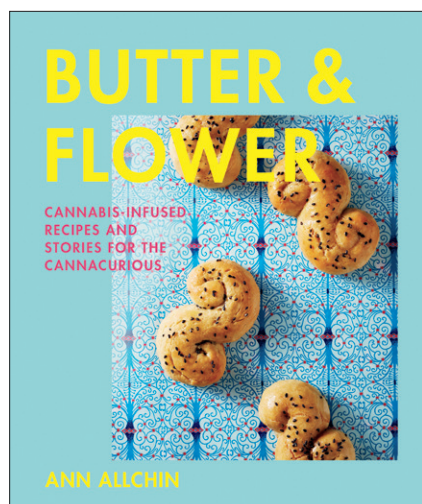




TOUCHWOOD EDITIONS

FALL 2022



Food & Drink / Baking
September 2022 • \$45.00
9781771513708 • hardcover, paper over board
 7.5" x 9"; 240 pages, full colour
 Author's home: Toronto, ON
 TouchWood Editions
 RIGHTS HELD: North America, English
 AVAILABLE VIA UTP: Yes
 Ebook also available

MARKETING & PROMO:

- National, regional, and subject-specific print features, excerpts, review coverage, broadcast and television interviews
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Butter and Flower

Cannabis-Infused Recipes and Stories for the Cannacurious
Ann Allchin

Straightforward recipes for cannabis-infused treats that will elevate your enjoyment of the recreational and medicinal benefits of edibles, accompanied by stories from those who partake.

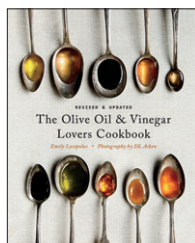
A self-described wholesome hockey mom, Ann Allchin goes for bike rides, hangs at the dog park, and bakes on Saturdays. But much to her kids' embarrassment, when Ann bakes, it's most often with cannabis. She got her start baking cookies for a relative who suffered from debilitating migraines, and has since introduced many to the medicinal and recreational benefits of baking with flower.

Based on foundational recipes for cannabis-infused butter, oils, and sugar, the book includes 40 recipes with classics like blondies and oatmeal raisin cookies, chocolate-forward desserts, fruity and nutty concoctions, and a few savoury bites. With vivid photos and sophisticated food styling, an opener on health and safety, guidelines on the basic math for moderate, straightforward dosing, and a glossary of cannabis terms, this is so much better than the scribbled recipe for your roommate's lumpy hash brownies.

More than a cookbook, *Butter and Flower* also features stories from cannabis activists, a legal defender and defendants, entrepreneurs, medicinal users, and healthcare practitioners. It's a diverse collection of stories of lives lived under the War on Drugs, including revelations with mental and physical health, the road to legalization, and hopes for the future of cannabis use.

Ann Allchin began baking with cannabis to help a family member who struggles with debilitating migraines. She has a Bachelor of Science in Neuroscience and English and a Master of Education, and is a passionate advocate for social justice and dispelling the social stigmas around cannabis use. She lives in Toronto with her husband, two kids, and two dogs. You can visit her online at annallchin.com.

OF RELATED INTEREST



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 9781771513425, \$25.00



Fermenting Made Simple
 9781771513647, \$32.00



Not Just Chocolate Chip Cookies

Easier than cookies and milk.

SUGGESTED MOOD/STRAIN

Chocolate Chip Cookies is a balanced strain with calming effects. Just like mom used to make, right?

Makes 21 cookies with 6 THCP cannabutter (about 5 mg THC per cookie).

6 THCP (85 g) cannabutter
 1/2 cup + 2 Tbsp (142 g) unsalted butter,
 room temperature
 1/2 cup (150 g) brown sugar
 1/4 cup (50 g) granulated sugar
 1 egg + 1 yolk
 1 tsp vanilla extract
 2 cups (284 g) all-purpose flour
 1 tsp baking powder
 1 tsp baking soda
 Dash of salt
 2 cups (340 g) high-quality
 chocolate chips

Preheat oven to 375°F.

Melt the cannabutter in a double boiler or in a heat-proof bowl over a pot of simmering water. Line baking sheet(s) with parchment paper.

With your favourite mixer, combine cannabutter, butter, and sugars. Add the egg, yolk, and vanilla.

In a new bowl, combine the flour, baking powder, baking soda, and salt. Add dry ingredients to the butter and sugar mixture in a few additions.

Add the chocolate chips (I like milk chocolate, but you do you).

Use a 1-Tbsp cookie scoop to drop oiled dough globes onto the prepared baking sheet(s), keeping cookies a few inches apart.

Bake in the oven for about 8 minutes. Let the cookies cool on the baking sheet(s) before moving them to a rack.

✦ 33 ✦

Sarah Campbell



Sarah Campbell is an herbal gardener and medicine maker based in Duncan, on Vancouver Island, in British Columbia. She works at Great Gardener Farms and is a founding director of the Craft Cannabis Association of BC. Sarah also spent years volunteering for the Vancouver Island Compassion Society (VICS), which was forced to close in 2019, despite having 1,000 members. I spoke with Sarah on her mobile while she was in the middle of a field, planting cannabis.

My history with cannabis is pretty colourful. My parents liked to smoke weed, so I became familiar with the plant at an early age. I've always been loud and proud about my cannabis use, but my first growing experience was in university. I had a few plants under an HP light under the stairs, and I had no idea what I was doing. The bud was barely smokable, but I fell in love with those plants and really enjoyed the process. I was living in Ontario at that time, but I knew that BC was really the mecca for the cannabis movement. I told my parents that we were going to legalize cannabis one day, and they laughed, and said, "Oh yeah, we said that too, Sarah." I was serious.

I traveled to BC to visit friends in 1998 and never went home. Within a few months of being on Vancouver Island, I met Philippe Lucas, director of the Vancouver Island Compassion Society, a

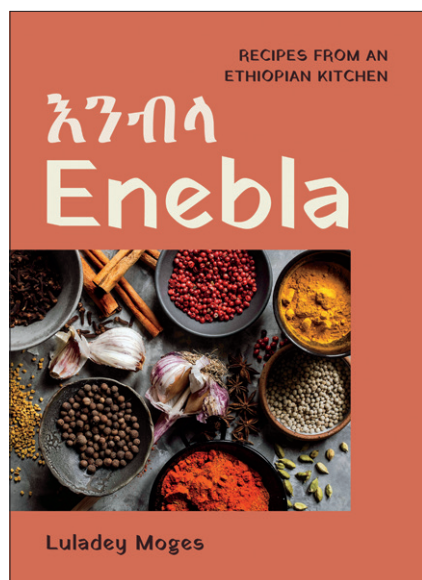
compassion club in Victoria. This was in the very early days of the medical cannabis movement. I believe the VICS started in 1998 and was one of just three compassion clubs in Canada. The work Philippe was doing at the VICS was incredibly inspiring, and I wanted to be a part of it—just the energy he had, and the drive to find a way for patients to have access, critically and chronically ill patients. Members were expected to die, or they had really, really severe conditions. Cannabis was often a last resort. It was about community, education, and supporting one another.

Then the VICS got robbed. And Philippe called the police. Philippe had taught kindergarten before he began this journey with cannabis—he had that schoolteacher firm will. He was a believer that he was doing nothing wrong, and he was really adamant about that. But low and behold, after he reported the theft, I think it was the next day that the police showed up and raided the VICS, and a very lengthy court case began.

But this was the whole evolution that was necessary. Like that court case—it was one of the early high profile cannabis cases in Canada. Many witnesses traveled to testify, including senators. And the patients, too, took the stand to testify. Sick people went through that stressful experience, just to explain that this medicine was helping them with their quality of life. And in the end, the judge—Hagibortham was his name—granted Philippe an absolute discharge and praised the work being done at the VICS. It was

✦ 36 ✦

✦ 37 ✦



Food & Drink / Cooking
 September 2022 • \$40.00
 9781771513623 • hardcover, paper over board
 7.25" x 10", 176 pages, full colour
 Author's home: Los Angeles, CA
 TouchWood Editions
 RIGHTS HELD: North America, English
 AVAILABLE VIA UTP: Yes
 Ebook also available

MARKETING & PROMO:

- National, regional, and subject-specific print features, excerpts, review coverage, broadcast and television interviews
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Enebla

Recipes from an Ethiopian Kitchen

Luladey Moges

This collection of 65+ recipes, vivid photography, and family anecdotes is an accessible, authentic introduction to Ethiopian cuisine. Learn to make injera, wot stews, hearty tibs, and more.

"*Enebla* is a beautiful cookbook with insights of Lula's family diaspora told through the recipes. My favorite type of cookbook." –Tu David Phu, Top Chef Alumnus

People love Ethiopian cuisine for its unique combination of spices, aromas, and sociability. Dishes are served to be shared with family and friends, and unlike many cuisines, Ethiopian food has traditions of vegetarianism that make it particularly popular among meat-free cooks and diners (though *Enebla* offers plenty of meat-based recipes too). However, it can seem baffling to the outsider. Where can you get spicy berbere? How do you make injera? And doesn't it all take hours to prepare?

In *Enebla* (which means *let's eat!*), Luladey Moges shares authentic family favourite recipes for aromatic wot stews, a hearty tibs, breakfast scrambles, colourful salads of pulses and fresh vegetables, authentic injera sourdough flatbread, and even a traditional Ethiopian coffee ceremony, all accompanied by lush food styling alongside family photos and ephemera.

As Lula's parents used to say, "We might live in America but once you come home, this is Ethiopia." With her accessible recipes, inviting anecdotes, and an extensive glossary that invites curious cooks to learn more about the Amharic language and Ethiopian ingredients, Lula invites you to make your kitchen Ethiopia no matter where you live. Let's eat!

Born in Addis Ababa, **Luladey "Lula" Moges** moved to the United States with her family at the age of twelve and learned the art of Ethiopian cuisine from her grandmother, mother, and aunts. Her busy career in hospitality was initially an obstacle to home-cooking—as many recipes require several hours to develop a full-bodied flavour—so she has spent years developing real-world recipes that deliver authentic, mom-approved fare in an hour or less. Lula lives in Los Angeles.

OF RELATED INTEREST

Milk, Spice and Curry Leaves
 9781771513296, \$35.00



A Spicy Touch
 9781771513333, \$40.00



Vegetables: A Love Story
 9781771513401, \$45.00



INTRODUCTION

Ethiopia is located in the Horn of Africa. Rich in history, culture, and natural resources—Ery possibly the most famous food in the world, was discovered in the Harar region and dates back three millennia years—it is one of only two nations in Africa that have never been colonized, despite several attempts by the Italians. Palaeoanthropologists consider Ethiopia to be the epicenter of the cradle of humankind and civilization. It is also my birthplace.

I was born in Addis Ababa, the capital of Ethiopia, in the mid 1970s. My memories of my early childhood are filled with playing outside for hours in our garden with my siblings and our family dog, Bepi. My dad was very into tanning and gardening and had several plants, herbs, and trees like apples, coffee, lemons, and tomatoes to list a few. My brother and I would always try to sneak an apple or a tomato without my father finding out, but he always managed to know—we're so close as in the act.

We were fortunate enough to have help at home. Once my schoolwork was done, I would sneak into the kitchen and watch the maids cook our meals. They prepared most of the meals in the second kitchen of the house, which was a place I was not allowed to go as a child. There were a lot of open flames, but cooks that were not always attended to, and the smell the very hot stove-top grill when the maids cooked the injera. As an adult, I understood why it was not a place for a child, but back then I found every excuse to sneak in and watch and learn. Those moments are where my love for food and cooking began.

My love of food and cooking was nurtured in other ways as well. I shared my family's weekend visits to my grandparents' house, where I would watch my grandmother and my auntie cook. I also had a chance to cook with my grandmother on those weekends, but my favorite thing of all was watching her make her special dishes (not kid-friendly ones, page 55). But even though I watched her for hours, and even learned her secret recipe, the reality is that I



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Appetizers, Snacks & Side Dishes

Appetizers are not as common in Ethiopian cuisine as they are in Western cuisines, as meals are served family-style on one dish or platter and are meant for sharing. However, our side dishes are designed to be served alone or to spice up any meal dish. So all the recipes in this chapter can also be served as appetizers or snacks.



Ye Misir | Sambusa (Ethiopian Lentil Samosa) የሜሰር ሳምቢሳ

Sambusa is a pastry filled with lentils or beef, similar to the Indian samosa. It was one of my favorite snacks when I was growing up. Actually, it's still a favorite. It is served as an appetizer or a snack.

Serves 4-6

1 cup brown lentils
1 medium yellow onion, diced
1/2 cup oil
2 jalapeños, diced and dried
2 cloves garlic, dried
1 teaspoon grated ginger
1 teaspoon ground coriander
Salt and pepper
1/2 (1.7-ounce) package egg roll/spring roll wraps (or 8 sheets of phyllo, par-fried)
Vegetable oil for frying (about 4 cups)

Place the lentils in a pot, add enough water to cover them by 2 inches, and bring to a boil over medium heat. Cook, stirring occasionally, until the lentils are at least, about 5 minutes. You don't want them fully cooked or mushy. Remove from the heat, drain, and set aside.

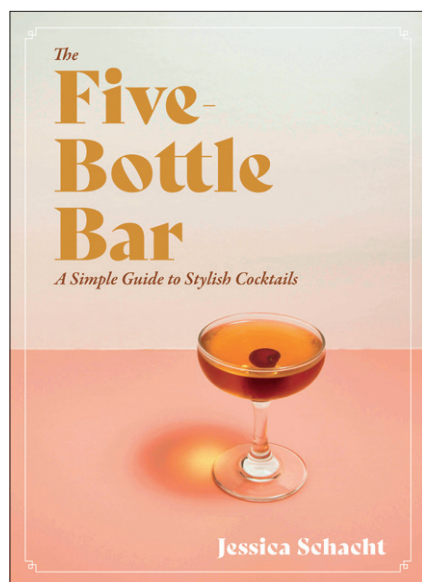
Place the onion and oil in a skillet. Cook over medium heat until the onion is translucent and beginning to brown, about 5 minutes. Stir in the jalapeños, garlic, and ginger. Cook to soften slightly, about 5 minutes. Stir in the lentils and coriander, making sure the lentils are not clumpy. Turn down the heat to low, add salt and pepper to taste, and stir. Cover the pot and let cook, stirring occasionally, until the lentils are fully cooked, 8-10 minutes. Remove from the heat and set aside.

Working with one egg roll wrapper at a time, fold each sheet into a cone and add 2 tablespoons of lentils. Fold in the top edges of the wrapper to close it, brush a little water along each edge, and seal. Repeat the process with the remaining wrappers and filling.

Place 4 cups of oil in a deep, heavy-bottomed pot. The oil should be at least 4 inches deep but it shouldn't come more than halfway up the sides of the pot, so adjust the amount as required. Place the pot over high heat and bring the oil to boiling point (365°F). Deep-fry a few sambusas at a time, making sure they are submerged in the oil and gently turning them so they cook evenly on each side. Give the oil a few minutes to return to temperature between batches. Once they are golden brown, about 5 minutes, use a slotted spoon to remove them from the pot and place on paper towel or parchment paper to drain the oil.

Serve while warm with a side of sauce—my personal favorites are *amara* (page 52) or *kachucha* (page 53)—or by itself.

Note: For the meat version of this dish, called *ye misir* (beef sambusa) — የሜሰር ሳምቢሳ — substitute the lentils with 1 pound of ground beef. Place the beef in a pot and add enough water to cover it by 2 inches. Bring to a boil over medium heat and cook, stirring occasionally, until the lamb is rare but not fully cooked, about 5 minutes. Remove from the heat, drain, and follow the method above from step 2 to the end.



Food & Drink / Cocktails
 September 2022 • \$28.00
 9781771513760 • hardcover, paper over board
 6.5" x 9", 208 pages, full colour
 Author's home: Duncan, BC
 TouchWood Editions
 RIGHTS HELD: World, all languages
 AVAILABLE VIA UTP: Yes
 Ebook also available

MARKETING & PROMO:

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The Five-Bottle Bar

A Simple Guide to Stylish Cocktails

Jessica Schacht

From the co-founder of Ampersand Distilling Company, a collection of cocktail recipes that relies on just five bottles to build your bartending style with ease and confidence.

Think of it as the capsule closet for cocktails. Five bottles around which your inner bartender can emerge with skill, savvy and a little flare for the dramatic when it's called for.

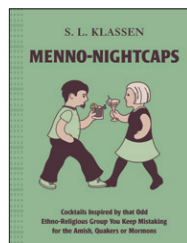
The bottles: gin, whiskey, sweet and dry vermouth, and Campari (plus bonus recipes for bubbly). The setting: living room, backyard, window seat, and the wild beyond. The mixologist? Oh, that's you.

In this beautifully photographed collection, Jessica Schacht, co-founder of Ampersand Distilling Company, presents her take on classics (like the G & T, the Old Fashioned, the Martini, and the Negroni), collections (sours, punches, and such), and contemporaries (a few inventive new drinks to pique your creativity). There's a chapter of zero-proofs in part inspired by the abundance of new alcohol-free spirits on the market now, and another dedicated to keeping your vacation drinks game classy, from the airplane to the B&B to the beach.

In addition to the recipes *The Five-Bottle Bar* supplies a solid foundation in bartending basics (tools, techniques, thoughts on glassware and garnishes), the condensed history of spirits, and tips for setting up your minimalist bar cart.

Jessica Schacht is the cofounder of the multigenerational family-run Ampersand Distilling Company and author of the History Glass column in the *Cowichan Valley Voice*. When she's not whipping up new recipes for the distillery, you can bet she's tending to her garden or walking in the woods. She is grateful to live in the Cowichan Valley in the home she shares with her husband and sons.

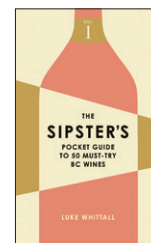
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The Sipster's Pocket Guide to 50 Must-Try BC Wines
 9781771513609, \$20.00



The Classics

Let's start with the crucial cocktails every gentleman should have in her repertoire. These recipes are the cornerstones of cocktail culture. Reaching back as far as the 1600s, many of these staples remain amongst the most popular cocktails today.

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72 Jessica Schacht

GIN SOUR

You really can't go wrong with gin, lemon, and foam. This classic showcases the gin with a sweet-tart flavor from the lemon juice and simple syrup. (You can also add bitters to make it a Gin Fitzgerald! Zelda will thank you.) Egg white is optional—using farm-fresh clean eggs is not. Dry shaking—that's shaking without ice first (see full directions below)—will yield a gorgeous frothy top.

2 oz gin
¾ oz fresh lemon juice
¾ oz simple syrup
Half an egg white

Add all the ingredients to a cocktail shaker. Dry-shake vigorously. Open the shaker (be careful—stuff might fly out), and add ice. Shake again. Fine-strain into a chilled cocktail glass. Ogle the beautiful foam you have created, which needs no additional garnish (unless you really want to, but your lemon twist might sink).

EXPERIMENT: CLOVER CLUB

Here's a classic from the late 1800s that was a fave among literary types and other members of its namesake club. So grab a book and sip on this delicious raspberry gin concoction. Slackers use grenadine instead of raspberry syrup, but... you know what's easier to get than grenadine? Raspberries. (To muddle means to delicately smash stuff to release flavour/juices. Please don't do it in a glass lest you break it.)

Continued...

Five Bottle Bar 73



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The Art of the Bar Cart

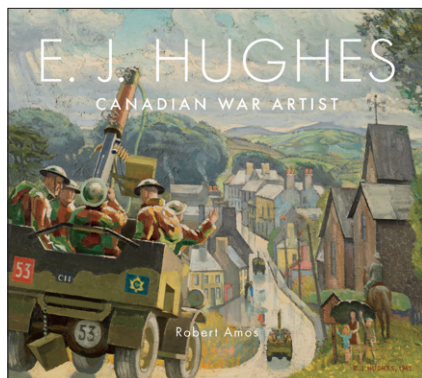
A bar cart can be a thing of beauty. After all, any place in your home where you place intention and practice a craft is a place of celebration. Plus, the gizmos, gadgets, and shining glassware you might find yourself collecting are... infinite. So it wouldn't be a gentleman's guide to cocktail making without a respectful nod to the artful bar cart. Although a good bar cart needn't even be a bar cart at all. In the past I've used butcher block tables, small dressers, and fancy silver or bronze trays to wrangle my bottles and tools. Currently I have a small white dresser with a round silver tray on top keeping my most in-use bottles and tools. Everything else is stored away in a cabinet with glass doors so I can admire my booze and glass collection while it remains safely out of harm's (and baby's!) typical trajectory. Though in hindsight, glass doors were perhaps not the most precise baby-proofing choice.

Here are the bar cart essentials:

- * Gin, whisky, and amaro (remember: your two bottles of vermouth are in the fridge!)
- * A bottle of aromatic bitters
- * Cocktail shaker of choice
- * Cocktail strainer (Hawthorne or clamshell)
- * Stirring spoon (unless you're sticking with the butter knife, which can probably chill with the rest of its friends)
- * Bottle opener
- * Jigger or shot glass

If you have a SodaStream and it makes sense to put it in this area, do so—or acquire one of those beautiful vintage soda-water dispensers the handsome love

Five Bottle Bar 171



Art / Military (WWII)

September 2022 • \$35.00

9781771513852 • hardcover, paper over board

10" x 9", 216 pages, full colour

Author's home: Victoria, BC

TouchWood Editions

RIGHTS HELD: World, all languages

AVAILABLE VIA UTP: Yes

Ebook also available

MARKETING & PROMO:

- National, regional, and subject-specific print features, excerpts and review coverage
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E. J. Hughes: Canadian War Artist

Robert Amos

The third volume of this award-winning series showcases paintings and drawings E. J. Hughes created during the artist's war service in Ottawa, England, Wales, and Alaska.

"In this definitive history of Hughes's contributions, Robert Amos offers a penetrating study based on unique archival material and a deep analysis into hundreds of wartime works of art." —Tim Cook, *The Fight for History: 75 Years of Forgetting, Remembering, and Remaking of Canada's Second World War*

In this, the third volume of an award-winning series on artist E. J. Hughes (1913–2007), Robert Amos turns his focus to Hughes's service in the Second World War.

The narrative begins with Hughes's cadet days with the Seaforth Highlanders in Vancouver, followed by his enlistment at the Work Point Barracks in Esquimalt in 1939. Named the first "service artist" in 1941, he spent two winters in Ottawa before being attached to different regiments in England and Wales. His paintings of camp life and convoys reflect his keen attention to the details of vehicles, artillery, and uniforms. In 1943 on the Alaskan island of Kiska, he transformed sub-zero weather and howling gales into a powerful document of this remote theatre of war. He returned to Ottawa where he worked until 1946—Canada's first, last, and longest-serving War Artist of WWII. He was also the most prolific.

The book features seventy artworks from the Canadian War Museum's holdings, expanded with many personal photos and sketches from the artist's papers. With the care and knowledge of a fellow artist, Amos draws the reader into this important chapter in the life of E. J. Hughes and Canadian art.

Robert Amos has published eleven books on art and was the arts columnist for Victoria's *Times Colonist* newspaper for more than thirty years. Amos was elected to the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts in 1995 and is an Honorary Citizen of Victoria. He lives in Oak Bay, British Columbia, with his wife, artist Sarah Amos. Visit his website at robertamos.com.

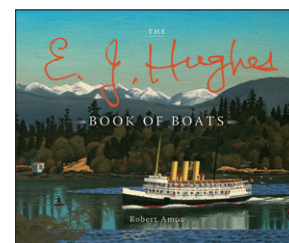
OF RELATED INTEREST



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E. J. Hughes Paints British Columbia
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The E. J. Hughes Book of Boats
9781771513364, \$22.00



Hughes and Fern at the entrance to Stanley Park (1930).
Photographer unknown.

On October 15, 1930, Hughes, then twenty-four years old, met Fern Broadbent Smith. He was drawing in Stanley Park one day when she stopped and asked permission to see what he was doing. They recognized a mutual sympathy immediately, and from that day on were devoted to each other under her death in 1935.

Hughes had spent the summer of 1927 away from Vancouver, working at the Brunswick Canneries at Rivers Island, during which time he briefly covered his expenses. In 1928, during his second summer of gleaning, Fern's grandmother wrote to him about the situation which was prevailing in Vancouver: "We had quite an exciting time when the unemployed men were evicted from Art Gallery and Post Office. There is much sympathy expressed here for the Bums. Hundreds of them have gone to Victoria to plead their cause there. Hope they benefit by doing this?" These were difficult times.

It was clear that Hughes and Fern were determined to get married, but first he needed to show he was capable of supporting a wife. Without visible prospects as a commercial artist, a mural painter, or a fisherman, a career in the military seemed to be his only available option. Hughes enlisted in the Canadian Army in late August of 1930.

Fort Macaulay: Royal Canadian Artillery (1939)

In August of 1930, E. J. Hughes penned a seven-page document in which he described his time as a war artist. Entitled "Hughes War Art," this memoir explained his approach to the Canadian Army:

"In August 1930 I was not quite making a living at art, and was in fact, as I had my application in to several small permanent force (full time) military units, all of which had waiting lists. They were Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, the Royal Canadian Engineers and the Royal Canadian Artillery."

Within just a few weeks Germany invaded Poland. This act, on September 1, 1939, finally convinced France and Britain that the territorial ambitions of German doctrine, Adolph Hitler, could not be appeased. After Berlin refused to withdraw from Poland, Britain and France declared war on September 3, 1939. A week later, on September 10, Canada did the same.

Hughes wrote: "All at once in September, as war was looming, I received favourable answers from all three units. Although I had been in the Royal Canadian Engineers Cadets, the Seaforth Highlanders Cadets and the Seaforth Battalion (part-time Infantry), I chose to join the Royal Canadian Artillery (Coast Artillery). I felt that the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry required a huskier build than I had, and I was not engineering-minded for the Royal Canadian Engineers. I had not applied for the Army Service Corps or the Medical Corps as I was not qualified for either."

On August 30, 1939, Hughes reported for duty at the Work Point gate of the Canadian Army Base at Esquimalt, just west of Victoria on Vancouver Island. His formal enlistment is registered on September 1, 1939. Of course, life as an artillery man was not entirely unfamiliar to Hughes. His years as a cadet and time in the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada as a part-time infantry soldier had taught him military discipline and some of the drills he would need to succeed. As a new recruit he appreciated his smart and well-made new uniform because, like so many of his generation, he had never been able to afford good-quality clothing. Each badge and crest he received was full of significance to Hughes, and he wore them with great pride.

At the beginning of his army service Hughes, wrote to Fern Smith frequently. These early letters, sent while he was in training at Fort Macaulay in Esquimalt, were often illustrated with cartoons, giving a rare light-hearted glimpse of the thoughts of this very private man.

In a letter dated "end of August 1939," E. J. Hughes wrote to Fern from Fort Macaulay, Esquimalt:

I am now definitely a professional soldier as I have passed the medical tests, sworn in, and received my equipment...

We (the recruits) are stationed in a temporary camp in tents at Macaulay Point about one mile from Work Point Barracks, where the Royal Canadian Artillery headquarters are. They are



The following paper (see cartoon which Fern Smith sent him the letters she received from E. J. Hughes during September 1939).



Detail of *The Sergeant's Mess*.

The Sergeant's Mess was the first of Hughes' wartime paintings to reach a popular audience, when it was published as a full-page full-colour reproduction in Canada's iconic *Maclean's* Magazine on December 1, 1940. This view of the war effort on the home front was entirely positive.

44 E. J. HUGHES • CANADIAN WAR ARTIST



Facing page: *Camouflaging an Armoured Car* (April 1940).
Oil, 24 1/2" x 30" (61.5 x 76.2 cm). CMA 97910268-2167
Above: Detail of *Camouflaging an Armoured Car*.

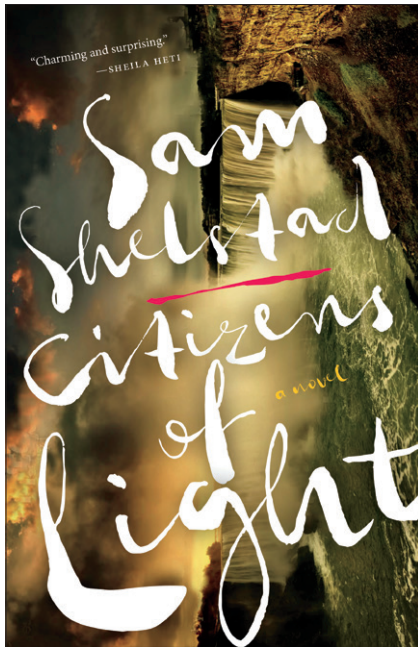
For Hughes the months of March and April of 1940 were highly productive. At first, he explored the lanes and villages of Sussex, a picturesque area which was also a key defensive position. The First Canadian Armoured Car Regiment of the Royal Canadian Dragoons was positioned in this landscape, ready to spring into action if Germans landed on the beaches or appeared in the skies above. The regiment was equipped with small armoured cars, each with a revolving gun turret and two Brenning machine guns.

During the three weeks Hughes was with the Dragoons, he was based in Hove. From there he travelled to the villages of Bittlingham, Petersborough, Horsham and Ditchling. At Ditchling he drew *Camouflaging an Armoured Car*, a memorable scene of the troops making camp in a Sussex wood. Some were digging a dirt trench and others were setting in for the night, strapping up canvas flaps resting between the trees. In his painting, the sunset glow illuminates the gauzy material which veils the armoured car and its gun turret.

As the last rays of daylight catch the tents, vignettes of soldiers were painted in the shadows as they huddled in the light of a small fire. Hughes here conveys his feelings of army life: the comradeship of men at arms under unusual conditions.



110 E. J. HUGHES • CANADIAN WAR ARTIST



Fiction / Contemporary
September 2022 • \$22.00
9781990071058 • softcover

5.5" x 8.5", 240 pages
Author's home: Toronto, ON
TouchWood Editions / Brindle & Glass
RIGHTS HELD: World, all languages except Spanish
AVAILABLE VIA UTP: Yes
Ebook also available

MARKETING & PROMO:

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Citizens of Light

A Novel

Sam Shelstad

This debut novel set in southern Ontario captures call-centre life, faded tourist attractions, and suburbia with oddball wit and sharp realism.

"Sam Shelstad has a funny, lively, engaging, peculiar mind—charming and surprising." —Sheila Heti, author of *Pure Colour*

"A darkly comic and compelling story about a truly unique call centre warrior on a mission to solve the mystery of her husband's death. Trust me, you'll laugh, think, and keep turning the pages." —Terry Fallis, two-time winner of the Stephen Leacock Medal for Humour

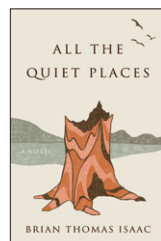
Colleen Weagle works in a call centre and lives in a bungalow with her mother in a quiet Toronto suburb. In her spare time she writes spec scripts and plays an online game set in a resort populated by reindeer. It's a typical life. Except three months ago Colleen's husband Leonard was found in a bog in the middle of the night, a two hours' drive from home. Dead.

With a flatly optimistic belief in the power of routine, Colleen has been soldiering on. But when a local news photo twigs her memory of a mystery attendee at Leonard's funeral she snaps into action. Accompanied by her ornery co-worker Patti, she heads to Niagara Falls on a quest to find the truth behind the death. Amid the slot machines and grubby hotels, the pair stumble into the darker underworld of a faded tourist trap.

Bleakly madcap, with deadpan dialogue, Shelstad's debut novel is a noir anti-thriller reminiscent of *Twin Peaks* and the work of Ottessa Moshfegh and early Kate Atkinson that reveals the undercurrents of melancholy and the truly bizarre that can run beneath even the most seemingly mild-mannered lives.

Sam Shelstad is the author of the story collection *Cop House* (Nightwood Editions, 2017). He is a regular contributor to McSweeney's Internet Tendency and his work has appeared in magazines including *The New Quarterly* and *Joyland*. He was longlisted for the CBC Short Story Prize, a runner up for the Thomas Morton Memorial Prize, and finalist for a National Magazine Award. Shelstad lives in Toronto.

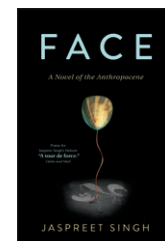
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I held my breath as we walked through the big glass doors to the casino. The man from Leonard's funeral could potentially be standing on the other side. Of course, the doors were transparent, so I knew he wasn't standing *right* there. Somewhere close by though. But the doors didn't lead right into the casino. We were in a kind of shopping mall atrium. High-end clothing shops, purses, diamonds. Somewhere to spend your winnings should you be impatient. A last-ditch effort by the casino to keep customers' money on the property. The real entrance to the casino was next to a watch store and the lineup to get inside was long—and getting longer.

Patti and I joined the queue. The line snaked around a curved wall, and when we reached the halfway point, I could see attendants checking IDs up ahead. We shuffled forward, slowly. My phone buzzed.

"I'll meet you inside," I told Patti, then stepped back out into the atrium.

"Colleen, this is Ken from the office. You're an hour late. What's going on?"

"Excuse me?"

"You're late. I'm looking at your chair right now. You're not in it. Last I checked, your chair won't complete surveys by itself. Are you on your way?"

"But I have the weekend off."

"You most certainly do not. I remember our conversation quite clearly. This is unacceptable behaviour. I'm looking at your empty chair right now. Chairs don't complete surveys."

"Patti told me she talked to you."

"Is Patti with you? I was going to call her next. This is ridiculous. We're down two diallers and Bank of America is starting tonight. How soon can you get here?"

I hung up.

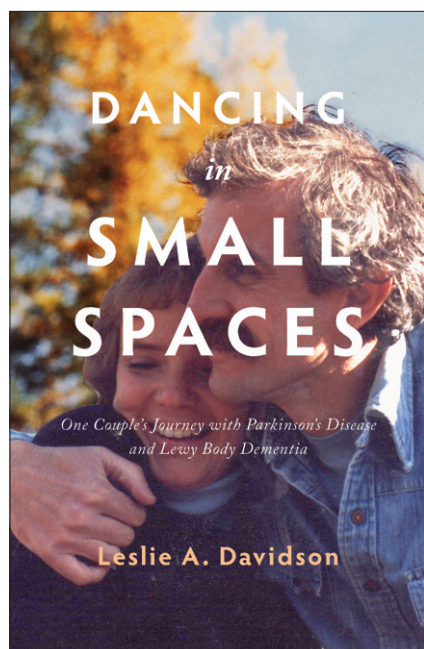
I rejoined the line for the casino. Patti was long gone. I couldn't believe it. She'd told me I had the weekend off.

I waited. A woman in a brown blazer glanced at my driver's license and waved me through.

My first time inside a real casino. I whispered "wow" slowly, like some moron. Like a rube. It was all so overwhelming. There were seemingly thousands of slot machines, stretching back farther than I could see. It was like a glitzy forest in a futuristic dream. The noise was instantly mesmerizing. All the machines chiming away. It sounded like millions of tiny harps talking to each other in heaven.

I could have stood there in wonderment for hours, but I had to find Patti. I walked down an aisle of tv show-themed slot machines—*Big Bang Theory*, *Sex and the City*—and kept watch for Patti and the man from the Metro.

—from *Citizens of Light*



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Dancing in Small Spaces

One Couple's Journey with Parkinson's Disease and Lewy Body Dementia

Leslie A. Davidson

An unstintingly honest and surprisingly humorous memoir that charts a couple's parallel diagnoses of Parkinson's and Lewy body dementia.

In 2011, Leslie Davidson and her husband Lincoln Ford were enjoying retired life to the fullest as ardent outdoor enthusiasts, energetic travellers, and soon-to-be grandparents. But when Lincoln's confusion became a concern and Leslie began to experience a hesitant leg and uncontrollable tremors in one arm, a devastating double diagnosis completely changed their life.

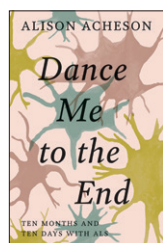
In this personal and unstintingly honest memoir, Leslie recounts the years that follow the diagnoses—her Parkinson's and Lincoln's Lewy body dementia—charting physical changes, mastering medications (and sometimes flubbing it), the logistical puzzles of caregiving, and the steady support of their close-knit community in the small town of Grand Forks in south central British Columbia.

She describes her struggle to maintain perspective while questioning what having perspective even means, and the work of being an advocate while needing an advocate. And she explains how, amid all the challenges and tears, shared laughter remained all-important to their survival, especially in times when Lincoln saw her as an imposter. She shares powerful lessons in love, courage, and grace from the man who had always led the way and who, despite the ravages of his illness, in many ways, still did.

At once poignant and unflinchingly frank *Dancing in Small Spaces* is the story of a long and adventurous marriage, of deep gratitude, and, ultimately, of writing one's way toward understanding and acceptance.

Leslie A. Davidson is the author of two children's books, *In the Red Canoe* (Orca Books, 2016) and *The Sun is a Shine* (2021). Her essay "Adaptation" won the CBC Canada Writes Creative Non-fiction Prize and her work has been published in the *Globe and Mail*, *Viewpoints*, and *On the Move*. Davidson is a retired elementary school teacher, a mother, and grandmother. She lives in Revelstoke, BC. Visit her online at leslieadavidson.com.

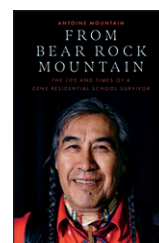
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The day before we leave for Costa Rica, I experience an uncontrollable tremor in my left arm as I am putting on my coat, a tremor that persists and increases in frequency throughout the month we are in Central America.

A pinched nerve, I tell myself. Something to do with my shoulder injury.

That's not all. I have been seeing a physiotherapist about severe pain in my right shoulder and mention to him that occasionally I feel as if my left leg is unresponsive, that I must consciously focus on it to get it moving properly. He watches me walk and sees nothing unusual in my gait.

"It looks good," he tells me, "but if it persists, come back and I'll do a thorough neuro workup."

I cling to "looks good" and put "neuro workup" out of my mind.

It isn't until we are in Costa Rica, that February of 2011, and I am unable to keep my flip-flop sandal on my left foot, that I allow myself to begin to consider that something more serious than a pinched nerve might be wrong with me. I test my left foot and hand, my left arm and leg. I can trigger the tremor by holding my arm out straight or doing up a zipper. My leg drags to the point of tripping me up if am tired and forget to make it "walk properly." If I stand on tiptoe, my left heel sinks immediately to the ground. If I stand on my heels, my right-foot toes remain up, pointing skyward, while the left ones drop quickly.

Lincoln takes a zip-lining excursion through the Costa Rican jungle, but I am now on a waiting list for shoulder surgery and choose a rainforest canopy walk as a safer option. When we meet up after our separate adventures, he is upset.

"I couldn't figure it out," he tells me. "I had to go tandem with one of the guides!"

I am, at first, shocked and dismayed. He is a rock climber, used to ropes and unafraid of heights, and has always been physically coordinated and quick to learn, with extraordinary stamina and balance. Then I begin to rationalize his experience.

"You're left-handed," I remind him. "And you don't speak any Spanish. And you're deaf in one ear. Anyone would find it tricky!"

What does my cheerfulness cost him? Does it hurt? Is it reassuring? I don't know. I wonder if my unwillingness to see his struggles is the result of my fears about my own health.

Between us we have an accumulation of changes, many small, some large, but we are both still very much ourselves, content with each other and the good fortune of our lives, getting older but not yet old. It is easier to pretend all is well in our world because, really, it is. Some of the time. Enough of the time.

—From *Dancing in Small Spaces*