vaccination in early 1956. SFU graduate, journalist and

writer David Spanner paints a picture of his friend, the late Bob Mercer, against a backdrop of the university as it was in the late 1960s, the city and theatrical and journalistic activism. As I read Sheila Delaney's "The F Word," I connected it immediately with Sinclair Lewis's fine novel, "It Can't Happen Here."

"Apples," by Albert Curzon, takes readers back to 1999 and beyond. A reminder of things both simple and weighty, his words connect what is surely the fruit of autumn with daring to hope. It seems clear that at this crucial juncture, hope is at a premium and being unabashedly hopeful might be difficult. Even so, like the first bite of a crisp, tart autumn apple, it must begin somewhere.

A heartfelt Thank You to everyone who contributed to this edition. As we sit, likely inside and perhaps with a cup of tea, or coffee or even a glass of decent red, I hope all revel in reading it. ❖

- Marcia Toms



Cornish Coastal Path Photo by George Hiles