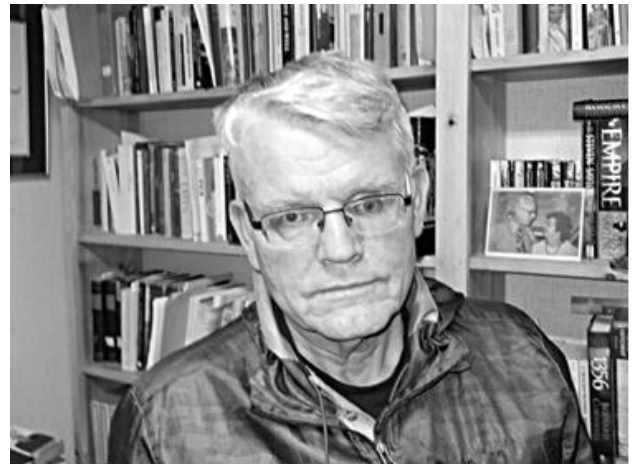


ONLY CONNECT

A MEMOIR



BEERT VERSTRAETE

New Minas, Nova Scotia, Canada, 2016

ONLY CONNECT A MEMOIR

ONLY CONNECT: A MEMOIR

By Beert Verstraete

Copyright © 2016, Beert C. Verstraete
New Minas, Nova Scotia, Canada, 2016

Copyright under the Berne Convention
and the UCC Universal Copyright Convention.

The conversations in these memoirs all come from the author's recollections, though they are not written to represent word-for-word transcripts. Rather, the author has retold them in a way that evokes the feeling and meaning what was said, and in all instances, the essence of the dialogue is accurate. In that spirit, the author is pleased to offer these memoirs to his readers; however, the story, the experiences, and the words are the author's alone.

This memoir is set in Palatino Linotype.

All rights reserved

This memoir, or parts thereof, may not be reproduced in any form without permission from the author.

Printed and bound in Canada

Dedicated to the memory of my parents,
Christiaan Verstraete (1920-2003) and
Cornelia Verstraete née van Dam (1918-1987) and of
Scott John Taylor / Brian Dale Druet (1951-2009)

Content

PREFACE	9
I – PRELUDES	15
<i>The Journals, 1958-2016.</i>	
I.1 Wallaceburg, ON, Mid-June 1958	16
I.2 Wallaceburg, End of August, 1958	20
I.3 Wallaceburg, End of August, 1959	25
I.4 Wallaceburg, End of June, 1960	28
I.5 Wallaceburg, Early September, 1963	30
I.6 Wallaceburg, End of August, 1964	39
I.7 Wallaceburg, Early September, 1968	43
I.8 Toronto, ON, Early September, 1970	50
I.9 Toronto, End of July, 1975	59
I.10 Toronto, Early June, 1976	78
I.11 Toronto, Mid-August, 1978	96
I.12 Wolfville, NS, Early September, 1980	107
I.13 Wolfville, Early January, 1984	121
I.14 New Minas, NS, Early September, 1988	132
I.15 New Minas, Early September, 1992	147
I.16 New Minas, Early February, 1995	157

I.17 New Minas, Mid-October, 1999	164
I.18 New Minas, December, 2005	173
I.19 New Westminster, BC, Mid-August, 2009	180
I.20 New Minas, Late January, 2016	183
II – SUMMA MEAE VITAE	189
<i>The Sum of My Life (Essays)</i>	
II.1 My Faith and Hope in Process	190
II.2 Sexuality: Mine and That of Others	197
II.3 Family, Marriage, and Friendship	204
II.4 Culture: Adaptation, Enrichment, and Transformation	221
II.5 A Professor of Classics in the Twentieth and Twenty-First Centuries	227
II.6 Matters of the Respublica	236
II. 7 Reflections on Poetry, with a Special Focus on Male Homoerotic Poetry through the Ages: Part One	243
II.8 Reflections on Poetry, with a Special Focus on Male Homoerotic Poetry through the Ages: Part Two	265
III – THE BEGINNINGS OF IT ALL IN HOLLAND, 1944-1958	301
III.1 Two Early Memories	302
III.2 <i>Die Grote Kast</i> (“That Big Closet”): Rozemarinstraat, No.1 (1944-2005)	303

III.3 Our Little House	310
at No. 62 Enkstraat, No.62 (1946-1954)	
III.4 Our House of Wide Open Fields and Skies	319
at No.95 Abel Tasmanstraat, (1954-1958)	
III.5 Zwolle, Rozemarinstraat, No.1,	334
late Friday evening, May 30, 1958)	

PREFACE

When I conceived the idea of writing my memoirs a few years ago, I flattered myself into thinking that the story of how the life of a fourteen-year old Dutch boy was transformed by his immigration to Canada would be of great interest to a fairly wide readership. In other words, I was looking forward to some form of commercial publication. However, the more I wrote the more realized that I was doing it most of all, if not entirely, for myself, that writing my memoirs was a labour of recovering memories of many decades of personal growth of which I was convinced the immigration had been the supreme catalyst. I was also beginning to admit to myself that these reclaimed memories were taking shape in a style of writing which had a distinct aspect of rawness to them. Not that the writing was particularly bad, and its rawness, by itself, should not have been an impediment to regular publication, but all the same it was not good enough for me.

I had always been an avid reader of memoirs and autobiographies—of statesmen and politicians in particular—which, of course, carry with them an intrinsic value of interest, and some of which are also highly accomplished, in my judgment, as works of literature; here I am thinking in particular of Winston Churchill, Harry Truman, Charles de Gaulle, and Lester Pearson. As a student of Greek and Roman literature, I had already been familiar since my undergraduate years with the *Meditations* of the Roman emperor Marcus Aurelius and the *Confessions* of the great Latin church father, St Augustine. Both of these, although very different in format and style from each other, are certainly memoirs in that they are characterized by intense reflection by the authors on their respective lives, while at same time they are also classics of philosophical and spiritual writing.

More recently, I also became interested in the memoirs and autobiographies of writers, artists, and entertainers (especially movie actors), going as far back in time as the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini. I must have read many dozens of them over the years. However, it was my reading of three of these during the past eighteen months when I was working on my memoirs that finally impelled me towards a more objective assessment of my own writing. They are Dirk Bogarde's *A Postilion Struck by Lightning* (published in 1977 and the first of a series of autobiographical works), James Merrill's *A Different Person: A Memoir* (published in 1993), and most recently, Michael Bawtree's *As Far as I remember* (published in 2015, with two more volumes to follow). Bogarde is remembered as one of the greatest British film actors of the postwar decades from the forties to the nineties, and Merrill as one as the outstanding American poets of the same generation. Michael Bawtree is a former colleague of mine, retired like myself

from Acadia University, where he directed the program of theatre studies for many years, and enjoys an international reputation as a director, producer, teacher, and author in the world of theatre.

My admiration of these three works of high literary merit have clinched my decision not to aim for publication through a well established publishing company but to arrange for a private printing, with copies to be presented gratis to family and friends. Given the fact that, due to problems with my vision, the minutely careful typing required for the production of texts which are to become academic books and papers has become too slow and laborious for me, I have decided to move away from this kind of writing altogether. What I envisage at this point is to start writing a series of essays on contemporary topics under the rubric of religion, society, and culture; here I will almost certainly draw on ideas I have already touched upon in my memoirs, especially in Part II. These will be informal writings which, I hope, will capture somewhat the spirit of Michel Montaigne's *Essais* and Blaise Pascal's *Pensées* of which I have been fond since my undergraduate years, and these should be, at this stage of my life, a labour of love for me in both their conception and execution so that, once more probably, I will end up doing this primarily for my own pleasure, not driven by any preoccupation with publication.

Well before I started writing early in 2015, I felt very strongly that my memoirs should start with my immigration to Canada in 1958, for I regarded this—as I still do—as the most decisive step in my growth and development towards what I was able to say about myself well over half a century later across the whole breadth of my person. Equally important, I decided that I should cast Part I, called “Preludes,” which was to take up by far the largest portion of my memoirs, in the form of a fictitious journal: fictitious because I kept no such thing during all these many years and decades. The first entry has me in mid-June 1958, some days after my and family's arrival in Wallaceburg, looking back at our grand journey from Zwolle, the Netherlands, to our destination in Canada. After this, there are only nineteen more entries. In each entry I record the vivid recollections, impressions, thoughts, and feelings I am carrying away from the period—months, years, a few times even several years—in my life I am looking back at. Entry no. 20 covers the final period, from 2009, the year in which my former long-time partner Scott took his own life, to the end-point early in 2015, when I began to write my memoirs. Thus, Part I, as it progresses through the successive entries, registers each step, to the extent I have been able, through intensely focused retrospection and introspection, to reconstruct it in the place it occupies in the course of my overall growth and development, from being a fourteen year old youngster to my

present status as a senior in his early seventies. You can see that the reader will derive a very different 'feel' from this journal-like personal narrative than will be had from a personal story as laid out in a more conventional memoir where the author looks back at his or her life from the perspective of the present, with all its accumulated insights and wisdoms. This is certainly the most experimental part of my memoirs: it will be up to the reader to judge how successful I have been.

There are two details in Part I that I should mention. First, the ship on which my family and I voyaged to Canada bore the name of "De Waterman"; "Waterman" is Dutch for "Aquarius," the constellation and sign of the Zodiac. I did not realize this until much later. Thinking of the well-known pop of the 1960's, we might be said, therefore, to have been sailing into the Age of Aquarius. Secondly, when I met Scott in 1975, his name was Brian Dale Druet. He changed his name legally to Scott John Taylor in the fall of 1982, and from now in Part II start to refer to him by his new name. In the intervening seven years, therefore, there are two very special Brians in my life, and in order to avoid any confusion, in covering these years I refer to Brian of Toronto as Brian Rees or simply Brian R.

I gave Part II, which I began as soon as I had completed Part I in February of this year and was finished by the early summer, the title of *Summa Vitae Meae*, "The Sum of my Life." (The completion of Part I had been delayed for almost three months by the irretrievable loss of the first 40,000 words as the result of an unfortunate click of mine on my computer's keyboard.) In Part II, the thrust of the writing is thematic not narrative, since I have recorded in eight essays where I stand now, in the year 2016, on what have been for many decades the most enduring concerns in my life. I start with my coming to terms with my Christian faith and heritage, and then move on to sexuality, above all my own sexual orientation, followed by my thinking on family, marriage, and friendship, including my two very special relationships with my two long-time partners, Brian and Scott.

I continue with my thoughts on contemporary culture, my passions as a classical scholar, and my views on politics especially in the context of fundamental principles of the state and social justice. The final two essays, of which no. 8 is the continuation of no. 7, are the distillation of what started as an academic writing project which I thought initially would culminate in a monograph on the poetry of male same-sex desire and love; this would start with Greco-Roman civilization and continue into the literatures of the West. After a few false starts in my writing, I decided I was far more interested at this point to condense all of this into a far less academic format which could also be appreciated by the average educated person interested in this subject, and thus this

'digest' found a place in my memoirs. I have more to say on this decision in the final entry of Part I and at the beginning of the seventh essay of Part II.

Part III, "The Beginnings of It All in Holland," which took me back to my childhood in the Netherlands, came to me as an after-thought when I had nearly completed Part II as I began to feel that my memoirs would not be complete if I did not put into writing all those vivid memories which go back for me to the age of four. It can be easily read first since in its ending I have made it link up seamlessly with the beginning of Part I. Perhaps the most important reason why I believed this Part was essential is that in looking back to my childhood years I could already glimpse intimations of the direction my life would follow after the immigration.

The title I have chosen for my memoirs was not my first choice. However, very recently, during a long drive to a Classics conference, my friend Vernon convinced me that "Dutch Boy, Canadian Man" just did not sound right, and I myself saw it now as rather trite and mawkish. With a few minutes of Socratic-style questioning, Vernon then elicited from me "*Only Connect*," a title which says perfectly what my memoirs are ultimately all about. It is the life-defining maxim put forward in the novel *Howards End* of the still greatly admired British author E.M. Forster (1879-1970), who also wrote *A Passage to India* and was gay like myself.

It remains for me to thank the family members and friends who sustained me with their moral and practical support ever since I started writing my memoirs. My heartfelt thanks go, first of all, to my brother Gerrit, who has been with me in spirit from the beginning, giving me his always insightful, comments, along with some timely queries, on the portions of my manuscript I sent him. He will now be lending me his invaluable expertise as a published author on readying the complete text for the final printing which he will also look after. I am also greatly indebted to my sister Sylvia, first of all, like Gerrit, for her supportive and sensitive comments on my work in progress, as well as for her own indispensable expertise towards the completion of this project. Already five years ago it was this that enabled me to put together a 35-minute video celebrating the first six years of the life Scott and I had together in Vancouver, Toronto, and Wolfville: she digitalized the hundreds photos—a most laborious task!—I selected from the huge collection of slides Scott had left behind, merged with these the music I had selected as background, and thus produced a very professional-looking and truly beautiful ensemble; copies of the video were also gratefully received by members of Scott's family. At the present, Sylvia is once more lending me her digital expertise with the readying of the photos which are going to be included in the book. I must also express my gratitude to my friend Chris Thomas, who throughout the slow and at times

most awkward process of my typing was always there for me, patiently and expertly, to remove the latest glitch confronting my less than perfectly computer-literate self. My long-time friend Nirmal Jain was also always ready to lend me his expert computer-related assistance whenever asked. When I was still contemplating commercial publication, my friends Wendy and Art Helleman in Toronto gave me some good practical advice in this regard, and I received the same from my local friend Gerry Gerrits; even though I decided in the end to go a different route, I remain grateful to them. Finally, I must thank from the bottom of my heart Glenn Dalrymple on whose unfailing support I can always count in whatever initiative I undertake.

Beert Verstraete

New Minas, Nova Scotia, Canada, late October, 2016.

PART I

PRELUDES

The Journals, 1958-2016

I.1 Wallaceburg, ON, Mid-June, 1958 (in Dutch)

Early morning light coming through the windows. Must be well before seven o' clock and getting-up time. Gert and Boudewijn are still asleep on their air mattresses. It is not bad staying here in the basement of the Christian Reformed Church. It's certainly not what you'd call a cellar in The Netherlands. The rooms are bright and airy with large windows, and there are all the facilities—large kitchen, large washroom with showers—a large family like ours needs. In a few days, though, we'll be moving to the house mom and dad have rented on nearby Forhan Street. By that time the huge crate with all our furniture and other belongings will have arrived there. It is more than a week ago since we arrived in Wallaceburg, but my memories of the trip of a lifetime could not be more vivid. I think back to the beginning.

Our ship, the S.S. *Waterman*, pushes back from its Rotterdam dock early in the evening on the last day of May. We are standing by the railings on the main passenger deck and are waving back at uncle Dirk and aunt Jeanne and nephew Gé and niece Nelly waving goodbye to us. For mom and dad it must be a very emotional moment, but for us kids the feeling is one of great excitement over the beginning of a great adventure. We are now on the Nieuwe Waterweg, which will take us to the North Sea, and soon we are on the open sea and watch the Dutch coastline fade into the eastern horizon. It is still very light, but we are only a little more than an hour away from sunset. The sea is perfectly calm and smooth, its glass-like surface aglitter in the waning light. As it gets dark, we go to our family cabin. The beds are arranged bunk-style, but it is not too cramped and everything looks cozy and comfortable. For the first time in our lives, we kids get to sleep in the same room as our parents. It's been a long and tiring day, with all of us getting up at Opa and Oma's place, some of us from our air mattresses, early in the morning, and the, after a quick breakfast and saying goodbye to Opa—we had already done so to Oma at our grandparents' cottage several days earlier—walking to the train station with our hand baggage. During our walk there mom cried for a little while. The train ride from Zwolle to Rotterdam took two hours and the wait and the immigration formalities at the dock took even longer. After only a few minutes in bed, I find myself heading to a deep sleep.

We are all up early next morning, a Sunday morning, and after getting washed up and dressed—the W.C. and washroom are shared with other passengers—we have a good Dutch-English style breakfast in the large dining hall, Dutch with its cheese and boiled eggs, English with its kippers. We are now well into the English Channel. It is again a bright and sunny day, and to the north the southern coastline of English with its sunlit cliffs and uplands rises sharply out of the blue of the sea, a deep blue such I have

never seen before. As a family we attend a church service conducted in Dutch. Not only is it boring, but it does not even feel like a church service because it is held in a hall without windows where in the evening movies are shown. I am glad the service does not last too long. By mid-afternoon the English coast fades away and we are sailing into the great Atlantic. The water takes on an even deeper blue and there is now a real swell. I am beginning to feel the floor rising and falling beneath my feet, and am becoming nauseous. I am sea-sick, horrible! I have to throw up but manage to reach the W.C. in time. I crawl into my bunk-bed but the nausea persists, and I am not the only one in the family who feels so awful. Dinner time is approaching but the thought of food is revolting, and I have the impression that few of us are going to the dining hall. However, eventually, thank God, I fall asleep and when I wake up it is dark—is it late evening now?—and I am feeling much better, and soon I fall asleep again.

I wake up the next morning without any queasiness in my stomach and with a hearty appetite so that I am able to enjoy a big breakfast. Not everyone in my family is quite that lucky and there are still a few pale faces, but the worst of the sea-sickness seems to be over. Interestingly, mom, whom I expected to have the biggest problem, was actually the least bothered by it. Since I feel so much better and energetic, today is the perfect day for exploring the ship. Fortunately, mom and dad are not over-protective, and the oldest of us kids, starting with myself, are free to roam as we please as long we show our faces at the agreed upon times and places. The *Waterman* is not a big ship, nothing like the giant luxurious ocean liners I've seen in photos and where the fares are very expensive. In fact, during the War, it was used to transport troops from Canada and the United States to Europe, but it does provide our family like ours with decent basic accommodation and, most important, the food is good.

It does not take long to take in the different parts of the ship. It is exciting to take a peek inside the engine room—passengers, of course, are not allowed in. In the corridors nearby you can still feel and hear the throbbing and humming of the engines and smell the oil and grease, and even farther away the vibrations can be still be felt. After while inside the ship it is great to find your way again to the main deck, catch the strong chill wind blowing and then, standing at the stern, look down upon the foaming wake carved in the waters by the *Waterman*. The ocean stretching to the horizon in every direction is of a deep blue under a paler blue, cloudless sky.

The large majority of passengers, as you would expect, are Dutch, but there are some English passengers as well—this explains the kippers which come with our breakfast. All or nearly all must be immigrants on their way to Canada, mostly families with children, like us, although there are some young couples with no children. Mom and dad socialize with the Dutch families and try their school English with the English

passengers. Together with my brothers and sisters, I chat and chum around a bit with the children, but for me the voyage itself is the supreme experience and any befriending of young and old seems petty in comparison—after all, we had lots of that sort of thing in the Netherlands.

One of the little, half-guilty pleasures of this trip is being able to buy and smoke duty-free cigarettes with my small allowance. Already in school, I would occasionally pass the correct answers on a test to Wim, the boy sitting behind me in the classroom in return for a cigarette, and the older guys at *Animo*, the Christian boys' Club, were willing to sell you the odd cigarette for a dime or so. Uncle Lambert was also kind enough to let me take a puff on one of his cigarettes once in a while. But here I can actually buy a package of ten cigarettes with no questions asked, and then, often with Lida, sneak a smoke or two on the deck, away from prying eyes, of course.

Very early Friday morning, almost six days since we left Rotterdam, there is our first glimpse of Canada. It is, as someone points out, Cape Race, the easternmost point of Newfoundland. Because of the fog we cannot see very much, just a dim outline in the far distance. Late in the afternoon we are sailing into Gulf of Lawrence. Skies are clear again, but there is a lot of wind, which increases to gale-strength. Big waves start to appear, and standing on the stern part of the deck, we have a sweeping view of the ship as it rises and falls—a bit scary to some passengers watching it but for others, including myself, an awesome sight. Unfortunately, sea-sickness starts to hit a lot of people again, and so there are many empty tables and chairs at the gala-banquet put on to celebrate to celebrate the soon-to-arrive end of the voyage.

Next morning we find ourselves on the St Lawrence River. What a mighty river it is! It is nothing like a river I've seen before. It is so wide—it seems more than fifty kilometres at this point—that it looks like a sea. The coast we can see to the south has high mountains with snow glistening on the summits. By evening, as darkness begins to fall, the river has narrowed but it is still enormously wide. By now the ship is hugging the north shore, which, too, is mountainous, hundreds of metres high, with dense forests coming down to the river's edge. Lighted buoys appear. I have never seen such grandiose scenery before.

The next morning, a Sunday, we wake up and find the *Waterman* docked at Quebec City. The Canadian authorities come on board and stamp our passports and immigration papers, including my own passport, and a number of people disembark to make their way to their final destination. Unfortunately, the rest have to stay on board and so we do not have the chance to explore this interesting city, which I understand is French-speaking and Canada's oldest large city. From where the ship is docked we can

see only part of the lower city, but the rest of the city perched on a high cliff is difficult to make out.

Late in the afternoon we leave Quebec. The ship's speed is less now, the same as when we sailed down the Nieuwe Waterweg. The river is still wide but narrower so we can clearly see both sides. The scenery is very different as we pass one town and village after another, and we can make out a highway on each side with lots of cars. It is getting dark when we approach Montreal and thousands of lights begin to twinkle. As the ship docks, it is time to go to bed for the final night in our cabin.

Next morning all passengers leave the *Waterman* for good. On the quayside we are able to watch huge crates containing the immigrants' furniture and other belongings being hoisted ashore from the ship's hold. We like to think that we can actually spot ours. Buses take us to the Central Station, where a train will take us to Toronto. We go for a little walk and mom and dad buy sliced bread, butter and cheese to make sandwiches, which we eat in a nearby park. The butter tastes a little salty and the cheese is orange, different from what we were used to in the Netherlands. Dad takes a photo of us, the first photo of us in Canada. We have a fair amount of luggage with us, most of it clothes. Many of them will need to be washed when we reach our final destination—however, fewer than would normally be the case, for during the entire trip we are wearing old underwear which can be discarded as garbage once we change into clean underwear, so we are actually entering Canada with less luggage than we left the Netherlands nine days ago.

There is no time to explore Montreal. It is obviously a grand city, much bigger than Amsterdam or Rotterdam, and has impressive buildings, both old and new, and nice parks. We board our train in mid-afternoon, together with many of the immigrants with whom we shared the voyage. It must be a specially chartered train, diesel-drawn but otherwise old and almost shabby. It is a long ride to Toronto—seven or eight hours? I lose track of time. The suburbs of Montreal with their parks and lakes are beautiful, but afterwards the landscape is flat and boring. Towns are far apart and we pass through endless woodlands and fields growing wild, with farms only here and there—nothing like the tidy-looking Dutch countryside.

It is already dark when we approach Toronto so we see practically nothing of the city. In the Central Station we have to wait for a while in order to board our second train. This train is modern with lots of glass and gleaming metal. I am very tired now and soon drift off to sleep. I wake up only once before we reach our destination when Lida is throwing up. I don't know how long we have travelled but when we get off it is still quite dark. We are met by two men with cars from the Wallaceburg Christian

Reformed Church. Once we arrive there —it is about a twenty-minute drive—we are put up for a couple of nights and days with the Bos family.

I.2 Wallaceburg, end of August, 1958 (in Dutch)

After our ten days in the church basement all of us were eager to move into our newly rented home on Forhan Street. For the first time after more than three weeks we had a place we could call our own. But how different it is from our home on the Abel Tasmanstraat in Zwolle! The most important difference is that it is not a row house but a free-standing house with a big yard, especially at the back. In the Netherlands we would have to live in the country in order to have a house like that. The second big difference is that it is a wooden house like most of those you see in Wallaceburg. In the Netherlands you hardly see anything like this—just about everything is built of red brick. Our house like most is covered in what are called shingles made of asphalt with a greyish covering. Some houses have what is called a siding made of metal painted white or a pastel colour. Because of this and also because the houses come in different sizes and shapes and, to be honest, some do not appear well looked after, our neighbourhood looks very different from a typical one in the Netherlands. I'd think that wooden houses are a greater fire-hazard, and I suspect that fires are therefore more common here.

The streets are all very wide and there are lots of trees. There is a gas stove in the kitchen and the house is centrally heated with gas—something we didn't have in the Netherlands—no need, therefore, for hot water bottles in our beds on a cold winter night. Because of the increasingly hot weather, mom and dad had to buy a used refrigerator—again, something we did not have in the Netherlands. What also strikes me is that you are allowed to burn your garbage in a barrel at the back of your house, even though there is a regular pick-up. Finally, just about every family has a car and television—once more, very different from what we were used to—but I have noticed that Canadian families on the whole don't furnish and decorate their homes as nicely as the Dutch do. Mom says they have no taste. You can even see this in the wall paper in our living and dining rooms which is an ugly grey colour with splashes of white flowers all over. We are certainly going to redo this.

We don't have a car as yet. We will have to buy one soon because there are no buses and you simply don't see adults riding bikes. For the time being, dad can get a ride to work, but I'm sure that sometime this fall he'll want to buy a good used car. The American cars which nearly everyone drives here are much bigger than the ones we were used to in the Netherlands; and they always have a radio. The newest American

cars are an impressive sight, long and sleek, and some even have fins at their rear end; the ones on the Cadillacs are huge. Volkswagens are popular with church families. They are cheap and certainly look cheap. They are tiny and very cramped on the inside, and I hear they don't heat well in the winter.

It turned more difficult than we expected for dad to find work. Mr. Bos and other church members took him around to businesses that might hire him but not to the town's largest employer, Dominion Glass, because they require shift work from their factory workers, including working on Sundays, and the church does not approve of not keeping the Sabbath Day holy, to use their expression. Finally, after a few days without results, dad decided to go for farm work. This turned out to be "blocking" beets at this time of the year. It is not heavy work and so Gert and I went with him. The beet fields were on nearby Walpole Island, which is an Indian reservation. We went there early one morning. We had a ride with one of the church members who also worked there. We had to cross the Snye River by ferry in order to reach the island. I was surprised to see the water so clear and blue, almost like that of the ocean and very different from that of the big but rather muddy-looking Sydenham River, which flows through Wallaceburg, and from the smaller rivers, or "creeks" as they are called, of which there plenty in the region. We were told the water is so clean and pure you can scoop it up and drink it. I did so and found it to be amazingly true.

The beet field where we headed to was huge—I had never seen such a far-stretching field in the Netherlands. To get there we had to drive along a road through marshlands with tall reeds slowly waving in the wind. "Blocking" beets means simply thinning-out the rows of tiny beet plants—they are sugar beets—so that the remaining ones can grow uncrowded to their full size. The tool you use is called a "beet blocker." It has a medium-length wooden handle with a sharp-edged metal square attached at the end. Dad took on two rows and Gert and I two rows together. The rows seemed to stretch endlessly—they must have been kilometres long—and it took us almost half a day to reach the end, and then we had to work our way back again. We were paid for each row we completed. It wasn't very much—three dollars a row, I think, and therefore 24 dollars for a whole day's work for the three of us. The work was tedious but not particularly hard for Gert and me, despite all the bending over we had to do, but for dad, tall as he is, it must have been very different. Fortunately, it was sunny but, thanks to a cooling breeze all day, not too warm. It was good to stand up once in a while and take in the vast blue sky stretching over this vast field towards the far away line of the marshlands on the horizon. After our work came to an end late in the afternoon, we stopped on the way back at the home of one of the church members, where Mrs. Counsel—I wonder what their Dutch name was—served us with a deliciously cold fruit-flavoured drink called *Freshie*. Then we made our way home to

dinner and a well-deserved rest. The next morning we could really feel in our back and legs the kind of bending and stretching we had to do for hours the previous day.

The three of us had to do this work for only one day since dad found a much-better paying job as a carpenter with a construction company, and so Gert and I were pretty well off work until August when we picked tomatoes. This was harder work, especially at the beginning, when there were not as yet many ripe tomatoes to be found on the low-lying vines and it took a long time to fill up a basket. As it got heavier and heavier, the basket had to be carried a long way down the track between the two rows of tomato vines you were working on, and then, when it was full, finally carried, sometimes across quite a few rows, to a wider track and set down there so that it could be lifted up onto a tractor-driven wagon which collected all the filled up baskets. Because of the small number of baskets you managed to fill and because you were paid by the basket—25 cents per basket—the pay you received at the end of the day was very little, never more than six to eight dollars. Equally bad, the weather in August is usually hot and humid, which made the work all the more trying. It was only at the end of the month that ripe tomatoes became plentiful and so the pay became much better, but then the start of school awaited us. It was surprising how many immigrant families were doing this kind of work, men, women, and older children. Mom tried it for one day and then she had enough. I don't blame her. Unlike many other Dutch-Canadian families in Wallaceburg, we did not come from the farm or the countryside. We are city people.

The Christian Reformed Church in Wallaceburg we are now members of could not be more different from the Oosterkerk we attended in Zwolle, even though the Christian Reformed Church is the Canadian and American sister church of the Gereformeerde Kerken to which we belonged in the Netherlands. The Oosterkerk served a large congregation from all walks of life. The Wallaceburg CRC is small, with no more than fifty to sixty families, I think. Many are families on the farm, but there are also factory workers as well as a few tradesmen and small business owners. Most of them come from a rural or small-town background in the Netherlands. Mom and dad certainly don't put on any airs, but I can see they feel a bit out of sorts here. You notice right away that the adults who have been here for a while speak a funny sort of language among themselves, a mixture of Anglicized Dutch and *Dutchified* English.

The church here has stricter expectations from its members than we were used to in Zwolle. For one thing, you are expected to attend church twice on Sundays, the English-language service in the morning and the Dutch one in the afternoon. The afternoon service is no fun on a hot summer afternoon. In Zwolle, once to church, usually in the morning, was fine—we never went more than once, although Opa and

Oma, whose went to the Zuiderkerk, usually did go twice. Then there is all this fuss here about what you are allowed to do one Sunday and what not. For instance, can you swim on Sundays, a welcome treat on a hot day? Or is it OK to buy something to buy something, including a snack or drink at a take-out place? The answer is “no” for most families in the church. Fortunately, some families, including ours, are not so strict. I am impressed, though, that the CRC is a close community where in times of distress and sorrow its members show they care for one another. When the young boy of the Korvemaker family drowned, you could really see the whole congregation was grieving—there were a lot of tears at the Sunday morning service.

We have lost no time in starting to chum around with the kids of some of the church’s families, especially the Dykhouses—their Dutch name must have been Dijkhuis – the Griffioens, and the Hultinks. They have been here for a much longer time and so their English is perfect, and this is one good way for us to pick up the language. A few of them have shared with us their comic books. There is such a variety of them—Superman, Batman, Prince Valiant, Archie, love comics, classics of literature, Disney characters, just to name some of them. We had comics in the Netherlands, too, but there wasn’t much choice—I remember the Disney ones the best. The comics here have allowed me to go far beyond my school English. Thanks to the Dykhouses, we are introduced to the marvel of television. In the Netherlands this is still an expensive luxury and the broadcast lasts only for a few hours in the evening, but here it is so different. We watch mostly the American channels because there are several of them and we love the many westerns they show. All the American channels have advertising called commercials. I can’t say they appeal to the viewers’ intelligence, but I guess they are small price to pay for the great programs. Television, too, even the commercials, does a great deal to improve my English.

At first, the countryside around Wallaceburg—so flat and mostly monotonous to look at—was a big disappointment to me, and my brothers and sisters as well. The photo’s we saw of Canada in the literature of our new country showed high mountains, big lakes and rivers, and vast rugged forests, and we bragged about the grandiosity of Canada to our friends back in the Netherlands, even saying we would riding to school on horseback. Yes, we did take in magnificent landscapes when we were sailing up the St Lawrence River, but here it could not be more different. However, now that we have lived here for a few months I can say we have not been totally deceived thanks to some trips we have been able to make. We haven’t bought a car as yet, so we have had to rely on the kindness of church members with cars to take us to some beautiful sights, quite unlike anything we ever saw in the Netherlands. During my first few weeks in Canada I already saw the Snye River with its incredibly blue water so clear and pure you can drink as is. The Snye is an arm of the St Clair River, which as it flows downstream,

connects Lake Huron with Lake St Clair, which in turn via the Detroit River flows into Lake Erie. The St Clair River, to which we have enjoyed several outings this past summer since it is only about ten kilometres—or six miles—away from Wallaceburg, is a river such as I never seen before, wide and fast-flowing and almost as blue as the ocean itself. On the other side lies the State of Michigan in the United States. It is great for swimming in July and August when the water is not too cold, but you must be careful to not to go too far into the water because the current will just sweep you along. We were also taken for a day-trip and picnic to Rondeau Provincial Park—about a good hour's drive from Wallaceburg. It is impressive with its woods and marshes but even more so for its magnificent white-sand beaches. Judging from the map, I'd say this lake is at least half the size of the Netherlands, and on the day we were there the lake gleamed a deep blue under sunny skies.

Lake St Clair, not far southwest of Wallaceburg, is much smaller although still very large—probably about the same size as the IJssel Lake we knew so well in the Netherlands. It is also very shallow—you can wade a whole kilometre into it and the water still comes only as far as your waist. Finally, on a beautiful sunny day in July Gert and I were invited by some members of the church's Young People's Society to drive with them to Point Ipperwash Provincial Park on Lake Huron, a one-and-a-half hour's drive northwest of Wallaceburg. Here the scenery is truly stunning. The Point itself has a rocky shoreline with big boulders and slabs of rock, but beyond this stretching to the east as far as the eye can see is the widest and whitest beach I have ever seen, a beach fringed by tall dunes like the ones along the North Sea coast of the Netherlands.

Lake Huron is huge, far bigger than Lake Erie—it could swallow up all or nearly all of the Netherlands. It is a true freshwater sea of an intense deep blue that outdoes even the blue of Lake Erie and the St Clair River. It is also a cold lake so that you can swim in it without half-freezing only for a short time in July and August. You have to beware of its powerful currents—if you go in too far they can pull you under in no time. For me that July day was an incredible day of discovery—I remember that as we drove to Point Ipperwash, the car radio played the catchy song, "Dance, dance, everybody dance." Weeks later, it is still playing in my mind.

Well, the summer is winding up—it is the end of August. The school year will soon start, right after Labour Day, which is a big holiday here, not like the Dag van de Arbeid on May 1st in the Netherlands, which is not a public holiday and is celebrated only by the socialists and the communists.

I.3 Wallaceburg, End of August, 1959 (in English now)

I eagerly looked forward to the start of my first school year in Canada. How would it compare with school in the Netherlands? I was a bit nervous, too, since my English was still far from perfect. In the Netherlands, I had almost finished the second year of a four-year high school, the MULO, from which you normally graduate at the age of sixteen and are then considered ready to enter the labour force. In order to go to university, you have to attend a six-year high school, like the HBS, the gymnasium, or the lyceum. My marks in primary school, I guess, were not good enough to get me into any of those. In Canada, I soon learned, there was far less streaming of boys and girls at an early age into or away from university. After six years of elementary school, you enter the so-called senior public school, which takes in grades seven and eight, and then you enter high school, of which there is only one kind. I was very disappointed, though, when I learned that I could not enter the ninth grade, the first year of high school, because my English was thought not to be good enough to handle it. What made my humiliation worse was that I ended up in the same class as Gerrit, a year younger than myself.

However, there were some compensations. The MULO school in Zwolle I attended was located in an old, decrepit building located right in a very narrow, equally decrepit looking street in the city-centre. The building was probably a fire-trap. In order to get to my classroom, you had to pass first through another—and there was no other exit but through that adjoining room. The Wallaceburg school looked new and shiny, on both the outside and the inside. There was a separate classroom for science subjects. There was no gymnasium but there was lots of open green space outside for sports and exercise for much of the school year.

The biggest treat, however, were the classes themselves and the way they were conducted by the teachers. In the MULO, teachers were of two kinds: those who could keep order and those who couldn't. With few exceptions, the ones who could had to be very strict, with no room whatsoever for a more relaxed relationship between teacher and students. The two exceptions were Mr. van Gelder, who taught French, and Mr. den Hollander, who taught English—both subjects I really liked. These two had charm and personality, including a good sense of humour. Then there were the poor guys—all my teachers were men—who couldn't keep order. They were seen as weak and their students took advantage of this without mercy. You might say these teachers were bullied by their students. Their classes were typically abuzz with students' conversations ignoring what the teacher was saying and with all other sorts of other mischief. I remember one teacher in particular who would sometimes flee the classroom

and get the principal, Mr. Hempenius, who taught German like a drill-sergeant, and he would have to restore order. The women teachers we had in the lower grades of elementary school were better, but by grade three or four it was all men. My two principal teachers in senior public school were women, Mrs. MacCallum and Miss Latimer, and they were great teachers. They kept order but had the personality to do in a gracious, relaxed manner. They obviously loved teaching and showed a keen interest in how their pupils were doing. Mr. MacCallum, who was my homeroom teacher and taught most of my subjects, took a special interest in me, I like to think. When I did very well in a spelling test early in the fall term, she called the whole class's attention to it, saying how marvelous it was I had done so well when I had been in Canada for such a short time. Miss Latimer was a bit stricter but still a sweetheart. I remember how she handled the class when they laughed because I had misunderstood a question she'd put to me. She reprimanded them for not appreciating the fact I was working so hard to learn the language.

I found out right from the start that the school English I'd learned in the Netherlands was actually quite helpful in my written work, including the spelling test in which I did so well. Mastering the spoken language took somewhat longer, but I think after about half a year in school I had become comfortable with that, too. I was pleased to see that now I could understand the spoken language well and speak it fairly fluently with only a little accent. Math was ridiculously easy for me. In the Netherlands I had already been tackling algebra and geometry in grade seven, and here they were still learning to do fractions in grade eight. There were no languages apart from English. At the MULO I had to take English, French, German, and in grades five and six I had already received, together with some other pupils, some advance tutoring in French for a small fee. French is considered in the Netherlands far more difficult than English and German. Geography and history at the senior public school were combined into one subject called social studies. Canadian and American history, of which we only covered the highlights, was pretty well new to me, but European history as well as the geography I knew well, perhaps even better than Mrs. MacCallum—if I may brag about it. At one point she let her imagination fly when it came to the Netherlands, saying that Dutch housewives were so clean that they would climb on the roofs of their houses in order to scrub the tiles there. I decided it was better to let this pass. Science, of which I had had only a little in the Netherlands, was also kept at an elementary level in the senior public school, but there was a science lab for simple experiments and demonstrations in physics and biology. All in all, therefore, grade eight was very easy sailing for me, and I got excellent marks in all subjects.

The school I have attended over the past year and all the schools still ahead of me in Canada are public schools, unlike the schools I—as well as my brothers and sisters—

attended in the Netherlands. These were Protestant Christian schools. Before the MULO, I attended three primary schools, of which only the second, the Queen Wilhelmina School, had no affiliation with a specific church. The other two, however, as well as the MULO I attended, had close links with the Gereformeerde Kerken van Nederland (Reformed Churches of the Netherlands). These churches, like the Christian Reformed Church, pride themselves on being more orthodox than the larger and more middle-of-the road Nederlandse Hervormde Kerk (Dutch Reformed Church). All schools in the Netherlands, whether Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, or non-religious, receive complete financial support from the government provided they maintain the required academic standards. I understand that in the province of Ontario the Catholic schools get funding from the state, but they are the only exception. Other religiously based schools are considered private schools and get no financial support whatsoever from the state.

The public schools here don't push religion very much. You start the school day with saying the Lord's Prayer and once in a while, at the school I attended, there was a visit by an Anglican minister to tell us a Bible story. But he kept his talk very low-key and certainly didn't preach at us. How different it was in nearly all the schools I attended in the Netherlands. Every day class started with prayer followed by a Bible lesson, and subjects which lent themselves to it, especially history, were taught from a strictly Christian point of view. I remember that in grades five and six we had to memorize and recite in class long passages from the Bible, and in all my school years the literature we read was written by Christian authors whose Christianity came through very clearly in their writings. You might say that in all these ways we were preached at. None of that here—and I found it refreshing. I liked the way Mrs. MacCallum, when she was referring to God, simply used the term, "Higher Power." I'll also never forget that Mr. Stewart, the principal and our science teacher, when he talked about our solar system where, of course, the earth and the other planets revolve the sun, called attention to the fact that the Bible had it differently, and then said you had to be stupid to believe in the Bible. I decided it was better not to pass this on to my parents, but I kind of admired Mr. Stewart's frankness.

My first school year in Canada—classes were over by the end of the June—ended with a wonderful surprise. Mom saw how well I was doing in grade eight, also in English, and how much I was ahead of the rest of the class, and so she screwed up her courage and approached Mr. Stewart in her best school English and persuaded him that I should be allowed to skip a grade and enter grade ten, the second year of high school. He, I imagine, talked it over with the principal of the high school, who gave it his OK. What a joy! Next week, right after Labour Day, grade ten rather than nine of high school, will be awaiting me.

I.4 Wallaceburg, End of June, 1960

What a school year it has been for me! I was a bit nervous when classes started at the Wallaceburg District High School. It is a big school compared to the senior public school. The students in each grade are divided into several classes all the way up to grade twelve. My homeroom teacher was Mrs. Allen, the wife of the principal. She taught math, and for the other subjects we had to go to other teachers in other classrooms. Just as in last year, I liked the atmosphere in all the classes and the good relationships which generally existed between teachers and students. I found out immediately I had no difficulty handling the math, both the algebra and the geometry, some of which I had already learned back at the MULO. French, which starts in grade nine at Wallaceburg High, was very easy for me—no surprise at all there. French and Latin were the only languages other than of course, English, that were taught.

Two subjects I didn't care for very much. First of all, "shop," as it was called, woodworking shop in the first half of the school year and metal shop in the second. I guess I am all thumbs when it comes to making things. I had great ideas for my projects, such as a combination coffee table and book shelf in woodworking shop, but completing them to become nice finished products was another matter. For the coffee table, I only got as far as finishing its component parts, but I never assembled the whole thing. The pieces must be still lying around somewhere in the woodworking shop. In the metal shop I rather enjoyed the old-fashioned forge although I could not really make anything practical there, but I hated welding, afraid that I might get burned or electrocuted. The only thing I finished was an ugly metal platter with etched markings on it. I didn't even take it home with me. Physical education I didn't like either. The classroom stuff, which was really health education, was fine, but I am not the athletic type and hated to be shown up as such. I had no use, therefore, for team sports both indoors in the large gymnasium and outdoors on the wide sports fields, and I was a disaster in gymnastics. I would have loved swimming, though. Already as a young kid I loved being in the water. I am not a fast swimmer but I like to think I have stamina. I even thought at one point that I could swim the wide, fast-flowing St Clair River but was warned I shouldn't even try or it would be the end of me. Unfortunately, Wallaceburg High doesn't have a swimming pool.

The subjects I enjoyed most were English and Latin, and in English, the literature by far the most. English grammar and composition I found boring, although I was good at them. Grammar was OK, but for English composition we were assigned only the most uninspiring subjects—at least, I found them uninspiring—such as how you spent

your summer vacation or how you liked your part-time job, if you had one. But I loved English literature. We read two novels, a fairly recent one, *Lost Horizon* by James Hilton, and Charles Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*. They were far superior to any literature I had ever read in the Netherlands either in or outside school. I got to read Shakespeare for the first time, namely his comedy *Twelfth Night*. Two year ago, my teacher of English at the MULO, Mr den Hollander had already told us that Shakespeare was a giant of world literature. I must admit I didn't care too much for *Twelfth Night*. I knew from Gert in grade nine that there they read *The Merchant of Venice*, and I have read this on my own and liked it much better. However, I did enjoy the comic characters Malvolio and Sir Toby Belch, and some of the passages were very memorable, such as the one with the opening line with which the play started, "If music be the food of love, play on..." Shakespeare certainly had a great imagination and I can appreciate he was a master of the English language—although his English of more 350 years ago is not always easy to understand.

Latin starts in grade ten. You have a choice between Latin and geography. I easily chose Latin because I enjoy learning languages and was intrigued by Latin. I knew it was an ancient language no longer spoken, although it was still big in the Catholic Church, but a playmate back in the Netherlands who was attending the lyceum had told me Latin was very difficult, so I felt that it would be an interesting challenge for me. I took to Latin like a duck to water. It is a truly beautiful sounding language and I liked its grammar with its heavy use of inflections, which makes for clockwork-like, precisely constructed sentences. I intend to continue my study of Latin all through high school.

A big surprise in grade ten was what was simply called "cadets," very basic military training which is required of all male students in grades nine and ten. Unlike the Netherlands, Canada has no conscription and all its soldiers are volunteers—it were volunteer soldiers who liberated the Netherlands in 1945—so having to be a cadet for two school years seems hardly like a harsh imposition. We were issued uniforms and rifles (disabled ones, to be sure) and went through all sorts of marching drills on the big field behind the school building. On Remembrance Day, November the eleventh, which I could see was a very solemn day of commemoration, we marched with the veterans of the First and Second World Wars to the war monument in downtown Wallaceburg for the ceremonies there. At the beginning of the school year I signed up for officers training as well. This involved first aid training as well as practice with live fire-arms. I didn't like the fire-arms practice. It took place in the special rifle-range in the school's basement. We didn't wear ear-mufflers, and the noise from the firing in such close quarters was horrendous. I dreaded each oncoming deafening shot. Machine guns, however, were no problem. We did not have to fire them, thank God, just learn to

assemble and disassemble them. I was glad, though, that “cadets” ended after grade ten, and I also chose not to continue with officers training.

All in all, my first year just behind me has gone very well. My overall average was somewhat depressed because in the shop and physical education classes I got only pass marks, but it was still in the A range. Mr. Allen was certainly impressed and he wrote as much on my report card. Perhaps the most pleasant part of my first year at Wallaceburg High was the way I was treated by my fellow students. As a somewhat shy and introverted immigrant kid, I might have been easy target for bullying, but there was nothing but kindness and helpfulness for me. Dave Thomas, in particular, whose school locker was next to mine, I will always remember with great fondness for this reason.

I.5 Wallaceburg, Early September, 1963

It is time to look back to the past three years; not surprisingly, a lot of things have happened to me over this period, so this is a good time to take stock of myself since I completed high school a few months ago and am about to enter the University of Western Ontario (Western, for short).

After grade ten there were three more grades of high school left for me. I knew already early on in grade twelve that I would be directed to grade thirteen, which prepares its students for university. The majority of students, some of whom had been in my earlier classes, would be graduating at the end of grade twelve and entering the labour force, although a few of them would be going on to one or two years of special training at a technical or commercial school. Unlike the lower grades, which had far more students, grade thirteen was divided into only two classes. I must admit that the final exams, which are set province-wide, filled me with a bit of nervousness since the mark you received on any of these exams stood as your final grade thirteen grade for that subject. However, I came out with an overall A (83) average, and this meant I would be designated as an Ontario scholar, which came with a scholarship of \$400, nearly enough to pay for the tuition fees for my first year at university. In fact, this year I was the only grade thirteen graduate who received this honour. I knew this was supremely important to Mr. Allen, who felt it was crucial for his school’s reputation if it graduated at least one Ontario scholar every year.

After grade ten, shop and physical education were no longer required subjects, so, not surprisingly, my overall grade average shot up higher in the A range. In grade ten, history had still been called social studies and I thought it was not much different

from what was covered in grade eight. However, in grade eleven it was medieval and ancient history, which I really enjoyed and went well with my Latin. In grade eleven there was physics, which I was taught for the first time as a separate subject. The teacher, who was also our homeroom teacher, was Mr. Balkwell, a crusty but goodhearted old gentleman who must have been close to retirement. He certainly loved his subject. He was the second teacher—after Mr. Stewart in grade eight—who made no bones in class about being an atheist. During the Lord's Prayer, which was recited over the intercom at the start of classes, he would always be fiddling with his equipment, and he wondered loudly one day why anyone bothered with Christianity since Christians had been killing each other for so many centuries.

Chemistry was the science subject taught in grade twelve, with Mr. Beecroft as our teacher. He was a good teacher and I enjoyed his subject, but I'll always remember him as being rather jittery. Once, when he was writing on the blackboard in the chemistry lab, two guys collected hydrogen in a test tube and set a match to it. There was a loud bang, and one girl screamed. Mr. Beecroft turned around in a split second, shouting "Who did this?" and started to pace down up and down the aisles between the small counters each of which seated two students, but once he identified the culprits he calmed down, and after saying "don't do this again!" did not take any disciplinary action. Anyway, I enjoyed chemistry so much that I picked it as my science subject for grade thirteen. For my math subjects in grade thirteen I chose trigonometry and analytic geometry—I had taken algebra as far as grade twelve. In order to give myself more exposure to biology I had already taken grade thirteen botany in grade twelve. I did not take history past grade eleven since I thought I already knew enough about the history of more recent periods.

My favourite teacher was undoubtedly Mr. Dawson, who taught math and science, a very personable young guy, who was nicknamed "Dizzy Dawson," probably because of his infectious energy and enthusiasm as a teacher—I am sure the nickname was meant as a compliment. In grade eleven we had to write what was basically a lengthy intelligence and proficiency test. Like the other students, I never found out what my actual scores were, but Mr. Dawson drew me aside in private sometime later and told I had done extremely well and should therefore be thinking of university. For this reason alone I'll never forget him.

I continued with English, French, and Latin into grade thirteen, where each subject was split into a grammar and composition course and a literature course. In English, through all the grades, the literature part really stood out. More Shakespeare now: *Julius Caesar* in grade eleven, *Hamlet* in twelve, and *Henry the Fourth, Part One* in thirteen. *Julius Caesar* is a gripping historical play with larger-than-life and splendidly

portrayed characters, all the more enjoyable for me because it is based on Roman history and therefore directly related to my study of Latin. *Hamlet* is more fictional and its plot has many twists and turns, but it, too, has compelling characters, above all Hamlet, who will always remain a puzzle to me: why did he fake madness and why was he so cruel to Ophelia? Was he perhaps really becoming mentally unbalanced, which would also explain his cruelty to Ophelia? Our English teacher in grade twelve, a young, sexy, and sexily dressed lady with a difficult to spell Yugoslavian—I think—name became at one point very impatient with the class when her students failed to appreciate the finer points of Hamlet’s complicated character and called us ignorant boors. In our grade thirteen class, which was taught by Mr. Browning, who was also our homeroom teacher, Shakespeare was again a big hit for me: what a magnificent line-up of characters, especially the king, his son and heir, and, of course, Falstaff, and what’s more, a vivid piece of English history.

In grades eleven, twelve, and thirteen, we read several novels by Dickens, Emily and Charlotte Brontë, and Thomas Hardy. Dickens and the Brontë sisters were not difficult to appreciate, but I think that many in my class found Hardy not to their liking—too descriptive and verbose in an old-fashioned way. But I believe Hardy has the gift for describing in depth the setting for his stories and, above all, for creating unforgettable characters out of what would otherwise be very ordinary people, and his fatalistic feeling for human tragedy is very similar to that of *Wuthering Heights*. I did not at all mind the fact that during these years we studied nothing but nineteenth century novels whereas a more contemporary novel was not on our reading list. The poetry, too—and we read a lot of it—was mainly from the nineteenth century and early this century, including some Canadian poetry—Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Archibald Lampman, Charles G.D. Roberts, Duncan Campbell Scott, and many others. A special treat in grade thirteen was that we got to read a good chunk of Milton’s *Paradise Lost*. What a grand epic poem! You don’t have to accept its story literally in order to be swept away by it and by its magnificent language. I can appreciate the fact that its language and style are too difficult for it to be placed on the reading list of the lower grades. I look forward to reading much more of it and of the splendid English literature in general in university. I hate to say so but I remember virtually nothing of the Dutch literature I have read that I would put in the same class.

I continued my love affair with Latin all the way up to grade thirteen. Already in grade twelve we got to read some real Latin literature as opposed to made-up texts, and in grade thirteen much more, as it was taught now as a subject separate from grammar and composition. So over the past two years I have many selections from Caesar’s *Gallic Commentaries*, Cicero’s orations, Vergil’s *Aeneid*, Horace’s *Odes*, and Ovid’s *Metamorphoses*. Caesar I found very dry but certainly interesting from a historical point

of view. What really struck me is that Caesar writes about himself in the third person—I guess that, in combination with his dry, factual manner, this gives his writings the appearance of being a series of reports written by an objective third-person observer. Cicero struck me as sometimes being more rhetoric than fact, but it is powerful rhetoric all the same and must have made a great impact on his audience. I loved the poetry most of all, though; here it was above all the word-music and the sheer beautiful expressiveness of the language which enchanted me.

Our teacher of Latin up to and including grade twelve was Miss Quigley, certainly a good teacher but rather dry and keener on the grammar than on the literature. She must have retired a year ago because in grade thirteen we had a new, young teacher, Miss Nancy Rowan, who must have come to us straight from university. Miss Rowan was an excellent teacher and taught everything with great enthusiasm, but it was a pity that some guys in our class took advantage of her youth and inexperience by making practical jokes at her expense. One of them even had the nerve to pick her up—she was quite petite—and carried her outside the classroom and then locked the door on her for almost a minute before he let her in again. It happened rather quickly and I wonder what would have happened if this had gone on any longer. Obviously, she didn't call the principal—too embarrassed, I imagine. If she had, the culprit would have been severely disciplined, perhaps even expelled.

I enjoyed continuing in French, too, but I didn't find the literature as rich and compelling as what we read in Latin. The only literature I will probably remember are the satirical essays of Anatole France. I'll never forget his ironic comment that in Paris the majestic impartiality of the law forbids both rich and poor to sleep underneath the bridges. In any case, all that stands out in my mind is the endless grammar. What probably didn't help is that for more than a year the permanent teacher was off on sick leave and was replaced a substitute teacher—a very nice lady to be sure, but she had to use *Coles Notes* all the time. In grade thirteen we had a permanent teacher again, Mr. Primeau, young and very personable. You could hear from his rapid pronunciation that his French was fluent, but he sometimes had difficulty explaining the grammar. He, of course, knew by reflex what was right, but putting the correct grammatical label on it was another matter. Sometimes the more knowledgeable students, including myself, and Mr. Primeau would argue at great length among themselves what the right label actually was. However, he was basically a good teacher who impressed on us that French had to be learned and appreciated above all as a spoken language. We got nothing of that from the other teachers.

However, my most unforgettable memory of Mr. Primeau's classes is something which had nothing to do with French. In a French class in October of last year, at the

height of the Cuban Missile Crisis and with the frightful possibility of nuclear war hanging over our heads, nothing else but this subject dominated the discussion. To everyone's amazement, Mr. Primeau defended the Soviet and Cuban position. He convinced no one and ended up being vigorously criticized by everyone—although I don't remember anyone having the nerve to call him a communist.

This incident takes me into my growing political awareness during my first few years. To be honest, I have been more interested in American than Canadian politics. I have listened almost exclusively to the American radio stations for this reason; we live so close to the American border that we have good reception of far more of them, especially the Detroit stations—and whenever I go to the Wallaceburg Library—housed in a large handsome building, a gift from the Carnegie Foundation—the magazines I read there are almost American, *Time* and *Newsweek* foremost among them; *Time* has a section devoted to Canada, but I always read it hastily; the United States of America has been and still is for me where the really big news is to be found. I was very fortunate three years ago that I was able to watch the exciting, history-making first Kennedy-Nixon television debate—I was baby-sitting that evening for friends of my parents who had television. However, less than two years later I was very angry at the Kennedy administration for allowing the Indonesian dictator Sukarno to take over Dutch New Guinea, which had nothing in common in language and culture with Indonesia and where the Dutch were doing a very good job in raising the New Guineans to a higher level of development and preparing them for eventual independence. Obviously, my reaction here shows there is still a lot of Dutch in me.

Still, I am somewhat more knowledgeable now about Canada than I was five years ago and also have some idea of how different Canada is politically from the States, but John Kennedy and his administration still carry more weight with me than John Diefenbaker and Lester Pearson. I did get to know about Diefenbaker, though, just before we immigrated to Canada. When Diefenbaker won his huge victory in the election of 1958, dad sent him a letter of congratulation and in reply received a signed photograph of the prime minister and his wife—a very gracious response indeed; dad still treasures this photo. Later when, after months of being unemployed, dad had great difficulty finding suitable work and wrote Diefenbaker about it, his office responded promptly and found him a job in Windsor—by this time, however, dad was again employed and was also starting his own small business. I felt a bit sorry for Diefenbaker when he was defeated in the election of earlier this year. I thought that he, unlike the cabinet ministers who disagreed with him and resigned from the government, was absolutely right in standing up to Kennedy and the Yanks in the Bomarc missile controversy. The coverage in *Time* and *Newsweek* was very biased pro-American, and the latter was even cruel: on the front cover it had a picture of

Diefenbaker looking like a maniac, his eyes bulging and blazing with passion and his curly grey hair sticking out like that of a devil; and in the cover story the ridicule was pushed even further with the joking claim that whenever Diefenbaker was delivering one of his fiery speeches, pregnant women were known to give premature birth. I was not twenty-one as yet; otherwise, I would have voted for him. I know he fought with a lot of people while he was prime minister, including with the governor of the Bank of Canada, and not just Kennedy, and when he spoke French it sounded funny—Diefenbaker French, I call it. Even so, in my eyes he is a genuinely patriotic Canadian.

Things have really improved financially for the family over the past two years. The first two in particular were difficult. Dad had a job in construction, but could expect to be laid off early in November and not be called back until early April. Sure, there was unemployment insurance but that wasn't enough to support a family of eight—nine when Ingrid was born in November 1960. For a while, mom made some extra money babysitting during the day. (She got to watch a lot of television this way—we still don't have television—and became a regular viewer of all those afternoon soap operas; she said it did wonders for her spoken English.) The four oldest of us, myself, Gert, and later also Lida and Baldwin, got part-time jobs doing paper routes in order to help with the family finances, especially with buying clothes and school books as well as with providing ourselves with the pocket money every youngster needs. On Saturdays, Gert later also helped Gordon, a member of the CRC, in his truck delivering bread and other bakery goods. I have not had a paper route myself but would pitch in whenever anyone of the other three could not do his or hers, especially on Fridays and Saturdays. In the higher grades of high school I have also done some tutoring, and during the months of July and August did field work such as pulling weeds in beet and soya bean fields and picking tomatoes. Pulling weeds I really hated. One July, working in the soya bean fields I became so frustrated and impatient with the proliferation of weeds in the rows of bean plants—so many of them that in some places, especially at the end of a row, you could not see the actual plants—that I started to pull out everything, weeds and plants alike, and, not surprisingly, ended up being fired by the angry farmer.

Dad had learned the craft of bookbinding as a young man in the Netherlands when he worked for his father in the family business of making and selling school supplies. It did not become his main line of work there, but even so he became and stayed very good at it. He discovered that in Canada there was a big demand for bookbinding services which came not only from public libraries but also, and increasingly, from university libraries since the universities were rapidly expanding and new universities were being created all over the province of Ontario; some libraries were even sending their books to firms across the border to be bound there. In

university libraries, it was not only the rebinding of old books that had to be done but also, and even more, the binding of journals and paperback books, and soon most of the orders and the really big orders were coming from them. Dad's business started as a part-time job carried out in an extra bedroom, but two years ago he moved his work into the basement of the Dykhouse home as Harry Dykhouse was increasingly partnering with him by taking on the responsibility for sales and deliveries. By this time, bookbinding had become a full-time job for dad. Last year, the entire business moved to rented premises in downtown Wallaceburg. In the summer of that year Gert and I worked there for a while, but more and more full-time workers are being hired now, and in the near future a much larger new building in the town's industrial part will go up for Wallaceburg Bookbinding and Manufacturing Inc.

I have just accompanied Harry in the business van in making a delivery at the brand new Brock University in St. Catharines and picking up more books and journals there. It was a few days past Labour Day—classes at Western won't start for another week—it was a late-summer day, sunny and warm.. The grape harvest was just starting in the beautiful Niagara Peninsula with its vineyards and wineries and would last into October.

Almost four months ago, on a lovely spring Sunday morning in May, together with four other young people, I made my confession of faith before the congregation of the Wallaceburg Christian Reformed Church. This gave me the privileges of adult membership in the church, including partaking of the Lord's Supper. I think I did so with conviction and confidence, but my conviction does not take in every official doctrine of the CRC. Before my public confession, starting already in the Netherlands, I had attended catechism classes for many years, and I remember that right from the start I had difficulty with some of these doctrines, especially the fall of Adam and Eve and with them, of all of future mankind, into sin, and with the whole doctrine of election and predestination. In recent years in catechism class I have raised questions about these doctrines and got nowhere, also with our new young minister, the Rev. John Groen. When I openly wondered whether, as a logical consequence of these doctrines, God was the author of sin, he told me I should not be asking such questions. The doctrine of election and predestination in particular is for me too awful to contemplate: why should some people be chosen by God to be saved from eternal punishment and to go to heaven while others, probably the large majority, are predestined by Him to be condemned to suffer in hell for all eternity? If the issue was to be really pressed and I had to declare my unqualified adherence to this doctrine, I could not in good faith continue to be a member of the CRC. I suspect, though, that most church members take a lot of latitude with it.

I like the Rev. Groen, even though I have argued with him at times, for he strikes me as basically as a thinking person. During the past year, especially during the winter months, he has invited some young people whom he sees as intellectually inclined—with thoughts, perhaps, of going on to university—to meet with him at his home every few weeks to learn about and discuss philosophy. It was for me, too, a very substantial introduction to that subject. We used a text in order to guide our thinking, J.M. Spiers’s *An Introduction to Christian Philosophy* (translated from the Dutch). It is a synopsis of the Calvinistic philosophy which has been developed by Professor Herman Dooyeweerd at the Free University of Amsterdam and is set out at great length in his multi-volume *De Wijsbegeerte der Wetsidee*, translated into English under the title of the *Philosophy of the Idea of Law*. As the title already suggests, this philosophy revolves around the idea that all of reality is grounded in God’s law. This makes it indeed a very Calvinistic philosophy and its central idea is worked out in great depth and detail by Dooyeweerd. I wouldn’t challenge it on all points, but I think its extreme emphasis on law, even God’s law, is misplaced. I am grateful, though, that this philosophy and the discussions stemming from it at the Rev. Groen’s have helped me to kick-start my own thinking about the fundamental questions of life in a far more organized and systematic manner—in other words to think philosophically.

It was in fact my participation in the Rev. Groen’s discussion group that induced me to register for the annual conference of the Association of Reformed Scientific Studies (ARSS), which was held a month ago in Unionville just north of Toronto. I drove with two other guys from the discussion group, Jack and John, with John providing the Volkswagen. The three of us put up a tent on the conference grounds so that we did not have to sleep in one of the dormitories; we did, however, eat in the rustic-looking dining hall with the other registrants. The conference featured a large number of speakers, all academics of the Reformed / Calvinist persuasion, from the Netherlands and the USA. They included the venerable Dr Dooyeweerd, who must be in his seventies by now—and whose English was excellent—Dr Runner from Calvin College in Michigan, who is obviously one of the prime movers of the ARSS, and Dr Seerveld of Trinity College in Illinois. Seerveld will always stand out in my mind for the passion and eloquence with which he delivered his series of three lectures, “A Christian Critique of Literature,” a follow-up to his ARSS lecture series of last year which dealt with art. I was impressed with the fact that he emphasized that Christians must engage with contemporary literature, as indeed with all aspects of modern culture, in a thoughtful, informed manner rather than insulate themselves from it with moralistic disdain. I am glad that all ARSS lectures are published by the Association; they are worth a close reading.

I am nineteen years old now, and already for many years, in fact going back to the Netherlands, I have been aware of something about myself which is abnormal, to put it very mildly. I am very much attracted to guys in a sexual way I have never been to girls. Yes, it is abnormal although, strangely perhaps, I don't feel particularly guilty about it, for the feeling of sexual attraction by itself is a very pleasurable one; at its best, you actually feel romantic—in other words, you are in love. What is frustrating, however, is that I have to keep it to myself; I have never talked about it with family or friends. I am still wondering at times if this attraction is just a passing phase. That's what I still liked to believe a few years ago, but at the age I am now I doubt it: a passing phase simply doesn't last for so many years. So I am almost certainly homosexual, whether I like it or not. In the Wallaceburg Library, where I can be found constantly, I have tried to look up as much as information as I could about homosexuality, but all I have found that was at least partially helpful was an article in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. It basically convinced me that my condition was a permanent one, but what I read about the possible cause of homosexuality, whether it was biological or whether it was the way you were raised and grew up as a child, seemed very murky to me, to say the least.

What is almost certain is that it has been above all my awareness of my homosexuality which has made me a loner for so many years. I did have a few buddies back in the Netherlands. I was already all then aware of my attraction, but it was not as yet so overwhelming. I did in fact become very friendly with a boy, Hans—he was in my grade six class—who, as I look back now, may very well have been homosexual like myself. I even invited him to dinner once at our home on the Abel Tasmanstraat. He was a bit effeminate, which I found amusing, certainly not a turn-off, and my parents and brothers and sisters reacted not much differently. Hans might have become a friend for many years, if not life-long; unfortunately, his dad died unexpectedly, and he moved then with his mother to Apeldoorn, which was not close to Zwolle, at least not by Dutch standards, and so I lost touch with him. In school in Canada, I have felt strong attractions to other boys, my age or a bit younger or older, but I have kept these crushes strictly to myself. Now that I am headed for university and will be living away from home for most of the time, I wonder where I will be a few years from now.

I have one big comfort, though, in that, although I have always been a loner and outsider, I have at the same time enjoyed the respect of my schoolmates. This became very clear to me a few months ago after grade thirteen had come to an end: I soon discovered I had won three scholarships which, together with a bursary, will pay handsomely for my first year's tuition fees and my books at Western as well as for the cost of living away from home, but what thrilled me most, though, was that I received the Archie Stewart Memorial Award from the Jaycee Club for Outstanding Student of

1963. This is an award based on character, not on academic achievement. I am sure this was awarded to me on the recommendation of the Student Council. Andrea Cairns, its president for the past year, whom I had tutored in chemistry, probably played in a big part in it. I will always cherish the trophy which came with this award.

I.6 Wallaceburg, End of August, 1964

Almost exactly a year ago in mid-September, a day before first-year registration at Western, my parents drove me to the home of Mrs. Stienstra on Victor Street in London, where I would have room and board for the coming school year and perhaps even during the summer. She is a widow and runs her large home as a boarding house. An unmarried son and two unmarried daughters still live with her, and in the coming year she was to give several students room and board, three young guys myself included, and three young women, all of them, not surprisingly of Dutch-Canadian background and, with one exception, members of the CRC. Almost immediately it became clear that Mrs. Stienstra was a very good cook—better, I have to admit, than mom. It was basically Dutch-style cooking—meat, potatoes, and veggies, but with the most delicious gravy imaginable. The basement had four bedrooms for her son and the male boarders, and there must have been several bedrooms for herself and the women on the second floor. A big plus, too, was that there was a large television in the living room—my parents still didn't have one when I started university. In London there was no reception of the American channels, only of the CBC, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, so for the first time I got to watch the Canadian news on a regular basis, and on Saturday, if I did not go home for the weekend, Hockey Night in Canada. Thus I was weaned off the American radio channels and became reasonably well informed on a day-to-day basis about the news of Canada, which previously I had gleaned only cursorily from daily newspapers. The living room had a nice homey—very Dutch, you might say—feeling to it and it was always a pleasure to go there later in the evening when I was finished with the reading and assignments for my courses to chat with the others and watch some television.

The next day I found that registration for first year students, or “freshmen”/“frosh,” was accompanied by what is called “hazing”—an organized teasing of freshmen by the older students as a kind of initiation into university life. Fortunately, the “hazing” at Western is of the mildest, most innocuous type: for instance, a whole troop of us was made to crawl underneath a row of tables which were vigorously banged by the students doing the hazing, nothing that was really degrading, let alone traumatic. I have heard of horror stories at other universities—in the Netherlands, for

instance, hazing can be very vicious and people may even get hurt (I even learned of a case where a student died).

Already at the beginning of my first year I was placed in an Honours program, but did not have to decide on my area of specialization until the year's end. If I stayed on in an Honours program, it would last for four years in contrast to the three years of a regular Major program. For my first year I signed up for six courses (all full year's courses) in English, French, German, Latin, history, and philosophy. In English, French, and philosophy and possibly German, too, I ended up in enriched courses specifically designed for Honours students. I decided to sign up for German because I had had two years of German in the Netherlands and I thought that a first-year university course which, like French and Latin, presupposed that you had taken the language for some years in high school would be a very useful refresher for me.

Looking back at the courses I have taken over the past year, I find that, surprisingly, Latin was the least eye-opening and exciting. It struck me basically as a continuation of grade thirteen Latin. It also didn't help that the class started at 8.30 in the morning. Besides, the class was large, which did not allow for much exchange between the professor, Dr Gerber, and the students. I suspect that most of the students were taking Latin because of the language requirement for first-year students in the Faculty of Arts and Science. We read from Vergil's *Aeneid* again, this time, book six in its entirety. Aeneas' journey through the Underworld is told with superb poetry; you should not interpret it literally, of course, but reflect on its symbolic, religious, and philosophical implications so that the mystery that is the afterlife takes hold of you. We also read a large selection of Pliny's *Letters*, which gave me a glimpse into the private and public lives of upper-class Roman individuals and families. The correspondence between Pliny as a provincial governor and the emperor Trajan as to how Christians must be dealt with by the authorities was fascinating to me since before this my knowledge related to this question had been based solely on the New Testament. However, I wish we had read more authors. Too much grammar and translation of English into Latin! I was good at it, but it was not as satisfying as reading captivating literature in the original Latin. However, I saw from the university calendar that by the second year the range of Latin authors covered would start to widen.

In this respect the other language and literature courses, French, German, and English were more exciting. In French we read Molière's *Le Misanthrope*, Voltaire's *Candide*, two novellas by Flaubert, *L'Etranger* by Camus, and a very large selection of 19th century French poetry, and in German, selections from Goethe's *Faust*, Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks*, and Hermann Hesse's *Der Steppenwolf* plus numerous lyric poems from the 17th to the 20th century. There was grammar and translation into English in

both courses, but literature dominated both courses. Professor Metford, who taught the French course, also emphasized the spoken language and encouraged us to speak French in the classroom. Towards this end, we also had to spend time in the language lab, but to me listening to and speaking into tapes seemed a very artificial and not effective way to learn the spoken language.

The English course was all glorious literature and might have been entitled "From Chaucer to T.S. Eliot." Even more than the English I took in high school it impressed upon me the range and splendour of English literature, and led me to make the decision towards the end of school year that I would combine English with Latin in my Honours program; initially I had leaned towards a combination of Latin and French. I intend, however, to take a senior French course in my third or fourth year.

The history course covered European history from the fall of the Roman Empire in the west through the Middle Ages into the Renaissance and the Reformation. Grade eleven history had covered the Ancient World and the Middle Ages, but this course was immensely richer, and I learned much from it and enjoyed it thoroughly. The discussion group at the Rev. Groen's had introduced me to philosophy, but it was mainly an introduction to a particular school of Christian philosophy, and I was seeking wider intellectual horizons. First-year philosophy at Western did indeed accomplish this goal for me, for it might have been entitled "From Plato to Nietzsche." We read Plato's *Republic*, and I wrote a major essay on it, criticizing the authoritarian nature of Plato's ideal state and the philosopher-kings' use of the "Noble Lie" in order to indoctrinate and control the masses. The philosopher-kings and their enforcers, the guardians, constituted something like a priestly caste in a theocracy, I argued. Professor Williams obviously took some issue with this conclusion, although she did not elaborate in her written comments, but still gave me an A-.

Nietzsche, not surprisingly, was shocking, especially his *Antichrist*, but it was good to be exposed to his provocative thinking. I remember dad saying once to one of the elders of the church that he did not believe in raising his children like delicate hothouse plants sheltered from the realities of the world at large.

At the beginning of the school year I decided to check out extra-curricular activities on campus. In fact, Mr. Allen had encouraged me earlier to do so because in my years of high school I had stuck only to my classes and courses, except for the officer's training in grade ten, which was strictly voluntary. I think that, quite apart from my shyness holding me back, the Wallaceburg CRC, with its Young People's Society and its many social activities, its catechism classes, and then, in my last year of high school, the study and discussion group at the Rev. Groen's, were enough for me.

At Western, however, I thought I could break away from the cocoon of the CRC, and so went to a meeting of the German Club. How mistaken I was! At the meeting attended by older students, a few professors and some people from the community at large, I knew absolutely no one, and everyone there was only talking with people they obviously already knew; being too shy to barge in and introduce myself, I impatiently waited till the meeting was over—it was, I think, an organizational meeting and a movie was also shown—and then left never to return. So I made a comfortable choice and joined the Calvinist Students Club.

My bursary for my second year was not going to be as generous as it had been in combination with the three scholarships— an Ontario Scholar scholarship, a Board of Governors entrance scholarship, and a scholarship for my performance in grade thirteen Latin from the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire—I had collected for my first year. I would be borrowing some money from the government and also would hold down a job during the summer months. By the end of April it was obvious I was not going to get a decent-paying job in London, so I moved home for the summer. I have worked two months at Wallaceburg Brass, which manufactures bathroom fixtures. My main job was in the electro-plating room where for much of the time I had to clean the still not plated fixtures by lowering them in a basket into a large tank filled with degreasing liquid and letting them hang in it for a while. With the fumes coming out of tank I suspected it was not healthy work and after two months I had enough, considering myself lucky that what I had been doing would not be a life's job for me. I spent the rest of the summer picking tomatoes and because I could now work into the second week of September when most of the tomatoes had fully ripened, I made good money.

It has been good to see my dad's business continuing to flourish. He and his partner Harry have at least a dozen people working for them now. After living for six years in two different houses on Forhan Street, we have moved into an almost new bungalow on Thomas Avenue in the nice subdivision where the hospital is located. The garden with its large lawn at the front and the back, its flower beds, bushes and trees is simply beautiful, and the large stone fireplace in the living room is imposing. For the first time in their lives mom and dad are proud home owners. I had two hundred dollars left over at the end of my first year and I was glad to make this my contribution towards the down payment.

One event in the past year will always remain etched in my mind. The seminar in the history course was about to start at 2.30 in the afternoon of Friday, November 22nd. The graduate student who was in charge of the seminar walked in and said that he had just heard on the radio that President Kennedy had been shot and killed in

Dallas, Texas. Unbelief, then shock, and the seminar was abruptly ended. As we were walking hurriedly to get to a place where there might be a radio or television, a rumour—soon proven to be false—circulated that Vice-President Johnson had also been shot. I took the bus to Mrs. Stienstra's where the television was turned with the latest news. I could not stay long because I had to meet my ride to Wallaceburg. In the car all the talk was naturally about the assassination and who could have been behind it—the first conspiracy theories were already being voiced. With the help of Lida, who had quit school and was already holding down a full-time job, my parents had recently bought their first television set, and so until I had to return to London Sunday evening, I was able to watch with my family and many millions of others the grim aftermath of the assassination, including the shooting and killing of Lee Harvey Oswald on live television.

After five years of small-town Wallaceburg, it was great to plant my feet, at least for the fall and winter, in a real, good-sized city, London, Ontario, the Forest City, as it is sometimes called. A canopy of trees is indeed spread over nearly the entire city, although this is true of just about all the towns and villages I have seen in Canada over the past six years. It gives them a very distinctive look, very different from the typical city or town in the Netherlands, and this natural beauty, I think, makes up for the nondescript, even shabby appearance of some of the houses and buildings. One of the glories of downtown London is its large, impressive public library. I have made much grateful use of it, in fact have had to since first-year students at Western do not have as yet access to the library stacks: you pick the book you want from the library catalogue, fill out a slip of paper, and give this to the assistant at the service desk who will then get it for you—a cumbersome process which denies you what I regard as the supreme pleasure of book browsing.

I.7 Wallaceburg, Early September, 1968

Five years at Western behind me! I have a B.A. in Honours English and Latin plus a M.A. in Latin to show for it, and in less than a week I'll be at the University of Toronto to start on my doctorate in Classics. In the course of my fourth year it became crystal-clear to me that I should take the route of getting a PhD in Classics rather than enter a program of Education with my B.A. with the aim of becoming a high school teacher, which had been my—somewhat vague—goal during my earlier years at Western. I had the strong encouragement from the Department of Classics in making this decision. So I now had to add ancient Greek to my Latin. My chock-full schedule of classes in my fourth year did not make it feasible for me to enroll formally in the first-year course, so I started on the Greek on my own, using an excellent text, *Teach Yourself*

Ancient Greek, and then, in the first half of the summer term, stayed at Western and took the actual course under the supervision of Professor Murison, while also getting started on my reading for the Latin courses set for the M.A. Program. In the remaining part of the summer covered the intermediate Greek course at home, again under Murison's supervision, while also translating for Dr Gerber a short Dutch-language monograph on the early Greek poet Simonides. So when my M.A. year started in September of last year I was ready for a more advanced Greek course.

I am sorry at times for not starting on Greek earlier by settling right away in my first or even second year at Western on an Honours in Classics, which would immediately have added Greek to my Latin. The Greek has certainly opened my eyes to a language of extraordinary beauty and expressiveness and a rich new world of culture and ideas. Without its Greek foundation, Roman civilization, and therefore also the civilization of the West would have been immeasurably poorer. On the other hand, I do not think I did not think I did myself a serious disfavor by combining Latin with the world-language of English and its heritage of literature and culture for over a thousand years.

It is rather paradoxical that I found my English courses on the whole more challenging intellectually than most of my Latin and Greek courses. In the former, the art of interpreting and understanding literature in depth played a central role, as opposed to establishing the surface-meaning of Latin or Greek text by means of an accurate translation. I was and still am very good at the latter, and it is a skill that can be measured by pretty objective criteria. The former is really an art which requires a sure-footedness in doing your analyses and arriving at judgments and conclusions where your own subjective preferences come inevitably into major play and where you have to navigate your way through the different and often clashing schools of thought you encounter in the study of literature. I still have a long way to go before I can say I have a real mastery of this art. The upshot of all this is that, despite my enthusiasm for the English courses, I could not count on getting A's in most of them, often having to settle for a B grade—even once a C in the course on middle English literature, whereas in the Latin and later also in the Greek courses it was straight A's all the way, thus guaranteeing myself an overall A average in all my undergraduate years, with an even higher standing in my M.A. year.

In the course on the poets of English Romanticism Professor Woodman's lectures on William Blake's all-embracing symbolism were unforgettable for me with their compelling meshing of Freudian and Jungian ideas. Two courses focused largely on the novel illustrated very nicely the major role subjective taste plays in literary criticism. The professor of one followed F.R. Leavis's canon of the truly great English-language

novels which is based on the criterion of realism and high seriousness; D.H. Lawrence stands very high here, and so we read both *Sons and Lovers* and *Women in Love*; however, the highly experimental modernism and highly ironic sense of life of James Joyce's prose fiction, especially his monumental *Ulysses*, obviously ranked so low in Leavis's and the professor's scheme that he did not even figure in the reading list set for the course. In contrast, the professor of the other course assigned Joyce a prominent place, but made it clear she did not care at all for Lawrence, saying that we should read Lawrence only if the idea of Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton rolling around in the hay gave us any pleasure. This outburst of hers, I suspect, is what led one male student later to surmise cattily that she must be a lesbian. I'll remember her most, though, and in fact am especially grateful to her, for introducing us to Virginia Woolf's masterpiece of poetic prose, *The Waves*, which through a series of monologues assigned to each character, traces the psychological growth of several men and women from childhood onwards into, for nearly all them, old age. There was an amusing moment in one of our classes devoted to it when she tried to prod the class into saying explicitly that one of the novel's characters, Percival, is homosexual, but no one in the class—including, regrettably, myself—was bold enough to utter the dreaded word, and so she chided us for our lack of sophistication and worldliness.

In my second year, the Department of Classics had been joined by three young professors from England, all graduates from one of the two greatest bastions of English classical scholarship, Oxford and Cambridge. I have had the pleasure of taking courses from all three of them. They were all superb teachers, each in his own way. Professors Hill and Murison will always stand out in my mind for their typically English wit and dry humour and Professor Littlewood for his idealism and his uncompromising stand on matters of moral and intellectual principle. He loved Lucretius for his denunciation of religious superstition and on his schedule of office hours posted on his office door was typed the often-quoted line from Lucretius' *The Nature of Things*: *tantum religio potuit suadere malorum*—"so much evil can religion persuade [men to do]."

With the broadening in the second year of our reading and study list, I was confronted for the first time with the prominence of male homosexuality in classical Roman literature and society. However, I think it was unfortunate it did not receive the attention in lectures or class discussion I felt it deserved. In fact, in the recently published text of and commentary on Catullus' poetry we used in our second-year course on Catullus and Horace—taught with great verve by Professor Ralph, who was close to retirement—the explicitly homoerotic poems were omitted and thus they were not on our reading list; here I had to educate myself, so to speak, which, fortunately, with my now unrestricted access to the library stacks, was not difficult. I saw that in earlier times the censorship was even more rigorous: the text of Cicero's *Second Philippic*

Oration which we used in another course—devoted entirely to Cicero and taught by Dr Raymond, also close to retirement—was of Victorian provenance, and it omitted the passage in which Cicero’s dredges up the scandal of Mark Antony’s supposed homosexual behaviour and liaisons during his teenage years. In the fourth-year course on Roman satire, we used a text of and commentary on Horace’s *Satires*—first published in the late 19th century—which, less than half-way through the second poem in book one of the *Satires*, omitted, without explanation, the remaining text, with the solicitous editor noting only that “gentlemen” did not read this: this part satirized, with vivid descriptions, the sexual behaviour of Roman men and their ready resort to low-class prostitutes or, if they could afford it, high-class, expensive mistresses, some even venturing upon the perilous course of having an affair with a married woman.

The tightly structured Honours programs at Western leave very little room for electives outside the student’s chosen field. I believe now I would have benefitted, for instance, from a science course. As it was, the two electives I was able to take were a course on 17th century French literature and one on the British history from the Tudors to the Victorian period. I’ll always treasure the memory of the French course: Professor Johnson, one of my few female profs at Western, delivered her superb lectures in crystal-clear French and was a pleasure to listen to. She liked my essay on Corneille’s *Le Cid* so much that she invited me to read it to the class, with the comment I had put my knowledge of Greek tragedy to very good use.

I have attended the meetings of the Calvinist Students Club at Western—one of many at universities across Canada and the U.S.—fairly regularly over the past five years. However, I have continued to drift away from Calvinist orthodoxy. I know I should have been more vocal about my doubts and revisions, but I did not find the discussions at the meetings very conducive to this. I think my failure to speak up stemmed largely from my homosexuality, which, of course, I felt I had to keep to myself. Acceptance of homosexuality in Christian Reformed circles? Impossible. The subject came up once outside a meeting when I was driving with two other guys from the club to a regional conference, when one of them, in an anti-Catholic diatribe, brought up the supposed rampant homosexuality among Catholic priests who did not hesitate to make sexual advances to the boys in their charge. The other fellow agreed; I kept my mouth shut. I felt something of the same alienation at the annual meetings of the ARSS—now called the Association for the Advancement of Christian Scholarship—I attended last month and three years ago. At the meeting of 1965 I hung around with a guy who, I was pretty sure, was homosexual like myself, but except for the vaguest hints, the subject was never broached, and we did not even go as far to exchange addresses in order to stay in touch with each other. What a pity! At the most recent conference, I hung around with a fellow I became very much attracted to, although he

was obviously straight; here, too, although obviously for a somewhat different reason, I did not pursue the relationship.

In London I began to avoid the services of the Christian Reformed Church. While in Wallaceburg I continued to attend out of family obligation since dad was now an elder in the church. In addition, I liked the new minister there, the Rev. Boot, who struck me as a bit of a freethinker, at least as much as a pastor in the CRC could afford to be. I felt very sorry for him when because of psychological problems he had to resign from the ministry. His resignation and the events leading up to it caused a bitter split in the congregation, in which dad, despite his best attempts to be as diplomatic and conciliatory as possible, became embroiled, and he was overjoyed when his term as elder came to an end. The minister of the London CRC was personable enough, but I did not care for his brand of Calvinist orthodoxy regarding election and predestination which he sometimes pushed to an un-evangelical extreme in his sermons. One got the impression that one's salvation was a matter of being a winner in God's inscrutable lottery. One such sermon he preached soon after Mrs. Stienstra's eldest daughter had died of cancer, even going as far as saying that we should be prepared for the possibility of one or more of our loved ones going down to everlasting damnation. I could sense after the service that Mrs. Stienstra was quite upset, and when I asked her she confirmed as much. She was a lovely person and I was much saddened when she suddenly died, of a heart attack, in April of last year.

While in London, I occasionally attended the services of large downtown United Church. The minister there has quite a reputation as a freethinker and created a sensation a few years ago when in his Easter sermon—I was not present there but heard about it through the radio—he proclaimed that faith in the Resurrection does not have to depend on a belief in Jesus' being physically raised from the dead. It is not difficult to imagine what would have happened to him if he had been a minister in the CRC. I have read the Church of England's Bishop Robinson's *Honest to God* and find I am very much on his spiritual wavelength when he speaks about God as the Ground of Being. However, despite all my skepticism and anti-orthodoxy, I will let my membership in the CRC stand when I arrive in Toronto, for it does provide me with a sense of fellowship and community I can't let go of.

What an experience it was this past May to go back to the Netherlands for the first time since immigration. Almost four weeks there and another ten days of travel in Germany, Austria, and Italy. How much had changed! The new prosperity of the Netherlands was amazing to behold: television in nearly every home, far more cars in the streets and on the roads, and families with obviously more money to spend on luxuries. Much new construction as well—a huge new high-rise residential

neighbourhood in Zwolle where formerly there was only grassland. The prosperity must all stem from the Common Market. I was glad to see Opa was doing well very living in small-town Hasselt, just a short bus ride from Zwolle, with great-aunt Dina, Oma's youngest and unmarried sister, with whom he moved in after Oma died last year. I stayed with them for a week, and was scandalously spoiled: breakfast in bed every morning; lots of spending money; a beautiful gold ring with a black onyx stone—and this after Opa had already given me the precious Omega gold watch which had been Oma's gift to him on their forty-fifth wedding anniversary. Opa's affection for me was truly touching. In addition to making a couple of visits to Zwolle to look up old neighbours and family friends, I also enjoyed a scenic motoring trip around the IJssel Lake with stop-overs in several picturesque towns, with the car and the chauffeuring provided by Mevrouw Sprokkelreef, a longtime friend of Opa and Oma. I am really glad that Opa and aunt Dina were able to come to Canada a month ago—for both of them, the first time—in time to celebrate with all of us a few days ago mom and dad's 25th wedding anniversary.

My stay with mom's family, first with uncle Dirk and aunt Jeanne, and my nephew Gé and niece Nelly in Dordrecht, also gave me a lot of pleasure. My nephew had just finished his term of military service and took me out in his car for several sightseeing trips in and around this historic city. I have especially fond memories of my visit with aunt Nel and uncle Henk and nephew Henk Jr and niece Liesbeth in equally historic Haarlem with its unique Frans Hals Museum. My nephew would be starting his studies at the University of Amsterdam and gave me a tour of the city, including a boat ride through the canals, a visit to the Rijksmuseum with its glorious paintings of the Dutch Golden Age—and last but not least, a walk through the city's famous red-light district, which is right next to the main campus of the university. We stopped at a bookstore, where Henk pointed out to me a recent novel by one of the Netherlands's best-known authors, the openly homosexual Gerard van het Reve. I bought it, of course, and read it almost immediately. It was clearly heavily autobiographical, and the homosexuality of its central character and some of his friends was openly written about. It was then, more than at any other time in the Netherlands, that I realized how much the country of my birth and childhood had changed.

I had planned to travel outside the Netherlands for two weeks with a friend I had made during my final year in London. Unfortunately, this fell through at the last moment, so I followed uncle Henk's recommendation to take a ten-day bus tour of northern Italy with a Dutch travel company. This worked out very well. The journey to and from Italy had us stay overnight in such historic cities as Wurzburg, Innsbruck, and Ulm. I was amazed at the truly remarkable reconstruction of Germany since the war: no ruins anywhere, new construction everywhere, and priceless historic buildings

beautifully restored. The region of the Dolomite Mountains in northern Italy will always remain fixed in my memory as almost magically beautiful. The scenic town of Bolzano, which was our hotel-base for six days, was the starting point for several excursions—including to Upper Bolzano reached by cable car, Lake Garda, Verona—home of Catullus—with its Roman amphitheatre, and Cortina d'Ampezzo, the site of 1956 Olympic Winter Games. It was on the shores of the azure Lake Garda that I learned from an Italian newspaper the tragic news of Robert Kennedy's assassination.

It had been my original plan to spend some time in Paris, but with the widespread unrest there and in France as a whole leading to a general strike which grounded most public transportation, I decided this was not practical. It would be quite an experience, though, to have been there when the student revolt was at its height and to witness the humiliation of the arrogant Charles de Gaulle of "Vive le Québec libre" notoriety. So far this year has been a tumultuous one especially for the U.S, with the military debacle in Vietnam, President Johnson's sudden decision not to run again, the assassination of Martin Luther King followed by renewed racial riots all over the country, the assassination of Robert Kennedy, the Soviet military clamp down on Czechoslovakia, and just now the huge protest demonstrations and the brutality of the Chicago police at the Democratic Convention.

In contrast, Canada has been relatively peaceable, but we have lived through the excitement of Trudeaumania and the election of a Liberal government under Pierre Trudeau. Trudeau was probably the best Minister of Justice our country has ever had, and I am confident he'll make a superb Prime Minister. I am certainly fortunate to be a citizen of Canada, and I was proud to vote, for the first time, in the recent federal election. There was no question in my mind I would vote Liberal, although Dad said their local candidate was useless. He, of course, is still a Diefenbaker fan. I am glad there has been protest in Canada, too, against the Vietnam War. It has been scattered and has come mainly from university students. In fact, at Western it goes back to almost two years ago, when the student newspaper, just before Remembrance Day, covered its entire page with a photo of a young Vietnam girl horribly burned by napalm. There were protests from the general public as well as from some students against this supposed outrageous sensationalism which, it was alleged, besmirched the record and reputation of our own veterans, but I think this terrible reminder of the fact that in modern wars it is the civilian population which suffers the most was necessary. Also given the fact that Canada exports hundreds of millions of dollars worth of war materiel, including, I understand, the chemical napalm, to the U.S., there is nothing for us Canadians to be complacent or self-righteous about.

And now, as I am about to make the big move to Toronto to start my PhD program in Classical Studies, I cannot help but wonder, as excitement blends with uncertainty, what my years there will bring.

I.8 Toronto, ON, Early September, 1970

Even after two years of living in Toronto, I feel overwhelmed, although, fortunately, mostly in a good way. I had been in the city a few times earlier, staying then with Gerrit and his roommate Peter—also from Wallaceburg—who were students at the Ontario College of Art and Design. But this time the experience has been different, the “overwhelming” coming not so much from the city’s sheer size and physicality as from the momentous changes which have taken place in my life, especially since last April.

Initially, there was not much of this momentousness, and within a few weeks I had comfortably adjusted to Toronto and my new academic environment. Thinking back to my good years of boarding in London, I opted again for the same, namely a large boarding house in Cabbagetown, where pretty well all of its many boarders were students at nearby Ryerson Polytechnical Institute with whom I had nothing in common, while the neighbourhood looked and felt shabby. I was happy to learn after a week or so that Peter was still looking for a suitable roommate after Gerrit had left the previous winter to marry his long-standing girlfriend Alice. Peter was Dutch-Canadian like myself but had been very young when his family immigrated. He also belonged to the CRC but took his religion very casually. I was attracted to his extroverted happy-go-lucky personality which complemented my more introverted, cautious temperament perfectly. The second-floor flat off King Street West in the Parkdale area we’d be sharing had a smallish living room, a large kitchen, and two bedrooms, one very small and the other large—Peter was kind enough to offer me the latter. The bathroom we had to share with the tenant on the third floor.

Everything in the PhD program lying ahead at me looked good as well. I received full credit for the three M.A. Latin courses I had taken at Western. This meant I had to take only three graduate-level courses, two Latin and one Greek; the latter would wait until my second year. During my first year I would also be taking a senior undergraduate Greek course to add to the three courses I had taken at Western. I decided on Professor Woodbury’s course on Plato’s *Republic*. I was also accepted as a teaching assistant and thus became the instructor of one section in the Department’s heavily enrolled first-year Latin course—this was a course for beginners with no previous knowledge of the language, unlike my first-year Latin course at Western. In

addition, I would meet seminar-style with a group of students who were taking a second-year course in Roman history; for both courses, I would be doing all the marking of assignments and essays. I would be paid for this, and this would make a nice addition to the already generous Canada Council Fellowship. My total income, therefore, would be much higher than during my M.A. year, when I had already counted myself lucky to be receiving an Ontario Fellowship. For the first time in my life I had an income that was about the same as that from a reasonably well paid full-time job.

The Department of Classics at Western had already given me a sporadic social life away from the CRC and the Dutch-Canadian community. It included one large departmental party where there was a lot of imbibing, of which I was guilty as well, and things got quite lively, to say the least. I think it was the departmental powers that be which saw to it there was no such party anymore in the future. However, I and other students received dinner invitations to the homes of faculty, including Professors Professor Murison and Professor Littlewood and his wife, and finally during my M.A. year there was a big bash at a student's home. The graduate program in Classics at the University of Toronto had an enrolment of well over a hundred students. This meant, first of all, much larger, although still smallish classes in Latin and Greek, than in my final year at Western, and I got to know several students quite well, above all Gavin, Penny, and Wendy, who, like myself, was Dutch Canadian and a member of the CRC. Secondly, the large number of grad students also helped to generate a large and lively society of graduate students, whose meetings featured a nice balance of social and intellectual interaction, always festively lubricated by beer, wine, and spirits.

The teaching and the seminar meetings with students were a good pedagogical start for me. Beginner's Latin is an ideal course to help you to ease yourself into teaching at the university level, and the seminar in Roman history I supervised really sharpened my understanding of how Roman political institutions worked. Lastly, the marking and grading of research papers—including catching a flagrant plagiarism—was an invaluable experience for me for future years.

I did not let go of the Christian Reformed Church and for a while regularly attended the services of the First Christian Reformed Church on Taunton Road. It certainly helped that Gerrit and Alice were members as well as Wendy Elgersma, who was in my Plato class. Through Gerrit and Alice, I also began to socialize a bit with others, a few of whom went back to my years in Wallaceburg. However, I began to feel increasingly self-conscious about the fact that I was the only one who was not married or did not have a girlfriend. So I was increasingly drawn to the easy camaraderie provided by Peter, and within a few months considered him my bosom friend. The fact

that he dated women did not bother me. There could not be any real jealousy since he flitted from one to the other. Whenever there was a breakup he would tell me, sometimes with not particularly flattering comments at the expense of his last date—so that, I guess, I might commiserate with him. It was an arrangement which I thought would work for years, if not permanently. We went out steadily together, especially after his driver's license was suspended and he was without "wheels" for half a year, and we visited numerous bars and lounges. One of our favourites was an old fashioned beer lounge on Queen Street West where we would often get into animated conversations with elderly veterans going back to the First World War. We were also regulars at the Embassy, a huge place in Yorkville which catered to a young crowd and often featured live entertainment. In fact, it was through Peter that I acquired a taste for rock music, and so in July of last year we attended together a two-day rock festival at Varsity Stadium. Yes, those were the days of wine and roses! When I was at Western, I would regularly go home for the weekends, but with the much greater distance between Toronto and Wallaceburg, this became a not frequent event—a total of six times, I think, over the past two years.

I did date three women for a while, Penny, Wendy and Claire—Claire had been a fellow student in Classics back at Western and was now living in Toronto. It was pleasant enough, and indeed with Wendy, a continuing friendship seems to be growing out of it, but there was no sexual chemistry whatsoever on my part. In fact, I enjoyed just as much my going out with my sister Lida, who was staying with Gerrit and Alice in the summer and fall of last year, and to whom I'll always be grateful for encouraging me finally (!) to get my driver's license.

The absolute dead-end of whatever little heterosexuality I may have had—and still may have—threw me back on my relationship with Peter, and I became increasingly confronted with the insuperable fact of my homosexuality. I began to masturbate frequently, as much as possible to orgasm, and my feelings for Peter became increasingly sexualized, although I continued to exercise a rigid self-control over myself by keeping these feelings to myself. Perhaps surprisingly, for a long time this impasse was not intolerable to me. Everything seemed to going well: my courses, my teaching, and even my romantic friendship with Peter. I enjoyed a happiness of sorts.

It was in the past winter that things began to unravel. Perhaps this was due to the fact I was less busy, or so it seemed. I was taking only one course, the graduate course on Greek lyric; this was the last course I needed to fulfill the course requirements for my PhD. My main job in the second year in my PhD was to prepare for the comprehensive exam, both written and oral, which would be awaiting me in May of this year. This required working my way through a large amount of Latin and Greek

literature I had not read in my undergraduate and graduate courses. It kept me busy enough, but, of course, it was a solitary activity. Taking more courses in Latin and / or Greek probably would have been more satisfying. I was still receiving my teaching assistant's stipend, but now I was working mainly as a research assistant—looking up references, among others, and proofreading—to Professor Quinn, who was writing a new commentary on Catullus. I also attended many of the classes of an undergraduate course where Greek literature was taught only in translation and was asked to give a lecture myself. A course of this kind would have been unthinkable even five years ago, but with fewer and fewer students now unable or unwilling to learn the classical languages thoroughly, it obviously represents the wave of the future. Unlike the prof teaching the course, I was not all prepared to approach and teach Greek literature in this manner, and so my lecture was less than a stellar performance, and I sensed as much from the class. Not great for the ego! In the future, though, I am confident, I'll do better thanks largely to the discipline of literary criticism I learned in my English courses at Western; the skills in literary analysis and evaluation I acquired there, I realize now, also work very well when they are applied to the Greek and Roman classics, whether these are studied in the original language or in translation—indeed, the ancients themselves developed an impressive practical and scholarly discipline of rhetoric and poetics.

The New Year's party which inaugurated the seventies was a gloomy affair for me. It was a social evening centered on Gerrit and Alice. Almost all my CRC acquaintances were there, too, again all married couples or accompanied by their girl- or boy-friends, so once more I was the odd man out. I felt increasingly restless during the winter months following, and finally decided to see a counselor at the University of Toronto. I still would not openly admit to my homosexuality, so my story to her was that I was simply sexually confused. She concluded that I was doubting my basic heterosexuality because I looked up too much to my gallivanting but at the same time misogynistic roommate, whom I wrongly regarded as the perfect specimen of healthy manhood; he was a poor role-model for a good man-woman relationship; I should, therefore, completely distance myself from him, at least psychologically. I gave her the impression I would try to follow her advice, but as I walked away from her office I already knew the real problem had not been touched upon—and that, in fact, I had misled her about what it really was. I did not go back to her, in part, I think, because when the subject of homosexuality had very briefly come up she had said it was not a happy way of life.

But then in early spring—it was late March—things began to move, and I came out to Tony, the new tenant on the third floor, who had been in my Latin class in the previous academic year and whom I gotten to know very well since. I had met his best

friends, and with him and them I had gone on several skiing trips north of Toronto and in New York State. He had already invited me upstairs to listen to his magnificent stereo system. I suspected he was homosexual since he was quite a bit older than I was—at least in his mid-thirties, I think—single, and seemed to be especially attached to John, the younger brother of a close friend of his. So one evening I simply blurted out the truth about my sexuality to him, and he reciprocated, confirming that he was in fact deeply in love with John, who was, of course straight and very ambivalent, at times even hostile, about his deep feelings for him. Tony's love, therefore, was a hopeless one, and his predicament was therefore the same as mine, except, I think, I had been more circumspect with Peter. I already knew that Tony was Jewish—non-practicing, to be sure—but at the same time had no guilt or scruples whatsoever about his sexual orientation. I could not have come out to a better person. The build-up, over the years, of my knowledge and understanding of homosexuality—thanks largely to my increased immersion in the homoeroticism of many Greek and Roman classics—had already been softening my earlier negativity about the supposed abnormality of homosexuality, but I still avidly read the recently published book in Tony's library, *The Gay World*, by Martin Hoffman, which helped me to 'normalize' homosexuality completely in my mind, so that words like "sick," "perverted," and even "abnormal" were now without any basis.

My second coming out, which happened soon after, had a comical side to it. Peter was visited by another John, a school chum from his Wallaceburg years. I also knew him a bit. He stayed with us for a few days. He was extremely good-looking, and with his happy-go-lucky, party-loving attitude of his was very much like Peter, and this was an additional reason I felt attracted to him. I vaguely surmised he might be bisexual and would therefore understand, so to him, too, I screwed up my courage and blurted out the truth about my sexuality. I'll never forget his response, very sympathetic although he clearly did not reciprocate my erotic interest, as he said, "Your problem is that you're too smart for the broads." Misogyny supreme, but I found it very funny.

It was mid-April now, and I was attending a meeting of the Classical Association of Ontario at Western, staying overnight at a downtown hotel. Late in the evening I went down to the bar to have a drink and got into a conversation there with a guy considerably older than myself—perhaps in his early or mid-forties but not bad-looking. I naively accepted his invitation to come up to his room for another drink, expecting more pleasant conversation. Or did I suspect—half consciously perhaps—that he would make a sexual advance, to which I was not totally averse? In any case, when he did make his advance I became quite confused, experiencing not even an iota of sexual desire. To his great credit, the fellow backed off immediately, even apologized, saying that with my looks I could get any guy I wanted.

Despite this experience, I was determined now not to deny myself anymore the opportunity to enjoy my sexuality fully with a physically desirable man. A good-looking business associate, of roughly my age, in advertising with Gerrit seemed to fill that bill handsomely. His homosexuality was no secret, and it was easy to get a dinner invitation from him. He knew my mind as I knew his, so not long after dinner, we went to bed together—not a word was spoken. To my dismay, while I enjoyed the physical closeness, the hugging and the like, an erection altogether eluded me. It was frustrating and humiliating for me, and I must have somewhat angered him, for I am sure he thought of himself as a good catch. Understandably, he let me out a bit curtly. Now I was completely confused. What was the matter with me? Was I impotent—but how to explain then my lusty masturbating?

Then I made the biggest mistake of them all. It was early in May. I had known already for quite some time there were a few establishments—bars and lounges—catering to a male homosexual clientele. The largest and best known—if, as I was to learn later, not the most reputable—was the St Charles Tavern on Yonge St just north of College St. I decided in mid-May to give it a try: maybe there I could find my ideal lover. Once there, however, I got into the beer—way too much of it—and entered into a blurry conversation with two men, a couple, I think. I have hardly any recollection of what they looked like, but I am certain they were almost certainly middle-aged. They invited me to come with them to their apartment for another drink and, as though I had learned nothing, I accepted. Too much alcohol, of course, lowers your inhibition and sense of caution. This time it was a much worse experience for me. Although I was not harmed physically, I was, one might say, worked over sexually, even as far as anal penetration; I was too drunk to protest or even to mind it. I left their apartment still inebriated, but after I got home, a deep feeling of shame and humiliation took hold of me, and I cried for a long time until I fell into a restless sleep.

I woke up the next morning feeling very confused and depressed and decided to go to Gerrit's office and tell him everything. To his credit, he was not shocked and in fact quite sympathetic. His assessment of my predicament and his advice somewhat resembled that of the U. of T. counselor except that he recognized the homosexual nature of my feelings. However, he said he was certain it was just a temporary phase and I would grow out of them. His advice was that I should move out from Peter immediately in order to get over my obsession. This made sense to me and I followed it promptly. I'll always remember that when I told Peter he was far less shocked over my homosexuality and my feelings for me than over my intention to move out as soon as possible. I suspect that he may guessed already for a long time what my sexual orientation was and the nature of my friendship for him, and this was of no concern to

him as long he was not under any pressure to reciprocate. In fact, I remember that in the last few months of our living together he had said that he hoped this arrangement would continue for a long time to come—just a couple of guys having a great time living together. I recognize now that the abruptness of my telling him everything and then moving out in such a short time must have really hurt Peter; in retrospect, I believe now I owed him a much greater considerateness and sensitivity.

Amidst all this turbulent change, I had the comprehensive exam awaiting me in the same month—a written exam of six hours spread over morning and afternoon followed by an oral exam the following day. I think I did OK if not spectacularly well on the written exam, but made one blunder in the afternoon part of the written exam in which I had to write a couple of interpretive essays. In one of them I made an embarrassing if not colossal factual mistake, for which I was taken to task by one of the examiners in the oral exam. I was all a-fluster and back-tracking and obviously felt terrible. The grade I was assigned for the exam was only a B, which, in the context of my PhD program, was just a pass, no *cum laude* certainly. I needed a break from academe, for the summer at least, and so I told Professor White, the Head of graduate studies in Classics, and one of the very few women faculty in the Department. She was very sympathetic, even motherly, I thought, about it and gave me her permission. Professor Dalzell, who was to be my thesis supervisor, was equally understanding. This took a lot of pressure off me.

By the end of the month I had found and moved it into a bachelor's apartment sparsely furnished by me. It was on Bernard Avenue in the attractive Annex district within easy walking distance of the University. It was the first living space I had entirely for myself and it felt lonely, but after a few days I was determined to continue to make the plunge I had started little more than two months earlier, this time, though, I would be far more careful with full regard for my self-respect: no going back to the St Charles or similar establishments. I discovered there was a disco, the Manatee, on St Joseph St, off Yonge St a bit south of Bloor St West, which catered to the young set and therefore served no alcohol; there I must go.

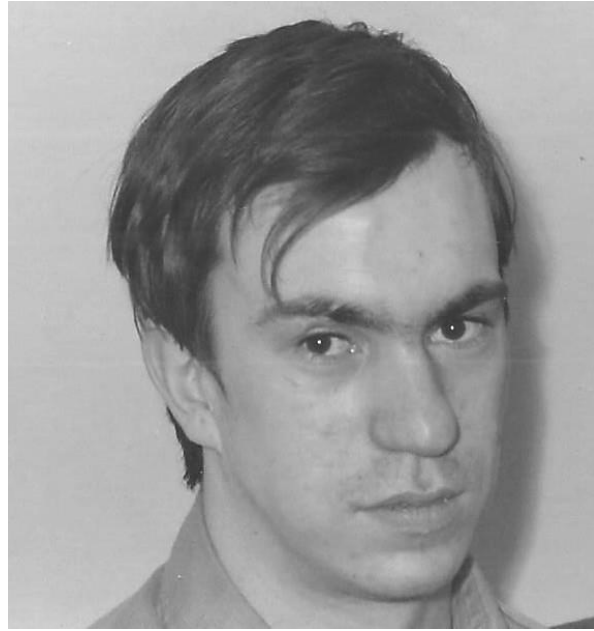
The Manatee more than met my expectations with its unceasing flow and beat of disco music which drew a large crowd of young men and older teenagers to the dance floor. I liked the music, for it fitted the place's ambiance of youthful energy and passion. The disco rhythm swept me along as well, but, alcohol-free, I felt at the same time entirely clear-headed. I caught the eye of a youngish man who later introduced himself as Waldo and accepted his invitation to dance. He was an immigrant from Yugoslavia, as I could detect from his accent, about my age, a bit too short for my ideal but with a well-toned body and a handsome Mediterranean face, and so I found him pretty sexy.

We danced and danced for a long time, well past mid-night. It became clear that he actually worked there, because when I left to go home he gave me a slip of paper to show at the Club's entrance on which he had written I should get free admission. I returned the next night, a Saturday, and stayed even longer then, dancing off and on with Waldo, until the place closed at four in the morning. By this time I fully trusted him, and invited him to go with me to my apartment. We had sex. It was not perfect—I still felt awkward with the actual sex and had a bit of difficulty with my erections, but it was certainly better than before. Waldo, unfortunately, showed some annoyance over what he considered my lack of performance, saying that I did not know what I wanted. It was clear too, that, culturally and intellectually, we were miles apart. The next time I saw and danced with him at the Manatee I sensed he was getting very possessive as though we were a couple going steady. I did not like this at all and so did not invite him for the second time to my apartment.

At this time I also met at the Manatee a couple, Bob and Kirk, who invited me to look them up at their apartment in nearby high-rise building. I gladly accepted. Theirs was a luxury-type building and their apartment was beautifully furnished; I soon gathered the wealth came from Kirk. Bob was a first-year student at the U. of T., and I found him very good-looking in a sweet, boyish way; Kirk was several years older and a grad student in the social sciences at York University, very elegant in his dress and manner but of fairly average looks. They seemed to be happy, stable couple, but I sometimes felt an underlying tension between the two. Kirk seemed at times to be resentful of Bob's obvious intellectual brilliance since his younger partner could comment on his research interests as his equal. Bob, on the other hand, felt insecure as to whether the relationship would really last; he told me once that he feared Kirk would jettison him once his youthful good looks were beginning to fade.

Then at the Manatee I met Brian Melrose Rees; it was near the end of June. He was not strikingly handsome, but I thought his dark hair and brown eyes contrasted very pleasingly with his very fair complexion; it hinted at his Welsh-Celtic ancestry, of which he told me later. The conversations we were able to carry amidst the volume of the music and later outside the Club showed me he was intelligent and thoughtful. We agreed to meet again at the Club the next evening, and after that I invited him to come to my apartment. With him, in the sex, with no pressure to perform, for the first time I did not feel awkward and inadequate. It was both strong and gentle. We told each other everything about ourselves. Brian was seven years younger than myself and came from Newfoundland, born and raised on Bell Island, not too far from St John's. He was the youngest of four brothers, two of whom, besides himself, were living in Ontario. He had done very well in high school and, thanks to a generous scholarship, could have entered a pre-med program at Memorial University,

but because of his sexual orientation and, equally, the fact he found his province too narrow and confining in just about every way, he had come to Toronto a year ago. He had worked at the downtown Simpson's department store as a stock boy for a few months, but had now a much better job at the printing shop of the Ontario Ministry of Education.



Brian at age of twenty

Brian and I stopped going to the Manatee, opting for another disco, the August Club, which also catered to a young clientele, right above the St Charles Tavern. We also dropped in occasionally on the Parkside Tavern, Brian for a pop and myself for a beer. This was a hangout for lesbian women, some of them very "butch" looking; we heard the story, whether true or not, of an older guy who had tried to pick one of them up but was seen staggering from the premises with a bloody nose. The whole length of Yonge St between College and Bloor and the one or two blocks of its side-streets are well known as the place for homosexual men to "cruise" each other for the purpose of picking up a sexual partner for the night. I also began to meet Brian during his lunch break and right after work, and this was so much more satisfying for both of us.

Waldo must have been very chagrined over my departure from his life. Already before Brian and I left the Manatee forever, he approached me and tried disparage Brian by saying he had been hanging around the Club for a long time. Then one day in early July I received a phone call from Kirk saying that Waldo had tried to kill himself by slashing his wrists and was in the hospital now. Would I go and see him? I agreed on

the condition that Kirk would go with me. Waldo was indeed a pitiful sight lying with his bandaged wrists in a hospital bed, but it seemed to me he had not seriously hurt himself. It looked to me more like melodrama than anguish. I knew I had to be firm and not give in to what was obviously emotional blackmail, so I showed sympathy but was clear I would continue to see Brian; an attractive guy like him would certainly have no difficulty finding another lover. The expression on Kirk's face showed he agreed with me, and we both left forthwith.

Brian and I continued to see other very regularly, pretty well every day now. At about the same time, I helped him move his belongings from a rather seedy rooming house near the corner of Bloor and Sherbourne to a more attractive location, a room in a Chinese-Canadian family home in the Kensington Market area. It was good that we stuck largely now to places far removed from the familiar homosexual locales, enjoying our meals in cheap restaurants, like the tiny Chinese restaurant where you could have a filling Canadian-style hot lunch for 60 cents (!), and treating ourselves to outings to such popular spots as the Toronto Islands and Ontario Place. By the middle of last month it was clear to both of us that we should find a place to live together. By good fortune, a spacious one-bedroom apartment was available on the top—the tenth—floor of my building, a perfect location which offered a panoramic view of one of the greenest parts of central Toronto. So we made the move at the end of the month. Both of us had really arrived and had what was for us both a real home. For me certainly, months of searching, blundering, and even at times agonizing had come to an end.

I.9 Toronto, End of July, 1975

A big move and change lies ahead of me as within a few days I will be flying to Vancouver to take up a one-year position in the Department of Classics at the University of British Columbia. For the time being, since at this point the position is only temporary, I will be going there by myself and Brian will continue to hold on to our Toronto apartment. We have promised to see other at least four times during this period, with Brian coming out to Vancouver towards the end of next month—when we'll fly to San Francisco to spend a few days there—and again in February of next year, whereas I will fly to Toronto for the Thanksgiving weekend and for Christmas. I can't help but wonder where I will be a year from now: will I be still be at UBC or will I be back in Toronto, with perhaps another teaching position awaiting me elsewhere? My last five years in Toronto since my coming out, meeting Brian and settling down with him have been eventful, to say the least—without the drastic turn-around, to be sure, which took place in my life in the spring and summer of 1970, but still with significant developments which will undoubtedly leave their impact also on years to come.

I remember feeling a bit depressed for a few weeks after we had moved into our apartment on Bernard Avenue. I seemed to be unable to shake off what I can best describe as a bleak and empty feeling. Five years later, I still don't quite understand what the problem was. Was it a residual regret over the big step I had taken in my life, thinking that nothing would ever be the same for me? Or was it perhaps just a mental fatigue which was almost inevitable after months of stress and strain? Maybe it was a combination of both. Fortunately, the feeling began to dissipate after a while. I was undoubtedly helped by the fact that, despite the leave I had requested and received from the Department of Classics, I had not completely abandoned my studies during the summer months. By the end of May, I had already chosen a viable topic for my doctoral dissertation, and during the following months I had done a fair amount of reading towards putting together my own ideas. I had decided to opt for a study of the poetic technique of Propertius, a younger contemporary of Augustus, the first Roman emperor. I was attracted to Propertius' vivid, highly dramatized portrayal of his passionate, often tempestuous relationship with his mistress Cynthia—whether this relationship was real-life or a fantasy did not matter to me—and also to his complex, even ambivalent attitude to Rome's wars of conquest which surfaces in his elegies at times and which, together with his what one might call bohemian way of life, lends him an almost counter-cultural edge: make love, not war, as one might say today. More specifically, I had decided to study the development of Propertius' poetic technique in books one to three of his elegies; these form a kind of unit standing quite apart from the final book, book four, which was published—publication, of course, as it applies to a world without the printed word—much later than the first three. I saw that, already within the compass of the first three books composed almost certainly over a period of no more than seven years, a very distinct development in poetic technique could be discerned, especially in the use of dramatic techniques and of mythological references; the title of my dissertation was therefore to be, *The Development of Propertius' Poetic Technique in Books I-III*.

In my thesis I would be moving away from the discipline of traditional philology of textual criticism and line-by-line explanatory commentary which, since the Renaissance, had been the long-standing scholarly practice of classicists even when they were writing on poetry. However, some of the more recent scholarship was moving towards the so-called New Criticism, as it had been called in English literary studies since the thirties, which was focused on form and style for their own sake; in French and German classical scholarship this had drawn a strong interest already since the beginning of this century.

Towards the end of September Brian received a phone call from his brother Clarence saying that his mother had died. She had died of cancer at the age of 59. She had been suffering from the cancer for a long time, but the news still came as a shock. Brian cried for a long time, sobbing how difficult a life his mom had had. I embraced him, and after a while his crying stopped and he began to make the arrangements to fly to St John's; from there he would travel by bus and ferry to Bell Island. I received a phone call from him there a few days later, saying that Bell Island was still the same and there was nothing for him there and that he was looking forward to being back in Toronto and with me.

The following month we went for the first time to a meeting of the University of Toronto Homophile Association, which had been founded a year earlier, the year in which homosexuality had been decriminalized for consenting adults by the federal government; this was one of the most significant reforms in the criminal code which had been put forward by Pierre Trudeau in 1968 when he was still the Minister of Justice. The meeting was well attended not only by students but also by older persons, some of them faculty probably, others members of the community at large. Chairman was Charlie Hill, who with his very long hair and very casual dress exuded the counter-culture; he reminded me a bit of John Lennon. He was extremely well-spoken and chaired the meeting with grace and intelligence. Among the announcements he made was that the association was organizing a dance to take place in a few weeks. The meeting, as I saw it, basically functioned as a venue for discussion and consciousness-raising, and Brian and I fell in with one small group of individuals who talked about their past and their coming to terms with their homosexuality. During the remainder of the fall Brian and I continued to attend the meetings and also dropped in on the dance. We learned a few months later that a similar organization had been set up at York University, and we attended one of its meetings as well. What really surprised me in a very pleasant way at that meeting was the presence there of a straight man, in his thirties, I guess, a really nice, thoughtful guy, who said—and I have no doubt he was both sincere and straight—he was there because he wanted to learn more about what it was like to be homosexual.

At a meeting of the University of Toronto association in early December Brian and I got into a conversation with a few middle-aged men who said Toronto really needed an organization that was directed to the community-at-large. Despite my own close connection with the U. of T., I could not but agree, and it was the same for Brian. Several more men had the same idea, including the genial George Hislop, who had been "out" for a long time and was well connected in the community at large. He invited everyone interested to meet at his apartment within the new few weeks to form a steering committee and to organize the first two or three activities of the new

association. And so, just before Christmas, about twelve of us met at the elegantly furnished apartment of George and his partner Ron in the posh residential area of Avenue Road and St Clair Avenue West. We formed a steering committee, with George as its chairman, with other responsibilities taken on, for the time being, by the rest of us on an ad hoc basis. We liked and adopted the name of the new organization proposed by George, Community Homophile Association of Toronto, which made for a nice acronym, CHAT. In a few months, we would constitute ourselves as a duly established organization with a formally adopted constitution and an elected executive. The first meeting would take place on the last day of January, with monthly meetings to follow thereafter, and we would organize our first dance for early in February. The ideal place for all our functions, including the dances, would be the Church of the Holy Trinity, an Anglican congregation just off Yonge St between Queens and Dundas—in the heart of downtown—which was well known for its openness and liberal views-- the past few years it had, among others, given hospitality to American army deserters and draft dodgers.

The Church did indeed come through splendidly. In fact, we were given the use not of one of its smaller rooms but of its large sanctuary both for our meetings and for our dances; with its easily movable pews this could be quickly converted into a wide open space which could easily accommodate a few hundred people. The news of the first meeting was spread swiftly through posters and word-of mouth, and the turnout was phenomenal, well over a hundred persons, mostly men—regrettably, only a small minority of women. What was heartening, though, was that all ages were represented, from young people in their late teens to seniors in their sixties and seventies, and there was, I thought myself, an exceptionally good diversity of occupations and professions, or, in short, of social class—ranging all the way from working to middle and upper middle class. After a short introduction by George Hislop as to what CHAT would and should be doing, people were told to settle themselves into informal discussion groups, with each participant encouraged but not pressured to talk about himself or herself, much as it had been happening at the meetings of the U. of T. association. It was obvious from my own discussion group and from others I was able to observe that for many this was a coming out and thus a truly liberating experience which, I was sure, surpassed anything that could have achieved in a more formal or professional setting.

The CHAT meetings which followed that year were not much different in this respect, although they generally followed a set agenda. Such an agenda would often include a speaker. One of these speakers was a researcher from the Clarke Institute of Psychiatry affiliated with the U. of T's School of Medicine. He explained what turned out to be a very controversial research project which was being conducted at the Institute, under the direction of a Dr Freund. The aim of the project was to record and

compare the penile responses of a large number straight and homosexual men to sexual stimuli coming from erotogenic pictures projected on to a screen. The recording instrument hooked up to the penis measured the degree of each subject's engorgement and erection. He asked for volunteers. A lot of people were skeptical and even offended, perhaps rightly so. However, some came forward, including myself, because the project did fascinate me. As it was, my session at the Institute was an almost complete dud: not surprisingly, I did not respond at all to the heterosexual stimuli, but I could feel that even my responses to the homosexual ones were minimal. Obviously, my erotic and sexual responsiveness could blossom only in a live setting. Later, as I learned through the proverbial grape-vine, the project was cancelled and most of its initial findings never published; it was rumoured that these findings were confirming the factual basis of Alfred's Kinsey theory of the heterosexual-homosexual continuum as measured along a zero-to-six scale rather than the commonly assumed heterosexual-homosexual dichotomy; this was felt to be truly alarming; even more taboo-shattering, so went the rumour, was that the project also tested their subjects' sexual responsiveness to children and adolescents—my own recollection tells me, though, there was none of the latter in my session.

CHAT's first dance took place early in February, on a Saturday night, shortly after the first meeting. This was most certainly a taboo-breaking event. The dance took place right in the sanctuary. The pews had been pushed aside to the walls, and so the stained glass windows looked down on the large wide open space where man-man and woman-woman couples danced to their hearts' delight to the loud rock and pop music coming from an excellent stereo system. Brian and I and many other members took our turns selling entrance tickets (cheap!) and serving beer, pop, and cheese and ham sandwiches (also cheap) at the large counter set up for this purpose—the Ontario Liquor Control Commission had given CHAT a so-called banquet license for this event, which meant food had to be provided along with the alcohol. Literally and figuratively, it was a blast and, once more, a truly liberating experience. Drawn by the thumping of the music, people would sometimes saunter over from nearby Yonge St to see what was going on in this historical mid-nineteenth century church, take a peek inside, and just be stunned. There were, inevitably, a few expressions of outrage. Not surprisingly, though, these eventually reached the Bishop of Toronto, and the dances had to stop. Within a year, therefore, CHAT rented its own space for daily all-purpose use: it was no less than a former synagogue in what had been between the two World Wars a heavily Jewish neighbourhood in the Spadina Avenue and College St. area.

CHAT was more than a social organization. A few members of the organization, spearheaded by the very visible and gregarious George Hislop, did valuable work as public advocates for the rights of homosexual men and women. This was especially

necessary with the Toronto police, whose practice it was to entrap men who engaged in sexual acts in semi-public areas such as washrooms and secluded areas of parks. The person, not infrequently a married man, who was caught in this way usually faced a criminal charge and conviction and the public shaming which came with this since his name would be published in the newspapers; shamed before his family, friends, colleagues, and the public at large, such a person would occasionally go so far as to take his own life. I would have liked to be one of CHAT's advocates and liaison persons; this would have been the next step of my being "out," but I felt I was not quite ready for it as yet.

Unfortunately, by 1972, it was obvious interest in CHAT was waning. There had already been a very divisive meeting in the spring of 1971 where a constitution had to be adopted and an executive elected. The turnout of women at CHAT meetings had been very small, but many of the women who did attend felt there should be absolute gender parity in the executive and in all the organization's committees. Not surprisingly, many of the men objected to this, but the women pushed for it very hard and occasionally there were harsh exchanges in which the men were accused by the women of being sexist and the women by the men of being unreasonable and pushy. However, the upset of it all was that the principle of gender parity won out. As a result, large numbers of the men who had objected simply left and, even more regrettably, gender parity did not draw more women into CHAT. New homophile organizations were springing up most prominent among them the Gay Toronto Alliance—starting in the U.S., "homosexual" was being dropped now in favour of "gay" by the newly minted "gays," although "lesbian" remained the preferred word for "gay" women. The GTA was overwhelmingly male, and upfront socially radical, even Marxist. Also new largely socially oriented organizations sprung up, including Anik—the Eskimo word for friendship—in which Brian and I were involved for a while. In fact, through Anik, I and some other members made contact with the Toronto Distress Centre, where we received the necessary training to man their telephones and I volunteered for a year. Lesbian women formed their own organizations, of which one had the intriguing name, "Wages Due Lesbians." As I am about to depart now for Vancouver, I see that most of the organizations I knew or knew about have faded or entirely vanished—even CHAT now is only a shadow of its former self. The organizations which are replacing seem to be directed to very specific goals in the area of civil rights and social reform.

After I came out five years ago, I pretty well stopped going to the Christian Reformed Church. I simply felt out of place there with its overwhelmingly "straight" ambiance, and I knew that Brian, who was not religious, would never go there. I did talk about my homosexuality with the Rev. Kooistra, a truly kind and understanding man, who never chastised me for my sexual orientation; the only big problem for him

was the sexual promiscuity which seemed to be the norm in the gay world and which, he said, would make it very difficult, if not impossible, to find a lasting relationship.

In late November 1970 Brian and I attended a meeting of the U. of T. association where Father John, a priest of the Old Catholic Church, was present. He was about my age, I think, and made a very good impression on me for his approachability and friendliness. He addressed the meeting, explaining a bit about the background of the OCC, emphasizing it was very gay-friendly—very different, therefore, from the Roman Catholic Church—and inviting anyone else interested to come to its services. Brian and I accepted the invitation—Brian more out of curiosity than anything else—and so the next Sunday we went to the Parkdale home of Father Mark, where we sat in on the celebration of the Mass. Father John was there as well as a few others, including another OCC priest, Father Boniface. I found the liturgy beautiful and even though, like any good Protestant, did not believe in the doctrine of transubstantiation, I experienced a transcendent and therefore supremely meaningful symbolism in Holy Communion as it was celebrated by Father Mark in his house chapel. Father Boniface already had introduced himself, saying he himself had a small congregation and said Mass every Sunday and other holy days; it turned out Father John worked closely with him.

It turned out that Father Boniface—secular name, Darrell Grosvold—who was probably only a bit older than myself—was, in fact, a bishop, like Father Mark and also Father Gilbert, whom Brian and I met a bit later and whose home—where he was living with his elderly mother—also sported a house chapel. Three overlapping dioceses of the OCC, therefore, in the Toronto area—ecclesiastical anarchy! However, this did not stop me from attending the services presided over by Darrell, who in fact became a close friend of mine for a while. I had seen almost right away that the OCC in Toronto was not at all a money-making racket and that, while the adherence of its priests and bishops to the second and third of the standard priestly vows, namely chastity and obedience, was questionable, there could be no doubt they took their vow of poverty very seriously and there was no pressure whatsoever on anyone to make generous donations—a weekly contribution of one or two dollars at a Sunday service was just fine. Beside the beautiful solemnity of the liturgy, I was also captivated by the family like closeness of our very small congregation—all of them gay men—which numbered at no time more than 20.

Father Boniface was always eager to bless the unions of gay men who had a committed relationship and did so with a full in-church ceremony and a celebration of the mass. The solemnity of these services could not help but deeply impress me. I was persuaded, however, by Darrell to let myself be ordained to the diaconate, with a view

of entering the priesthood in the not too distant future, hopeful that I could combine this eventually with an academic position. The ordination took place in an Orthodox church in March 1972; I felt greatly moved by the ceremony. My brother Gerrit and his wife Alice also attended. Later that summer I received a call from two men at a gay club in downtown Toronto who asked to be married. I had to think about this for a while, but finally I went there, sat down with the two fellows, who, to be honest, struck me as being rather immature, and impressed on them that a blessing of the sort they desired demanded a serious commitment on their part. When they emphatically proclaimed their seriousness, I decided to give them the blessing, but it came with a stripped-down ceremony revolving mainly around my prayer that they would persevere in their commitment.

At the same time, however, I became increasingly aware of the fact that, unlike in Europe, where the OCC had its roots in a 18th century secession in the Netherlands from the Roman Catholic Church and in a 19th century secession in Germany—the issue being in the latter the newly proclaimed doctrine of Papal Infallibility—and enjoyed the respectability of intercommunion with the Church of England and various branches of the Orthodox Church, the Old Catholic Church in Canada and the U.S was characterized by extreme fragmentation, being split into many dozens, perhaps even hundreds of overlapping dioceses, bishoprics, and archbishoprics, and with perhaps a total number of lay members which was smaller than that of its clergy.

It was obvious, also from what I heard from Darrell, that the splits almost always resulted from bitter conflicts, too often of a purely interpersonal nature and inevitably ending in schism and the establishment of a new branch of the OCC; this was also true of the Toronto area. I guess that for a while I was not overly disturbed by this, remembering that Jesus had said that wherever there were two or three gathered in his name, and so I was able to enter the diaconate with an unclouded mind.

However, as the year progressed I began to see serious problems of an interpersonal kind in our congregation, where maturity of character too often was not set at a premium. The worst of them resulted from a romantic entanglement between priest and lay member which never should have happened and which was spiraling downwards to an almost certainly very nasty breakup in which I could see every member of the congregation being expected to take sides. I had had enough then and, October, in a sharply worded letter, submitted to Darrell my resignation from the congregation and the whole OCC. I received an angry letter back from Darrell, in which he accused me, among others, of being too much under the influence of my non-religious Brian and of never having shown any devotion to the “Blessed Mother” —from the latter accusation, exaggerated though it was, I could see, I had not entirely departed

from my Calvinistic roots. It was, unfortunately, clear that in writing this unpleasant letter, Darrell had been egged on by Father John—who now called himself Jonathan—whom I had begun to see in a less and less favourable light over the past year because of what I saw as his petty vindictiveness as well as his far too flamboyant pieties with respect to the traditional Catholic devotion; he had undoubtedly sensed my increasing skepticism about his character and religiosity. I was not excommunicated, though, and when I ran into Darrell a year ago, we had a cordial conversation in which each of us gave the other his best wishes. The congregation had obviously dissolved after my departure, and I learned later that Darrell was working with a congregation in Niagara Falls. When I look back, though, I can honestly say that, despite the rocky road I took through the OCC and despite that Church's serious irregularities, I'll always be grateful to it for introducing me to the real strengths of the Catholic tradition.

After I left the OCC, I decided to worship with the congregation of the Church of the Holy Trinity. Its open-mindedness and liberality had already impressed me greatly, and I liked the fact that the Eucharist was central in its Sunday morning service. Being Anglican, the liturgy was very similar to that of any Roman Catholic or Old Catholic church, although it was followed much more informally, with the entire congregation standing around the communion table as Eucharist was being celebrated and administered. I took a strong liking to the priest, the Rev. Jim Fiske. He was very personable and down-to-earth and preached a radical, very contemporary gospel in which I caught echoes of the words of Jesus. He certainly wasn't your typical cleric and would have been unacceptable in a more traditional congregation of just about any denomination. I was invited to join the worship committee, which planned the Sunday services. Being a part of this congregation was a deeply satisfying and, I don't hesitate to say, spiritual experience for me.

In the late sixties the Rev. Troy Perry, who was gay himself and formerly married with children, had found himself called to establish a church in Los Angeles, the Metropolitan Community Church, which would have a special ministry to gay men and lesbian women. The necessity for this was obvious and paramount; an attitude of condemnation was the norm in nearly all churches—and, for that matter, still is. The condemnation may be not so much of the sexual orientation per se, but the expectation is that a gay man or lesbian woman should live a celibate life, and thus such a person is condemned for all his or her life to a psychological and, I would say, even a spiritual neutering.

The Rev. Perry's initiative was remarkably successful, and by the early years of this decade many MCC's had been established and were flourishing in the United States. So two years ago the MCC decided on an outreach to Canada and to plant a

church in Toronto, sending over the Rev. Bob Wolf for this purpose. I got to know Bob very well because he stayed with Brian and myself for several weeks. He was burly ex-US Navy man of exceptional personal warmth and blessed with a remarkable eloquence in his sermons and public speeches. He worked energetically to gather around himself the beginnings of a congregation, but the first few months were very hard, as the response even from highly religious gays and lesbians who found themselves discriminated against in their own churches was lukewarm. Then, as if by divine intervention, he made a spectacular splash in the news by reaching out and stopping a gay teenager from committing a very public suicide at City Hall. People now began to flock to his services, and by the beginning of the following year he had a viable, dedicated congregation. Together with Brian, I attended many of the church's services—they were usually held in the evening and therefore did not conflict with those at the Church of the Holy Trinity—but I treasured my membership in Holy Trinity so much that I could not bring myself to become an official member of the Toronto MCC.

I was able to start on the first draft of my dissertation within a few months after we moved into our apartment on Bernard Avenue. I was working fast now, turning out chapter after chapter. Since Professor Dalzell was on sabbatical leave in 1970-71 and spending much of his time in Europe, Professor Thomson, one of Canada's most eminent Latinists, had taken over the task of thesis supervisor, and each finished chapter went to him as well as to Professor Woodbury. During this year, I was also research assistant to Professor Thomson and helped him to compile his bibliography of scholarship and other important work done on Catullus since the Second World War. I was very pleased when he asked me to review and evaluate the English translations done of Catullus during this period; I thought that with my background in English literary studies I was well placed to undertake this task. The bibliography was published in the journal *The Classical World* later in 1971, with an acknowledgment of my authorship of the section on translations. This, you might say, was my first scholarly publication.

By June of 1971 I had handed in the first draft of every chapter, and by September I had received the necessary and pretty well all positive feedback from everyone, including now Professor Dalzell, who was back from his sabbatical and had agreed that Professor Thomson should remain as a co-supervisor. It was my good fortune to have two of Canada's best Latinists as my two supervisors while my work also benefitted from the expertise of Dr Woodbury, who was a specialist in ancient Greek poetry and with whom I had taken the course on early Greek lyric poetry. The remaining months of 1971, and the first few months of 1972, I spent writing the second draft, and made the final corrections and revisions in early summer. The final version

needed to be typed up cleanly on an electric typewriter. Brian found a woman who could do this, Olive, a secretary in the Ontario Ministry of Education. She did an excellent job, and a final-version copy went in late August to all every one of the five members of my examination committee, Professors Dalzell, Thomson, and Quinn, also a well-known Latinist—all from the Graduate Studies division of the Department of Classics—Professor Rist of the Department of Philosophy, who served as chairman—he had a joint appointment in Philosophy and Classics—and finally, Professor Guite, a Latinist from the Department of Classics at McMaster University; the last was my external examiner. The date of my thesis defense was set in the last week of October.

From the favourable feedback I had already received from Professors Dalzell and Thomson, I knew I had nothing to be concerned about, but even so, as the day approached I was still a bit nervous. The defense would take place in a seminar room in Trinity College; before it started I went to the beautiful large chapel of the College, reflected there for a while and said a quick prayer. The defense went well. I started by giving a short summary and overview of my thesis. Then each examiner had the opportunity to ask questions. This part of the session went much faster than I had expected, without any hitch. I was only asked to elaborate on some points. I had been warned beforehand by Professor Thomson that Professor Quinn might be difficult, but nothing of the sort transpired. The only—and very mild—criticism voiced was that by Professor Rist, who opined that I had used at one point the word “logical” too loosely. I was then asked to withdraw, and in less than ten minutes to return, to be told by Professor Rist that the examiners had approved my dissertation. He gave me a short list of minor corrections to be made which had been compiled by Professor Guite. How overjoyed I was! The corrections were quickly taken of, and corrected copies went to the Department, the University Library, the National Library of Ottawa, and University Microfilms in Lansing, Michigan; the last would sell a copy of my dissertation to any interested scholar. I also sent three copies to dad, to be bound by him—a labour of love it was him—one bound thesis for his library and two copies for myself.

I received my degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Classics at the Graduate Studies Convocation of the University of Toronto in mid-December. I received it from the hands of the Chancellor of the University, Pauline McGibbon—who in April of last year was to become the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Ontario, the first woman in Canada to hold such a position. The occasion, both solemn and joyous, was attended by Gerrit and Alice and Lida and her husband Bill, and followed by a party of big celebration at the apartment of Brian and myself on Dundas Street East. This new home came with the second move we made since moving into our first apartment. As I would not receive another assistantship in the Department of Classics for the academic year 1971-72—fortunately, my Canada Council Fellowship would continue in this year—and as

the two of us had just bought our first car—a used Toyota Corolla—we decided to go easy on our budget by moving to another, cheaper apartment, and so we did exactly a year after moving into our first shared apartment. Our new place was on Vaughan Road in a less expensive but still nice-looking neighbourhood in the Bathurst Street and St. Clair Avenue area. Like the building as a whole, the apartment had an old-fashioned 1920's look to it, but it was spacious and, in its own way, just as attractive.

Then in April of 1972, we were invited by Don, a friend we had met through CHAT, to move into the upper floor apartment of the half part he had just bought of a four-apartment duplex on Dundas Street East between Greenwood and Coxwell Streets; he would occupy the lower floor. The apartment had two bedrooms instead of one, and its large living room was adjoined by an almost equally large kitchen; for this reason alone it was ideal for the two of us. It was in a modest but still attractive neighbourhood within comfortable walking distance of the Beaches, one the most beautiful neighbourhoods of Toronto with its parks and long boardwalk along Lake Ontario. The rent was very reasonable for the extra space we would be getting, so we gladly accepted and moved in immediately.

At the end of October I had my doctorate but no job. Except for one enquiry regarding a possible opening at Acadia University, in Nova Scotia, I had actually not been looking very hard for since I felt that until I had my PhD any such application would carry little weight and I would lack the self-confidence to show myself to full advantage. Obviously I needed a job right away, so I decided to give the downtown Manpower office of the Department of Employment and Immigration a try. It was the Manpower power which handled professional positions for which you normally needed a university degree. I was interviewed by a very friendly lady probably well into her sixties and probably close to her retirement. After I had explained my situation, making it clear that my ultimate goal was to teach university but that, in the meantime, I was available for any reasonable kind of short-term job, she asked if I would like to work in her office since there were always temporary positions coming up there. My answer was an eager “yes,” and she then directed me to fill out an application. Within three weeks, to my great joy and relief, I received a message by mail that my application had been successful and I could start working at the downtown office at the beginning of the last week of November; my job being classified as a CR4, i.e. high-level clerical, I would be working as an assistant to the counselors there.

This assignment lasted two-and-a-half months, and then I was transferred to the Canada Manpower office which serviced the student community at Ryerson Polytechnical Institute, where I would be one of the counselors in the student summer employment unit. After two weeks of (paid!) vacation in September, I went to the

Canada Manpower's office for temporary employment at the corner of Jarvis and Dundas Street East Street; and the following February I returned to Ryerson; I would now be in charge of the summer employment unit and worked there until mid-August. I will always have very pleasant memories of my jobs at Canada Manpower during these 20 months. It was always interesting work and certainly never boring. Its greatest benefit was that I really learned how to work effectively and with self-confidence with the public in a wide variety of sometimes difficult situations. At Manpower's professional office, my work consisted almost entirely of doing intake counseling of clients and liaising with prospective employers. Here I was permitted a great deal of independence, and quite often a client seeking work needed to go no farther than me. However, I became acutely aware of the sad situation in which many of my clients found themselves. They were typically professionals who immigrated to Canada from developing countries—many of them from India and Pakistan—who had university degrees from their native country which often were not recognized in Canada—I had a manual to guide me in determining this. While I was sympathetic, I still had the unpleasant duty to tell them as much. I also had to deal with the equally unpleasant reality that nearly all employers—especially with openings for professionals with highly technical qualifications such as engineering—insisted on Canadian experience. I wondered if my understandably frustrated, even angry clients had been advised by Canada Immigration in their native countries of the barriers awaiting them in their adopted country.

The Manpower office for temporary employment posed very different challenges. Many of the jobs advertised there did not require much skill or previous experience, while a considerable proportion of our clients, whether young or old, were what you might call of the down and out variety. Here much patience in combination with good practical common-sense as well as with at least some empathy was required. At least once I failed in patience and actually lost my temper. For each client looking for work there had to be an office file which stated the pertinent facts about him or her—address, phone no, education, and previous job experience. For a new client such a file would be completed by the counselor and the client would then be issued Manpower card with his or her name and the location of Manpower office at which that person was registration. One day I was seeing a client—a black woman—whose file I could not find in the filing cabinet. I asked her, therefore, if I could complete a new document for her with her help; I could and would do it very fast. She refused to cooperate, telling me over and over again I had to find her existing file. I insisted but got nowhere. Finally, I got so frustrated and angry that I threw her registration card at her so that it landed near her on the desk which was my work station. She then began to cry—very loudly. Sandy, the supervisor, appeared in a few seconds; she fortunately managed to quieten the woman down, and told me she would handle the situation. I

then swore to myself I would never allow myself to do this sort of thing again. Not only should I not have lost my temper, but also should have shown a little more empathy.

At times, a wicked sense of humour got the better of me. Once, looking into hallway which led to our office, I saw a whole cohort of hippie-looking young people approaching. One of them - a white- guy with a towering Afro-style hairdo - was particularly striking, so I bent backward and whispered softly to my colleague Elliott sitting at his desk behind me, "Here comes the counter-culture." He, with his at times very acidic Jewish-sense of humour could not help but choke with laughter. Elliott was as straight as the driven snow, but I always felt very comradely towards him.

I undoubtedly derived the most pleasure from my two stints at Ryerson. Here my clients were as young as the students I hoped to be eventually teaching, and my fellow counselors in the summer employment unit were recent university graduates, only fix or six years younger than myself, Fran and Jeff in 1973 and Nancy and Julian the year following. A wonderful sense of camaraderie bound us together. I also liked and got along famously with the women who worked in the regular, year-around office, Linda, the manager, Ruta, and Mary-Jane (always M.J. for short). When the breakthrough as far as a university position for me was concerned came through in early August of last year, everyone was as excited as I was.

Brian and I have made good use of the car we bought in the summer of 1971. In September of that year we drove to Wallaceburg to visit my parents, a visit we were to repeat the year following. Brian was warmly welcomed by them as a close friend of mine. Brian was entirely at ease and got along famously with both mom and dad. My brothers and sisters were in on the exact nature of our relationship, but I don't think any questions in this regard occurred to my parents, and I was content to leave it that way.

We like to make day trips to the cottage country north of Toronto, and have also spent a few weekends across the border in Buffalo, where we have made friends with a gay couple, John and Mark. In 1972 Brian's three-years older brother Clarence—who had already lived for a while near Wellandsport in the Niagara Peninsula--moved, together with his 70ish father, from Bell Island to Tilsonburg, at the centre of Ontario's tobacco country, where Brian's oldest brother Cyril and his family had already been living for years. It turned out that Clarence—, who I think, is probably bisexual—had gone gay and had moved in a young man with him and his dad, and the three of them seemed to be contentedly living together. Unfortunately, it turned out the young fellow was unstable and dishonest, and he eventually ran off with Brian's dad's coin collection. After this, Clarence moved with his father to Toronto. Brian has a second married

brother Aubrey living in Bowmanville with his wife Rosemary; we have visited them a number of times and have always been received with wonderful Newfoundland hospitality.

In September of 1972, we made our first long trip, driving, mostly along scenic secondary highways, to Washington, D.C. Our arrival in Washington was inauspicious. It was already dark, and for a while we kept on driving around in circles—the city's concentric layout can be confusing at first to new arrivals—in what looked like a rough, black neighbourhood; we just didn't seem to be able to get out of it. Then, suddenly, we had left it behind, and were now in the downtown government area. We found it an inexpensive hotel and overnighted there, dead-tired from our long car-trip. The next day, we moved to a better hotel in upscale hotel in Georgetown. Washington is, of course, is a city for sightseeing par excellence, certainly for Americans, but it is very meaningful for us, too, especially, I like to think, for myself, with my keen interest in American history and politics, which I have never lost. What I will probably remember best of Washington is the friendliness and openness of the locals we chatted with on the restaurant terraces in Georgetown. I am sure everyone guessed we were a gay couple, but this obviously did not matter. I have an especially vivid recollection of a young minister of a neighbourhood Episcopal church with whom I had deep discussions on politics and religion.

After a few days, we continued our journey further south, overnighting in Columbia, South Carolina and then driving onwards to Atlanta, where we stayed two nights. On our first evening there, as we were driving along in the Peachtree Street area, we chanced upon the headquarters of F.L.A.M.E., the Feminist League Against the Macho Empire. We found the young guys there, all of whom sported various degrees of drag, exceedingly friendly, very pleased indeed to meet fellow gays from the far north. Previously, drag had been a big turn-off for me, but now, for the first time, I could look at it with kindlier eyes: these fellows, in their humorous flamboyance, had a real, salutary message directed at their straight America compatriots. We learned from them there was a congregation of the MCC in Atlanta, and gave its pastor a call. We were not in Atlanta for the weekend; otherwise, we would have attended their Sunday service. We did drop in, though, at the church and were given a warm welcome. A charming young man—he must have been still in his teens—offered to give us a guided tour of Atlanta, and so he drove with us as we explored for this huge sprawling city, the centre of what is now called the New South.

Then it was time to return home, which we did by driving as much as possible along the secondary highways that wind through the magnificent Appalachian Mountains all the way north to New York State, including at their southern end, the

majestic Blue Mountains National Park. We arrived home ten days after our departure. We had enjoyed our trip so much that we repeated it a year later, although this time we did not drive as far south, spending instead, before we headed again for Washington, a few days in historic Philadelphia, of which, above all, the magnificent museum of art in all its neoclassical grandeur will always remain vivid in my mind. During this trip we sought out more deliberately the gay scenes of the two cities, though this interested me less than Brian.

During my period with Canada Manpower, I did not give up finding a university position, but it proved to be difficult. In May 1973, I did get an interview with the Department of Classics at McMaster University for a tenure-track position, but I sensed I did not shine in it. The members of the hiring committee expected from me a clearly charted agenda of what I would be doing by way of research and writing—leading, of course, to publication—in the scholarly career lying ahead of me; but while I think I was clear enough in expressing my interest in doing research and writing on Latin poetry after the aesthetic-formal model of the New Criticism to which I had become increasingly attracted, I remained very vague about the specific directions where this research would take me. However, I told myself I should not give up and that it was important for me now to establish good contacts in the world of Classics, especially with persons who shared my research interests. The annual meeting of the Classical Association of Canada, which I had just joined, was coming up at Queen's University at the end of the month. I decided to take two days off from work and to attend at least part of the conference. I had already been a few times at the semi-annual meetings of the Ontario Classical Association, but this would be my first time at the annual conference of the national organization, where a large number of scholars would be presenting papers in a wide variety of fields—history, literature, philosophy, art, and archaeology, to name the most important ones; it was bound to be an instructive experience for me.

The experience was indeed instructive as well as enjoyable, although very few of the papers I was able to attend in the short time I was there reflected my own interests. However, for the first time my view of Classical Studies as they were practiced in Canada began to range well beyond the boundaries of Western and the University of Toronto and, even more important, I struck up a lasting friendship there with Peter Booth, who taught at Acadia University. Our respective interests alone in Classical Studies, which had moved both of us away from traditional philology, made us soul-mates. Epicureanism and Greek and Roman religion had been for some time strong research interests of Peter, but he pursued them with a distinct ethos which spoke of both the aesthete and the existentialist. He accepted my invitation to stay with Brian and me in the summer to do research at the John Robarts Library. He stayed with us

again in the summer of last year, and at the end of April this year I travelled to Upper Canard in Nova Scotia to visit him and his wife Moira and their three daughters in their early nineteenth century home in the beautiful Annapolis Valley.

The breakthrough I had been waiting for came exactly a year ago. I had applied for an eight-month position in Classics in the Department of Languages and Literatures at the University of Guelph and at the end of July was asked to come in for an interview. I met the departmental chairwoman, Professor Margaret Anderson and the three members of the Classics unit, Professors John Bell, Victor Matthews, and Valerie Tracy; the last would be going on sabbatical leave and I'd be replacing her—I discovered later she was the wife of Professor Tracy whose German course I had taken at Western. I sensed almost immediately the interview was going very well as I emphasized the relevance of my job of constantly dealing with the public at Manpower, especially, of course, the students at Ryerson, to the challenge of teaching university. A week later I received at work the call that I had the job. I was warmly congratulated by my co-workers, and soon left Manpower to start preparing for the courses I would be teaching.

Nearly all the courses I'd be teaching would be the more or less traditional Greek and Latin language and literature courses and, except for the course on Homeric epic, would not require much preparation. For the Classical Literature in translation course which would focus on Greek tragedy, I would have to do a lot of outside reading in order to familiarize myself with recent literary-critical studies, but I was confident now that would I handle teaching a course of this kind much better than I had in my second year as an assistant at the U. of T., and my confidence turned out not to be misplaced. Indeed, I think I did fine in all the courses I was assigned. Enrolments were small in all of them. My introductory Greek course had actually the highest enrolment, a total of 26. Unfortunately, since this course, like all courses, was offered in a one-term format, and since the students were seeing the material—grammar and vocabulary—was multiplying rapidly in quantity and difficulty, the large majority of them did not continue their study of Greek into the winter term, and I was left then with only six students. I thought it was questionable from a pedagogical point of view to allow students to drop a subject when their mastery of it was only of the most elementary sort. I was very happy, though, to receive a few months ago after the winter term was over, a warm letter from a student who had completed both courses; he complimented me on the dedication of my teaching in which I did my utmost to challenge the better students while at the same time showing patience with the less able and less motivated students.

The travel by public transportation to and from the campus of the University of Guelph took several hours. I had to get up at six-o'clock in the morning to catch an early streetcar to downtown; from there it was a short walk to the intercity bus station on Bay Street, from where I would take the bus to Guelph and Kitchener-Waterloo, which would drop me off on campus. The commute each way was at least two hours, and I would not get home until nine in the evening. Fortunately, during the fall term, I had classes only from Monday through Thursday, and so I had a long weekend to rest and prepare for my classes of the week following. During the winter term, I rented a room in Guelph not only because I now had classes Monday through Friday and but also because of the vagaries of the winter weather—Guelph lay just within the snow belt; a big snow storm hit the city as late as early April.

Five months ago, in February, I received out of the blue a phone call from Professor MacGregor, the chairman of the Department of Classics at the University of British Columbia: would I be interested in teaching Classics at UBC for a year? I had been recommended by Professor Woodbury. For a couple of seconds I was too stunned to stay anything and then, of course, my answer was an enthusiastic “yes!” I had been worrying already for some time as to whether I would be able to get a teaching position for the coming academic year, and now this incredible development. I was told the position would last for a full year, July 1975-June 1976, and I would be paid accordingly; the salary I was quoted was much, much higher than I had been making at Manpower and was now receiving at Guelph; I did not have to come to Vancouver until the first week of August; more details would follow by letter.

I passed another mile stone two months ago. In early June I gave my first public paper; this was at the annual meeting of the CAC at the University of Alberta in Edmonton. In a first such as this, I was understandably nervous, but I like to think I hardly showed it as I read my paper. This took as its starting point the contention by a few scholars that in his poetry Ovid does not show himself well disposed towards male homosexuality and in this respect foreshadows the condemnation of it in the later Christian West. However, at the beginning of his *Amores* Ovid mentions, in a completely non-judgmental manner, paederasty as an alternative to a man-woman relationship, and in his *Metamorphoses* the story of the god Apollo's love for the youthful Hyacinthus is told by the narrator without any expression of disapproval. The two comments in his *Ars Amatoria* which have been interpreted to be hostile to male-male sex shows preference in taste rather than moral condemnation: the speaker says at one point that a man who wants to arouse women's erotic interests should not fuss too much over his appearance like an effeminate male, and at another point that he does not like sex with a boy because it does not equally satisfy both partners—unlike, it may be inferred, sex with a woman. I believe my paper was, on the whole, well

received; one criticism that I should have brought in more references to male homosexuality elsewhere in Roman literature was very fair and I've taken it to heart for future research. Professor MacGregor attended my session and commented to me afterwards that it was a paper on an interesting subject. I'll ready it for publication in *Classical News and Views*.

Brian and I decided that it would be best if I went to Vancouver by myself for a year. If the position becomes permanent or close to being so, he will move there himself; with his work experience in Toronto he should have no difficulty find a good job in Vancouver. During the year—or rather nine months, to be exact—I am at UBC, there will be at least four times when we'll be with each other: I will fly to Toronto for the Thanksgiving weekend and for Christmas, while Brian will join me in Vancouver for the last week of August—during which we spend a few days in San Francisco—and then again in February.

However, as I am about to leave for Vancouver, I know a serious problem has existed for a long time as far as Brian's future mobility is concerned. He has made it clear that while he would readily relocate with me in a large city such as Montreal and Vancouver, which would be certain to have a lively "gay scene," settling down in a smaller place was, for this reason, out of the question. An academic career is, of course, is a major goal of mine, and so I cannot restrict myself the way Brian does; a university in a much smaller city or in even a small town, the kind of university of which Canada has plenty, may eventually beckon me, and I will go.

The issue of Brian's non-mobility actually stems from an even bigger one. Within a year of our living together, Brian had lost interest in sex with me and turned to what you might call recreational sex outside our relationship. This, I know, often happens between two gay men: the two remain deeply committed to each other and continue to live together, but the sexual satisfaction and pleasure comes now from outside. For me, though, the real pleasure from sex comes from romantic attachment, from being truly in love with your sexual partner. If you desire recreational sex, there are all sorts of fairly easy ways to find it if you live and move in the right environment—perhaps socially through meeting a like-minded guy at a party or another gathering, or, more casually, in the "gay scenes" of Canada's biggest cities, through "cruising" at a gay club or a bathhouse. Brian has come to prefer the "baths" and is a regular at one or two Toronto bathhouses. I remember now the concern of the Rev. Kooistra of the First Christian Reformed Church about what is often called the sexual "promiscuity" of gay men.

Over the past four years, Brian has introduced me to some of his sexual partners, so that I, too, might have pleasure of having sex with them, and I have slept with a few, a total of five—not an impressive number by the measure of the gay scene. With two I experienced a fleeting romantic attachment, especially with the sweet, thoughtful guy who happened to be a Catholic seminarian, and so the sex was supremely pleasurable; but as far as the sex with the other three went, masturbation would have been much more satisfying. A few times I have also had intensely pleasurable sex, which was suffused with powerful romantic feelings, with a married man, whom I had met on my own; these feelings were amply reciprocated by him, but they and the sex which came with it had to be put aside by the two of us for the sake of his marriage, for he was also deeply devoted to his wife. Understandably, Brian was quite disturbed by the threat this last relationship might pose to ours, for I had told him I was in love with this other man; at one point he even cried, begging me not to leave him.

As I reflect on these two big outstanding issues in my relationship with Brian, I cannot help but wonder what my year in Vancouver will bring. We are, each in his way, deeply devoted to each other, but I suspect a year of huge, lasting change for both of us might be just around the corner.

I.10 Toronto, Early June, 1976

The flight from east to west, across two-thirds of Canada, was an almost surreal ecstatic experience for me; never before had I made such a grandiose journey in the air. I had a window-seat and for five hours below me was spread a Canada of unbroken sunshine: the forests and lakes of northern Ontario, the vast expanses of the Prairie Provinces, and the still snow-capped and snow-flecked Rockies and Coastal Mountains, with the plane finally descending in mid-afternoon local time to a sunlit Vancouver. Riding on the bus from the airport to the close-to-downtown intersection where I had been told I could catch the bus to the UBC campus, I was struck by the crystalline air and sky—without the summer humidity so characteristic of southern Ontario—and by the stuccoed houses and small buildings gleaming in the sunshine, all of which gave the city, in my eyes, a decidedly Mediterranean look.

It was late afternoon by the time I arrived on the campus and was making my way to the building where the Department of Classics was located. The new departmental chairman, Professor Podlecki (soon “Tony”), was still in his office and showed me the office of Professor Harding, who was on sabbatical leave. I saw immediately it had nearly all the books and other material I would need for my courses, and the UBC Library, with its excellent holdings in Classics, as I was to see soon, was

nearby. I was then directed to the one of student residences where I would be welcome to stay until I found an apartment.

I was both tired and hungry when I had checked into my room, but food would have to come before rest. Fortunately, a cafeteria was nearby and still open. After a meal of hamburger and fries, I went back to my room; it was spartanly furnished but convenient and opened up to a common area consisting of a fully equipped kitchen and a large sitting room with a television, which I turned on to watch the news. The tiredness had gone: I had freshened up in the shared washroom and was ready to do some exploring of the campus. It was well into the evening now, but the sun was still bright, at least two hours away from setting. Everything—buildings, trees and bushes, many of them evergreens, the lavish profusion of flowers everywhere—stood out with the sharpest of clarities I had ever seen in the still vibrant sunshine of the declining sun. I slowly walked and wandered until sunset. As I was looking westwards across the Strait of Georgia to the purplish-tinted mountains of Vancouver Island, with a light haze now beginning to rise from the water, the sun was finally setting in a still cloudless sky behind the mountains; a band of bright pink and yellow stretching above the spot where the sun had set gave way to a darkening red and violet and eventually to a starlit sable of night. By this time I had returned to my room and within a few minutes was sound asleep.

It took me longer than I had expected to find a decent apartment. I was looking a self-contained furnished bachelor or one-bedroom apartment close to public transportation which would allow me to travel to the campus in a reasonable period of time—no 1 ½-2 hour commutes anymore. UBC sits rather isolated on the extreme west end of the Grey Point peninsula which extends into the Strait of Georgia, and residential areas with relatively inexpensive apartments are not close by, so, armed with a list of addresses I obtained from the University's housing office, I had to set out in my search at a considerable distance from the University. I had been already been warned beforehand in Toronto that rental properties were at a premium in Vancouver. The places closest to the University were upscale, obviously very expensive homes and apartment buildings. At a greater distance, many private homes did have apartments for rent, but they were almost invariably located in dank basements; also some were little more than single rooms with shared kitchen and bathroom facilities. On closer inspection, the houses themselves often little had of the Mediterranean-glamour which had struck me about Vancouver the day before; I saw a lot of stucco stained with rain marks, which told me a lot about the coming rains of fall and winter—I even began to miss the solid brick-look typical of much of Toronto.

After a few days of fruitless searching, I decided I would give the West-End area and its proliferation of apartment towers a try, although it probably would mean a longer commute and a furnished apartment would be hard to find—but if worse came to worse, I could always buy some basic inexpensive furniture. I never got quite to the West End. On Nelson Street in the area next to the West End which pretty well adjoined downtown, I saw that one of the many apartment small buildings lining the street had a furnished bachelor's for rent. It turned out to be on the bottom floor, which was somewhat below street level but not far enough to be called a basement. The rent, although a bit high by Toronto standards, was reasonable, and I snapped the place up immediately. A big boon was that I would be only a block away from Burrard Street, where I could catch an express bus that would take me to the campus in little more than half an hour: from my apartment to my office it would be no more than 45 minutes, unless traffic was heavy. I had put most of the belongings I would need in Vancouver—winter clothes, some kitchen- and table-ware, bedroom linens and blankets, a typewriter, and a few absolutely necessary dictionaries and reference books—in a large trunk and had taken it to Canadian National Railway in Toronto; I called the CN office in Vancouver, learned my trunk had arrived, and had it delivered to my apartment.

Until Brian's arrival later in the month, Monday through Friday I went to my office to prepare my courses and spent much of the day there. I was free in the evenings, though, and on the weekend. I had the time then to explore my neighbourhood, the West End adjacent to it on the west, and the downtown to the east. I discovered to my pleasure that I lived close to two major shopping streets, Davie Street and Robson Street—the latter is popularly referred to as Robsonstrasse because of the German flavour of many of its restaurants and shops. Davie Street had all the stores I needed right away: a supermarket, a liquor store, and a hardware store. At the liquor store, I overheard someone say that the clerks there made in excess of 15,000 dollars a year; on the assumption this was true, that was more than what I considered to be my very good salary as a professor at UBC, but I guess it helps if you are a unionized worker at a government-operated store in British Columbia. At the hardware store I bought what I am sure is the most expensive frying pan I'll ever buy, a steel and copper beauty, though, which I like to think I'll be using for many years to come. West of the West End is huge Stanley Park surrounded on three sides by water and encircled almost completely by its wide, many miles long waterfront path for pedestrians and cyclists from which you can enjoy the magnificent vistas across the water to West and North Vancouver and the Coastal Mountains beyond.

Not long after Brian arrived, the two of us flew to San Francisco. Like my Toronto-Vancouver flight a week earlier, it was a flight made entirely in sunshine and we enjoyed spectacular views of the coastlines of Washington State, Oregon, and

northern California. The bus trip from the airport of San Francisco first showed us mundane suburbia, but as we approached the city itself its almost legendary beauty made a deep impression on us. Here the Mediterranean-look and ambiance created by the white and pale-coloured stucco which covered many of the houses and small buildings in the lovely residential neighbourhoods looked authentic, perfectly fitted to location and climate. After checking into our hotel near the opulently neoclassical City Hall, Brian wasted little time in checking out the gay scene, for San Francisco is well-known as the gay mecca of North America, but for me the next few days were filled with sight-seeing mostly by myself; the only major sight excursion we did together was a bus tour across the Golden Gate Bridge to Muir forest with its towering 1000-years old Sequoia cedars and then to the charming resort of Sausalito on the north shore of the Bay. I had fallen in love with San Francisco many years earlier from watching on television (black-and-white, though) Hitchcock's *Vertigo*, and walking for hours along the Bay I made my pilgrimage to the spot underneath the Golden Gate Bridge where the mysterious blonde played by Kim Novak had flung herself into the rushing and whirling waters, to be rescued by the acrophobic detective played by James Stewart—coolheaded observation made it clear, however, that in real life neither woman nor man could have survived such an ordeal.

I did make one fast entrance into and exit from a gay bar—just so that I myself would have at least have my own impression of what San Francisco's gay scene was like. It was mid-afternoon Saturday, and the place was already packed. As I worked my way to the bar I was almost immediately accosted by a guy about my age. I thought this was to be the beginning of a friendly chat and responded accordingly. From the few words I uttered he obviously sensed I was not looking for sex, and so he turned away abruptly and within a few-seconds had pounced on another guy with the same routine—looking for sex in the fast lane. There, too, he obviously lucked out, and so again within a few seconds it was the turn of a third guy. I had seen enough and walked out.

After our return to Vancouver, there was not much time left for Brian and I together. We did a bit of sightseeing but left the gay scene alone since I was still in complete ignorance of it and so could not recommend anything. Just before Labour Day Brian flew back to Toronto and I was alone again, but classes would soon be starting.

A few days before the beginning of classes, I woke up very early in the morning—it was still dark—with a terrible headache. It took me a long time before I fell asleep again. When I woke up around seven, the headache was still there but not as severe. I went to my office that day and as the morning progressed the headache grew less and less, and by noon it was pretty well gone. The next morning it was exactly the

same: the headache I had very early in the morning was almost unbearable, but it did not last. At its worst it felt like a migraine headache; I had never suffered one before but had read about its symptoms. This last lasted for more than a week well into the start of my teaching. I thought about seeing a doctor, but then when the headaches disappeared the need disappeared. Strangely, I never thought about taking pain killers during this period—mainly, I think, because I had never taken them before. Even more strangely, I still have no idea what caused these terrible headaches. Was it a reaction to a change in barometric measure due to my move from Toronto to sea-level Vancouver? But why, then, did the symptoms not appear earlier? Or was it caused by stress, perhaps, since I was starting a new teaching position? But why, then, were there no headaches when I was a complete novice heading into my first full-time teaching position at Guelph? The whole experience is still a big mystery to me.

In fact, I enjoyed my teaching at UBC right from the start. My teaching load was actually less than at Guelph. All courses were of the two-term, fall and winter, format. I taught a Greek and Latin literature in translation course three times a week. I had taught a similar course before at Guelph, and my experience there was probably largely responsible for the new verve with which I taught my course at UBC—the course evaluations which were completed by the students at the end of the course showed as much. I also taught one of the sections in the Department's heavily enrolled introductory Latin course. I volunteered to take the late-afternoon sessions, which no one else was keen on. Finally, I met once a week seminar-style with a group of students from the heavily enrolled Introduction to Greek and Roman Civilization course; its principal instructor was Professor MacGregor, who had just retired from the headship; he always wore the traditional academic gown and his style of lecturing was old-fashioned magisterial but clear and compelling and always seemed to hold the students' attention. Most profs in the Department contributed lectures to this course; my turn came in the winter term when I gave a lecture on Ovid in the large lecture hall which must have been filled by well over a hundred students. I took it upon myself to attend many of its big lecture sessions in order to give myself a good idea of how such a course should be put together and presented.

The Department of Classics was a most convivial place both academically and socially. There were guest speakers from other universities at regular intervals, and there was a very active Classics society in which both students and faculty participated with enthusiasm. Many of its events were built around the guest speakers; other events featured presentations by Department's own faculty. Thus, Professor James (Jim) Russell gave a well-illustrated talk on the recent excavations at the site of Anemurium, a late Roman and early Byzantine town, situated in present-day Turkey—a big project of which he was in charge; and Professor Ann Dusing spoke on Dio Cassius, the late-

Greek historian, which was her expertise. I found unforgettable the Department's staging of Plautus' comedy, *Casina*, which features ancient Rome's earthy, boisterous, not-at-all-shy-of-sex sense of humour at its very best; it was a production of both faculty and students and was a great success; Ann told me afterwards she had never seen anyone laugh as hard as me. Finally, during the winter term I enjoyed a dinner invitation from Dr Anthony (Tony) Podlecki and his family. This was his first year at UBC and in Canada, for he was an American classicist who had previously taught in the United States; he had won an international reputation for his scholarship on Greek literature, and on the strength of this had obviously obtained the headship of the Department.

As September progressed I felt myself growing restless as though the satisfaction I was deriving from my teaching and from the pleasant ambiance of my work was not enough. Exploring Vancouver in my free time was becoming a lonely adventure, and the weekly telephone chats with Brian, too, were not enough to fill the gap. By this time I was a little more informed about Vancouver's gay scene, and so I decided to give a downtown bar-lounge frequented mainly by gay men a try: I was not seeking quick sex, just a friend with whom I could share my life in Vancouver and with whom the friendship would perhaps grow into a romance. I seemed to be in luck the very first time, on a Saturday, I visited the place and soon got into a conversation with a young man—probably five to ten years than myself—I took a strong fancy to you. He was not strikingly good-looking but I liked his slim build and intelligent face. Our conversation ranged across many subjects but it always came back to what Vancouver had to offer. I said I had found Vancouver a beautiful city but, away from my work, something dull and aloof. He countered I would change my mind if I let him show me what the city had to offer: we should start with Chinatown, where he knew inexpensive restaurants which offered an authentic Chinese cuisine that was at a far remove from the more typical touristy fare catering to North-American tastes.

The next day he kept his word, for he took me to such a place where the food was most exquisite and the bill was very modest. I was enjoying myself but I began to be bothered by his talk about his family lineage as he claimed he was a scion of the Romanov dynasty which had ruled Russia for three centuries; eventually, he hoped, he would convince the authorities of both Russia and the West of the rightfulness of his claim and would be accorded the honours due to him. I tried to ignore this pathetic self-delusion—for this it certainly was—and shifted the conversation to another subject. However, when I saw him again a few days later, he reverted to his fantasy, which was obviously crucial to his self-esteem. I had enough then and told him I could not be his friend if he persisted in his nonsense. His response was one of shock and anger, but I walked away and did not see him again.

It was on the last Saturday of September that I met Brian Dale Druet and the beginning of a great turn in my life took place. In the evening I had gone to the same bar-lounge again and almost immediately noticed a pensive looking young guy sitting by himself at a table. I asked if I could join him and he replied immediately with a welcoming "yes." Fortunately, the place was not too noisy and so we were able to have a decent conversation. He said he was tired of staying at home with his roommate and had come here hopefully to meet some new people. Over a few beers—neither of us drank very much—we introduced ourselves. He was originally from Amherst, Nova Scotia, and had moved to Vancouver four years ago; small-town Nova Scotia had nothing to offer him anymore. He was the youngest of six siblings; his three older brothers, all married, had already settled in the Vancouver area many years ago; his parents and two sisters were still living in Amherst. I told him about myself. After a while both of us got tired of the place as it was becoming more crowded and noisier, and he accepted my invitation to come to my place. There we talked for hours. Unfortunately, I had nothing much to offer him by way of drinks and snacks, but that didn't matter. I could now fully appreciate how good-looking Brian was with his slim build, his nicely shaped oval face—he had almost the same average height I had—and his expressive brown eyes which spoke of a lively intelligence. I was also impressed how well-spoken he was. I learned from him that he was born on November 29, 1951, and was thus more than seven and a half years younger than I was, but he could have easily passed for someone in his late teens.

It was getting well past one o'clock now and I was getting tired and sleepy, so I said I was going to bed but he was welcome to stay the night here. He accepted and I lost no time getting the pull-out bed ready. To his amazement, as he told me the next day, I fell asleep almost immediately after I lay down: I must be a very trusting person; he could have been a psychopath.

The next morning we had breakfast together at a nearby restaurant and he went home after we agreed we would see each other again very soon. Brian said he was taking late-afternoon and early-evening courses at the downtown campus of Langara community college and I could usually meet him there most nights of the week; we could go then to the college restaurant, which was the place of training for the students in the culinary program, for an excellent but very inexpensive meal. For the next several months, Monday through Friday, this became a common routine for the two of us. At times, especially on the weekends, I would go to his place in Burnaby just east of the City of Vancouver proper, and usually stay overnight, sleeping on the couch. Thus I got to see a lot also of Ross, Brian's roommate. I saw soon that Ross who was probably several years older than Brian, was head over heels in love with him, while it equally

obvious that this feeling was not at all reciprocated by Brian. I was amazed Ross did not seem to resent me at all. Was he fatalistic about his own lack of success with Brian, or did he think I would eventually return to Toronto and so the relationship between me and Brian would probably wither on the vine? Perhaps the actual reason was that Brian never flaunted his increasingly close feelings towards me in Ross's presence; anyone would think the two of us were good friends but nothing more.



Scott (Brian Druet) at age of twenty-nine

Over the next few weeks after the Saturday of our meeting Brian and I told each other virtually everything about ourselves. Brian revealed that he was still suffering from the effects of a serious nervous breakdown he had suffered in October 1968. After graduation from high school, he had moved to Kitchener, Ontario to take a job in the factory of Goodyear Tire. Going on to university had been out of the question because of his less than great grades in high school. He was very mechanically inclined and would have liked to enroll in a private college of computer science located in nearby Moncton, but his father would not put up the money. The nervous breakdown happened when he awoke from his sleep after he had smoked a lot of marijuana with a few friends he had made in Kitchener. He woke up very early in the morning—it was still dark-- feeling very anxious and depressed, and totally alone. The feeling would not leave him and so he soon went to see a doctor, who prescribed tranquillizers, a lot of them; they alleviated the symptoms, but the basic problem would not go away. He

returned to Amherst, moved in again with his parents. He never told them or anyone else in his family much about his condition, and no one realized the extent of his problem. Finally, thanks mainly to the tranquilizers, he was able to get an office job with Robb's Engineering in Amherst, but the firm closed in 1971. Brian had had enough then of Amherst and moved to Vancouver. There was talk of his working for his two brothers Blair and Charlie who had a very successful television business, but nothing came of it.

The past four years in Vancouver had not been easy for him. He did not want to work for his brothers Blair and Charlies, with whom he saw eye to eye on hardly any issue. He had, in fact, a fight with third brother Wayne, who, he said, had badly punched him—so much so that he had laid a complaint for assault with the police. Worst of all, his nervous problem was still with him. For long time, therefore, he was on social assistance. Finally, late in 1972 he decided he needed help of the kind an ordinary doctor or even a psychiatrist could not provide. He was impressed by the credentials of the American psychologist Nathaniel Branden and book, *The Psychology of Self-Esteem*, and thought he should go with him. However, not only would he have to pay what were certain to be Branden's hefty fees but he would also need to have enough money to be able to afford living in Los Angeles for at least three months. So once more, as he had done four years earlier when he wanted to attend a college of computer science, he appealed to his father for financial help—and this time he got it, a total of \$3000, the main reason being, he speculated rather cynically, that he told his father he had a problem of homosexual feelings; that is so much worse than a complete nervous breakdown. So in December 1972 he went to Los Angeles, rented a room, and went into psychotherapy with Dr Branden, with whom he had a number of private sessions while also regularly attending the group sessions put together and led by Branden.

Brian was ambivalent about him. He thought Branden liked the idea of setting up group sessions for his patients because it was a much faster way of making money. Also, he resented being told by Branden in a private session that he was looking for love and revenge, revenge against his family, father, mother, brothers and sisters who he felt had never really cared for him, thought of him and treated him as the negligible youngest son or little brother. However, he had so much benefitted from Branden's psychology of self-esteem that when he returned to Vancouver he was determined to pull himself out of his psychological slump by looking for a decent job, and he found this in the office of a mining company. He was able to get his own apartment in the West End and for the first time in his life he was fully supporting himself.

Unfortunately, the mining company closed its Vancouver office a year later as it folded its operations in the province, and so Brian lost his job. He decided then to take courses at Langara community college to provide himself with better qualifications for an office job, including working with computers. He would be able to draw unemployment insurance while enrolled at the college, and when that ran out he got himself a part-time job with a firm offering chimney sweeping services; his job was to contact potential customers by telephone. I was not surprised that a well-spoken guy like himself would be very good at his job of telephone solicitor, as he said he was, selling a reputable service.

The subject of homosexuality, of course, came up a lot in our conversations. Under the influence of Branden, Brian was half convinced that it was a neurotic escape from 'normal' heterosexuality. He himself had had quite of sexual experience with two women, the first a slightly older woman in Amherst and a student at nearby Mount Allison University in Sackville, New Brunswick, and the second a married woman who felt sexually neglected by her husband. He told me that she told him he was a great lover who satisfied her completely; he had been very dejected when she finally went back to her husband. But for the last several years he had also had powerful homosexual feelings, although he had never acted on them and was convinced, especially in the light of what Branden thought, they were the defense mechanisms of an immature and neurotic personality. His idea of homosexuality was upsetting to me and I had long arguments about it with him. Fortunately, when within a few weeks we began to have regular sex with each other, it started to drop away from his thinking and well before Christmas he never raised it again.

Brian, however, retained his keen interest in psychology. He had read a lot of contemporary psychology, and even thought of himself as an amateur psychotherapist. On one occasion at my apartment offered to practice it on me. I was indulgent and let him proceed. He took himself seriously, too seriously, I thought, but I answered all the questions he shot at me, one after the other. As my own insecurities started to be revealed, I became very uncomfortable and a few tears started to well from my eyes. He then stopped his interrogation, while I told him that I never wanted to subject myself to this process again; I felt that his version of psychotherapy or psychoanalysis had been used as a weapon against me in order to bring out all my vulnerabilities, and this was not at all healthy for our friendship. It never happened again.

Branden was a disciple of the well-known Russian-born American philosopher Ayn Rand controversial for her philosophy of rugged individualism and radical, unapologetic egoism, which she called Objectivism, and fiercely critical of the Zeitgeist of what she considered socialistic collectivism, which she said was rampant in the

States, prevailing as it was in government, and dominating the thinking of the country's intellectual elites; collectivism was anti-rational, elevating feeling far above reason. Brian said he already picked up her philosophy from his brother Blair, but Branden had reinforced it mightily. He now swore by Rand, claiming, among others, that the socialistic New Democratic Party government of British Columbia under Premier David Barrett had forced the mining company he worked for to close shop and this had cost him his job. I argued about all of this with him over and over again, but he was not convinced by my more middle-of-the-road thinking in matters of politics and the economy. In addition, Rand was an outspoken atheist, and this, for all my skepticism regarding traditional Christian doctrine, I had great difficulty with. I promised Brian, though, to read all of Rand's works, both fiction and non-fiction, starting with her magnum opus, *Atlas Shrugged*, a lengthy 1000 + pages tome, which I read during the Christmas break.

I must admit, though, I enjoyed the intellectual combat we were waging and are still waging—as long as it stayed and still stays on the intellectual level; I guess I felt I was his match, although Brian always thought he bested me; I even like to think it has added to the zest of our relationship. Brian Rees was, when I lived with him quite non-religious, but was never particularly opposed to Christianity; he told more than once that he thought the liturgy of the Old Catholic services was great “camp.”

For the seven months Brian and I spent together in Vancouver we spent weekend days exploring the city and its adjacent boroughs such as Burnaby—where he lived and where Simon Fraser University is located—North Vancouver, and West Vancouver. In North Vancouver we took the cable cabin to the top of Grouse Mountain, and we rode the bus all the way to Horseshoe Bay in West Vancouver. There we wandered around watching the ferries to and from Nanaimo on Vancouver Island depart and arrive. As we were climbing a high slope in order to reach a boulevard looking down on the harbour and had covered about two-thirds of the distance, I glanced downwards momentarily and froze in an attack of the acrophobia which sometimes hits me. I thought I could move neither up nor down. Brian just laughed when he saw me like this, circled me a few times still laughing hard and then grabbed my hand and guided me upwards—and within two or three seconds, my acrophobia vanished and I reached the top on my own without any further ado. The two of us never went back to the bar where we had met but became regulars nearly every weekend at the Gandy Dancer disco located in the old warehouse district. It could not help but bring back memories of Brian and myself at the Manatee and the August Club in Toronto. We even dropped in for dinner at Brian's oldest brother Blair and his wife Sheila—it was Blair who had initiated him into Ayn Rand. As I was enjoying the warm welcome both of us received, I also sensed that while Brian stood in awe of his materially successful brother, he was

at the same time embarrassed over Blair's rough-hewn opinions and prejudices about everything under the sun; his brother was obviously ultimately a real "redneck" in his eyes, for all of the self-image Blair projected of himself as an autodidact and self-made man.

One of our most exotic experiences together was dinner at the house of a Chinese-Canadian family. We had received the invitation from Clifton, a very good-looking fellow in his late twenties with whom I had struck up a conversation in a bar while Brian was away for a few days. Clifton was living with his mother and younger brother in North Vancouver. His family was from Hong Kong, where he mother, now retired, had been a well-known movie star. When we arrived, she was playing ma jong with her women friends, occasionally making a foray to the kitchen where others were preparing dinner. I had never seen such an array of exotic-looking dishes and was ready to try everything, including the deep fried chicken claws, one of which I contentedly stuck in my mouth and chewed on. Brian was amazed at my omnivoraciousness. After dinner, we enjoyed the demonstration of Chinese martial arts given by Clifton's younger brother.

The two of us also met Rod, handsome and fair-haired, who must have been in his mid-twenties. He invited us to his nicely furnished apartment in the West End—I still remember the beautiful aquarium. Rod came from a Mormon family. The Mormon Church is, of course, is very down on homosexuality, and for this reason Rod had nothing to do with it anymore, but family ties were still important to him, and during our visit his older sister, as blonde and attractive as he was, dropped in for a while. I am really sorry I did not keep up my contact with both him and Clifton.

Ross was always very kind and welcoming to me and took Brian and me on a number of more distant excursions in his car. One day we took the ferry from Horse Shoe Bay to Nanaimo. We also drove south across the border into the magnificent Cascade Mountains, and there were many shorter trips for the three of us. I must say that Brian, with his ever-quick temper, did not reciprocate Ross's kindness as well as he should have. I had the impression he was willing to put up with his roommate's infatuation but basically found it a nuisance. I, too, had an occasional taste of his temper but I'm sure it bothered me far less than it must have poor Ross. One day, talking with Brian over the telephone, I expressed a criticism of a certain point in Ayn Rand's philosophy, and his response was to hang up on me without a word; I brushed it off, though, as a spurt of a temperamental high-spiritedness, and thought nothing further of it, especially since a half hour later we were talking again.

I had flown to Toronto to spend the Thanksgiving weekend with Brian Rees, and it had gone by in a blur. It was not much different during the Christmas vacation when I was back with him for two weeks. My new Brian flew home to spend a week with his parents in Amherst—for the second time in a year—but had a night's stay over with me and Brian Rees before he returned to the airport to continue his journey. It was a very awkward situation for me. Brian appeared slightly ridiculous with the three suitcases he had packed for his trip, and Brian Rees could not help but make a snide comment about it before the other Brian's back. Did he already see him as a rival? Flying back to Vancouver a few days after New Year's, I was placed in first class and plied with all the alcoholic drinks I could possibly want, and so when Brian and Ross met me at the airport to pick me up and drive me to the campus, where my 3.30 pm first-year Latin class would be awaiting me, the first thing Brian said, "You're drunk!" But I was still too inebriated to feel any shame. I was still flying high in class, but it was a small class and first-year Latin was something I could teach, so to speak, on autopilot, and everything went well. Sobered up after class though, I vowed never to do this again.

Towards the end of February it was Brian Rees's turn to visit me for the second time in Vancouver, and I did not look forward to it as I knew I would have to level with him about the depth of my involvement with Brian. The three of us went out together once, but it was only pro forma. Brian was not the type to be openly demonstrative in his affections in any extreme way, but his behaviour could not entirely hide his feelings for me. It was not surprising, therefore, that after a few days when Brian Rees was alone with me in my apartment he asked me point-blank what was going on between me and Brian, and I had to tell him the truth. He cried a little, but did not seem to be as devastated as eighteen months earlier when I was romantically involved with someone else. He suggested we get some counseling and seek out the pastor of the Metropolitan Community Church in Seattle. We took the bus to Seattle right away. The pastor was most understanding: he saw us together and did not try to persuade me to break up my relationship with Brian—he must have known from experience that even a committed relationship between two gay men does not demand the kind of fidelity that one expects from a married straight couple. What he did impress on both us was that whatever I did in my relationship with the other Brian, Brian Rees and I could remain close friends. This was good advice and it helped both of us, at least for the time being, and so both Brian Rees and I returned to Vancouver feeling somewhat relieved.

However, two developments in the following month radically changed the picture. First of all, I had nurtured the hope that my position in the Department might be extended and would lead eventually to some permanency. This, of course, would mean I would stay in Vancouver, and Brian Rees would have to decide then if he

wanted to join me here; in other words, the ball would be thrown into his court. I half expected that he would decide not to take the chance and that, therefore, his commitment to our being together would no longer exist and I would no longer feel disloyal in committing myself to my new relationship. My hope of continuing at UBC was dashed when I talked with the head of the Department, Professor Polecki, who said my job was strictly a temporary one and there was no vacancy for a long-term vacancy. He strongly advised me to increase my visibility in the world of Classics towards obtaining a tenure-track position by going back to my dissertation and revising and readying it for publication. Sound advice certainly, but it left me high and dry in Vancouver where I was not eager to sit out the spring—my contract went to the end of June—hoping that another position in Classics would come my way. It would almost certainly be another temporary position and require another major relocation. I felt I would be better off I returned to Toronto as soon as possible; there, if necessary, I could apply again for a job in the Department of Employment and Immigration, preferably a permanent position, which would give me financial security but would not stop me from increasing my profile as a classicist through research and publication. The only question which remained was whether I would invite Brian to come with me.

What happened next, towards the end of the month, pretty well enabled me to answer that question. Brian phoned me, saying he was going to have to move out of Ross's apartment. Ross had found himself a new boyfriend whom he was flaunting in front of Brian. Brian had always been discreet with Ross about the exact nature of his relationship with me and he was not going to put up with being humiliated tit-for-tat style. I told him he was very welcome to move in with me for a while, although I probably would be vacating my apartment at the end of April, and so he did. Brian then decided it would be nice if he went home again to stay with his parents for a few weeks. He was able to leave right away thanks to a cheap stand-by plane ticket. In my next call to Brian Rees I told him Brian had moved in with me, although he was now in Nova Scotia visiting his parents. Brian Rees told me then - I and could fully understand it—that I had to make up my mind once and for all, and signed off. I struggled with this dilemma all night, tossing and turning. Finally very early in the morning—it was still dark—I had made up my mind and called Brian Rees and told him that I decided to make my commitment to Brian. He only said, "Well that's it then," and signed off.

At the end of that month, with my partnership with Brian Rees gone and with my new Brian away for at least two weeks, bleakness and sadness had taken hold of me. My years with Brian Rees in Toronto had been, on the whole, happy years: had I done the right thing by overturning for both him and myself what we achieved together? Had I been too impulsive in throwing all of that away? The passionate friendship, indeed love, which had blossomed between Brian and myself over the past

six months faced an uncertain future. Could I count on Brian's joining me in my return to Toronto? After all, he had made a real life for himself in Vancouver. Would he be willing to throw all of that away?

Early in April I took a break from all of these perturbations and apprehensions of mine by flying to Terrace in northern British Columbia to stay with Wendy and Art Helleman there for a weekend. I had not seen Wendy Elgersma since she was my classmate at the U. of Toronto, but I had kept in touch with her after she left to pursue her doctoral studies at the Free University of Amsterdam. There she met Art Helleman, also of Dutch background, who was studying to become an ordained minister in the Christian Reformed Church. After they were married, they returned to Canada, where Art pastored a CRC congregation in Ottawa and then accepted a call from the CRC in Terrace. Wendy was teaching at the community college there and also working on her doctoral thesis on the great Neoplatonist philosopher of Late Antiquity, Plotinus. The flight to Terrace over a seemingly endless succession of lofty mountains and deep valleys was awesome. The higher reaches of the mountains were still snow covered but on the lower stretches the snow was melting rapidly and as the plane descended to land near Terrace you could see the rivers and streams running fast and high. I had a most enjoyable weekend with Wendy and Art, but I could not resist getting into a contentious debate with the two about Christian doctrine and scriptural authority in which my arguments verged at times on sheer agnosticism. Had Scott's atheism rubbed off on me? In any case, the friendship, I like to think, has remained unimpaired.

I had not told the Hellemans about the complications in my love life, but I needed to talk to someone, but I did not know anyone, preferably gay, in Vancouver well enough to whom I could pour out my heart. I did not even know the last names of Clifton and Rod. So I decided one evening to try my luck in finding a sympathetic person in the gay bar where I had met Brian six months earlier and to which I had not returned since. I sat myself at an empty table and soon caught the eye of a youngish-looking man who ordered and had brought to me by the bartender a nice cocktail drink. After a few sips I went over to thank him, and thus started the pouring out of my heart I wanted so badly

Terry was a very good listener, and this was all I needed. He also told me a quite a bit about himself. He had emigrated from Coventry, England to Canada two years ago and had been followed to Vancouver by his parents shortly thereafter; he was still living with his parents. His work was in the municipal administration of Burnaby as it had also been in Coventry, where he had been the municipal registrar as the youngest person ever to hold this position. Terry, as I learned, was three years younger than myself, but with his boyish looks could have easily passed for someone ten years

younger. He was not my physical type and therefore did not arouse powerful romantic feelings in me, but I found him absolutely endearing, and his refined accent and the exceptionally well-spoken quality of his conversation greatly enhanced this impression. Within a few days Terry introduced me to his charming parents, Phyllis and Jim, and less than a week later, when classes were over and exams had not started as yet, proposed we should drive to California and make it a week's spring vacation out of it; the entire trip would be his treat.

We left Vancouver in a blaze of April sunshine with flowers everywhere and the leaves of the trees fully out. We drove through the afternoon and the night through Washington State and Oregon, stopping only for dinner and coffees along the way, and were in the north of California by mid-morning. We drove as far as the San Francisco area, where we did some drive-through sightseeing, and enjoyed the overnight hospitality of a wonderful couple in Oakland, relatives of Terry. The next day, leaving early in the morning we continued our journey, now driving along the scenic Pacific Coast, often with the coastal mountains on our left, stopping for lunch at historic Cannery Row near Spanish-colonial Monterey, and then driving onwards to Carmel on the Sea. There we booked into a charming rustic inn, The Green Lantern, which would be the base for our sightseeing of the next three days. Carmel on the Sea: Clint Eastwood its former mayor and home of Doris Day and Kim Novak; a little paradise in which Terry and I spent three gorgeous days. Some of the homes are substantial villas, but the town as a whole has a charming cottage-like feel about it. Quiet prevails everywhere; none of the hustle and bustle one associates with sea-side resorts. Restaurants are excellent but not pretentious and pricey. The beach is a gleaming white and great for strolling, although the water was still too cold to swim in. The three days we spent in Carmel were mainly for quiet relaxation but we spent some time at a nearby Spanish mission church –I thought at first it might be the church which figures so prominently in *Vertigo*, but on closer inspection this was not the case; still it was a historic jewel in my eyes. We also drove farther into the Mediterranean-like countryside and the mountains.

Our three days were quickly gone, and we drove back to Vancouver with an overnight in a motel in northern California. What stands out for me in our return trip was above all the majestic, snow-covered peak of volcanic Mount Shasta. Once arrived in Vancouver, Terry dropped me off at my building. I was surprised to see Brian there making dinner there for himself; I had not expected him back so soon.

The last two weeks of April and the first two weeks of the month just passed are somewhat of a blur to me, for I was in the grip of turbulent, complex emotions, still grieving over my break-up with Brian Rees in Toronto, still very much in love with

Brian in Vancouver, but uncertain where he would stand with me when I returned to Toronto in the very near future, anxious over my job prospects after my contract with, and pay from, UBC had come to an end, and finally but not least, at a loss as to my real feelings for Terry: I had become very fond of him over the past few weeks and our glorious trip had truly solidified those feelings, but was not in love with him with anything like the passion I felt for Brian. I decided to cool it with Terry but in a way that, I now realize, suggested ingratitude, even callousness. I called him a few times before I left to return to Toronto, but nothing more.. Back in March I had already given notice to the superintendent that I would be vacating the apartment on May 1st—fortunately, I had not signed a one-year lease—my return ticket for Toronto was for the same date. I packed up my trunk to be shipped by CN to my Toronto address. With the marking of final exams and the submission of final grades, I completed my professorial duties.

Brian made up and moved in again with Ross well before May 1st. There was no indication from him as to what his future plans were, and I did not want to press him. Two things I will always remember clearly and vividly from my final two weeks in Vancouver. Somehow, in the midst of marking exams, I caught a bad cold which morphed into a 24-hour flu in which I ran what seemed to be a high fever. Half-asleep and at the height of my fever, I must have hallucinated: I think I called out for Brian, who by this time had moved back with Ross, and he called back; I heard him very distinctly. This must have been reassuring, for I woke up feeling much better. The second was the never to be forgotten excursion Brian and I enjoyed by taking the bus and the ferry to Victoria. It was a gloriously sunny day, and the beauty of the deep blue expanse of the sea dotted with the green of the forested islands we passed during our ferry trips to and from Swartz Bay, especially the return voyage in the quiet of the falling evening, made an unforgettable impression on both of us. The blooming tulips in the monumental flowerbeds near the stately Empress Hotel and the ornate B.C. Legislative Building were probably slightly past their prime but their colours were as vivid as ever. The two of us, especially Brian, took numerous photos all day.

May the first arrived. Brian met me at the bus stop at the Hotel Vancouver from where I would take the airport bus, and there we said our goodbyes. I learned later from Scott that Terry had come to my apartment when I had already left, so we missed each other. I feel very badly about this; I am sure it must have been to him like a slap in the face. At least a telephone call to Terry, giving the exact where and when of my departure would have been the decent thing to do: where was my sense of gratitude and friendship?

I was all dejection on the flight home, and it was no different after I arrived at Brian Rees's—I could no longer think of it as my apartment as well there on Dundas St. East. He spoke some harsh words laced with hyperbole: I was no better than a Nazi; I now even looked like one—I had had a really short haircut shortly before I left Vancouver. I did not say anything in reply by way of argument and said I would get my own place as soon as possible. The next few days I felt too listless to do anything much, and, fortunately, there was little to do. I went to stay for a few days with mom and dad in Point Edward, where they had moved two years ago after dad had sold his share in the Wallaceburg Bookbinding to Harry Dykhuis, as he wanted to start a smaller, more 'artsy' bookbinding shop, something he was able to set up in the new, spacious home he and mom had bought. I did not share with my parents with what had been happening in my life over the past nine months; as far as they could see, the dejection they saw came simply from my being out of a job.

After I returned to Toronto and after several more days of dejection and listlessness and indeed outright depression, which I was unable to shake, I decided to make a drastic move and phoned Brian at Ross's and asked him to come to Toronto and live with me. He expressed extreme reluctance, which in my eyes amounted to a "no," saying he could not leave Ross, who would be devastated. I became desperate and begged him, for I needed him so badly. That was it: he changed his mind on the spot and said he would be with me in a few days. It was exactly two weeks ago when he arrived. Brian Rees was gracious enough to let him stay in the apartment until we could move into our own apartment. We started apartment-hunting immediately. We first looked in the St George Street and Bernard Avenue area, the neighbourhood where Brian Rees and I had shared our first apartment, and then moved closer to Yonge Street. After two days of searching, we found a one-bedroom apartment on the tenth floor of an older apartment building—no later than from the fifties, I guess—at 95 Isabella Street on the corner of Jarvis Street and two blocks from Yonge. The apartment offered us a panoramic view east and carried a reasonable rent, and a few days ago, a few days before the end of the month, were able to move in, with the much appreciated help of a good friend, Stan, whom Brian Rees and I had met through CHAT and the Old Catholic Church.

Right after Brian said he would join me, I had written to Terry to tell him as much. Just before the move, I received an angry letter from him, reproaching me that I could have made a much better choice. The subtext was clear, and I decided regretfully that I should break off the communication with Terry and wrote him accordingly. I feel sorry and even somewhat guilty about the nonchalant way I have treated him, but my depression has lifted and I am grateful for the promise of a new life here in Toronto with Brian Dale Druet—may it be a truly good life for both of us!

I.11 Toronto, Mid-August, 1978

Brian and I are about to fly to Halifax, where at the airport we'll be picked up by Peter Booth. This is the beginning of a life-altering move for both of us, for Brian a coming back to live again in the province where he was born and raised, and for me the start of a position at Acadia University which will almost certainly define my academic career. I have already spent more than three weeks in Wolfville and at the University in order to find a suitable apartment and to do the necessary preparation for the courses I'll be teaching in the coming year. Brian went with me last month but returned to Toronto within a few days in order to make the preparations for our move. The movers arrived a few hours ago and took away all the furniture and the boxes—mostly boxes with books—we are taking with us to Nova Scotia.

Our life together in Toronto has lasted just over two years, and it has clearly fallen into two distinct parts of roughly equal lengths: part one, the year I was unemployed, and part two, the year, starting in early June of last year, the year I was employed again with the Department of Employment and Immigration and I was thinking during most of it I would probably spend the rest of my working life as a civil servant. Ironically, the year I was unemployed was by far the better one for the two of us, despite our somewhat strained finances and my nagging worry that my unemployment insurance would run out well before I was gainfully employed again.

Fortunately, my contract with UBC was for twelve months and I continued to be handsomely paid until the end of June of 1976. Already weeks earlier—at the same time as I had applied for unemployment insurance—I had registered at a Canada Employment Office, as it is now called rather than Canada Manpower. When making my application, I said that after two years of teaching university a similar position—this time, I hoped, more permanent—was still my overall preference; however, I would gladly return to Employment and Immigration and would seriously consider then the Department or any other suitable branch of the federal civil service for a permanent career. 1976 was a lean year as far as advertised positions in Classics in Canada were concerned. Already in early spring Western had advertised a tenure-track position, starting in the fall, for someone specialized in Latin literature, and I was confident I would be a shoe-in, but, alas, my application was unsuccessful—I was to learn later that many university departments have an unwritten policy not to hire one of their own graduates in the early part of his or her career in the expectation that such a person first had to prove himself or herself elsewhere as a teacher and a scholar. The very few other tenure-track positions advertised called for specializations such as Greek or Roman

history or Greek philosophy I did not have. Since all the temporary positions advertised were at universities not within reasonable commuting distance of Toronto, I did not even apply, and put my hopes into a good position in Employment and Immigration.

In September of the same year I received a call from the Department offering me a temporary position as an information officer; it would be again at the CR4 level of my earlier position with Canada Employment. I declined, saying that it, in view of my nearly two years of job experience with the Department as well as of my two years of university teaching, I was overqualified for this position. The woman who called me cheerfully agreed with me and told me there would be a competition coming up within four to six months for positions at the PM2 level; if I was successful, I would be working as a professional counselor with important responsibilities I had not carried at the CR4 level; moreover, the PM level opened up career possibilities of successive promotions all the way up to regional director and even assistant deputy minister. I said I would most definitely apply as soon as the competition was set in motion. The competition took place in February of the following year. I immediately applied but was told the outcome would not be announced until April or May, so for two or three months it would be wait-and-see for me, unless in the meantime a tenure-track or an acceptable temporary position in Classics, were to materialize. But, surprisingly, this one year of uncertainty and even at times anxiety as far as my job prospects were concerned turned out to be one of the best periods so far in my life.

The summer of 1976 seemed like an endless summer for both of us, brightened even more in mid-July by the arrival of my first unemployment cheque. Hardly any day went by without the two of us exploring the city: the Toronto Islands, the Harbour, and the Scarborough Bluffs, just to name those parts of Toronto that stand out most vividly in my mind. I remember how in a grassy field bordering on the east end of the Harbour, I stumbled for a split second as I stepped in a shallow hole I hadn't noticed. Brian, who was walking several paces behind me, saw it and thought I was badly hurt—a broken leg or a nasty sprain. He rushed over with a look of shocked concern in his eyes I will never forget, and he was mightily reassured when he saw I was OK. I had never walked along the Bluffs before. Brian and I followed a steep path that led to the beach, where I sat down contentedly paging through a grammar of modern Greek while Brian was busy exploring the beach and taking photos. We also took day-excursions outside Toronto: Kitchener with its beautiful flower parks, the shoreline of Lake Ontario in Burlington, and Niagara Falls—more photos from all these trips. Peter Booth was in Toronto for several days in August, staying in a U. of T. residence this time. He rented a car and took us for a trip to the forest and lakes around North Bay and Sudbury. Two summers ago, he had done the same with just me, although we had not gone as far north and had dropped in on Peter's relatives in Commanda south of

North Bay. Once more, we were going to overnight in a motel, but Brian opted out of this and said he would hitchhike home—which he did. This gave me a strong taste of what his willfulness could be like.

In the fall we audited together a psychology course at the U. of T. Its subject was “deviant psychology”—with homosexuality no longer coming under this heading thanks to the ruling of the American Psychological Association three years earlier that homosexuality was no longer to be classified as a mental and behavioral disorder. We bought the text set for the course, and this book and the lectures kept us occupied for months. Because of his nervous breakdown years ago, his subsequent therapy with Nathaniel Branden and his own extensive reading, Brian considered himself an amateur psychologist and to keep up with him I began to read up voluminously on the subject as well: far more Freud than I had done previously, the works of the neo-Freudian Wilhelm Reich and his radical views on sexual freedom and liberation which eventually and sadly degenerated into charlatanry, the equally radical but very differently slanted social-critical psychology of R.D. Laing, the Primal Scream therapy of Arthur Janos, books by Thomas Szasz attacking the “myth” of mental illness, and much more. Within the past two years I must have added several dozens of books on psychology to my library. Brian rounded off his university education that year by auditing a Classics course, an introduction to Roman society and culture. He enjoyed it very much, claiming he made his prof blush when he asked him to give more details about what really went on at the Roman baths.

CHAT had pretty well folded by the time I returned to Toronto, but there was now at the U. of T. a Gay Academic Union, whose meetings I began to attend regularly. At about the same time, I spotted a small personal ad in the Toronto Star which invited anyone interested in forming a gay men’s book club for the purpose of serious intellectual discussion to contact the person who had placed the ad. This turned out to be Jim Jope, a classicist of American birth and education who had previously taught at Loyola University in Montreal. When I phoned him he invited me as well as Brian to visit him and his partner for dinner. Jim’s partner, Dennis—I was later told by Jim—was gradually transitioning to a female gender identity, but, despite the skirt he was already wearing and his very soft-spoken demeanor, I found him masculine looking and acting. Jim managed to round up a few interested men, and we started off with a reading and discussion of Herbert Marcuse’s *Eros and Civilization*. The first meeting of our group went well, but when we met for the second time to discuss a recent book on the Buddha and Buddhism with a special focus on Buddhist views on society and the state, it became obvious that nearly everyone was more interested in talking about himself than about the book under discussion, and so Jim quickly disbanded the group. I have

remained good friends with Jim and Dennis, above all admiring Jim's penetrating intellect and acerbic wit.

Two small academic-style jobs for which I received small stipends came my way during the first year. The first was a translation, Dutch to English, of selections from the works of Herman Dooyeweerd, and I did this for the Association for the Advancement of Christian Scholarship—formerly the Association for Reformed Scientific Studies. Since I had done an English translation of a Dutch monograph for Professor Gerber at Western years earlier, I had no difficulty with this assignment and in fact enjoyed doing it. I struggled, however, with Dooyeweerd's at times highly idiosyncratic philosophical terminology and what I thought was his old-fashioned Dutch, and the resulting translation was less than stellar; and I was told frankly as much by the AACCS's President. The second assignment I received thanks to Robert Millette, who worked in the francophone branch of the Curriculum Development Division of the Ministry of Education. I had met him in a downtown bar and had told him about my academic background and teaching experience. It turned out that Curriculum Development was interested in creating an English and a French-language guide for secondary school teachers who wished to introduce Greek and Roman literature in translation to senior classes. I had exactly the right credentials to write the English-language guide and thanks to Robert's good offices got the assignment. This was a most enjoyable task; I spent almost four weeks on it in April of last year. The draft I submitted was well received; I learned from Robert it hardly needed any editing. It is scheduled to be published within the next year.

The day after Brian and I moved into our apartment on Isabella St, I left for a few days to attend the annual meeting of the Classical Association of Canada, this year at the Université Laval, where I gave a paper focused on a line in book six of Vergil's *Aeneid* which has puzzled commentators for centuries. It is the line where Aeneas is described as making his departure from the Underworld through the Gate of False Dreams. My argument was that "false dreams" has to be understood in the context of the Epicurean psychology of dreams; we know that Vergil had resided and studied as a young man at the Epicurean academy near Naples, and there are traces of Epicurean philosophy and psychology elsewhere in his works. Epicurean theory held that dreams are nothing but bits and pieces from our waking consciousness pieced together by our mind in our sleeping state in order to vivify again, but in a jumbled, disordered manner, ideas, feelings, habits, and obsessions which are present to us in our waking state; dreams, therefore, have no intrinsic predictive or prophetic value—this went against what many of the ancients, including Stoic philosophers, believed. Therefore, it is correct to call dreams "false," i.e. illusory. By having Aeneas exit through the Gate of False Dreams at the end of book six, after the hero has received grandiose prophecies of

the enduring greatness of the future Roman Empire of which he will be laying the foundations, the author injects a note of pessimistic skepticism; there are other touches of this in the *Aeneid*. I thought my paper was well received and as soon as I got home again, I started to consider publication, and as Brian and I are leaving for Nova Scotia now I know it has been accepted by *Classical World* for publication in 1980. The paper I delivered at the CAC's annual meeting of 1975 has already been published in *Classical News and Views*.

I also used the winter of 1976-77 to put together an annotated bibliography of scholarship done since the early decades of this century on Greek and Roman homosexuality, submitted it to the *Journal of Homosexuality* and was pleasantly surprised at how quickly it was snapped up; after it was published last year I received numerous requests from scholars around the world for off-prints. By this time, I was convinced the conspicuous incidence of male homosexuality in the Greco-Roman world has to be seen in the context of overall ancient society and culture, and the next paper I wrote and submitted to the *Journal of Homosexuality* considered the link between slavery and homosexuality—homosexual acts often as sexual abuse inflicted by master on slave—in the Roman world and how Roman society did not valorize the paederastic form of male homosexuality, as the Greeks did when it involved a free adult male and a free-born adolescent boy. This paper has been accepted for publication in 1980. Finally, after thinking over for a long time Tony Podlecki's strong recommendation that I revise my dissertation for publication, I decided that I should settle on just one chapter, the one on Propertius' use of myth, and rewrite it as an article, and so I did; it has been accepted by a Classics journal in Belgium for publication in 1980.

In the evenings and on the weekends of your first year Brian and I would at times drop in at the some of the gay bars and discos in our area—living at the corner of Isabella and Jarvis as we did, we were in fact right on the edge of Toronto's gay district. It has had quite a makeover since I came out eight years ago. Some bars and discos no longer exist at all while others have changed and décor. Eight years ago I liked The Famous Door, which had previously featured female strippers, because it was relatively upscale and not half-sleazy like the St Charles and the Parkside Tavern. While I was in Vancouver, it became even more upscale, transformed now into a piano bar, changing its name to The Quest. For me, the "gay scene" had become old stuff and I would go there only rarely, so I encouraged Brian to go by himself. In one of those evenings he was out by himself, Brian met another Brian, Brian Thomas Perry, still living with his parents in Scarborough (or Scarberia, as he liked to call it). The two became what you might call bosom buddies. I took an immediate liking to Brian Perry as he was highly intelligent, had a sardonic wit, and was a real movie buff, far more than me and even surpassing my Brian in this respect. His love of movies and his writing skills indeed

secured him the job of taking the place of the *Toronto Star's* regular movie critic when the latter was on vacation or otherwise not available. In reviewing a bad movie, he would not hesitate to give his sense of wit and black humour full play. I am therefore all the more ashamed that at one point I suspected that the two Brians were having an affair behind my back, and told my Brian so. Brian's response was one I won't forget for the rest of my life, for he began to cry—grieving, as he said, that I could have suspected him of doing such a thing, of betraying me. This was the first time I saw Brian cry and it may be the only time in his life, for he is not at all a sentimental person. I was immensely moved and apologized for my distrust of him, and the issue was settled. I am happy now to count Brian Perry, too, among my close friends. Yesterday we spent the entire day with him, spending several hours at the Canadian National Exhibition, and promised him we would bring him over to Nova Scotia to visit us within the next year. It was a chilly and rainy day, suggestive of fall rather than mid-August, and more than today it felt like the day I was saying goodbye to Toronto; I could not help but feel a bit melancholy.

Despite my breakup with Brian Rees, I felt strongly we should remain good friends, perhaps friends for life, so a few months after Brian and I had moved into our apartment on Isabella, I phoned him and asked if I could drop in for a while. He said that was fine with him. As soon as I was alone with him in the living room, I was overcome by emotion and cried. Brian Rees, too, was obviously gripped by powerful feelings although he remained calm. We hugged each other as I continued to shed a few tears. I stayed for well over an hour as we talked quietly. Actually, we did not have to say very much, for it was crystal-clear that the deep affection between the two of us was still there. I have continued to drop in periodically on Brian Rees since then. In fact, in July of last year we both drove to Point Edward in what was now his car to visit my parents. They were very pleased to see him again—the last time it had been two years earlier—and took us for a nice drive along the Michigan side of Lake Huron. I have promised to keep in regular touch with him after my big move to Nova Scotia, and I am welcome to stay with him whenever I visit Toronto by myself.

In February of last year I received a call from Peter Booth: Bill Fletcher, the Head of the Classics Department, had suffered a stroke, and it was likely he would not be able to return to his teaching and administrative duties for a long time, if ever. Peter was on sabbatical leave for the academic year in order to work on his doctorate, which he was doing at Dalhousie University. However, he had immediately broken off his leave in order to fill in for Bill. A few weeks later I received another call from Peter saying that Bill had died—only a year or so away from his retirement. Peter was continuing to take Bill's classes and would also be in the Department full-time in the coming academic year. Fred, a young American scholar, was Peter's replacement for the current year and

would stay for the coming year. Prior to Bill's death, Gary Vellek had been the third tenured professor in the Department; he would take over as the new Head. However, he would be on sabbatical leave in the coming year; Peter would be then be acting Head, but with Gary away, there was still a vacancy in the Department. Would I be interested in coming to Acadia? As I was still looking for a job and had not heard anything as yet from my application with the Department of Employment and Immigration, I said "yes." I submitted a formal application, but the decision had been made already on the strength of Peter's recommendation. I accepted an invitation from the University to visit Acadia to look around and orient myself sometime in the spring after classes were over, and I went in mid-May.

Even before I left for Nova Scotia, I was thinking about the logistics of a temporary but major relocation for Brian and myself. It would be so much easier for both of us if I received the assurance that I could stay on at Acadia, with the temporary position becoming a tenure-track one. Two days after my arrival, when I had already admired the newly built and opened Beveridge Arts Centre, which was also the new home of the Department of Classics, and had inspected what would be my own office, I received a call from Brian: a letter had come from Employment and Immigration; he had opened it—as I had asked him to do so if such a letter should arrive—and it contained an offer of a full-time career position, the one I had applied for three months ago; it started in early June at the Employment and Immigration office in West Toronto; starting salary was almost twice as much as I would be receiving at Acadia and also more than I had received at UBC. I told Peter I would be in my own best interest to accept this offer unless I received an assurance that my position would become tenure-track next year. Peter spoke with the President but did not receive the assurance I wanted. I decided then I would have to decline the temporary appointment I had already accepted but which would not go into effect until August and would have lasted for only for nine months. Peter fully understood, and the Dean of Arts whom I met briefly and whom I told about the choice I felt I had to make, fully endorsed my decision; fortunately, there was still enough time to find a replacement for me. I recommended Jim Jope, and he got the position, and I immediately notified Employment and Immigration of my acceptance.

As soon as I arrived back home, Brian and I agreed we should take a short vacation before my new position started early in June and we decided that a trip to New York would be our ideal destination at this time of the year. I had been in New York four years earlier but this had been only for two days and largely in response to an invitation from an Old Catholic congregation in Brooklyn, and I had seen very little of Manhattan. We would travel by train and look for inexpensive accommodation in Manhattan. For the latter we decided upon a YMCA hostel on 34th Street. When we

arrived at our 'hotel' we saw immediately it was a sleazy place, to say the least, a hangout for prostitutes and drug-dealers, but the building, including our room, was clean if somewhat dilapidated looking, so we stuck with it for four nights. The subway sped us to many of the iconic attractions: the Metropolitan Museum of Arts, Washington Square, Central Park, the imposing but still unfinished Cathedral of St John the Divine, Harlem, Coney Island, the twin towers of the World Trade Centre—where we took the elevator to the roof deck of one of the towers—and the ferry to Staten Island. We took numerous photos to view on our slide projector.

I had caught a glimpse of the Bronx during my previous visit and had been shocked at its state of near-ruin. Harlem was not quite as bad but it still showed all the signs of a neighbourhood in serious decline and decay. One children's playground was completely deserted, its grand slide and the steps leading its top badly rusted and probably hazardous to climb; we gave it a try but gave up after seven or eight steps. When we arrived in New York there was garbage piled up high along the streets and there was litter everywhere. Then on the morning of our third day it was all gone. Brian could not resist asking a policeman what the explanation was and received the laconic reply of "the Mafia did it."

At the beginning of June, after an absence of nearly two years, I was back with Canada Employment. The fact I had worked there for twenty months, fortunately, made a complete orientation unnecessary. I had new responsibilities, including on-site visits of past employers the office had dealt with in the past as well as of prospective employers. Right at the start it was pointed out to me that West Toronto was a district in economic decline: it had lost much of its industrial base since many of its factories had entirely closed down or had relocated in the suburbs while the remaining ones were not flourishing. My most memorable visit was to Canada Packers, which had a huge slaughter and processing plant in our district. Together with other colleagues, I watched pigs being fed on a conveyor belt into an enclosed chamber where they were gassed and then came out unconscious and probably half-dead to be finished off by having their throats slashed—this last step in this gruesome process we couldn't see. One pig escaped from the conveyor but was caught, loudly squealing, and put back on the belt to meet its fate. It was a grim sight—I could not help but think of the Nazi gas chambers—and I could truly appreciate as I watched and reflected on it afterwards why some people chose to be vegetarian. The cattle, we learned, were killed instantly by having a steel bolt fired into their foreheads; this, too, we didn't see.

The Department offered substantial subsidies to industries which were looking for workers but needed to provide them with on-the-job training. The work in question was not of the skilled trades but of a semi-skilled nature at best and, as far as I could

see, the actually necessary on-the-job training required should not have to last very long, typically no more than a month. However, a contract between the Department and an employer for the subsidizing of on-the-job training covered almost always a much longer period. I saw the same industries coming back over and over again to the Department for this kind of subsidy so that, in fact, they were getting a lot of cheap labour.

I thought much more highly of the training programs which equipped suitable persons with the practical skills they needed in today's economy and labour market. They ranged from basic upgrading to grade twelve levels to highly skilled and well paid occupations such as computer clerk, welder, and airplane mechanic. The training was purchased from a variety of community colleges. It was always a pleasure to be able to recommend a candidate for a particular training program. Sometimes it had to be basic upgrading followed by training for skilled trade or occupation, and so training period might last for up to well over a year. I also enjoyed the educational sessions, where, among others, I learned much about the way the labour market functioned. I'll always remember the four different types of unemployment: frictional, seasonal, cyclical, and structural

It turned out that this stint with Canada Employment would last for less than thirteen months. A few months ago, after I had gone through a number of interviews, I was recommended for management training. It is interesting to speculate where this opening for advancement might eventually have taken me—to the heights of a position of assistant deputy minister?--but now I am pretty certain the academic life has claimed me for good.

Four months ago I received a call from Peter that the third position in Classics had been declared tenure-track again and would be advertised as such. I knew immediately I must apply: this might be my last chance to obtain an academic position with the near-certainty of permanence attached to it. I was assured by Peter that my having declined the temporary position a year earlier would not be counted against me; my application would be judged on its own merits alone. I made the application, therefore, and a few weeks later I was invited to Acadia for an interview, or rather interviews, meeting with the newly appointed Dean of Arts, Dr James (Jim) Perkin, the outgoing President, Dr William Beveridge, and with the Selection Committee, which consisted of Peter, Professor Renée Ledwidge of the Department of French, and Professor Irma Vasileska of the Department of Spanish. Everything went very well. I felt confident thanks to the fact that I had two years of full-time university teaching plus a very good record of scholarship, with several articles already published or accepted for publication; being the author of a teacher's guide which was to be published by the

Ontario Department of Education would also count heavily in my favour. Just over two months ago I received a letter from Dr Beveridge offering me the position. To my great surprise, the appointment was effective June the first rather than a month later, so I felt I should resign my position with Canada Employment almost immediately. My resignation came naturally as a big surprise to my colleagues there, but I was pleased to receive from them nothing but congratulations over my good fortune, and I received a beautiful dark-brown leather briefcase as their farewell gift.

In terms of career, the past year, my second year in Toronto with Brian has been exceptionally good for me, and I should be elated, but it has been a most difficult year as far as my relationship with Brian is concerned. Already in Vancouver I knew that Brian had a volatile temperament, but my first year in Toronto with him went by rather well; there was the occasional outburst but they were minor in comparison with those I have experienced over the past year. The smallest upset has often caused him to fly off the handle and at times even smash things in his loss of self-control. Once it came even to physical blows in which I came off with a black eye and he with a cracked wrist bone, for which he had to go to a hospital. I wonder if his heavy medication of tranquillizers is at least partially responsible. Brian has been seeing a doctor, or rather a succession of different doctors, on an off-and-on basis, but the medication has not changed. The fact that the doctors, the psychiatrists included, clearly have been unable to help him has led him to fire off one angry letter after another to them and even to the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons. Brian and I have seen a counselor together, but he walked out before the session ended when the counselor said something most regrettably undiplomatic about Brian's behaviour by comparing him to a frustrated housewife. I see now that the problem started, or rather got much worse, when my job started with Canada Employment and I could no longer spend entire days in a row throughout the week with him. In this respect, we had enjoyed a wonderful closeness during our first year in Toronto much of which we seem to have lost over the past year.

Brian has tried to find a job in Toronto suitable for him—including telephone canvassing and solicitation, which he said he was so good at back in Vancouver—but has not been successful in keeping any, always falling out with his employer within one or two days. He applied for social assistance, and got it easily, and therefore has an income of his own but this is no long-term solution. I can only hope at this point that our new life together in Nova Scotia will turn out to be much better.

We would not make our move to Nova Scotia until now, but about a month ago we decided it would be a good idea to go to take a preliminary look at where we were going to live and, if possible, find an apartment we could move into during the last or second last week of August; Brian would fly back to Toronto after a few days, while I

would stay for another two or three weeks to do the necessary preparation for the courses I'd be teaching. We would travel by train all the way. The Turbo train we took from Toronto to Montreal had just been introduced and was a pleasant novelty, cutting travelling time by 1 ½ hours; the train from Montreal to Halifax was the familiar one I had gotten to know already three years earlier when I travelled to Nova Scotia to visit Peter and his family. We got off the train in Amherst and stayed overnight at Brian's parents'. They gave me a warm welcome, treating me as a member of the family. Brian had told them beforehand about the nature of our relationship, but this was obviously no problem, something which truly impressed me because they were relatively uneducated folks living in small-town Nova Scotia and, in addition, were older than my parents, his dad twelve years older than mine and his mom five years older than mine. I noticed, though, that Brian seemed distant towards his dad, while with his mother he alternated between sugary affectionateness and acidy criticism. Later Brian said he had felt embarrassment over the small size and plainness of his parents' house, but I told him—and I meant it—I liked it; it was perfectly clean and tidy and showed his mother's touches in the plants and the little extras of décor everywhere, and the large yard afforded a panoramic view of the low-lying marshlands and hayfields lying to the west of Amherst.

The next day we finished our train journey to Halifax and then took the day-liner from Halifax to Wolfville, where a charming guest cabin at the entrance of Main Street had already been reserved for us. We saw plenty of Peter and Gary the following days and were able to find and rent a good-sized one bed-room apartment in a fairly new building within easy walking distance of University and downtown Wolfville.

Gary invited Peter and us for dinner at the handsome home in Kentville he shared with his partner, Matt Hughes, who teaches in Acadia's School of Music. Like Gary, Matt was American-born, raised and educated, he in Texas, Gary in Delaware. Gary and Matt were both superb cooks, and what they served was a culinary feast. Matt regaled us with university gossip, especially the recent scandal of adulterous sex embroiling a prominent man and woman in the administration. I suspect that we'll be hearing a lot more of similar stuff once we're settled into the social life of the University and its environs. Brian returned to Toronto after a few days, this time flying, while I stayed for another 2 ½ weeks, during which I was allowed to stay in one of the student residences. I was pleasantly surprised to learn that the days of summer in the Annapolis Valley, while certainly warm, had nothing of the heat and humidity typical of Southern Ontario. The apartment Brian and I had in Toronto had no air conditioning; if we had stayed in Toronto, whether we stayed there or moved somewhere else, we certainly would have finally gotten this comfort for ourselves, but we could do without in our

new home. I flew back to Toronto a week ago and helped Scott making the final arrangements for our move.

The movers have just left. Brian and I are giving the now empty apartment a final look and will be on our way then to the airport.

I.12 Wolfville, NS, Early September, 1980.

Two years have gone by, years mixed for me, and I know for Brian as well, with more of both pleasure and pain than we had expected. Brian had not been particularly keen on settling again in small-town Nova Scotia, from which he had wanted so much to escape with his move to Vancouver seven years ago. As for me, my decade of Toronto and Vancouver and before this my five years of study at Western—even though then Wallaceburg had still been my home on many weekends and during the summer months—had made me, too, a thorough urbanite. The uprooting for me was, of course, more than balanced by a long-wished for academic position. In addition, Wolfville, though small, was, unlike Wallaceburg and Amherst, a university town and therefore bound to have a special panache of academe and culture. Brian, in fact, was looking forward to taking courses at Acadia and even getting a degree, a Bachelor of Arts with a Major in Philosophy perhaps. Basically, therefore, feelings of positive, even excited anticipation far outweighed for both of us any lingering doubts as we headed for Nova Scotia, Wolfville, and Acadia.

If there is one moment which stands out in my mind from my first few weeks in Wolfville, quite apart from the last-minute hustle and bustle of moving into our apartment, the last minute preparation for my courses, student registration in the University's gymnasium, and finally taking my first classes and getting to meet my own students, it is the minute or so I leaned outside our kitchen window looking straight ahead in the far distance to the slopes of the North Mountain of the Annapolis Valley and then sideways to the right, across meadows and orchards, to the calm waters of the Minas Basin, the almost completely landlocked easternmost arm of the Bay of Fundy. It was early in the evening; the sun had just set and the cloudless western sky overarching the Valley to my left glowed with the departing light of pinks and yellows. The air, which had the chill of approaching fall, felt perfectly pure and crystalline; I had never experienced anything like it in Toronto, not even in Vancouver, even on the clearest of days. It was a kind of epiphany for me marking a true arrival.

For my teaching responsibilities for the academic year 1978-79 I could draw almost entirely on my experience at Guelph and UBC; in other words, with only one exception, my course offerings did not consist of material I had not taught previously. I

taught the Greek Literature in Translation course in the fall and Roman Literature in Translation in the winter session. Then there was a senior Latin language and literature course running for both sessions as well as a senior Greek course also running for the two sessions. As at Guelph, the large majority courses at Acadia are taught in one-session blocks; in the Department of Classics, only the Greek and Latin language and literature courses where the original languages are studied and read are offered in two-session blocks, and therefore are often referred to—somewhat misleadingly—as full courses in contrast to the more common half courses.

In the senior Greek course I read selections from Plato's *Apology of Socrates* and *Phaedo*, the latter of which I not read before in the original Greek; actually, this course was listed as a course in Greek philosophy, but I stuck to Plato since he had more than enough to offer to keep us busy for the whole academic year and the literary artistry of his prose is unequalled in ancient Greek literature. I also took charge of the First Year Greek course, and this is likely to remain my responsibility for the foreseeable future. Unlike at Guelph, where I was filling in for a prof on leave, the choice of the text to be used was mine, and I decided on *Allen's First Year of Greek*, which I found much more sophisticated pedagogically and therefore more appropriate for a university-level course than the conspicuously old-fashioned Shaeffer & Crosby text I had to use at Guelph. I really enjoyed teaching from *Allen's*, since it provided the students, even though they were learning only the basic elements of the language, with many judiciously chosen selections of Greek literature in the original language rather than the stretches of dull made-up Greek more typical of beginner's texts. Most of the students complained, however, that Allen's was too demanding, although no one did really poorly as a result of this. I decided, therefore, I would try a new, recently published text which seemed to be gaining widespread favour at universities. Finally, I contributed a few lectures on Roman literature to the Introduction to Roman Civilization course taught by Gary.

One big disappointment in my first year of teaching at Acadia was the small enrollment in all my courses, except in Gary's course to which I contributed a few lectures, where the enrollment stood in the 30's. This was to be expected for the senior Greek and Latin courses, where even in the best possible scenarios I could not expect to have more than a few students, perhaps even just one student, as in the Plato course that year. However, even the classical literature in translation courses and the beginner's Greek course had fewer than ten students. As far as the classical literature in translation courses were concerned, it was somewhat of a consolation that I found out in the following year that even at the more than ten-times larger U of T. enrollment was not flourishing in such courses. The beginner's Greek course, I was told by Gary—who had taught the course previously—used to be guaranteed a good enrollment of at least

twenty before the Acadia's School of Theology—or Divinity College, as it usually called—where one year of Greek is required of most of its students, began to offer a few years ago its own beginner's Greek course focused, naturally, on New Testament Greek, thus taking away—"stealing," some might perhaps call it—the large majority of the students from our Greek course with its understandable emphasis on classical Greek, although these two forms of the ancient language are no more different than, say, British and American English.

I was happy, therefore, that in my second year I would revive the course on the use of Latin and Greek in scientific language which had not been taught for several years; I could be certain that this course would draw a good enrollment of students in the sciences. I would also take over the senior course on Roman law which had been developed and taught by Bill Fletcher; here, too, I saw good potential. As far as the Greek and Roman literature in translation courses were concerned, I envisaged a good prospects for a course that I might develop on Greek and Roman drama, both tragedy and comedy—perhaps two one-session courses—since the Department of English had a very active theatre program which included a full course on the history of drama in the West. If the course I proposed would be cross-listed with the English Department and its theatre program, I could reasonably expect an excellent enrollment. Unfortunately, here my hopes were dashed by the chat I with the chairman of the English Department. He failed to see the necessity for the course I had in mind, but gave me a vague promise that I might be invited to give the odd guest lecture in the history of drama course—so far such an invitation has never come. After the meeting, I began to suspect the unspoken subtext hidden behind the chairman's lack of enthusiasm: one or two classics courses cross-listed with the English Department would count towards the student complement of the Department of Classics, and therefore as a loss in the same for his Department; it was, therefore, all about protecting one's own turf, so to speak.

I have noticed that at Acadia relationships between profs and students, especially in the smaller classes but visibly, too, in the larger ones, are close, even personal; as a student you get to know your prof not just as a teacher but as a whole person beyond his or her professional capacity, and this sort of interaction works in the other direction as well. The small-university scale of Acadia, I can now readily appreciate, almost inevitably creates a sense of community among students, faculty, and staff which I know from my experience at Guelph and UBC, is fostered with much greater difficulty at large institutions and often ends up being puffed up rather artificially. In Toronto and Vancouver I had indeed compartmentalized my life. My being a gay man in a committed relationship with another man did not impinge on my interactions with my fellow workers at Canada Employment and with students and faculty colleagues at the two universities where I had previously taught. I could sense

very soon that at Acadia this kind of shutting myself off, except with a few friends of mine who also happened to be faculty, would not work. However, I tried hard in my own way at the beginning. I was certainly friendly with and helpful to my students, but at the same time I'm sure I gave off an aura of formality which was interpreted by many as aloofness. That was the feedback I was getting via Brian who would often meet me after classes and there and then and elsewhere, too, would chat with some of my students; he got to know a few of them rather well. As he told me, the odd person among them even thought there must be something wrong with me.

Within a few months, however, I had learned to relax and to allow myself a greater spontaneity inside and outside the classroom and my office, and it was a liberating experience. I was happy to see in my first year that Brian was finding a place for himself at Acadia. He started by auditing a few courses in philosophy and psychology, where he did not hesitate to contribute his part to the discussions. Even more: in an course on ethics, he went up to the prof who had to use the words "homosexuals who brutalize children"-- admittedly, in the context of giving examples of types of persons condemned by all of society—and criticized him for reinforcing the worst possible stereotype of gay men, and he was most certainly right in doing so. Later in the year, he also began to write a column under the pseudonym of John Taylor in the *Athenaeum*, the student newspaper, and made a name for himself for writing about the social and sexual ultra-conservatism of small-town Nova Scotia, especially with reference to homosexuality, not hesitating to use the word "backward"--which did not go over very well with many of his readers, I am sure—all of this framed by his libertarian Ayn Rand-inspired philosophy.

I had hardly settled into Acadia two years ago when the so-called McCarthy case which had dominated the University's politics already for years was brought to my attention. I got an earful from both sides of the controversy, but I ultimately sided with the position of the newly formed faculty union, the Acadia University Faculty Association, the creation of which had largely arisen out of this issue. When I arrived at Acadia, the Association's first collective agreement with the Board of Governors had just gone into effect. The case of Robert McCarthy, a professor in the School of Music, hinged on whether the University's denial to him of the renewal of his contract towards eventual tenure was based on due process. It was clear to me that several of his colleagues in the School of Music, including Matt, did not like him, but I did not hear from Matt or any other member of the anti-McCarthy faction any convincing argument that McCarthy's competency was in question, and so I had to come to the conclusion that the position of AUFA and the faculty who supported him—and they, fortunately, were in the large majority—was the correct one, and I did not hesitate to say so. Being in the awkward position of being Matt's partner, Gary, I guess, could not help but

supporting the anti-McCarthy folks. Since two years ago he was back from his sabbatical leave and had resumed the chairmanship of the Department of Classics, it was with his permission that the anti-McCarthyites were able to use the Department's seminar room for some of their meetings. It was also two years ago that Dr Allen Sinclair succeeded Dr Beveridge as the University's president. I understand he has the mandate from both the Board and AUFA finally to resolve this long-festering problem, which even brought the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation to the campus a few years ago in search of a good story. AUFA's position is that a satisfactory resolution requires an arbitrator from outside the province—an insistence I fully support.

My membership in AUFA is of great comfort to me (and Brian, I should add) since the collective agreement contains a clause that protects me professionally as a gay man. Such a clause has become increasingly common in collective agreements between faculty unions and boards of governors in Canada over the past few years. So far only the province of Québec has in its charter of rights a clause forbidding discrimination on the ground of sexual orientation. At this point, therefore, it seems that academe provides gay men and lesbian women with some of the best job protection in our country.

I must say I have enjoyed attending AUFA's meetings. The great oratory which takes place there never fails to delight me; especially memorable are Roger Lewis from the Department of English, and Don Brady and Jim Sacouman from the Department of Sociology, real lefties both of them. I'll also never forget the Jewish wit of Herb Lewis of the Department of Philosophy when he brought up the fact that the newly built Beveridge Arts Centre (the BAC) had been named after a living (albeit just retired) Acadia president: "it is idolatry, and my forefathers always fought against this."

As the winter term was drawing to an end in April, Brian and I began to consider the possibilities for making a major trip of three to four weeks in May and June in Canada and / or the U.S. We discovered that Amtrak was offering incredibly inexpensive month-long passes for travel anywhere in the States and that its network included Montreal, Toronto, and Vancouver, so that we could board an Amtrak train to New York in Montreal, and in New York, of course, Amtrak's passenger routes would open up for us in all directions. We flew to Montreal in the second week of May; Cindy—a Acadia student from Québec who had become a good friend of Brian—was kind enough to pick us up at the airport and drive us to the main railway station. The train to New York left late in the evening so that we arrived in New York in the early morning hours. We had spent several days in New York two years earlier, so we waited for a few hours in the railway station and took the train to Washington. We had only dozed on the train to New York and were quite tired as our train approached

Washington, but with our arrival there our energies rebounded and we spent the entire day sightseeing—it was a beautiful warm day—including taking the elevator to the top of the Washington monument and admiring the impressive NASA exhibits, such as the first (1961) American space capsule in the Air and Space Center, all the while taking lots of photos to add to our already extensive slide collection. Then in the evening we were off again on the next train which would take across half a continent to Kansas City.

Our travel plans were quite vague. We discovered that the passenger seats even in the economy sections of Amtrak's transcontinental trains were extremely comfortable and so well adjustable that they came close to offering the comfort of an ordinary bed whenever we wanted to doze or sleep. Additionally, the food, whether we ate in the dining car or bought drinks and snacks to take to the bar or our seats, was quite good.

Therefore, we kept on sleeping on the train much more than we had anticipated. I had taken out Fritz Schulz's imposing *Classical Roman Law* from the university library; this would be my main reading material for the many idle hours on the train, in preparation for the course of Roman law I would be teaching for the first time this fall. Arriving in Kansas City the next evening, we had a break from the train for a few hours, walking around a bit in the downtown area and enjoying a steak dinner in a regular restaurant. Then late in the evening we boarded another transcontinental that would take us southwest all the way to Los Angeles. We passed through a succession of landscapes of several states—prairie, forested mountains, semi-desert, and desert—and early in the morning on the second day after we had left Kansas City, we got off the train in Falstaff, Arizona; the Grand Canyon now was our immediate destination and a bus took us to one of the world's greatest natural wonders.

That night we stayed at a hotel on the southern ridge of the Canyon. Earlier in the day Brian had proposed that we walk a path that led all the way down to the Colorado River at the Canyon's bottom and return upwards again by donkey—we saw the odd donkey winding its way up the path with a rider on its back. It would have been an unrealistically lengthy excursion lasting many hours, I am sure, and, in any case, we didn't get very far. After we had walked for a few minutes, I glanced sideways downwards into the Canyon's yawning abyss, and right away my acrophobia kicked in; my legs started to tremble and I could not move. Brian got mad at me and said he might just as well smash his camera if I began to act like this, but this blew over in a few seconds, and for the rest of the day we contented ourselves by exploring the Canyon along its southern ridge and taking numerous photos. We got up very early the next morning and even before sunrise saw the wondrous beauty of the Canyon's palette of colours—its many shades of brown, yellow, orange, pink, and red—gradually springing

to life in the light of early dawn. Then it was back to Falstaff to catch the train which would take us to Los Angeles.

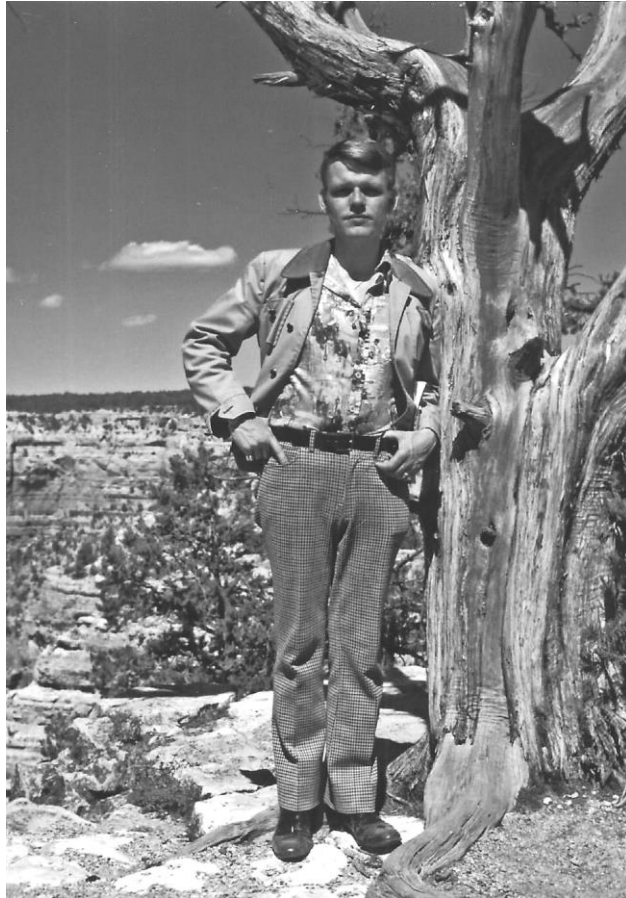


Scott at the Grand canyon, May 1979

Los Angeles was a pleasant surprise for me. I had read about the city's infamous smog and its humongous, tangled concatenation of freeways that brutally sliced up the city. The day we arrived, skies were crystal clear and in the warm sunlight the city had a distinctly Mediterranean aspect. We enjoyed the Mexican ambiance of the neighbourhood around the train station and then for the rest of the day explored the city by bus. For Brian it was a very pleasant return to the city where he had lived for several months, years earlier. Our tour was made complete by our stopping by at the Beverly Hills office of his favourite *bête noir* psychotherapist, Nathaniel Branden. Then it was back to the train station, where late in the evening we caught the Amtrak train which travels up and down the Pacific Coast.

Our stop-over at San Francisco was only for the day, something I now regret: this iconic city was not new to me, but Brian it was, but, as it was, we contented ourselves by exploring the downtown and its waterfront and then in the evening got on the train which would take us to Vancouver. Here for the first time we took a real rest from our travels, enjoying the hospitality Brian's brother Charlie and his wife Pat. Vancouver was, of course, pure nostalgia for us, and our numerous walks and bus rides through various parts of the city which we had come to know so well a few years ago amply

demonstrated this. They included a walk along Wreck Beach just off the UBC campus—Vancouver's one and only beach where, so it was rumored, it was OK to sport one's nudity. This time, too, however, no nudity was to be seen, and the beach was in fact almost eerily deserted, which put both of us in a very reflective mood in which hardly anything was said.



Myself at the Grand Canyon, May 1979

After a few days of rest and relaxation, we left Vancouver for our second and final blitz of travel by Amtrak. We backtracked to Los Angeles and boarded there the train of Amtrak's southernmost transcontinental run. We arrived in Houston almost two days later and stayed there for a couple of days with Brian's pen-pal, Michael. Then it was north to Chicago, west to Denver, and back to Chicago, with half-day stopovers in these two impressive cities—I wish we allowed ourselves more time in Chicago, the birthplace of the skyscraper. The last leg of our Amtrak journey was from Chicago through Michigan to Port Huron at the junction of Lake Huron and the St Clair River opposite Sarnia and Point Edward, where mom and dad and my four sisters were now living. We were met at the railway station by Lida and her husband Bill, who took

us in their car across the bridge to their home in Brights Grove just east of Sarnia. There, over drinks and enjoying a delicious dinner from the barbecue, we relived the adventures of our journey. The next day mom and dad came over to see us, and Brian left then by train to return to Wolfville. I stayed a day longer and put in a few days in Toronto to see Brian Rees and Baldwin and his family, and then also returned home, where I could look back to a journey of a lifetime.

We had bought bicycles earlier in the year before we left for our big trip, and enjoyed ourselves after we returned by doing a lot of cycling. Brian Perry joined us again for a visit in July; he had already stayed with us the previous Christmas—during this period I had gone to Toronto to spend a few days with Brian Rees and the family in Sarnia. The two Brians did a lot of cycling together and took some great pictures of each other. We really should have bought a car, but our top financial priority was to save enough for a down payment for a house.

For quite a while already Brian and I had been talking about buying a house. We were tired of apartment-living especially since we had to endure the occasional name-calling yelled into our intercom by, we assumed, by other tenants, almost certainly Acadia students who knew we were a gay couple. It bothered Brian even more than me; in fact, once in Brian Perry's presence he took me to task for what he considered my nonchalance about the whole thing and it came even to a few seconds of physical blows as he began to punch me. That came close to marring the whole summer for me. Fortunately, this incident is balanced in my memory by one of Brian's act of sheer good humour. The building's superintendent and his wife were trying to interest some of the tenants in selling Amway products, as they were already doing, and so they gave an Amway "party," where they went through their spiel of how much money we could make. I already was aware beforehand that the huge returns predicted rested on a dubious pyramid-type scheme which was probably barely within the law, but I kept my mouth shut for the time being. Then Brian piped in, mimicking the voice and accent of an East Indian guru and warning all of us how bad this greed for wealth was for the well-being of the soul. It was simply hilarious. I felt I did not have to say anything now, and no one of those invited, I am sure, bought the Amway way.

Fortunately, both of us were also cheered up by our serious house-hunting in mid-summer, and early in August we found a charming bungalow on Sherwood Drive in the east-end of Wolfville. The bungalow itself, a prefab, was nondescript, although in excellent condition. What made it so attractive was the large lot on which it stood: a front yard which we would be sure to beautify with bushes and flowerbeds and a backlot which was simply huge and sloped sharply downwards to a small brook and which we would let mostly grow wild with the dense growth of trees there. From the top of

the back-lot and even more from the high deck back of the house, we would enjoy a magnificent view across the orchards and the meadow lands all the way to Cape Blomidon and the Minas Basin. After a bit of negotiation, the owners of the house accepted our offer. We did not have quite enough for a full down payment, so Atlantic Trust, which provided us with the first down payment, would also give a second mortgage—at a higher interest rate, of course—which we intended to pay off as soon as possible. The present owners would not vacate the house until just before Christmas; the actual sale and transfer, therefore, would not go into effect until then, and we planned to occupy the house, right after New Year's Day, on January the second.

It is exactly a year ago now that I entered upon my second academic year at Acadia. I was excited that I would be teaching two courses newly developed by me, Roman Law in the fall, and Scientific Terminology in the winter session; advance registration for the latter told me that enrollment in the latter would be at least in the 30's; enrollment in the former was far more modest and would probably be no more than ten, but I was confident the course had good potential. Peter and I together would be contributing a series of lectures to an interdisciplinary graduate-level course on myth which was still in its experimental stage and to which the French Department would also be contributing. The preparation and lectures would be a great deal of extra work for the two of us and would be in addition to our normal teaching load, but we were both enthusiastic about the venture. For us, the course would run during the fall session: Peter would give lectures on theoretical approaches to Greek and Roman myth such as Freudian, religious-liturgical, and structuralist, while I would follow with a reading of the most influential treatment, in narrative poetry, of Greek and Roman myth—Peter would call it a literary crystallization of myth—in Classical Antiquity, Ovid's massive and compendious *Metamorphoses*. There would be only one student, a young man from North Africa doing his M.A. in French, but this was not inappropriate given the course's experimental nature.

However, the second year would be a difficult one far beyond my expectations. Gary took ill in mid-October and was off work for five weeks. There was no alternative but for Peter and I to take over his courses and split them as best as we could between the two of us. I took over Gary's course on ancient history, split the introductory course to Greek civilization with Peter and also took over a senior Latin course on Roman comedy; fortunately, the last was a reading course and had only one student, and I was already quite familiar with the comedies of Plautus and Terence in the original language, so there was very little preparation involved for me. Even so, my teaching load was nearly doubled during this period, and after the sessions I conducted on Ovid on Fridays afternoon were over, I was simply exhausted. But all this was only the smallest part of an exceedingly taxing year for me.

In late October of last year Brian was eager to try out the gay clubs in Halifax. I wasn't interested at this point so I encouraged him to make it a night or weekend there for himself. He placed an ad in the *Athenaeum* asking if anyone was driving to Halifax on Friday or Saturday and if he could have a ride then. He gave his telephone number, but also gave the reason for his trip to Halifax. He received a phone call from a guy who said he was driving to Halifax later that weekend and suggested that Brian meet him to get acquainted at a convenience store close to the campus. Brian didn't suspect anything fishy about this arrangement and agreed. It was early Thursday evening when he walked to the store—it was only a few minutes from where we lived—and it was already getting dark. When he arrived at the agreed upon location four guys jumped out the shadows to attack him. One managed to grab him, but Brian wrenched himself free and then ran as fast as possible and so escaped his attackers; fortunately, except for a slight scratch he had not been hurt. Both he and I were terribly upset—this was by far the worst gay-hostile incident as yet we had suffered.

The next morning we went straightway to the dean of students, who, we assumed, had the authority to deal with the problem. He was sympathetic and promised he would write a letter to the *Athenaeum* condemning the attack but would have to say that Brian was attacked for his political views; it was out of the question that the Board of Governors would allow him to use words such as “gay” and “homosexual”; it would be bad for Acadia's image. As far as going after the perpetrators was concerned, since the incident had taken place off campus, Brian would have to go to the Wolfville police.

Before Brian went to the police, he decided to do a little investigation himself as to who his attackers were. He was convinced the guilty persons came from the Crowell all-male student residence, an ugly, recently built high-rise building which, on the basis of its reputation, would certainly merit the appellation of Acadia's “Animal House.” I went there with him. We encountered a number of students on the various floors of the residence; they all reacted very sheepishly to what Brian told them and said they had no knowledge of anything. Brian was unable to identify any attacker with absolute certainty; after all, it was getting dark when he arrived at the place and he saw the attackers only for a split second. He then went by himself to the Wolfville police station and registered his complaint. He was assured the police would conduct a thorough investigation and if they located any suspects they would ask him to identify them from a line-up.

Weeks went by and nothing happened. When Brian checked with the police it was clear that the thorough investigation he had been promised was still pending or,

perhaps, would never take place. He decided then to take matters into his own hand. He typed an open letter directed to the entire Acadia community, especially the faculty, describing what had happened to him and declaring that since the police were not doing anything about it, he would have to protect himself by carrying a bicycle chain. It was very theatrical and very typical of Brian, but I was quite sympathetic and so went with him to the Acadia Library, where we made hundreds of copies of the letter. I then deposited them at the University's post office for a copy to be placed in each mailbox.

The next morning we got a call from the police station: would Brian please come over? Thinking that, finally, there was progress, he went there by himself and to his great surprise and dismay learned that he would be charged with carrying a weapon dangerous to the public peace, a criminal offence, unless he turned over his bicycle chain. Despite repeated urging from the police chief, Brian categorically refused and was charged accordingly. It turned out that a faculty member, a prof in the School of Home Economics, had contacted the police about the letter. After the trial had taken place months later, she approached and assured me that she had never wished any harm to come to Brian but that she felt that only the police would be able to deal with the problem. I accepted her apology, but what Brian had been saying for months about her and about the School of Home Economics in general was not fit to be printed.

The Christmas season was now upon us and it was a gloomy one. We were distracted by our imminent move to Sherwood Drive on January 2 and by the pleasant prospect of having an attractive home of our own in one of Wolfville's most beautiful locations, but the events of the past several weeks weighed heavily upon us. The move itself which we made in a rented van which I drove went smoothly—except for one moment of panic by myself when I came across a note left by Brian—he had gone out to get something at the nearby convenience store--which I mistakenly read to mean he had altogether left me. We were enchanted with our new home, but I could see that Brian was restless. He finally said that he wanted to go to Toronto for several weeks to share a cheap apartment with Brian Perry, who up till then had been living with his parents in Scarborough. This was fine with me; I could see Brian needed a big break from Wolfville and Acadia; I would join him in Toronto during the study break in late February. So Brian left in mid-January.

What had really chagrined Brian and me was the lack of moral support we received from our gay acquaintances and friends, who—with hardly any exception--felt that Brian had brought his troubles upon himself and, moreover, was creating great embarrassment and difficulty for me, with a few even telling him this to his face. In fact, the support we did receive came from faculty colleagues, especially in the Departments of English and Sociology: from both of these went a collective letter expressing deep

concern to the president of Acadia over what had happened to Brian. We also appreciated the support we received from Peter. From Gary and his partner Matt, not a word, except Matt's telling me that Brian, because of his "artistic temperament," was just too emotional about things in general, all the while Matt was still getting worked up about the McCarthy case.

A few weeks after Brian left I received through my neighbour Vernon Ellis—a prof in the School of Music—an invitation to go to a gay party, which I accepted even though I still was not well disposed to the gays I had come into with. I drove with Vernon to a country-house located right in the heart of the Valley, many kilometres west of Kentville. I did not know the host of the party and very few of the guests, and after a couple drinks and exchanging the usual small talk with them, I felt I needed to step outside and take in the wintry scene there. I drank in the cold clear air and gazed up to the night sky and its multitudes of stars large and small lending a faint whitish glow to the snow-covered ground. The magic of the Annapolis Valley had me again enthralled, and I went inside again in a much better frame of mind ready to engage in a conversation that rose above the customary banalities.

It was not long after this that I received a phone call which absolutely stunned me. The caller was Jack Buntain, the crown prosecutor of Kings County, who was handling Brian's case. He invited me to his home to have a chat about it. He lived in New Minas and was kind enough to pick me up and drive me home again. He offered me a drink and then began to give me his assessment of the case. He said he was handling it with great reluctance since Brian was obviously not a danger to the public peace; in addition, he assured me that the Wolfville police were definitely working hard on the case. I did not really know what to say except to thank him for his considerateness. After I had returned home, I began wonder if there was a *quid pro quo* involved here—I had heard rumours that Jack was gay—but Jack had been the perfect gentleman with me. In any case, I felt incredibly cheered up, and this mood lasted throughout Acadia's study break, which I spent in Toronto in order to look up Brian and Brian Perry in the midst of one of the worst cold waves to hit the city in years. Jack had not asked me to keep what he had told me confidential, so I shared everything with Brian, who, however, remained suspicious of the police and judiciary.

A very early spring did come, however, did come to Nova Scotia, only a few weeks after I returned. Brian was back, too, by mid-March, and both of us were in good pretty good spirits now. The Wolfville police had completed its investigation and had identified four possible suspects, and invited Brian to identify them from a line-up. Brian was not able to do so conclusively and identified three only tentatively. He was satisfied, however, with the police's work, and said he did not want any charges

pressed. The message was loud and clear to the culprits, whoever they were, and a stiff warning would be sufficient.

There was still the trial hanging over Brian's head, and it was scheduled for the second week of May. Brian decided now to take the bull by the horns as far as getting an appropriate lawyer was concerned. He had already obtained a Legal Aid lawyer, Don Fraser, who was friendly and competent, but Brian demanded the best, which could be found, so he claimed, only in the private sector. He did not hesitate to use a little blackmail, writing a strongly worded letter to Legal Aid saying that if they did not provide him with a first-rate trial lawyer in private practice, he would bring his story to the attention of Toronto's two main newspapers, the *Globe & Mail* and the *Toronto Star*. It worked: he received word from Legal Aid that Brian Bailey in Dartmouth had been assigned to him as his defense lawyer.

On the date of the trial the two of us were at the courthouse in Kentville at 9.00 am; Peter Booth was also there to lend his moral support. Shortly before it was the turn of Brian's case to come before the judge, Brian Bailey—a youngish, very dynamic looking acting guy; this was the first time we had seen him—appeared. All he said to Brian was “Keep your mouth shut, and I'll get you off in two minutes.” Brian's turn came. Jack Buntain read the charge, without comment, telling the judge that no comment was necessary. It was Bailey's turn now. He asked the judge to look carefully at Scott's incriminating letter which had been circulated to the Acadia community months earlier; that was the only evidence put forward by the crown prosecutor. He called attention to the fact that Brian's name was typed in at the bottom of the letter but that there was no signature. Without Brian's signature, this letter could not be presented as valid evidence; the case must be dismissed, therefore. The judge agreed: case dismissed. It was indeed over in two minutes. Brian Bailey had already disappeared when we wanted to congratulate him, so we bought a bottle of champagne and brought it to Don Fraser as a thank you for his gracious co-operation in the whole affair. We were both at the top of the world, suspecting that Jack, too, had played a crucial role in the trial's outcome by presenting Brian's letter as the only evidence on which the prosecution rested its case.

After all this turmoil, the months of the University's summer break which followed have been good ones. I attended the annual meeting of the CAC at the U. de Montréal and afterwards spent two periods in Toronto doing research at the John Robarts Library at the University of Toronto. I had become interested in the *Silvae* (usually translated as “Sketches”), the collection of personal and occasional poetry composed by the Roman poet Statius during the reign of the emperor Domitian. A small research grant from Acadia allowed me to put in several weeks at the massive U.

of T. Library, making good use of its extensive resources, that is, the large number of journals, editions, commentaries, and monographs which the Acadia Library doesn't have. During the seven weeks in total I spent in Toronto I stayed with Brian Perry—who now had a new apartment in the same building where my Brian and I had lived for two years—and also with Brian Rees and my brother Baldwin and his family. Brian seemed to be content enjoying our new home and transforming our front yard into a beautiful garden thanks to all the bushes he planted and the flower beds he laid out. Now that my third academic year at Acadia has begun I have good reason to be optimistic.

I.13 Wolfville, Early January, 1984

I am just back from my trip to the Netherlands and Italy and have great memories of it. I wonder, though, whether I should have been away from home and Scott right at Christmas. He has not said anything as yet, but I am sure he will raise it shortly as a big and angry issue. I had assumed that since Scott had gone on a two weeks trip to Mexico in November, there was nothing to bar me from taking off for Europe a month later but, no, leaving Scott alone by himself at Christmas time, I recognize now, was just not right. After more than a year I still find it remarkable that when Brian legally changed his name to “Scott” and “Brian Dale Druet” became “Scott John Taylor.” I accommodated myself so readily and easily: in my mind “Brian” was erased, with “Scott” taking its place within a few days. At the time when “Brian” announced he was going to have a legal name change in order to distance himself from his family towards whom he had nothing but negative feelings, I did regret the drastic step he was taking but kept my mouth shut, and now “Brian” is only a vague memory.

I remember starting the academic year 1980-81 with great optimism. The troubles of 1979-1980 were over and the two of us were by now well settled into our new home. Professionally, my hopes have been well realized. I got tenure last year and I can count on being promoted to the rank of associate professor this year. I have really eased into my teaching at Acadia and am enchanted by the University's close-knit ambiance for students and faculty alike. What I value especially is the collegial exchange I enjoy with professors outside my own discipline and department, something that was entirely lacking at Guelph and UBC. I treasure the interdepartmental seminars which are featured regularly in the Faculty of Arts. Two in particular stand out in my mind: one on myth and mythology and the other on hermeneutics, to both of which I contributed a short paper. My interest in hermeneutics and its possibilities as both a philosophical and a literary-critical discipline had been awakened in the fall of 1978 when, together

with Peter Booth, I attended a colloquium organized by the Department of Classics at the University of Ottawa.

I was also the driving force behind the establishment last year of an honours program in Classics. Thus far, there was only an honours program in Latin in addition to a major in Latin and a major program in Classics. With Latin almost completely eliminated from Nova Scotia high schools, as well as in the other provinces, I saw that the potential for attracting students into the Latin program was virtually nil now; the last time a student completed an honours in Latin was in 1968, and, with only one exception, all our majors are majoring in Classics, for which the linguistic requirement (Latin or Greek) is very modest. Therefore, in order to accommodate the interests and ambitions of our best students who wanted to specialize in the study of Greek and Roman civilization, an honours program in Classics was called for; such a program would have more a more rigorous language requirement, with a basic minimum in both Greek and Latin, so that our graduates would be better prepared for the advanced study of language and literature at the graduate level, as well as the requirement of an honours thesis based on original research—an ideal preparation for a later Master of Arts thesis.

I am continuing my research and writing on Statius; two conference papers have come out of it and, after a bit more additional work, I'll submit them for publication. After my two papers published in the *Journal of Homosexuality*, I would like to do more work on homosexuality in Greco-Roman antiquity, with my focus continuing to be on the Roman world. I have read the first three parts which have appeared so far of Michel Foucault's *History of Sexuality (Histoire de Sexualité)*, with parts two and three dealing respectively with classical Greece and the later Greco-Roman world. I am greatly taken by his radical social-constructionist perspective on sexuality, and I can see that his critics have often misunderstood him. I guess I should start with a few conference papers and see where these lead me. I am looking forward to the publication this or next year of my translation of Erasmus' treatise on children's education, *An Early Liberal Education for Children* in the *Collected Works of Erasmus* series published by the University of Toronto Press. In my translation of the Latin title, I have translated *pueris* generically as "children" rather than literally as "boys," for it is clear that Erasmus supports the principle that girls should have the same basic education as boys.

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times": that quote from the opening sentence of Dickens's *Tale of Cities* comes close to summing up my feelings about living with Scott over the past forty months. Yes, there were glorious times as we enjoyed our new bungalow with the million-dollar view and took our pleasure from a lot of things we could share: working together in the garden, shopping in Wolfville and in the malls

of nearby New Minas, watching science programs on the television, above all Carl Sagan's "Cosmos," and discussing them afterwards—I know I'll always be indebted to Scott for firing up my interest in the sciences—and endlessly debating with each other Ayn Rand's philosophy and the existence of God. But then there were also the terrible fights when Scott, as it were, exchanged his Dr Jekyll for Mr. Hyde persona. Several of them will always stand out in my mind. One was really farcical but Scott took it so seriously. He was determined to quit smoking; he would no longer buy cigarettes, and asked me to hide the remaining ones. I did so, but stupidly, and put them in the bottom drawer of the large desk that sits in our living room. Scott, of course, was guaranteed to find them, and when he did he came storming and screaming at me. Fortunately, this outburst of rage blew over quickly.

Others were worse, and two of them, led to our living apart for long periods of time, first myself and then Scott. The first incident, in mid-January almost two years ago, might have led to a separation, but at last moment I decided to calm down myself and not do anything precipitously. Scott and I had gotten into a nasty argument in which Scott said at one point that I should move out. I then replied testily I was the legal owner of our home and that I made the decision as to who lived here and who didn't. Scott then picked up the television in the bedroom we shared and where we sitting on the bed and threw it against the wall. I ran out of the house and thought of calling the police and laying charges, but a talk with Peter convinced me that I had unnecessarily provoked Scott. So I went home and apologized. Scott's rage had well spent itself by this time and he was obviously very depressed about what had happened. I told him that I would also put his name on the ownership papers—in the previous year I had already made a will and last testament, my first legal will drawn up by a lawyer, in which I had named Scott as my sole beneficiary. The wall where it was cracked was covered by mirror tiles; the television was, of course, a write-off.

Most of the rest of 1981 didn't go too badly. It is true that in July Scott flew into a rage at me, so much so that, for the first time, I decided to call a friend to see if I could stay overnight with him so that Scott in the meantime could cool off. I called Matt and Gary asking I could crash with them with them for a night, explaining why. They couldn't have been welcoming and hospitable—Matt speaking again of Scott's "artistic temperament" as the root cause of the latest outburst—and the following day I had the pleasure of watching with them on television the wedding of Charles and Diana. When I arrived back home later that day Scott had indeed cooled off and was in fact quite amiable.

The worst outburst by far happened in mid-December of the same year, and I must take much of the blame for it. Our next door neighbour, Vernon Ellis, the Dean of

the School of Music—one of the anti-McCarthyites—was having party for his gay friends at his home. Both Scott and I were invited, but I ended up going there by myself, Scott saying he had little use for the local gay crowd. The partying went on until well past midnight. There was music playing, not so softly, and many of the men, drinks in hand, spilled out on the lawn in front of the house. Surprisingly, there were no complaints from the neighbours. Matt was there, but without Gary; by this time, he and Gary had separated and he had moved into an apartment. He invited me to come to his place for a nightcap, and I accepted and then slept at his place. I lied to Scott the next morning, saying I had simply crashed next door at Vernon's, for I knew he disliked Matt intensely and the fact that I had stayed overnight at the newly 'divorced' Matt's would have surely angered him. But I was in caught in my lie: a few days later as we were having in a casual conversation with Vernon, Scott brought up my supposed overnight's stay at his place; Vernon smiled a mischievous smile and said no. That was incorrect, I had left with Matt. Scott did not say anything but a few minutes later when we were alone he flew into an enormous rage: I had lied to him and for the most despicable possible reason. He grabbed his expensive Canon camera which had been a gift from me a year earlier and smashed it against the floor. I just said I would pack up a few things and move out. I did and then called Gary from my office, asking if he could put me up for a night, and, mercifully, he said I was welcome.

I ended up staying with Gary in Kentville until early April of the following year. It was so comfortable, so stress-free there. I did remain in touch with Scott by telephone. Since our mailbox was at the Wolfville Post Office, I could pick up there all the mail directed to me, and I phoned my parents to say I was staying with Gary for the time being because he needed to have someone living with him on account of his health. There was a modicum of truth in this because Gary's health, physically and mentally, was far from robust. Psychologically, it was clear he was still in a state of shock because of Matt's break with him; his family—parents and brothers—were far away in the U.S.—and he did not have any close friends in Nova Scotia who could have given him the moral support he so badly needed. I did not try to get him to open up about the trauma of the broken relationship—maybe I should have—but I tried to be as supportive and helpful as possible. Just before Christmas a typical Nova Scotia winter struck in all its fierceness, with a succession of snow storms and long spells of bitter cold, and did not let up until early April; it was a white Easter that year; for almost three-and-a-half months I was kept busy clearing snow from the driveway and the front and back pathways leading to the house.

Although I knew I had to return home eventually, certainly by the time spring had well sprung, I made no haste to do so. However, by early April, Gary began to press me to leave, saying his doctor had said he must learn to live by himself. A fair

enough reason and explanation, but looking back at my final weeks of living with Gary, I began to detect a real disappointment and displeasure in him towards me. Was it because he had hoped that my living with him as his guest would blossom into a full-blown lovers' relationship? I had not given the slightest reason for thinking so, but a few physical overtures on his part towards the end suggested this was indeed his hope. Fortunately, almost two years later now, Gary's coolness towards me has entirely disappeared. I am very fond of Gary, but I have never been attracted to him as I have been to other men; he is not at all my physical type and his personality, too, is too shy and retiring to set me on fire—even though I have to grant him an at times droll sense of wit and humour, and he is one of the least pretentious academics I know.

Back on Sherwood Drive with Scott, I realized that I would not be spending a happy summer there, so I decided to look for an apartment I could sublet inexpensively from students who would be away from Acadia during the summer months. I had no difficulty finding one and moved in early in May. It was a two-bedroom apartment rented by two students in one of the low-rise apartment buildings right at the back of the campus; from there it would be a short walk to my office. It was sparsely furnished and I had to provide my own mattress for the double bed in one of the bedrooms. No television, but I was perfectly happy with a radio, and had lots of time for quiet reading. I began to read Canadian literature, especially novels, as I'd never done before. I had graduated with an honours in English and Latin, but had not taken a single course on the literature of English-speaking Canada. The only Canadian novelist I was somewhat familiar with was Hugh MacLennan, having read his *Barometer Rising* and *Two Solitudes*. I had already read Margaret Atwood's *Life before Man*, but now I read her other three novels published up to 1981 as well as her always edgy and sharply probing poetry unique, I think, in its gothic modernism. My greatest discovery, however, have been the magnificent novels of Margaret Laurence; her achievement stands, I believe, with that of the greatest English and American novelists of this century. During these months, with my reading of *On Being a Christian*—my copy of which is a generous present from Gerrit—and *Does God Exist? An Answer for Today*, I also had my first encounter with the magisterial contemporary theology of Hans Küng; he has opened up bold new insights for me in my continuing quest of “faith seeking understanding,” and I will be on the look-out for his future publications.

As I had in the previous two summers, I again spent several weeks in Toronto and Sarnia, but in the final stage of my return journey, sitting in the early evening day-liner from Halifax into the Valley as the train made its way through the still sun-drenched meadow-lands surrounding Grand Pré and Wolfvillr, with Cape Blomidon rising nobly to the north, I had, for the first time since settling down Wolfville four years earlier, a profound sense that I was truly going home. That feeling was reinforced

during the remaining weeks of the summer when Scott and I spent some very good times together, above all our magic swim in the Gaspereau River; and when I returned to Sherwood Drive in late August, that feeling was complete.

The fall of 1982 was a good season for both of us. Thanks to the mostly beautiful weather which lasted into early December, we did a lot of walking, including day-long hikes in the Gaspereau Valley. Those peaceful days were marred only by the sudden news early in September that mom had breast cancer and would be undergoing a mastectomy. I made a hurried weekend visit to Sarnia, where mom was still in the hospital when I arrived. I was heartened by the fact that mom—often plagued previously by anxiety and depression—was bearing herself magnificently and that only extensive radiation therapy—no chemo, thank God—was scheduled for her. As things stand now sixteen months later, the cancer is still in remission.

Also distressing that fall was Scott's bitterness towards his parents and his decision to change his name legally. Whenever we had visited his parents, I had encountered nothing but warm hospitality, but the situation was often palpably tense between him and them, especially after his quarrel with his oldest sister Joan when he accused his dad of taking her side; by 1980 Scott no longer cared to go there anymore. It was obvious that Scott was absolutely set on pressing ahead, and there was no point in trying to persuade him otherwise. With Scott having made his break, I no longer see his parents either, and this fills me with great regret.

In the early months of last year it was obvious Scott was becoming restless and irritable. For a long time already he had written off Acadia as a good place to get his university degree and was seeing himself as trapped in the role of a houseboy and gardener; that's how my friends and acquaintances saw him, as he claimed. Things came to a head at the beginning of March. He had just talked with Lida on the telephone and had expressed to her his unhappiness. I am not quite sure how Lida handled her end of the conversation, but Scott claimed she was not supportive and felt even demeaned by what she said. He had enough and wanted to go back to Vancouver. There was no use arguing with him and I thought, well, let's see what comes of it if he returns to Vancouver. To be quite honest, I felt it would be good to have Brian away from me, for I had been becoming increasingly demoralized about my relationship with Scott, seeing it as little more than a burden I was stuck with. So I borrowed \$3000 from my line of credit and gave it to him to pay for a plane ticket and several months of living expenses in Vancouver, and Scott took off immediately. I did not hear from him right away but after a couple of weeks he called me, saying he was renting a room and was looking for work. Then silence, again, and now for months.

It was a bleak spring for me last year. I felt relieved but also a great emptiness. My only consolation was that I would be going to Vancouver myself towards the end of May to attend the annual meeting of the Classical Association of Canada, where I would be presenting a paper on Statius and also be taking over as the Association's secretary for a two-year term; I had already served for two years as a regional representative on the CAC Council, so I felt I was well prepared for my new position. All in all, I felt pretty good about going to Vancouver especially since I was confident I would get to see Scott there.

Unfortunately, things did not work out as well as I hoped. I called Scott immediately after I arrived in Vancouver—it was the first time in more than three months since I had last talked to him—but he made it abundantly clear he would not be seeing me; he would not even give me his address. His blunt refusal shocked me, but I convinced myself I could push this bitter disappointment out of my mind. How wrong I turned to be! I thought my paper on Statius was perceptive and had considerable originality, but as I started to read it in the session of papers in which I was scheduled, a panicky feeling took hold of me that it was, on the contrary, a terrible paper and that I should immediately just drop it, excuse myself, and walk away. I had to steel myself to remain outwardly calm and to continue reading—and thank God, I made it. But my state of mind remained one of distress, with feelings of anxiety and depression tumbling over one another, and I dreaded the fact that the following day I would have to take the minutes of the meeting of the incoming new Council. The Council functioned bilingually and its francophone members would almost certainly contribute to the discussion in their native language; my French was pretty good, but I felt that my mind would be too messed up to take in anything said in French. I had a crying spell in my room. I thought of calling Scott again but thought better of it. I then made the decision to go to the University's medical centre. The talk I had there with a female doctor calmed me down; the doctor also gave me a small prescription for tranquilizers. These steadied me even more; I had a good night's sleep, enjoyed the rest of the conference program, and was able to take minutes at the Council's meeting without any problems.

I returned home, believing I might never see Scott again and that our relationship was almost certainly over. A melancholy thought, but I held up so well that I decided it was not necessary to see a counselor or psychiatrist. So the weeks of summer started to roll by in sweet tranquility. I took up jogging, jogging several miles each day and managed to lose some superfluous pounds. Then one afternoon in mid-July came the big surprise. I was jogging homeward and as I approached the house I saw Scott working away quite contentedly in the garden. I was too stunned to say anything much, but Scott anticipated me by saying that living with me would be a lot

better than what he had endured in Vancouver: no decent jobs, cost of living very high, and worst of all, a neurotic landlord who was on the telephone constantly, even after midnight, in the hallway next to his own room, loudly talking up his latest business deal.

While there has been no absolutely undisturbed peace between the two of us, the past six months have gone well. We started to make plans for travel later in the fall. Scott would take a trip to Mexico in November and I would leave for two-and-a-half weeks in the Netherlands and Italy right after I was finished with marking Christmas exams.

I saw Scott off in Halifax for his flight to Montreal and from there to Mexico City. We overnighted in Halifax in a nice downtown hotel. It was November the 22nd, the day of the twentieth anniversary of the assassination of President Kennedy, and this dominated the television broadcasts we watched that evening. Early next morning Scott left for the airport, and a few hours later I boarded the Valley bus to take me back to Wolfville.

Scott returned twelve days later with a glowing report of his trip: sightseeing in and around Mexico City, taking the ferry across the Gulf of California, and the train through the Copper Canyon, which he said was even bigger than the Grand Canyon, and what above all amazed him, the far lengths to which his dollars went, such as being able to stay in a luxury hotel, gleaming with its glass walls, in Mexico City at a cost far lower than that of the cheapest possible motel in Canada. That he was a rich *gringo*, as he put it, came really home to him on the ferry. The vast majority of passengers, all Mexicans of course, had to sit out the overnight trip on the deck while he was able to recline in a first-class cabin.

On December 15, I flew to Amsterdam. The first part of my trip would be devoted to looking up relatives whom I had not seen since August 1969 when I had to go to the Netherlands to represent the family at Opa's funeral after he had very suddenly died of a stroke. I started with aunt Rikje, the widow of dad's middle brother Lambert, who had died in 1980. She was living now in a seniors' home, which had been built in the 1960's, right across from where we used to live on the Abel Tasmanstraat in Zwolle. She had always been a kindly soul, but was mildly delusional and, I think, schizophrenic; and as kids—to our shame—my brothers and sisters and I had made fun of her behind her back. She reserved a room for me in her building to overnight for two days and made a gift to me of the valuable stamp collection Opa had entrusted to Lambert some time before his death. There was a bit of time for sightseeing as well, so on my way by train to Breda to visit uncle Dirk and aunt Jeanne, who were living there

now, I stopped for a few hours in Den Bosch to visit its Cathedral of St John, which is certainly the most magnificent church in the Netherlands and an outstanding example of late-Gothic architecture. Then came the second part of my trip for some sightseeing in Italy. After enjoying once more the hospitality of uncle Henk and aunt Nel in Haarlem, just before Christmas I took the train from Amsterdam to Rome. I travelled on an Eurailpass, which I had already put to good use in the Netherlands and which was actually cheaper than a ticket for a return trip Amsterdam-Rome.

This was my first time in Rome, but my stay was all too brief with an overnight stay in the *Pensione Mimosa* for only three nights; I must do it much better in the future. But the location of my *pensione* was a godsend, for it was just around the corner from the awesome Pantheon and within easy walking distance of the Forum, the Colosseum, and the Museum of the Altar of the Augustan Peace, and there was also time for St Peter's Basilica. As I walked through the mini-state of the Vatican, I had to cash some traveler's cheques, and was able to do this conveniently at the Banco di Spirito Santo. My still somewhat Protestant sensibilities could not help but be amazed at the name and think of Jesus' driving out of the vendors and money-changers from the precinct of the Temple of Jerusalem.

I had scheduled a three-day's stay in Naples in order to visit Herculaneum and Pompeii and also do a side-trip to Paestum. The train I took to Naples went all the way to the Strait of Messina, from where a train ferry would transport it to Sicily. I got into a conversation with a charming youngish couple from Sicily, with whom, I was pleased to see, I could carry on a reasonable conversation in my limited Italian—of course, they had relatives in Canada, in Toronto no less. I gratefully accepted a snack of fruit from the lady's basket.

Naples certainly is not Rome. It may have been *bellissima Napoli* in days gone by, but it is now a crowded city with a maze of nondescript streets and alleys and with an ugly industrial corridor along the Gulf of Naples, but I enjoyed the liveliness of its streets and its markets where everything imaginable was for sale—I bought a small flask of vodka from a boy who could not have been more than seven or eight years old. The weather continued sunny and spring-like, as it had been already in Rome. My first full day was for visiting Herculaneum and Pompeii. I especially enjoyed Herculaneum, which had been a small residential town unlike the larger, far more commercial Pompeii; the absolute quiet prevailing there—I think I was the only person there except for one or two guards—put me into a very contemplative mood. Pompeii was busier and still showed signs of the damage done by the 1980 earthquake. The end-point of the *Circumvesuviano*, the train running along the Gulf of Naples is beautiful Sorrento, and there I enjoyed an early dinner before returning to Naples.

The hotel where I stayed for two nights was not deluxe, to say the least, but it was spotless and cheap, and certainly had character: the desk clerk—who also may have been the owner—positioned himself very early in the morning at the bottom of the stairs leading to the second and third floors with the guest floors so that no guest could leave the hotel undetected and not paying. The train I took from Naples to Paestum was very much like the tiny day-liner connecting Halifax with the towns of the Annapolis Valley. Paestum, the site of the sixth century B.C. Greek settlement with the ruins of its three Doric temples—very weathered looking, of course, but still in remarkably good shape-- dedicated respectively to Poseidon, Hera, and Demeter was lovely beyond dreams. The large field on which the temples stood was fringed with rose bushes in surreal December bloom. Except for one couple I was the only person wandering there. Here, even more than in Herculaneum, the absolute quiet induced in me an almost spiritual contemplativeness with thoughts of *memento mori*, ancient but still tenacious beauty, and perpetual spring.

I enjoyed a glass of wine on the terrace of a cafe next to the train station. The wine was pleasant and refreshing but had a slightly sulphurous taste to it, a vestige of the volcanic soil of the region. The man and the woman were also there and ordered what must have been the same or a similar wine, with the gentleman, after one or two sips exclaiming, "Ce vin est horrible." On the train back to Paestum I got to know the French couple a little. Their English was perfectly good, but I wanted to practice my French, so I insisted on French all the way. The gentleman was a just retired bank manager, and, like myself, he and his wife had chosen to visit a few of their favourite Italian locations in southern Italy during the quiet, largely tourist-free week between Christmas Eve and New Year's Day. Back in Naples for my third and final evening, I wandered along the waterfront. Here the city, with its main historic buildings lit up, looked much more impressive. I stopped at a fish stall and feeling adventurous bought a cooked octopus and found it delicious: sweet blending incongruously but scrumptiously with salty taste.

The next day it was back to Rome by train and from there it was the train to Marseilles I boarded early in the afternoon. It was an express train with only a few stops. The highlight of the trip came undoubtedly when the train wended its way along the beautiful Ligurian coast with its picturesque towns and villages perched high on the seaside cliffs and hills. I thought it would be interesting to get off the train and have an overnight stay in Genoa, the city of Columbus. It was already dark when we reached Genoa. I quickly found a hotel near the station and then went for a long evening walk along one of the city's main boulevards, impressed by its many fine baroque and neo-classical buildings. Early the next morning I re-boarded the train for Marseilles. The Italian and French Riviéras made this, too, a scenic ride, but I found that Monaco,

crowded with numerous obviously recently built high-rises, offered a disappointing sight to the eyes. Is this what the entire Riviera is doomed to look like in a few decades?

A delightful French couple were my fellow passengers in the cabin I occupied; he was middle-aged perhaps even in his sixties, she was much younger. I put my French to work again, although this couple, too, spoke excellent English. As we talked about art, the woman said she was a student of drawing and then, to my delighted surprise, presented me with a gift of one of her drawings; it was a very expressive portrait of—as I saw it-- a musician, perhaps at a carnival of a few centuries ago.

The lay-over in the waiting room of the main railway station in Marseilles was brief and early in the afternoon I boarded the famous Train à Grande Vitesse, which would take me via Lyon to Paris in less than six hours. It ran the Marseilles-Lyons tract at the relatively slow (!) speed of 150 kilometres per hour, but then after a brief stopover in Lyon it speeded up to an incredible 250 kilometres per hour. Everything we passed by whizzed by at such a speed it had disappeared from sight in a split second. . When will Canada have anything like this? It was already dark when the train arrived at the Gare de Lyon in Paris. The train which would take me to the Netherlands would leave from the Gare du Nord. I lined up in a long queue of people waiting their turn for a taxi. It was Near Year's Eve and very busy. A couple asked me where I was going. When they learned it was the Gare du Nord, which was in the direction they were going, they very kindly offered me a ride in their taxi. They would not hear of my paying my share of the cost, and after a fifteen minutes drive through a beautifully lit up central Paris, I was deposited at the Gare du Nord.

I had planned to take the late evening train to Amsterdam, but it was booked full, so I stayed overnight in a hotel near the station. The streets and boulevards were crowded with people celebrating the coming of a new year. I seated myself on a bar stool in a cafe to have a beer after I had enjoyed a tasty pizza in a nearby restaurant; I had been told by the bartender that being served at a table away from the bar would make my drink more expensive. I soon learned from the overhead television that in mid-afternoon a bomb had blown up in the waiting room of the Marseilles railway station and that two persons had been killed and several wounded and that a bit later a bomb had also exploded in the Marseilles-Paris train but that no one had been killed or seriously injured. I had been in that waiting room less than two hours before the bomb went off and the train in question was the next scheduled after the one I boarded in Marseilles.

Early the next day I boarded the train to Amsterdam and arrived there in mid-afternoon; this was certainly not a high-speed train. From there it was a twenty minutes

train ride to Haarlem, where I stayed with uncle Henk and aunt Nel for a night. The next morning uncle Henk kindly drove to Schiphol Airport for my flight back to Halifax.

For the first time over the past three years, Scott and I have had family visitors. Baldwin and Gerrit flew in from Toronto in September 1981. They stayed only for an hour, declining the offer of overnight accommodation. Scott commented later they did not want to sleep beneath the same roof as their gay brother and his partner. He could very well be right. Gerrit and Baldwin invited me to go with them in their rental car to visit iconic Peggy's Cove and then go out with them for the evening in Halifax and stay overnight with them in a hotel; next morning they would fly back to Toronto and I could then take the bus back to Wolfville. Pointedly (?), the invitation was not extended to Scott. I accepted their invitation, but in retrospect I know I should have declined unless Scott was invited as well.

The visit by Annelies, Sylvia, and Ingrid in August of last year was, by contrast, a great success on everyone's terms. They flew in to be picked up at the Halifax Airport by me in a rental car. They stayed for several days. Sleeping accommodation for my sisters was a bit crowded even in the largest bedroom in our bungalow, but we managed nicely. Excursions in the Annapolis Valley as well as to Peggy's Cove filled our days, and numerous photos were taken. I love the one — enlarged and framed as a present from them and hanging now in my bedroom — of the three at Peggy's Cove. For the final evening, they treated us to a delicious lobster dinner at a restaurant in Canning, where there was also music and dancing. The next morning I drove them back to the Airport. I was certain that when goodbyes were exchanged between Scott and my sisters they were indeed fond goodbyes.

I.14 New Minas, NS, Early September, 1988.

For years now the opening words from *A Tale of Two Cities* have been playing through my mind; they certainly apply once more to the years since I returned from my trip to Europe in January 1984. "The best times," certainly began to ring in after Scott and I moved to a newer and much larger house in New Minas in May of last year and even more after we finally bought a car last January — something I realize now we should have done much, much earlier. The trip we made together to Mexico in December 1985 also, I think, also comes under the rubric of "the best of times," although it was not without its upsets; the same applies to the trip to Québec City that Scott and I made in October 1984, the first big out-of-province trip the two of us made

since our settling down in Wolfville more than six years earlier. But we also had plenty of “the worst of times,” especially in 1984 and 1985.

The years I am looking back to were good times for me professionally. My teaching has been going well. I am still somewhat chagrined by the fact that my classical literature in translation courses, whose subject matter fires me with such enthusiasm, still have very modest enrollments, while, ironically enough, my scientific terminology course, the subject matter of which is so dry and where I have to rack my brains to inject some wit and humour into each class session, is bursting at the seams with students—a fact for which I owe many thanks to the profs of the Faculty of Pure and Applied Science who recommend my course unfailingly to their students. The new honours program in Classics is doing well, although the number of people who graduate from it will always be very small in number: one or two is the most we can expect every year. The student whose honours thesis I supervised during the previous academic year, Margaret Anne Ellison, was actually a happy anomaly in that she had chosen to do an honours in Latin, a program for which the requirements of Greek and Latin are very stiff; the fact that she was able to take several years in Latin in high school—so unusual these days—gave her a big head start. Her younger sister, Elizabeth (Beth) is enrolled in honours Classics and I am pretty sure I'll be her thesis supervisor two years from now.

My research and publication are coming along well. My translation of Erasmus' treatise on the education of children was published three years ago and my record in presenting papers at conferences is also excellent, with a good proportion of them ending up as published articles in what are called “refereed” journals. Getting my promotion to the rank of associate professor in 1984 was a cinch, therefore. I am glad that Peter and I, together with Ivan Cohen and Hans VanderLeest of Mount Allison University, have been instrumental in reviving the long inactive Atlantic Classical Association, whose annual meetings have an on-and-off record since the interwar years. All four will do our utmost to make the Association a going concern for many years to come. Our Classics Department will be hosting its second annual meeting later this month. It has also been a good experience to be closely involved in the work of the Classical Association of Canada, first as a regional representative on the Association's Council for two years and then as secretary for the term 1983-85, and I am committed serve the Association in other capacities as well.

The situation between Scott and myself, though, has at times been very different, and much for the worse, although the past year has seen, thanks be to God, much improvement. At one point, my general mental state got so bad that I had to seek help from a counselor who put me in touch with a psychiatrist in Halifax. One troublesome

issue that raised itself—and it had already come up in earlier years but not with such bitter conflict—was my going away to attend conferences, to do research at the U. of Toronto John Robarts Library, and to look up family and friends in Toronto and Sarnia. I guess I probably would have helped matters a good deal if I had encouraged Scott to go with me, but, to be quite honest, I felt very strongly I needed to be away from him periodically. Also, I foresaw, rightly or wrongly, that with his often confrontational manner Scott might not have gone over too well with friends and family. And finally, there was—and still is—the fact that Scott is not gainfully employed and therefore is completely supported financially by me; I might conceal or fudge this fact, but it was bound to come out and was probably suspected already. Mom and dad in particular, who are pretty conservative in this regard, would have looked askance at this sort of arrangement.

A big confrontation came in May 1984. Even though I was not giving a paper, I had to be at the annual meeting of the CAC at the University of Guelph since I was secretary and therefore had to take the minutes at the annual membership meeting as well as the two meetings of the CAC Council. Scott vehemently objected to my going and became so aggressive in his outbursts that I gave in, tearfully. Scott then relented, and when I said he should go with me and we would stay then simply in hotels in Toronto and Sarnia, he said that wouldn't be necessary; he would simply stay home.

A golden moment—a rather a golden several days—came in October of that year when I had to be at the fall meeting of the CAC Council at the Université du Québec à Trois Rivières. We both made a wonderful holiday out of it. I booked a bedroom for two on the Halifax-Montreal train and so as first-class passengers enjoyed all of Via Rail's comforts and luxuries, spending much of our time in the glass-domed car order to admire the beautiful fall foliage passing by. From Montreal the next morning we took the bus to Trois Rivières, where we overnighted in a hotel. The next morning I took the bus to the university to attend the meeting there and Scott another bus to Québec City to check into the hotel I had booked. After the Council meeting was over, I took the same bus to meet Scott at the hotel. Scott grumbled a bit about the hotel, which was too old-fashioned for his taste, but we had two glorious days and nights in the historic city. We did the usual sightseeing, including a bus trip to the shrine of Ste Anne de Beaupré, where Scott commented caustically but, fortunately, not too loudly on its fame as place for miraculous healing; we saw the piles of discarded crutches as evidence and took note of a few pious worshippers who were ascending on their bare knees the high stone stairway leading to the admittedly majestic church. Scott could not help mimicking, very softly, our bus driver and guide's pronounced accent which, like a Cockney's, really mangled the h's, as when we stopped at a country bakery for "ot buns from the hoven."

This wonderful outing may have lulled me into a false sense of complacency; the unpleasant confrontations--"unpleasant" is really too mild a word--between Scott and myself, always initiated by him, did not end. In 1984, Scott had decided to get a university degree at another university through a correspondence program, for he had been thoroughly turned off by his trials and tribulations at Acadia. He opted for the University of Waterloo; it had an extensive continuing education program which allowed a student to do by correspondence all the academic work required to obtain a degree from the University. Scott chose to do a major in philosophy and a minor consisting of courses in the natural sciences. It was an excellent choice fully in keeping with his interests and abilities. All the courses were one-term courses with set dates for the start and the final exams. Already before the end of the year Scott was faced with writing a couple of final exams. He was spooked by the prospect and was talking endlessly about his nervousness. At one point, annoyed, I guess, by his continuing jitteriness, I said, "You shouldn't take yourself so seriously." This was, of course, stupid insensitivity on my part. Scott's response was to fly into a rage, and without saying a word he grabbed a heavy crystal tumbler and hurled it at me. It hit me on the forehead just above the eyebrow and created a gash which began to bleed copiously. I went for a towel to staunch the bleeding and called a taxi to take me to the Wolfville hospital. There the wound was stitched, as I mumbled something about an awkward fall against the edge of a door. When I came home, Scott was terribly remorseful, saying he could have blinded me and he would not have been able to live with that.

This was not the only incident but by far the worst. In one other incident, I was the physical aggressor: we were walking home late one evening after having had a few drinks at a local bar; after being subjected again to the familiar litany of being a totally inadequate partner, I punched Scott so hard that he did not dare to come home until early the next morning, fearing that I might lie in wait and kill him—that's what he told me afterwards. As the incidents accumulated into the spring and summer of 1985, the stress caused me to develop problems of anxiety and depression which would sometimes leave me weeping uncontrollably. I recognized then I needed help and went to the Mental Health Centre, where I had a few counseling sessions with Jeff, who was very sympathetic and helpful but judged I needed the professional help of a psychiatrist. He therefore arranged for me to see a psychiatrist in Halifax, a Dr Grey, whom I started to see in September 1985, and continued to do on a monthly basis through the fall and winter. Like myself, Dr Grey saw that my problem ultimately lay with my relationship with Scott and explored with me ways and means of handling it from a position of both from empathy with Scott and from strength and confidence in myself. He provided me with immediate relief from the distressful symptoms of anxiety and depression by prescribing an antidepressant, anafranil, which he said had an excellent track record. I must say that the minimal dosage of 25 milligrams started to

do wonders for me within a couple of weeks, and it has not let up over the past three years; I am therefore sticking to it—if need be, forever. The best effect of the medication is that it gives me a sense of both calm and self-confidence, so that I am able to head off a confrontation and, if there is one, at least to deal with it in a way that prevents it from spiraling out of control.

I had really been impressed with Scott's glowing report on his trip to Mexico, so in the fall of 1985 we decided we'd travel to Mexico together during the Christmas break. We took advantage of a terrific seat-sale and bought tickets for return flights of Halifax-Toronto-Dallas. From Dallas we would make our way to Mexico City by bus and train. We left on December 15. The flight Toronto-Halifax would have been very enjoyable because we were put in first class, but Scott was complaining of claustrophobia; this had started to bother him some time ago already whenever he was travelling by bus or airplane, but not by train. We were relieved, therefore, when we arrived in Dallas. We had some time to kill in downtown Dallas before we would be boarding a bus that would take us to the Texan-Mexican border, so we did some walking in and around Daly Plaza where the tragedy of President Kennedy's assassination had taken place. After the cold and snow of Nova Scotia we were now immersed in spring-like temperatures and the twittering of what must have been hundreds of birds. It was a long overnight trip by bus to Laredo interrupted by only a few stop-overs, and Scott was again saying he was feeling very uncomfortable. Both of us were happy, therefore, to arrive in Laredo. We would be boarding the train to Mexico City in Nuevo Laredo on the other side of the border. We crossed the border on foot. There was nothing particularly "nuevo" about Nuevo Laredo; much of downtown appeared ramshackle to us although the residential neighbourhood we would have to walk through to get to the train station was pleasant enough. Our train would not be leaving until the next day, so we over-nighted in a decent hotel. Scott gave me something a scare that evening when he went out by himself; he said he would be back shortly but was gone for almost two hours, during which I gradually began to fear the worst, about Scott being waylaid by *banditos* and lying bleeding to death in some filthy alley. I felt like chiding him when he turned up but my relief won over my anger.

The next morning we headed for the train station, arriving well before the train was due to depart. I had booked and paid for our reservations by mail many weeks earlier, sending them to the person—a woman—who was specifically in charge of reservations. However, initially they could not be found. The Mexican train reservation system still worked entirely with mountains of paper records and files. Finally, to our great relief they were located and we could board the train.

The train, at least the passenger cars, struck us as probably being cast-offs from Via Rail. However, everything was clean and we had a cabin all to ourselves. It would be a long overnight journey to Mexico City, but both of us enjoyed it immensely—travel by train, where you are free to move around more or less as you please, did not at all bother Scott. There was no dining car, but at the train's many stops vendors came on board to sell snacks and drinks, and at a few stops where there was enough time to get off the train so that you could purchase a full meal at the food stalls in the railway station. Many hours passed with nothing to look at but semi-desert scenery, but as evening fell, the green of trees and fields started to appear, and when we woke up early the next morning, we were well into the Central Valley, where Mexico City was located.

There was plenty of farmland and rustic villages to be seen now and high mountains far in the distance. We reached our destination by mid-afternoon of December 18, and rather than take a taxi we decided to take our chance with one of the buses that seemed to be going into the downtown area; the fare was ridiculously low—the equivalent of only a few dollar cents. We got out in an area that was obviously downtown, close to the impressive Avenida Insurgentes, and sported numerous hotels. The hotel we picked can be best described as middle-class Mexican; it was impeccably clean and commodious, with all the modern conveniences, including a good-sized television, the typical Canadian traveler would expect, and all this for the equivalent of ten Canadian dollars per night. Hyperinflation was at its worst now in Mexico and every day the Mexican peso sank more and more against the dollar. Meals, too, everywhere were ridiculously cheap: a good Mexican breakfast with eggs and beans for little more than a dollar; a steak dinner for two plus a bottle of wine for twelve.

Mexico City was for sightseeing. It was entirely new for me but not for Scott, so some of our sightseeing we did together, the rest I did on my own, while Scott, who said he feeling under the weather, relaxed at the hotel. The city still bore the marks of the terrible earthquake which had struck it the previous September, and in some of the parks residents were still living in tents. The highlights for me were the ruins of the mysterious prehistoric city of Teotihuacan just outside Mexico City with its Pyramid of the Sun and the Pyramid of the Moon. Scott had been there before, so I made a day-trip out of it for myself, navigating Mexico City's bus routes with surprising ease. With my touch of acrophobia, I resisted the temptation to climbing the steps of the smaller of the two pyramids, that of the Moon, but traversed the site in all its length and breadth of bare stone. The almost unearthly aspect of the ruins of this long past civilization which felt so alien to me was enhanced by the almost complete absence of visitors. On my way back to the City, I stopped at an open-air restaurant in a park-like setting for a hearty meal washed down with ice-cold beer, feeling sorry that Scott was not with me; this, for me, was Mexico at its best. When I arrived at the bus station from where I

would have to get on another bus to take me to the hotel, I opted for a taxi instead. The taxi driver took a short cut through the worst slums I have ever seen and, I am sure, remain completely out of sight for the typical visitor. Once more, the sprawling hugeness of the City was impressed on me.

On December 22 we set out for Acapulco, where we also planned to stay for four days. Unwisely, perhaps, we chose to cover the nearly 400 kilometres by bus rather than by air—which would have taken us to our destination in less than an hour. As it was, the “deluxe” bus we travelled in was a grave disappointment. The air conditioning was not working very well and soon Scott was feeling terribly claustrophobic and could no longer stay in the bus. We got off the bus, therefore, in beautiful Cuernavaca, spring-like with its green and flowers, and got our luggage out the bus's hold, optimistically hoping to cover the remaining 300 kilometres by hitchhiking. Almost right away, we got a ride from someone with a pick-up truck, where we seated ourselves on the open back. This, however, got us only twenty kilometres or so closer to our destination, and then we were standing again on the side of the highway. We had to wait for a long time, but then a guy driving a large American car—I think it was a Chevrolet—stopped for us and told us that he, too, was going to Acapulco. What a god-send! The remaining drive took little more than three hours. The man—middle-aged and obviously well to do—spoke excellent English, and so we did not try our rudimentary Spanish. Our conversation was centered largely on our very favourable impressions thus far of Mexico. We were stopped twice by soldiers, but after a few words from our driver were waved through. As we descended towards the coast, the scenery and the temperature became tropical—the first encounter with the tropics for both of us. Scott told me later that he done a bit of casual groping underneath his seat—he was sitting in the front—and had come across an open box filled with bullets. Was the guy, perhaps, a big-time drug runner and dealer? God knows what might have been in the car's trunk and in the glove compartment. This may have been our only encounter with a much darker aspect of Mexico—although, of course, the ride was splendid good luck to us.

As evening was about to fall, with the sun on the point of dipping into the far-off Pacific Ocean, we were let off in a beautiful residential neighbourhood, profuse with almost park-like gardens, on the outskirts of Acapulco. Scott ran ahead of me to hail a taxi and yelled at me that my Spanish was needed to give instructions to the driver. I simply told the driver to drop us off at a hotel in the downtown area. As it turned out, he dropped us off at the hotel El Faro in the Quérido, the old historic downtown. We couldn't have done better. The hotel was old-fashioned, built probably in the twenties for middle-class Mexicans vacationing in Acapulco, but it was perfectly clean and comfortable, and I loved its vaguely Art Deco architecture and décor. Our exceptionally

large room had a high ceiling and the floor was covered with gleaming stone tiles; the bathroom, too, was spaciouly inviting with lots of white and coloured marble cool and sumptuous to the touch. There was no air conditioning, but there was a large ceiling fan, and even better, towards the end of the afternoon and into the evening, we could count on a fresh breeze coming in through the windows from the nearby Pacific.

The Quérido had many charms. It was busy with a large Christmas fair with a multitude of stalls selling everything conceivable under the sun, from full meals to Christmas decorations and religious ornaments featuring nativity scenes and figurines of Mary and Christ. Nearby were the famous high cliffs where one of Acapulco's biggest tourist attractions of skilled divers diving tens of metres into the ocean below took place every late afternoon and early evening. The grand boulevard with its rows of high-rise hotels along the bay on the other side of the Acapulco peninsula was within easy walking distance. It was great to walk there in the evening as the tropical heat of the day began to wane.

Unfortunately, it was my comment at one point on the heat and humidity which prevailed during the day which led an upset with Scott. My comment sounded like a complaint to Scott's ears because he blew up at me saying that I always found something to bitch about. I then returned the favour and said that I was going on by myself in my walk along the boulevard just to be rid of his griping, and walk on I did. It was early evening now, and busy with tourists on the sidewalks. A youngish man—probably in his late twenties or early thirties—accosted me, saying he had a younger sister in whom I might be interested. When I declined with a shake of my head, he said he also had a younger brother. I then conceived a bold plan. I went up to the guy, saying I was not interested in sex but would love to explore Acapulco's gay bars and clubs—but not touristy places frequently by foreigners. I offered to pay him fifty dollars plus all expenses for taxis and drinks for a guided tour. He snapped up my offer immediately, and so we set out on our odyssey of gay Acapulco—the one for Mexican men only. We ended up taking taxis to several places, bars but also clubs where there was dancing, which served perfectly respectable middle-class looking Mexican gay men of all ages. It was quite an experience. I played it safe, though, by going very easy on the alcoholic beverages. The tour came to an end well past midnight. I paid my companion his fifty dollars, thanking him for his expert guidance, and returned by taxi to the hotel. Scott was waiting for me, very upset and angry—most understandably, I must admit—and said he was going to cut his Mexican trip short by flying to Houston, where we both had planned to stay towards the end of our trip with his friend Michael, whose hospitality we had already enjoyed years earlier during our transcontinental travels by Amtrak. We had planned to arrive there three or four days after Christmas

Day. He would get there now even earlier, and I could later join him there if I wanted. He left early the next morning for the airport.

I figured I had a few more days to kill in Acapulco by myself and to amuse myself as well as possible. However, I made the bad mistake later in the day by buying a Mexican-style hot dog from a street vendor, and within a hour was sick with diarrhea. I spent the night quite ill, vomiting and also with a bit of a fever. Fortunately, the next morning I was able to buy from a fortunately open drugstore—it was Christmas day now—an effective anti-diarrhea medication for which in Canada you need a doctor's prescription. My fever had not disappeared, but I decided to return to Mexico City immediately and there to nurse myself to full health in the same hotel Scott and I stayed in earlier. Mexico City's spring-like temperatures would do me a lot better than Acapulco's tropical heat. I was no longer suffering from vomiting and nausea, so the bus would be OK. A seven-hour bus ride took me back to Mexico City. I still felt rather weak my when I arrived at my old hotel and so took it very easy on myself for the next three days, eating very lightly, mainly crackers, and drinking only weak tea—certainly no greasy stuff. Fortunately, I did feel well enough to do a bit more seeing, even getting to know the city's impressive metro.

On December 28, I took the train back to Nuevo Laredo, arriving there the next day. I stayed overnight in Laredo, and on the day following a bus ride of several hours took me to Houston, and from the bus station there a taxi to Michael's apartment. It was December 30 now. I was welcomed by Michael—and very agreeably—also by Scott. I spent three very relaxing days in Houston. Celebrating New Year's Eve in spring-like Houston was a pleasure. Then on January the second, I flew from Houston to Dallas—I had had enough of buses now—where I used the return portions of my tickets for Dallas-Toronto-Halifax, and arrived back home late in the evening of the same day. Scott had decided to stay for a couple of more weeks with Michael—something I wholeheartedly agreed he should do. I like to think that despite the upset in Acapulco this trip was good for both of us; for myself, it was the trip of a lifetime—if I ever travel to Mexico again, with or without Scott, this adventure will be the standard by which I'll measure that trip.

1986 was a quiet year. What stands out most in my mind is my get-together with George over dinner in Winnipeg where I was in May attending the annual meeting of the CAC at the University of Manitoba. George had been a pen pal of Scott and me since our Toronto days. He was from Malta; I still have a photo he sent us showing him in his university graduation robes. He had immigrated to Canada some years ago and obtained a law degree from the University of Toronto and had now a good position with the government of Manitoba. George was gay—we had responded to an ad he had

placed in a Toronto gay magazine. By the time he settled in Toronto we had already moved to Nova Scotia and despite our repeated invitations, he had never come to visit us. Scott had commented now that we were no longer living in Toronto but in some rural backwater on the East Coast, we could be no longer of any use to him. I had thought Scott was being overly cynical, but during dinner I began to realize he was almost certainly right. George was perfectly charming but dropped no hint whatsoever that he would like to continue to stay in touch with me and /or Scott. It was a pity because, quite aside from his good looks, he was a most cultured man and a great conversationalist; I had always admired the well-spoken flawlessness of his English in his letters. But now it was a goodbye for ever.

1987 brought both family tragedy and what has turned out to be a change for the better for Scott and myself. After her mastectomy and radiation therapy in 1982, mom's cancer went into a remission. We hoped that it would remain this way for many years. She did indeed enjoy a few good years, but three years later she was hospitalized with fluid in her lungs—a bad sign. When I stayed with mom and dad in the summer of the following year for a family get-together, where my dad's youngest brother, uncle Herman and his wife, aunt Truus, were also present—he had been in the Dutch diplomatic service for many years and was now serving as the chancellor at the Netherlands embassy in Budapest—I could see that mom's health was declining; she had lost weight and was suffering from continual fatigue.



Mom and dad at their silver wedding anniversary in 1968

When I saw her again next February, she was bed-ridden much of the time and had lost even more weight. I hoped, though, I could see her once more in the spring. However, in the afternoon of April 7, I received the still unexpected call from Point Edward that mom had peacefully died in her sleep at home only a few minutes earlier. I burst out in tears filled with grief that mom had died at the still youngish age of 69. I made my way immediately to the funeral, which took place two days later—dad wanted an early funeral on Saturday the ninth because otherwise it would have to be held on the following Monday. The funeral service took place at the funeral home, with only family present, dad, sons and daughters, and grandchildren; visitation by friends had taken place the previous evening. The religious service was performed by a minister of the United Church of Point Edward—which mom and dad had joined after their move to the village in 1973—but I gave a short eulogy in which I spoke of our togetherness as a family, a togetherness in we could sense the presence of God; and this, in addition to our Christian faith that mom had gone to a better place, was a great blessing which would bring us a measure of quiet joy even at this time of grief.

Back home, Scott and I started to look into the possibility of buying another home, not in Wolfville but still close to the town. We enjoyed our bungalow, especially the gorgeous view it commanded of Cape Blomidon and the Minas Basin, but it was smallish; nothing had come of our attempt a few years earlier to finish the basement. Scott also felt that living in a small university town was, for him, like living in a glass bowl. He thought that the new relatively new Village of New Minas seven kilometres west of Wolfville would be ideal for us; real estate there was much cheaper there and the Village proclaimed itself as the shopping centre of the Valley, thanks mainly to its two big malls; moreover, the local bus provided fast, convenient transportation to the campus. Initially, I did not relish the disruption of a move, but as we started our search I, too, became enthusiastic. We finally settled on a large raised-ranch type house in the Minas Heights subdivision of New Minas. It was standing on a huge lot with a spectacular outcropping of rock at the back of the house. The house itself, too, with its completely finished basement, was huge in comparison with our Wolfville bungalow, having a total of five bedrooms—one of which would become a study—two bathrooms, a very large kitchen with a good-sized dining corner, and a spacious living room. We got the house for a steal, only 75,000 dollars—in Wolfville, it would have probably cost 120,000. There had been a flooding problem with the house, which had been owned by bank manager and his family; they had failed to deal with the problem adequately, and the basement had been flooded twice; and so the house had been left unsold for almost a year, with the bank finally buying it from the manager and being very eager, of course, to sell. The problem was that during the spring melt water would accumulate at the back of the lot to form a pool, which, in the event of an unusually rapid snow melt as well as heavy rains, would overflow, with the excess water running towards the back

of the basement. We saw immediately that it could be solved by installing a large drainage pipe stretching underground all the way from the back of the lot, where the pool's waters would rise, to the front, where it would come to an end in a ditch.

We bought lots of new furniture and moved into our new home on 1180 Milne Avenue in late May of last year, right away taking great pleasure in all the space which was from now on at our disposal. Scott was ambitious to turn our lot, both at the front and the back, into a huge park-like garden. Much of the back was low-lying and marshy, so he ordered truck-full's of soil to raise the ground and make it suitable for the laying out of flowerbeds. We planted evergreen bushes around the perimeter of the front part of the lot, and had the driveway paved. Scott had taken pride in our property back on Sherwood Drive; now it rose even higher.

Our only unfortunate experience was the sale of our bungalow, or rather the long wait for it, with the extra financial cost, we had to endure before it was sold. Scott insisted on an asking price of 85,000 dollars, negotiable downwards by two or three thousand, but not more. This was unrealistic; we had bought the place for \$42,500 and even allowing for the heavy inflation of the past decade, we were simply asking too much. The real agent we engaged was desultory in her work. Over a period of six months she showed the property only once. Finally, in early December we found a seller ourselves. A colleague in the Department of Philosophy on sabbatical leave heard we had put 79 Sherwood Drive up for sale and contacted us. More realistic now, we agreed on a sale-price of 74,000 dollars. Because of our contract with the real estate firm, we could not make this a private sale even though we, not they, had provided the buyer. They started the necessary paper work but were quite lackadaisical about it, sending all the necessary documentation by ordinary rather than expedited mail or by courier. The deal, therefore, was not closed until mid-January, not by the end of December, as we had expected. We thus ended up making two monthly mortgage payments for seven months: a monthly payment on the old mortgage we had with Atlantic Trust for our bungalow in Wolfville and one with the Bank of Montreal for our new home. Atlantic Trust also charged us an extra three months of interest payments because we had sold the house before the current term of our mortgage had expired. Because of the bad service we had received from the real estate firm we tried to get out of paying their hefty 6% commission, but a lien the firm had placed on our bungalow stopped us from going ahead and closing the deal. We complained with the Better Business Bureau of Nova Scotia; they referred us to the president of their local branch; he turned out to be the owner of the real estate firm which had served us so badly. In doing business in Nova Scotia and, I am sure, elsewhere in Canada, too, the private client usually gets the wrong end of the stick.

In August of last year, I received a phone call from dad that he and Sylvia would be over for a visit the next month. This, of course, was welcome news to me, but I agreed with Scott's insistence that I should level with dad about the nature of our relationship. This was only right and fair: from the beginning, Scott had been completely open with his parents, and they had treated me like their own son. I think mom had always surmised the exact nature of my relationships, first with Brian Rees, and now with Scott, and was comfortable with it; even dad, I suspect, had had some inkling, but had preferred not to dwell on it in his mind. So I wrote dad a frank letter and within two weeks had his reply: yes, he had been taken aback by what I wrote him and had even talked it over with his pastor, who was understanding and sympathetic, but he could now accept my relationship with Scott as it was and not as a pretended one of just two friends and roommates; it was my happiness and my acceptance of myself that was of supreme importance in his eyes.

So, the two of us were able to give a warm welcome to dad and Sylvia. The classes of the fall term were well underway by the time they arrived, so they did a lot of sightseeing on their own in their rental car; I did accompany them on their drive to Peggy's Cove and other scenic spots on the South Shore and invited our closest friends to meet them at our new home at 1180 Milne Avenue. One glitch threatened at one point to disturb the happy equanimity. Dad can be a bit of a know-it-all and be vocal about it: as he watched the trucks dump their loads of soil in the back yard, he kept on saying to Scott, "This won't work." Scott grit his teeth and later said to me in private that he couldn't stand my dad talking like that and would have to tell him off. Fortunately, I kept my cool and advised him to talk it over with Sheila Ellison. Sheila and Bill Ellison were the parents of my honours students Beth and Margaret-Anne; they had moved into our neighbourhood a year ago and had become very good friends of ours. Scott had become especially fond of Sheila with her good humour and common-sense, so he followed my advice and went to see her. Her wise counsel calmed him down and he learned to ignore dad's more intrusive ramblings.

Dad told me during the visit that he was seeing a lovely Dutch-Canadian lady, Metje, and that it was virtually certain now they would marry before the end of the year. The wedding indeed took place at the First Christian Reformed Church in Sarnia on Boxing Day; I attended in order to celebrate with the happy couple. A few of my siblings thought the wedding was overly hasty, given the fact that mom had died less than nine months earlier, but I was happy for dad: at his age—a still vigorous 67—dad just wasn't the type to be alone and in every respect he and Metje were a perfect match for each other. Because of her, he went back to the Christian Reformed Church.

I went to the Netherlands in mid-December to attend and give a paper on Roman homosexuality at an international gay and lesbian studies conference at the Free University of Amsterdam. The title of the conference, "Homosexuality: Which Homosexuality?", made it clear that homosexuality—like sexuality in general—was not to be thought of as a monolithic transhistorical and transcultural phenomenon but always had to be viewed and understood in its historical and cultural context. This was also the point of departure for my paper. I had presented a paper on the same subject at a similar, although much smaller international conference in Toronto in 1982; the Amsterdam conference gave me the opportunity to refine my earlier analyses and conclusions considerably. I presented my paper in a seminar devoted solely to Greco-Roman antiquity. Copies of each paper to be presented were circulated ahead of time to those who had signed up to participate in this particular seminar. I have never presented a paper in a more apposite and agreeable setting. It was a great opportunity to become personally acquainted with other scholars sharing the same intellectual interests.

The month following, in January of this year, the two of us agreed it was high time we got a car. We had done without it during our almost ten years in Nova Scotia, and we saw this had really cut into our enjoyment of living in this beautiful province. Scott did not have his license but he would get it as soon as possible; I was confident he'd be an excellent driver and would probably do most of the driving. We responded to an ad in the *Halifax Chronicle-Herald* for a used Toyota Corolla that, so the ad said, was in excellent condition. The deal was clinched over the telephone, and on a snowy day I took the bus to pay for and pick up the car and the necessary documentation that went with it. It started to snow harder as I drove back, slowly and carefully, to New Minas, and it was already dark—Scott was getting worried—when I arrived home, but I had made it.

Scott was in such high spirits by our new acquisition that he encouraged me to fly to San Francisco for a few days during Acadia's study break in February—Air Canada was offering a terrific seat sale. It was a pleasure to be back in this beautiful city where springtime temperatures, in contrast to the winter cold of Nova Scotia, were prevailing at this time. I treated myself to an excursion I had not tried before—a trip to the vineyards and wineries of the Somona Valley highlighted by the sampling of various superb wines at several establishments. I was put in first class on the first flight returning home and thus imbibed royally. By the time I arrived at the Halifax Airport I was quite sober but even so very tired. I had driven to the Airport and parked my car there. Driving home, I felt the fatigue creeping up on me and so near Windsor turned off the highway 101 leading into the Valley in order to grab a coffee somewhere. I must have been driving erratically because I was stopped by a policeman who, very

understandably, thought I was under the influence. It became clear to him that I was simply very tired, so he told me to park the car along the road exactly where he had stopped me and to overnight at a nearby hotel. Sound advice! I checked into my motel and phoned Scott that I would not be coming home until the next morning, slept well, and picked up my car to finish the drive home. I am determined, of course, not to run a similar risk ever again.

A great tragedy struck Peter and his family last April. Peter and I were in a classroom proctoring two classes who were writing their final exams. A police officer from the RCMP appeared at the door and asked if he could speak with Peter. The two went to Peter's office, a few seconds later I could hear Peter's cry of anguish. His daughter Anthia had been killed instantly in a car accident early that morning. Anthia was the youngest of Peter's daughters and had been living with him for some time since Peter and Moira had been divorced three years ago. She was the apple of his eye, you might say. Peter went home immediately. He told me later that Acadia's president Dr Jim Perkin was the first to come to him in person to offer his condolences. Scott, Gary, and I myself spent a good deal of time with him over the next few days for support. I'll never forget Peter's two older daughters Amy and Claire weeping at the visitation which took place at the funeral home. The funeral service took place at the United Church in Kentville. Moira was sitting beside Peter, his arms around her. The church was full and there were open displays of grief everywhere; a widespread community was united in sorrow.

After Scott obtained his driver's license early in May, months of travel started for both of us, including two trips to Ontario, the first in the second half of May and the other in August. In May we drove to Toronto, taking the scenic route through Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Upper State New York. This was a beautiful America I had never seen before. Scott so loved the driving that we did not overnight anywhere, stopping only for coffees and meals. We were in Toronto for three days, staying in a hotel in North York. We looked up Brian Rees and Robert Millette. Baldwin was eager to see me but insisted on having lunch with me alone in order to discuss family matters, as he said. Understandably, this did not go over well with Scott and I could not but agree with him, so I called Baldwin, saying that since Scott was excluded I felt I should not keep my lunch date with him. We then drove to see my family in the Sarnia area; here we stayed with dad and Metje in Point Edward and with Annelies and her husband Jack in their beautiful country home. We spent a whole day touring the countryside south of Sarnia, driving along the ever-blue St Clair River towards Wallaceburg and then heading via Chatham towards the shores of Lake Erie, where we spent an hour or so canoeing in Point Pelee National Park.

The quiet of the waters and of the waving reeds of the marshes, broken only but ever so gently by the splashing of our oars, with the blue of the skies mirrored in the grey-blue of the lake, was an exalted experience for me—I can think of no better word for it. We stayed in Windsor for three days so that I could attend the annual meetings, which overlapped this year, of the CAC and the Canadian Association for the Advancement of Netherlandic Studies. Because of my strong Dutch linguistic and cultural heritage, I had become interested in the CAANS's activities. At the CAANS meeting I presented a paper on the exceptional literary artistry of the translation of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's well-known narrative poem *Hiawatha* by the 19th century Flemish poet Guido Gezelle. I have submitted the paper for publication in the Association's journal and I am looking forward to making similar contributions in the future. I like to think that with my background as a classicist I am well placed to do so.

After our return to Nova Scotia, we toured the iconic Cabot's Trail, with its mountains, forests, and magnificent sea-scapes, and this was the beginning of an endless summer of exploring a Nova Scotia we had never seen before. Happily, Scott broke through his alienation from his family, and Amherst and his parents' home became a stop-over to be looked forward to in our travels. In August we headed once more to Ontario, this time with Scott's mother coming along. Our ultimate destination was Sarnia and the celebration of the golden wedding of Amelia's sister Gladys and her husband George. Amelia had always dreamed of visiting President Kennedy's grave with its eternal flame in Arlington National Cemetery, so we took the U.S. Interstate highways southwards to Washington. Already as we neared New York the heat and humidity became oppressive, and our car had no air conditioning. We could see that Amelia was becoming very uncomfortable, even looking ill, so our top priority as we approached Washington was to find a hotel or motel which would surely provide the absolute necessity of air conditioning. Fortunately, we found a reasonably priced motel in Alexandria, just across from the Potomac River, and everything was fine again and the next day, when it had cooled off considerably, we were able to do our sightseeing in good comfort, and then the day following drove to Sarnia. The past eight months have been the best time by far for me, and, I know, also for Scott, since our settling down in Nova Scotia, and I am starting the new academic year at Acadia with a zest and enthusiasm I have never quite as much experienced before.

I.15 New Minas, Early September, 1992.

While I can look back on the whole to four good years, nevertheless troubling signs have been coming up especially over the past year in my relationship with Scott, and so I am facing the future with some disquiet.

Professionally certainly, these have been good years. Most welcome has been the fact that my courses on Greek and Roman literature in translation have finally gained recognition outside the Department of Classics. David Bevan, the new and congenial head of the Department of, who is strongly committed to interdisciplinary teaching and scholarship, has started a new option for study towards the Bachelor of Arts, namely World Literature. He himself is teaching a course within the option and has invited me more than once to contribute lectures on Homer and Greek tragedy. For this reason, I have redesigned my course on Greek literature in translation by placing before the *Iliad* a few sessions on the *Epic of Gilgamesh* and by adding the *Book of Job* in the Old Testament to the section on Greek tragedy, where it fits very well, especially with Aeschylus and Sophocles. I have also developed and started to teach a new second-year course which draws very nicely on my research interests in gender and sexuality in the Greek and Roman world; enrollment has been in the mid-teens so far, and I think there is great potential for higher enrollments. Enrollment in the course on Roman law has always been modest—in the high single digits to the low teens—but I am confident that my adoption of a much better text, which is not dry as dust while at the same time citing profusely from primary sources and providing lots of the all-important cultural-historical context, will inject new life into it. Enrollment in the course on scientific terminology based on Latin and Greek continues to grow, and I wouldn't be surprised if it hits the one hundred mark within the next few years; however, quantity must not come at the expense of quality and the marking of tests and assignments should not start become overwhelming. It also has been a pleasure to supervise two more theses in the Honours program since 1988.

I became head of the Department two years ago and immediately was faced with the challenge that since the fall of 1988 Gary has been off work, in fact may be so disabled from a serious fall which has led to a brain injury that he may never be able to return to teaching. As a result of an ill-considered austerity program, we have not been provided with a full-time replacement, only a part-time appointment on a per-course basis. We have had Vernon Provencal in this capacity since 1989. He is a superb teacher and also now has his doctorate in Classics from Dalhousie. His appointment has been upped to half-time, and thanks to a similar appointment at King's College in Halifax, he is able to support his family, but both for him and the Department this arrangement is far from ideal and should not become permanent. We all hope that the internal and external review of the program of Classics this coming academic year will help to turn this situation around and that when it becomes absolutely clear that Gary won't be able to return to teaching, we'll get our third tenured (or tenure-track) position back.

Early in 1991, the Roger Forsman, the acting dean of Arts, told me that he been informed by three students of mine that they were nominating me for the University's annual award for outstanding teacher. I did not win the award but considered the nomination itself a great recognition and a high honour. Later that same year I was promoted to the rank of full professor.

I have continued with my involvement with CAANS, presenting conference papers and seeing three of them published in their journal. I was elected to the position of vice-president for the term 1991-93, with the added responsibility of being the program chairman for the annual meetings of 1992 and 1993. This year's meeting took place at the University of Prince Edward Island in Charlottetown. I also attended and presented a paper at the annual meeting of the CAC there. Both meetings took place, as usual, under the aegis of the annual meetings of the Learned Societies of Canada, but this year were almost a week apart, so I drove myself twice to Charlottetown and stayed in two different bed and breakfast places; with beautiful spring weather and the two ferry trips back and forth across the Strait of Northumberland, I actually made couple of nice mini-vacations out of attending these two meetings.

I was invited to give paper a paper on Roman homosexuality at the annual meeting, just after Christmas 1989, of the Gay and Lesbian Caucus of the American Historical Association. The location could not have been more appropriate, namely San Francisco, which, as in my previous visit in February 1988, was basking in beautiful spring-like weather. At the conference I met again Bill Percy, senior professor of History, at the University of Massachusetts, Boston Campus; I had met him first in the seminar at the 1987 conference at the Free University of Amsterdam, where he, too, presented a paper. I still remember it vividly: it was mainly a highly polemical if well deserved attack on the position of the Yale University historian John Boswell in his widely praised book, *Christianity, Social Tolerance, and Homosexuality*, that the extreme hostility of the Christian Church towards homosexuality did not start until the Catholicism of the late Middle Ages—I have also criticized the book for its serious factual inaccuracies. Bill is a medievalist but also has a keen interest in Greek and Roman history, a subject which he also teaches. In San Francisco I had a get-together over dinner, where he told me of his work on what is to be a two-volume study of homosexuality in ancient Greece and Rome; he had already made considerable progress on the first volume, devoted to the Greek world. I offered him any help which might benefit his work and encouraged him to put my name forward to a prospective publisher as a reviewer of his manuscript.

I spent New Year's Eve that year in a waiting room of Logan International Airport of Boston, waiting for an early morning connection to Halifax. I made myself

comfortable with a coffee, a sandwich, and later, more snacks, reading, among others, the *Time* magazine I had brought with me. It was the issue that proclaimed Mikhail Gorbachev not only as Man of the Year but of the entire past decade—this must have been a first for *Time*. We were indeed living in a period of momentous change: *glasnost* and *perestroika* in the Soviet Union, communist regimes imploding in eastern Europe, and the coming down of the Berlin Wall. There was good reason for exultant optimism—would it last?

My bulk of my scholarly work over the past four years has been as a translator of Latin texts from the 16th and 17th centuries. Many of these are emblematic poems, where the theme of the poem is illustrated or at least hinted at by an accompanying illustration, often a wood-cut print. This is a type of literature which became very popular during the Renaissance, first in the learned language of Latin—with sometimes a bit of classical Greek thrown in as well—and later in the various vernacular languages of Western Europe such as Italian, French, Spanish, Dutch, German, and English. The new *Index Emblematicus* series published by the University of Toronto Press is focused on Latin emblematic poetry, such as that of Henry Peacham at the beginning of the 17th century. I will be providing the translations as well as some of the annotation—mainly with regard to allusions to or quotations from classical Greek and Roman literature. The *Index* will also include shorter Latin texts, together with the translations; these are mostly heraldic or emblematic devices, especially ones which have a strong literary resonance. Each volume in the series is provided with extensive indices; this is the job of the editor and the assistants. The principal editor of the series is Peter Daly, professor of German at McGill University, with Alan Young of the English Department at Acadia also performing major editorial duties, and I work closely with both of them. With Alan, I have formed a very pleasant collegial relationship; it is wonderful to be able to establish such a rapport with an outstanding scholar, the most published, I am sure, in the Department of English.

The past four years have been years of exceptional travel for both of us, by car and by air. Scott has flown to Houston to look up Michael there; he even drove there once by himself. By allowing himself to be bumped from his flight by the airline twice in a row, in 1989 and 1991, he got himself two complementary tickets for return travel anywhere in the contiguous U.S. These tickets could also be passed on to a relative or friend. I used both tickets to travel to San Diego, a city about which I had heard many good things. My first trip in August 1989 started in Bar Harbor, Maine, from where I took a small commuter plane to Boston, where I would have my connection to San Diego. Scott drove me to this beautiful seaside resort town, taking his mother along; it was to be a mini-vacation for the two of them. They dropped me off at the minuscule airport well past midnight and then went looking for an inexpensive motel outside the

town—Bar Harbor had turned out to be very expensive. For me, it was several hours of waiting in a deserted waiting room, and then I boarded the smallest plane I ever travelled. It held only ten passengers, and the cabin's ceiling was so low that you had to stoop half-over in order to reach your seat. The low-flying flight along the coast was a thrill high-flying jets do not offer. I had lots of time in Boston to catch my flight to San Diego.

San Diego indeed met my expectations, and more. *Qua* city, I thought it was even more beautiful than San Francisco thanks to its magnificent beaches and parks, its elegant residential neighbourhoods profuse with green and flowers, and the grand harbour of the awe-inspiring Pacific fleet of the American Navy. In the second hotel where I stayed I had a room on the top which offered a panoramic view of all this splendour. I visited the impressive San Diego Aquarium and the city's famous Zoo, and on Coronado Island I waded into the ocean. The weather was glorious, warm but not hot, and breezy with no humidity or smog. I walked for many hours every day, and carelessly got myself quite a sunburn, which I had to attend to with all sorts of ointments when I got back to my hotel room after a day of roaming in the sun—fortunately, no lasting damage was done, and I swore I would never allow this to happen again. I liked San Diego so much that exactly two years ago I used Scott's second complimentary ticket to fly there for the second time. Quite apart from another week of enjoyment of the city's many attractions, I'll always remember this trip because it coincided with the failed coup by Soviet hardliners against Mikhail Gorbachev, a temporary victory for him but it was the beginning of the end for the 74-old Soviet Union, which by the end of that year had collapsed and passed into history.

A small research grant I received a year ago allowed me to spend a few days in the Library of Congress in Washington in order to examine some rare Renaissance-period books of emblematic poetry. I decided to go there during the week between Christmas and New Year's Day. Washington is an expensive city and this is reflected in the fact that I chose to spend two nights each in three different hotels in a descending order of expensiveness. The first was a posh small hotel almost next to the Library and the Congress Building, the second also a small hotel, more modest than the first but located in upscale Georgetown, and the third, which I had simply picked at random from the yellow pages, was in one of Washington's black neighbourhoods. It was a long bus ride to get there and I became soon aware that I was entering a black neighbourhood, but despite some boarded up homes and buildings it seemed neat enough. The inexpensive hotel was modern and had all its commodities a person could wish for. However, the counter of the desk clerk was protected by a thick sheet of Plexiglas. I played it safe, therefore, and did not go out at night during my stay there

and spent New Year's Eve—my last night in Washington—in my room watching on television the ringing in of 1992.

I decided last March to apply for the position of Dean of Arts at Ryerson University (formerly Ryerson Polytechnical Institute). I did it largely for Scott's sake because I knew he would really like to be back in Toronto. I was basically happy at Acadia and fully at home in Nova Scotia; however, the position would be a rewarding challenge to me since I thought that as a classicist with strong interdisciplinary interests I could contribute a great deal to Ryerson by helping it to build up its still very modest program in the Humanities, perhaps through a series of courses in world literature. Ten years earlier, I had tossed my hat in the rink for the same position at Acadia, with the specific ambition of fostering more interdisciplinary collaboration in teaching and course development. As a 'lowly' assistant professor at that time, I got nowhere but it was a worthwhile try. I did get an interview out of my application to Ryerson, but even during the interview I sensed that I was not convincing my interviewers that as a classicist applying at an institution which had no program in Classics whatsoever I was the right person for them. I was disappointed, of course, but, understandably, Scott far more.

The way Scott and I crisscrossed the United States by Amtrak in 1979 certainly made for the trip of a life-time. In late May of 1990 I was due to give papers at the annual meetings of the CAC and CAANS at the University of Victoria—my CAC paper on contemporary trends in literary criticism which had also made their impact in Classical studies had been invited, and I was especially keen to present it. Given this destination, Scott suggested the two of us should make another transcontinental trip out of it. We would once more cross the States, but this time by car. I was not too keen on it because of practical concerns, especially the condition of our car. We had put tens of thousands of kilometres on it and it had clearly seen better days. Scott waved away my worries: his plan was that once more we would cross the U.S., but make a massive detour through the American South West. Spring came very late that year, with snow coming down on the day before we left. We stayed the first night in Amherst with Scott's parents. Already on our first day I was getting worried about the car because the car would often slow down considerably whenever we were going uphill. The next day, however, as though miraculously, the problem had disappeared. We followed the usual route through New Brunswick and Maine, where we got on the interstate, and driving straight through, with stops only for meals and coffee breaks, we followed a succession of interstates until the car broke down in Ohio. Fortunately, the problem was very minor—only a tube which had come loose—and we able to continue on our way, again driving straight through with only the necessary coffee and meal breaks and the occasional bit of napping in the car. In St Louis we crossed the Mississippi River

at night in the pouring rain but kept on driving, with Scott continuing to do nearly all the driving. More car trouble early the next morning, but the problem was fixed in no time. By the afternoon we were in the panhandle of Texas heading towards Oklahoma.

Then, near Oklahoma City, the car simply broke down altogether. It was no longer a minor problem which could be fixed at just about any service station. We had the car towed a large repair shop in the City and settled for a badly needed rest there in a modern downtown hotel. It turned out that the manifold had to be replaced, which took a little longer than the average repair. However, after two days the car was ready to go again, and, with the exception of a blown tire near Seattle, gave us no more trouble for the entire remaining duration of our travels. Now began two days of almost continuous driving. We drove south back into Texas and then into New Mexico, a state which I found as wildly beautiful as we had seen it eleven year earlier. In Arizona we stopped briefly to watch sunrise over the Grand Canyon. Then it was into Utah. We took a meal's break in the downtown area of Salt Lake City, close to the majestically towering Mormon Tabernacle. We had to stop in a suburb of the City to take on some gas. There were some unruly teenage boys there hanging around there, rowdy certainly and yelling obscenities and swear words, but, as Scott remarked, they looked so exceptionally clean-cut that they must come from Mormon families. North through Utah, with its magnificent mountain scenery, and then northwestwards, until finally, descending from a high mountain pass, we descended into the Seattle area. We halted there for several days for an even more needed rest now in a motel in Bellingham.

Although we needed several days of rest we did do some sightseeing around scenic Seattle, concentrating on the Olympic Peninsula with its unsurpassed mountain- and seascapes. Then we drove to Port Angeles, where I boarded the ferry across the Strait of Juan de Fuca for Victoria, where for five days at the University I was busy with my meetings. Scott drove to Vancouver to visit, among others, his brothers there and his pen pal Barrie. We agreed that we should meet at Vancouver's train and intercity bus station on May 31 in the late afternoon to start our journey home. And so on the last day of May we set out for home.

We drove east for a several hundred kilometres and then straight south in order to hit the northernmost U.S. interstate in the far east of Washington. The crossing over into the States at night turned out to be a rough drive. The mountain passes were still clogged with snow and snow was even coming down, and Scott, who was doing all the driving, had to slow down to a crawl at times. When finally the next morning we reached the interstate he was exhausted. I took over the driving, but was almost equally tired and showed as much in my bad driving. Scott called a halt to it when we reached Idaho and noticed a motel coming up. The motel was boarded up—temporarily or

permanently. But we could not continue like this, dead-tired. So we took a break of several hours. Scott slept in the car and I went for a walk, finally sitting down on the bank of a mountain brook with its cheerfully rushing and gurgling melt waters, and there remained absorbed for hours in a contemplative mood; I did not sleep but I, too, got the rest I needed. Late in the afternoon we set out again. Once more, we did not stay in motels but this time gave ourselves plenty of breaks, inside and away from the car. It was still light when we reached Montana unforgettably luminescent on the horizon with its still snow covered mountains. By early next morning we were well into the prairie lands of North Dakota; I found the almost preternaturally flat and far-stretching landscape, with its springtime green fields under an enormous blue sky, strangely beautiful—certainly very different from the flat lands of southern Ontario and the Netherlands.

We decided to turn south for South Dakota to see iconic Mount Rushmore. It was a long drive—was the rock-carved grandeur of four American presidents worth it? After what I suspect were at least twenty kilometres of motels, alligator farms, and antique car museums along both sides of the highway, we finally reached the parking lot next to which was the elevated viewing area. Although I found the sight still impressive, the gigantisms of the rock sculptures were lessened, I thought, by the great distance from which had to view them. The other spectators—mostly American, I imagine—seemed suitably awed; after all, those were *their* presidents. But Scott most certainly was not, and he uttered a very audible, “Is that all?”

We continued eastwards, finally reaching Michigan well into the next day and crossing the St Clair River late in the evening into Point Edward and Sarnia. I stayed with dad and Metje for a few days; Scott elected to stay in a motel; the no smoking, very understandably instituted by dad during mom's final illness —you had to go outside to have your precious smoke—plus the reading of a Bible passage at the end of dinner, a traditional custom in Christian Reformed Church families, were not to his liking; the latter, he said, was like having religion forced on you.

We continued our journey after two days of rest. When we reached Nova Scotia and home we were amazed to see that spring had barely begun. We were well into June now, but the leaves of the trees were still not fully out. Spring was always late in our province even if the Annapolis Valley always had a bit of a head start; it came at least two or three weeks later than in Toronto and the rest of southern Ontario, not to speak of the Netherlands, but never like this.

Yes, these have been years of glorious travel, but I am worried about Scott. He has become both restless and difficult. He got his BA with a major in philosophy and a

minor in science—the latter based on an assortment of interesting courses in biology, geology, and physics—from the University of Waterloo in 1989. He had also been allowed to take a few courses at the University of Athabasca, which specializes in long distance education, and had them credited towards his degree. We were in such good spirits that we decided we should have a second car, a sporty care for his exclusive use. It would be Scott's reward for getting his BA. Now that he had his university degree he was thinking about finding a suitable job for himself. An eye-catching car of his would make a very good impression on prospective clients if he went into selling real-estate; so he thought and I agreed with him. Based on his successful record as a telephone salesman in Vancouver for a business offering chimney cleaning services, both he and I were confident he would be a natural for sales; he is well-spoken and at his best has an incomparably pleasant and helpful manner. Selling real estate would be a wonderful source of income for him and would eliminate the general perception among family, friends, and acquaintances that he was 100% percent financially dependent on me—something that, very understandably, had been hurting his pride ever since we settled in Nova Scotia.

Scott settled on a 1984 Pontiac Fiero. It looks great although, as he says, from a mechanical point of point of view, it is not the ideal car. It does not have automatic transmission, which I depend on, so the car is only his to drive, and he certainly loves to drive around and be seen in it. In the same year we bought a sailboat. It sat on a trailer so that we could haul it to nearby Lumsden Lake for a pleasant few hours of sailing; here we were joined one Saturday by his niece Shawna and her husband Eric. Scott even hauled it to Amherst one weekend to show off to his parents. Unfortunately, the boat was much too heavy to be hauled by our car, and within a few months the transmission was ruined and we had to buy another car. Scott then traded the boat for a motorcycle with a neighbour, and this has provided him with continued diversion over the past few years.

In order to be a bona fide real- estate agent you have to be licensed, and in order to obtain the license you must pass the qualifying exam set by the provincial association of real-estate firms. Scott bought the necessary study materials but was lackadaisical about actually studying. He pronounced the big manual he had to read as “mickey mouse” stuff and hardly put any time into his studies. The consequence for him was predictable: the mark he received on the exam was not high enough for him to qualify. He was so disgusted that he could not be bothered to give it a second try—I now realize should have pressed him much more at the time. That was all less than two years ago, and Scott's dream of becoming a successful real-estate agent has fallen by the wayside and he is back where he has been for many years: no career and no income of his own.

I am pretty sure it is this 'failure,' if I am to call it such, that is more than anything else responsible for Scott's altogether soured disposition. Depressive moods alternate with outburst with temper; in fact, the former inevitably erupt into the latter. Some years ago Scott was weaned off his tranquilizers by his doctor, on which he had been overdosing since his nervous breakdown many years ago long before we met, and instead he had been put on an appropriate antidepressant. But I doubt it is having much positive effect on him now; and Scott is not the type to sit down calmly with his doctor to discuss an alternative but becomes confrontational and combative; he was already like this with his doctors and with the medical professional as a whole when I met him in Vancouver .

Regrettably, Scott has also picked fights with friends, and pretty well severed his friendship, first, with June and Nirmal Jain and, a bit later, with Sheila and Bill Ellison. With both couples, he was not 100% in the wrong but, as so often, overreacted. A calm, rational discussion with both would have spared both sides the upset and the residual bitterness. It leaves me in an awkward situation because while I have not allowed this quarrel to affect my friendship with these four people, I still feel caught in the middle. Bill is as hot-tempered as Scott, and the response on his part was comically over-reactive, dumping all the little gifts Scott had given Sheila over the past few years in a large garbage bag on our driveway—Scott coolly observed that only the trinkets but not the more valuable items were returned—together with a note of Scriptural resonance comparing Scott to the Devil: "Get behind me, Satan."

Fortunately, his relationship with his parents continues to be good, if, as can be expected, edgy at times. We continue to make regular visits and overnights at Amelia and Frank's. Scott has given up his attempts to have his mom address and refer to him by his new legal name. We have taken Amelia several times to the family cottage (they call it "camp") on the shore of Sutherland Lake in the Cobequid Highlands. I love it there. Electricity, but no telephone and water siphoned from a spring. The lake is warm compared to the year-around ice-cold waters of the Atlantic Ocean and the Bay of Fundy and makes for a refreshing swim in the summer months. I like to hike in the woods and up and down the lofty hills. On one of my treks I discovered a very small old and long-abandoned cemetery on a hillside. The families who buried their loved ones there must have moved away generations ago. The grave stones, which must have been flat-lying to begin with or have tumbled down over the years, are overgrown with moss and the names are no longer legible. I remained absorbed for a long time there in a contemplative *memento mori*. It occurred to me that in super-tidy The Netherlands, for all its long tract of recorded history going back to Roman times, you'd never find anything like this; the little cemetery would have been cleaned up a long time ago, the

stones removed and the bones collected —reverently, I hope, but still in the typically Dutch take-charge fashion--and stored well away from disrespectful eyes.

I.16 New Minas, Early February, 1995

The past month has been one of upheaval, probably the greatest in my life: I have broken off with Scott. Living with him had become intolerable, sheer hell for me, so I took the drastic step of forcing him to leave. It was not pretty: right now I feel utterly relieved but also have moments when it all feels unreal and I have moments of great sadness. The truly bad turn came when he lost his license little over a year ago, but already before then there were truly bad times. It started when I broke my leg almost two years ago, in mid-February 1993. It was an accident that had an almost comical aspect to it. I had been out drinking with my friend Nirmal at his friend Michael's country home out on South Mountain, as the locals call it. I probably had one or two beers too many because when Nirmal left to go home and went to his car, I followed him too quickly—running not walking on the slippery snow and ice. I made a spectacular fall landing on my left leg. I knew almost immediately I was not able to get up. I was dragged inside and an ambulance was called. An X-ray was taken at the small hospital in Wolfville and this showed I had fractured two major bones in my lower left leg, the shinbone and the fibula. The ambulance took me then to the large regional hospital in Kentville where I had to wait for a few hours on a gurney before the orthopedist who was to set my bones arrived. Fortunately, all this time I experienced no real pain and all that was required of me was quiet patience. Scott by this time had arrived at the hospital. I was put under anaesthetic and when I woke up my left leg was encased in plaster all the way to my hips, but again, most fortunately, no pain. An ambulance took me home where I was carried on a stretcher to my bedroom on the main floor—thank God, not much stair climbing was necessary—and deposited on my large, queen-size bed.

Scott was both concerned and helpful, making sure I was comfortable. The next day, a Monday, would have been a day of classes for me, but fortunately Acadia's study break had started and I so was able to relax the following week. Nearly everything at home now had to be done by Scott, but I was able to move around by sliding on my behind on the floor and so do also do my bathroom stuff and make it to the refrigerator in the kitchen and to the sofa in the living room, where I spent much of my time reading and watching television. I was greatly inconvenienced but not in pain and this made me determined to return to my office and classes as soon as possible, and said so to my colleagues and the Dean; so after two weeks at home I made my return. Scott had obtained a wheel chair for me, which I quickly learned to maneuver, and the van we

had bought recently made it easy for him to transport me to the Beveridge Arts Centre, where I was now dependent on the elevators to get me to my office and the classrooms. With the help of two students, I was able to function reasonably well during the rest of the term with both my teaching and my responsibilities as departmental head. Beth Ellison, a senior student by this time who had her M.A. In Classics from Dalhousie and was now doing her B.A. In Education at Acadia, took over one of my classes, and Dimitrios Tsiolas, helped me with the overhead projector in my large scientific terminology class since writing on the blackboard was now impossible for me.

I had been told that the cast would have to stay for three months and that only then the doctor would know whether the healing had gone absolutely well and I would not need any surgery. More than the length of my period of semi-invalidity, the uncertainty was disquieting. But I like to think I handled it well and remained upbeat. I appreciate it was a stressful period for Scott, too, but on the whole he, too, carried himself well. He went away with the car regularly, but since he was so faithful in driving me whenever it was needed I had no reason for complaint. My only criticism was that after a while the cooking of meals for me—and himself, too, of course—almost completely stopped and I had to do with making sandwiches for myself much of the time. I certainly did not starve but did lose a few pounds. However, there was one occasion during these three difficult months, towards the end of the first, when Scott lost his temper so badly and I became so upset that I called my friend Nirmal and asked him to pick me up and have me stay at his home for one night. When I came back home the next day, Scott said I caused him great embarrassment by calling a friend for help when we could have settled the matter between ourselves. I did not argue, for it was obvious there would be no repetition of the incident.

The most pleasant day during these three days was my birthday on April the second. It was also the birthday of Scott's mother, and the three of us treated ourselves to an excursion to Cape Breton Island and the Cabot Trail, with Scott, of course, doing all the driving and doing it in one day. It was a beautiful early spring day. It was still cold but it was not the cold of mid-winter and the sun shone all day. Although the deciduous trees were still bare and their leaves would not start to appear for many weeks, everything felt spring-like and we took in the splendour of the Trail to the fullest.

The X rays that were taken periodically showed that the healing was proceeding well and when the cast finally was taken off in mid-May, everything, to my great joy, was basically good: I had lost a bit of bone in my lower left leg but it was barely half a centimetre and would not cause me any trouble in my walking; if worse came to worse, I could always put an insert into my left shoe. My left leg had become exceedingly stiff

after it had been encased in a cast for three months, so a month of intense physiotherapy and moving around on crutches followed. By the end of four weeks, I was able to do away with them and manage OK with a walking stick which I borrowed from Scott's father. It turned out, therefore, that in the second half of June I was able to take a short trip for research in London and Antwerp for which I had received a small grant, and so I flew to Europe for four days in London and three days in Antwerp. In London, I was at the British Library to examine some rare books of emblematic poetry dating from the Renaissance. I also spent many hours spanning two days at the British Museum, which for me was London's greatest glory. In Antwerp, I visited the Plantin Museum, which was the site of one of Europe's most prestigious publishing and printing houses in the sixteenth century and, where, among others, I was able to examine the woodcut blocks which had been used to impress the print illustrations onto the pages of Ioannes Sambucus' books of Latin emblematic poetry printed by Plantin more than four centuries earlier; I have begun translation work on this collection. I had bought a railway pass good for two weeks for travel in the Benelux country, so I spent two days crisscrossing Belgium and then spent a few days in Zwolle and Haarlem, staying in Zwolle with a family-friend going back to the days of my childhood, whom we always called aunt Willy, and in Haarlem once again with aunt Nel and uncle Henk before returning to Canada. I had done a lot of walking in Antwerp and in the Netherlands, and at the end of my trip I realized I no longer needed my walking stick.

Upon my return home, I saw there was something amiss with Scott. There had already been for some time the continuing restlessness, his constant going away with the car. Now as I examined our finances, it was becoming clear that Scott was spending too much time and money on the video gambling machines which have become commonplace—in bars and convenience stores alike—all over the province over the past four years. I had thought this was an innocent pastime and that what Scott was spending on it was just small change, but I was beginning to learn through the media that this form of gambling was highly addictive, preying especially on low-income individuals, and that some people's lives had been ruined by it. I brought it up with Scott and he promised he would curb his spending. Then on the third Thursday of July, a day I'll never forget, it happened. I was alone at home. Early in the evening a police cruiser drove up the driveway and Scott was let out. From the police car and the expression on Scott's face I could see there was something seriously wrong, and he told me what it was. He had been drinking and had been in an accident, colliding our van into a car coming from the opposite direction on the nearby highway. Fortunately, no one had been hurt—let alone seriously injured or killed---thank God; Scott later said if the worst had happened, he would not have been able to live with it. However, both cars were badly damaged and write-offs; they had already been towed to a junkyard. Our liability insurance would cover the loss of the other car but not our own; worse,

Scott would be charged with driving under the influence, incur a big fine, and would have his license suspended, for a year probably. The certainty of losing his license now hung like a bad cloud over him— for whom a car was an indispensable life-line to the larger world. He was profoundly dejected, even depressed, by the prospect. I was in almost as bad a state of mind; not only because I empathized with him—I could not find it within myself to berate him for his irresponsible act—but because I already foresaw and dreaded the unpleasant consequences for our relationship.

The trial would not take place for several months and in the meantime Scott still had his license, a small consolation. The day after the accident we received a call from our insurance company; they would, of course, cover the loss to the other party, but our insurance would be cancelled immediately. We would have to arrange for the necessary insurance—necessary because we still had the Pontiac Fiero—with another company. I found one through an agent in Wolfville, but saw the cost of our insurance quadrupled. Scott talked his mother into giving us the money--\$5000--to buy another van. She gave it, albeit reluctantly, so that she could count on continuing excursions with Scott; he had even driven her once to Florida, a memorable trip about which he had told me all the colourful details: the torrential rains they encountered along the way, his mother's almost comical fear of blacks, and her nagging of him after she had been drinking her favourite Canadian Club whiskey at their motel in Florida, and how he stopped it by pouring a bottle of milk over her head, after which, he said, she fell peacefully asleep.

The day of the trial in the Kentville courthouse arrived on the second Monday the following January. Scott was found guilty of driving while impaired and was fined 800 dollars along with the suspension of his license for a year. He had driven our new van to the courthouse, but I had to drive him back home and then continue on my way to my office and my classes, certain that a most unpleasant year lay ahead of me; for one thing, I did not like driving and had been content to leave most of it to Scott.

The *Advertiser*, our bi-weekly local newspaper, is diligent in publishing its detailed court reports with the names of the accused, convicted, and sentenced fully spelled out; I suspect this service to the community is the main reason why people buy or subscribe to the paper. Scott's trial was thus duly reported much to Scott's and my own annoyance and at least one friend did not fail to call my attention to it. In the Netherlands, only the first letter of the last name of the person on trial is used in the newspapers. The Canadian practice is little more than a more refined version of the pillory of old. All my premonitions about the effect on Scott of the suspension of his license were justified: he became more difficult, the flare-ups of his temper more frequent. In a couple of incidents, they led to physical assault while I was driving: I was punched in the shoulder at one time because I had taken a wrong turn, and had my

glasses broken at another because I'd said something that offended him. I realize now I should have been firm and calmly and emphatically read him the riot act, so to speak, right from the beginning. Instead, I fell into a recurring state of combined anxiety and depression. It was a wonder that I was able to continue to function reasonably well in my work. What made the situation worse is that Scott's gambling returned with the difference that now I had to drive him to the establishments with those accursed video machines. I was beginning to see mounting debits on ATM and credit cards.

We did continue to drive to Amherst once in a while to visit Scott's parents and still took Amelia out for an excursion in the van. Past excursions had been very enjoyable. When the weather was nice and it was not too cold, we would often drive along the shore of the Northumberland Strait, pick up a few cooked lobsters at a fish market, and then consume them with great gusto at a picnic table in a small park along the highway. Now I had to do all the driving—the implausible excuse being that Scott was too tired to drive—and I enjoyed these trips far less. In addition, since our second van was little more than a “lemon,” we ran repeatedly into expensive mechanical problems. There was a brief let-up the following August. Scott had appealed his conviction on the ground he had not been administered a breathalyzer, and that month he was informed that his appeal would be looked into and that in the meantime his conviction would be stayed so that during this period he was therefore free to drive again. Scott used this reprieve to visit his parents, this time driving himself; I drove with him to Amherst and boarded the train there, intending to make a few short visits in Toronto and Sarnia. I had not been there for more than two years. Everyone, family and friends alike, could see I had been under a lot stress. I admitted as much but was vague about what was really wrong—to my friends in Nova Scotia, too, I had never revealed the full extent of the problem. I was back in Amherst within a week and drove back home with Scott. A few days later another letter from the Department of Justice arrived, informing Scott that his appeal had been denied and, what was far worse, he would have to start the term of the suspension of his license all over again: it would last, therefore, until August, not January, of 1995.

The worst five months in my living together with Scott started. I was constantly walking on eggshells, so to speak, afraid of doing anything that might upset him. I began to have suicidal thoughts, although, fortunately, I knew deep down I could never act on them. Worse, the replacement van we had bought almost a year ago was breaking down repeatedly and was constantly in the repair shop. Even a new engine did not really fix the problem—all of this a source of more stress. My dad realized something was wrong and paid for a plane ticket so that I could spend a few days in Toronto and Sarnia just after Christmas. It was a welcome change, and for a few days I felt better and to both dad and the others must even have seemed fairly upbeat. Before

I left, I had already warned Scott that our very bad situation could not continue as it was and that we might have to split. He had been pretty nonchalant about it, saying that if he would get a big financial settlement he would not mind; however, a lawyer in Wolfville I had already consulted about my legal obligations, had advised me that Scott was totally unrealistic and that any financial settlement in case of a breakup would be largely a matter of my goodwill. Just before Christmas, I had also prevailed on Peter Booth to try to mediate between the two of us, but Scott simply clammed up, denying there was a problem and saying that if there was a problem it was one I had created. Peter was not the type to press his questions more aggressively, so the conversation went nowhere.

I did start the new year feeling somewhat more confident about the future, although now the finances, more than anything else, were preying on my mind. Then late in the evening of the second Tuesday of last month, the breakup happened. Scott and I each had had our own bedroom for years, with him using the big bedroom of the ground floor, but this time he decided to sleep with me. As he crawled into bed, he remarked angrily I had not changed my underwear; he had called my attention to this fact before, and I have to admit that in my frequently stressed, anxious and depressed state of mind I had become rather careless about this. Scott would not brook any reply of regret and promise of change on my part, but in his fury picked up the television set in my room and threw it to the floor. That was it: I ran out of the house, got into the van, and drove to the nearby RCMP station where I lodged a complaint of assault against Scott, impressing on the officer there had been numerous similar occasions in the past. I then drove to Glenn, who lived nearby in New Minas, and asked if I could stay with him for a while. Glenn was most welcoming and so I stayed with him for two weeks.

I had gotten to know Glenn through Scott in late 1992, and had taken a strong liking to him from the start, and he has indeed become my best friend. As I saw soon, Glenn is not gay but open-minded. He is very knowledgeable about art and literature, especially science fiction, and has an artistic bent himself and writes poetry, which I greatly admire. His poetry is very contemporary in thought and feeling but classical, I would say, in the clarity and concision in which these are expressed; Glenn is critical in this regard of a great deal of modern poetry, which he characterizes as “shopping cart” poetry. He is well versed in Canadian history and politics and, as a great admirer of Pierre Elliott Trudeau, has very decided political views about a strong national government and is always ready for a passionate debate on this subject with me or anyone else. He has a good knowledge of antiques, especially Canadian antiques—a knowledge he says he has inherited from his father—and likes to wheel and deal in them; his knowledge of glassware, for instance, is that of a veritable expert. Glenn is

considerably younger than Scott and quite good-looking, which I don't hesitate to admit has been part of the attraction on my part. However, our relationship has remained strictly non-sexual, not only because of Glenn's own sexual orientation but also very much in keeping with my own wishes.

It was good to stay with Glenn for two weeks—two weeks during which I could recover my calm and self-confidence. Glenn's was a small basement apartment with no extra bed, but I was content to spread a blanket on the floor and sleep there. Every day I took the van to work and also used it to pick up groceries and run other errands. I became a lot more relaxed at work as though a huge load had been lifted off my shoulders, even though there were some practical questions to be dealt with, questions such as when would I go home again and how should I deal with Scott: above all, should I demand that he leave? I would be glad to drive him to his parents, where, I was sure, he could stay indefinitely. Long-term solutions and arrangements in connection with our breakup would suggest themselves in due course. I consulted again with my lawyer in Wolfville, Andria Hill. She impressed on me that I had good reason to demand of Scott that he should leave; that in fact I could threaten to file a formal complaint against him leading to a charge under the law if he refused to do so. This sounded like blackmail to me, but since I did not think a lasting reconciliation was possible, I agreed that this was the best course of action. Andria, therefore, phoned Scott and told him what he must do. It took two calls for Scott to agree. Then after a few days, I drove to my place to pick Scott up. He had in the meantime collected the personal possessions he wanted to take with him: first of all, what he often liked to call his "toys"—his computer, television set, several cassette tape players, CD player, old-style record player, speakers, and other audio equipment—personal papers, and many of his clothes and books. He told me he had received a visit from a police officer on the morning after I had run out of the house and had been given a warning by him that he would be charged if a similar incident happened again. It was a sad drive to Amherst towards the end of last month. So far the month of January had been exceptionally mild and there were only rain showers rather than snow and ice I had to contend with as I sat behind the wheel. I dropped Scott off at his parents. I saw that he was to have the small bedroom upstairs. I felt so awkward. How different this occasion was from the many happy times when Scott and I had visited his parents. As I made ready to leave, Amelia asked, "Will you take him back?" I could and did not answer. Scott walked with me through the kitchen door into the yard and driveway but remained standing in the doorway, muttering something like, "How could you do this?" It was so sad. I drove back to New Minas feeling numb, relieved certainly but I could hardly call it feeling good.

It is a week later now and I am alone at home. Scott and I have not been in touch. I am very relieved that my life with Scott, which had become pure hell for me, is over and I am a free man, but a feeling of great loss also looms large over me.

I.17 New Minas, Mid-October, 1999

A great victory! We have just received news that Marriott-Sodexo, the multinational corporation to which the janitorial services of Acadia University are entrusted by the Board of Governors, has just reached a contract settlement with its workers. They had been on strike for two months for fair wages and good working conditions. It was a hard struggle. The company thought they could get away with offering lower wages and revised working conditions that would impose significant hardships on their employees. When I returned from my vacation on the west coast in mid-August the strike had just started. As president of the faculty union, the Acadia University Faculty Association, I was convinced it was my duty not only to lend my presence to the strikers' picket lines but also to rally my faculty colleagues to the cause. I had some success: during the first few weeks of the strike, quite a few of them joined the picket lines and marched with the strikers through downtown Wolfville, but already before the end of September their presence had been considerably reduced, and I even heard of mutterings among some that it was not within AUFA's mandate to get involved in these protests. Alas, it seems that for these colleagues, while AUFA is supremely important to them in securing good salaries and excellent working conditions, as far as solidarity with other workers is concerned, it leaves them cold—I suspect they like to think they are 'professionals' raised far above the blue collar folks and other *hoi polloi* with their lowly bread and butter issues. Fortunately, thanks to the leadership of AUFA's executive and to other socially conscious faculty, our solidarity with the striking janitors did hold. The strike-pay the strikers received from their union was meager and as a result there was already real hardship in many of their families, so just before the Thanksgiving weekend AUFA made a large financial donation and organized a highly successful food drive. In the meantime the local churches—God bless them!—had taken up the strikers' cause—the issue was even raised in sermons—and put pressure on the Board of Governors to intervene with the company. It worked: there is a fair and just settlement in place now. I like to think, and Glenn agrees with me, that the contribution I made—while certainly modest and a matter of course in my eyes—has been my finest hour at Acadia.

The winter of 1995 was strange: the weather in January had been extremely mild with often spring-like temperatures; February brought a few wintry blasts but still was not a typical Nova Scotia winter month. This added to the strangeness I felt for the next

few weeks: the intense relief, indeed at times the almost joyful sense of liberation, that I was free now from Scott; it felt as though I had finally had fought back and won—yet this did not feel altogether right: had I been vengeful, had I exacted a harsh retribution? Living alone had gotten to me by the end of the month. I decided to be practical then. Glenn's apartment was cramped and unattractive: why not ask him to become my roommate? Any of three bedrooms would be at his disposal. I was certain we would be very congenial roommates. I made the offer to him; Glenn hesitated for a while, and then accepted. I urged him to take the largest of the three bedrooms; this had been Scott's. In retrospect now, I think that giving him this bedroom was a mistake. Glenn was certainly not moving in as my new lover, Scott's successor, as you might say; we were very clear to ourselves and each other that we would be living together as roommates and friends, no more. But Scott felt otherwise. When I wrote him of Glenn's moving in he immediately guessed that Glenn was now occupying what had been his bedroom and drew his own conclusion, understandably so, even though I thought I had impressed on him what the nature of my relationship with Glenn was. The fact was that Scott had known for a long time that I was attracted to Glenn, even though I was not angling for a sexual relationship, and he had openly expressed to me his suspicions. My letter must have come as a thunderclap to him: our relationship was now irrevocably over. He wrote me back saying as much and informed me he would be moving back to Vancouver— after all, all he had three brothers there—his parents would be paying for his train fare. With that news, I, too, thought it was all over with Scott; he would be going his separate way out west and I might not hear from him for a long time, if ever. In my mind, I wished him the very best and even thought he might be successful in making a new life for himself. It turned out that I had wildly underestimated the absolute dislocation, both physical and mental, my break with him inflicted on him. I fault my insensitivity now and with this has come a sense of guilt.

I have to give Scott full credit for his financial rectitude after I broke off with him. We shared our main chequing account, on which each of us could draw cash advances with our own ATM cards, and Scott held a card on my main VISA account. I did not have his name removed from both until a few weeks had passed and during this time he could have plundered both, yet neither of these was touched. The balance on my Visa account was modest and would remain so, but my full salary was automatically deposited into my chequing account at the end of the month and could have been an attractive target for a few days. Scott did indeed settle down for a year in Vancouver with his oldest brother Blair and his wife Sheila. He was to tell me much later how uniformly kind and considerate Sheila had been to him, a non-paying brother-in-law. I heard from him later when he was back in Amherst that he had tried to find an office job—for this reason he had in fact asked me to ship him some dress clothes from the large wardrobe he had left behind—but nothing worked out.

In the meantime, I had ditched the constantly breaking down van. It came right after the annual meeting of the Atlantic Classical Association in early April; that year it was held at Acadia and organized by our Department. I had dropped off one of the speakers at the conference at the Airport and was driving in the van back to New Minas when suddenly I noticed smoke coming from beneath the hood, and when I pulled up along the highway and opened the hood, I saw flames: the engine—the recently installed engine which had replaced the old one was on fire! I was able to phone a tow truck which transported the van to New Minas—an expensive tow, over more than eighty kilometres, it was. It became clear in a New Minas parking lot that the car should be regarded as a complete write-off, so I phoned a junk yard to tow it away. No more cars for me: from now on I would rent a car whenever necessary. I felt very bad for Scott's mother, who after all had given us the money to buy the van so that she would be assured that her excursions would continue. She was indeed upset but vented her anger on Scott, as I learned from him much later—which probably hastened his departure for Vancouver. I did promise Amelia that periodically I would come to Amherst and take her out in a rental car—which I was able to do only once, in July of that year.

Amelia died unexpectedly in late September of the same year of a heart attack at the age of 82; her health had been failing for some time. I attended the funeral. Scott, regretfully, chose not to come, even though his brother would have gladly paid his airfare. Amelia may have been what a good friend of mine had called “a rough diamond,” but she was always most kind and hospitable to me, treating me like a son of hers, and I mourned her death. It meant a great deal to me that I was invited by the family to sit with them during the funeral service in the Catholic Church.

That same year, I decided to re-establish contact with Terry Dunlop, the friend I had made during my final six weeks in Vancouver but with whom I had broken off when he criticized me harshly for my commitment to Scott. After all these years, I could appreciate even more the reasons behind his anger for my nonchalant behaviour towards him during my final two weeks in Vancouver. He was overjoyed to hear from me. So in August I flew to Vancouver to look him up and also to spend a few days with Gerrit and his family, who had moved two years earlier to Gabriola Island in the Strait of Georgia near Nanaimo. I had told Scott in advance I would be in Vancouver and would be glad to see him; I would be bringing with me a suitcase containing more of his clothes. At the Vancouver Airport, however, I was met by Blair in his car, who picked up the suitcase and said, to my great disappointment, that Scott had decided not to meet me. I spent several delightful days with Terry; it was clear we would become very good friends again; he in fact promised a visit later that year. Afterwards, traveling

by bus and two ferries—the almost two hours trip by ferry from Horseshoe Bay in West Vancouver to Nanaimo was like a mini-cruise in which I took in the west coast's splendor of sea and mountains—I arrived on Gabriola Island and enjoyed the hospitality of my brother and his wife Alice and their six children in their newly built, ultra-modern home.

Terry did indeed visit for several days early in December. He was generosity itself, bringing me a new VCR as a Christmas gift. He had rented a car at the airport and so, usually accompanied by Glenn, we did some pleasant sightseeing in the snow-covered countryside of the Valley. I promised I would look him up again in the late spring or early summer of next year, and he would then come to Nova Scotia once more in August. Each of us was able to keep to our plan. However, the month of August in 1996, during a good part of which Terry was visiting, turned out to be very difficult and emotionally trying for me. Scott had gone back to Amherst that spring and had started to plead with me to take him back. The pleading intensified during Terry's stay and, as I continued to refuse, I became increasingly despondent: it was as though as I was going against my better nature. The festive air I put on to celebrate Terry's visit could not conceal my deep depression, and the many dry martinis—a specialty of Terry and expertly prepared by him—and the many glasses of wine I drank with him often created a psychological hangover in the morning which made my despondency even worse. Glenn noticed it and called Terry's attention to it; the too heavy consumption of alcohol ended then. Terry finally treated me to an excursion to Boston where I enjoyed the hospitality of Bill Percy, while he stayed with two long-time friends. It was a glorious introduction to this historical and beautiful city, and with it came another treat from Terry, a boat trip of two hours to Provincetown, the charming resort much favoured by gay men and lesbian women. Here we stayed in a cozy bed and breakfast and sampled the restaurants and the night life for two days. By the time we were back in Nova Scotia, the fall term was about to start and Terry returned to Vancouver. Glenn joined him there a few weeks later. Glenn was discouraged by his inability to find a suitable job in our area and even in Halifax, and so he was persuaded by Terry to give Vancouver a try; he was most welcome to stay with him for as long as he wanted.

Before the end of September of the same year, I settled with Scott through my lawyer. He accepted what I admit was a modest financial settlement; the total cost, together with my legal fees—I had been in constant consultation with Timothy Hergett, who had taken over from Andria Hill—came to about 11,000 dollars. In return for this payment, Scott would allow his name to be deleted from the deed to the house and from the deed to the two building lots we had bought years earlier near the resort of White Point Lodge on the South Shore. I had kept my brother Baldwin informed of all my troubles over the past 20 months, and he kindly offered to lend me the money I

needed because my finances were still very tight—I repaid the loan within the next two years. Scott told me later that while in Vancouver he had consulted a lawyer as to his chances of getting a major financial settlement out of me—maybe a cut from my salary and eventually my pension. Since he was honest about what had been his abusive behaviour towards me, the lawyer had told him that because of this as well as the fact that he had no rights under the law to maintenance by his former partner, his chances of getting a settlement of this kind were zero.

After Glenn had departed for Vancouver and as fall progressed, an increasing loneliness began to take hold of me. Maybe, I thought, I could restore the friendship with Scott. I was planning to spend Christmas and New Year's in Toronto and Sarnia: perhaps if I took the train I could have a one-night's stop-over in Amherst and stay with Scott, who had moved back earlier in the year to live with his now widowed father. I called to ask him and after some reluctance he gave it his yes. So a week or so before Christmas, with some anxious anticipation, I got off the train in Amherst. Scott was waiting for me. It pained deeply to see him looking so forlorn. There was little conversation between the two of us as we walked to his father's place. We went upstairs to his bedroom where Scott simply said, "I forgive you," and I began to cry. Little more was said. We went downstairs where Scott prepared supper for the three of us; then we went upstairs again and lay down on his double bed to watch television and play movies on his newly bought VCR. Scott had already told me that he had gambled away all the thousands of dollars he had received with the settlement, so I gave him two hundred dollars to buy a nice Christmas present for himself. Much later in the evening I took the single bed in the landing next to his room but awoke an hour or so later and discovered Scott was not in his bed and not downstairs either. I began to worry. It was not until well after midnight that Scott came home, saying he had gone to a nearby bar and gambled away all his 200 dollars. There was no point in my saying anything; I was actually relieved he had come home. The next day was dark and drizzly but less painful. We walked for a while and looked around for a while in a second-hand bookstore and then went back upstairs to watch more movies. At four in the afternoon I boarded the train to Montreal. I visited Scott three times more in Amherst, in April, June, and August. Each visit is memorable in its own way for me. On a mild, truly spring-like day in late April in 1997, with the grass already greening and buds appearing on the trees, we visited the cemetery and sat down beside Amelia's grave where his dad, too, would eventually be buried, and talked quietly. In June, we got out the house after dark and watched the night sky through a large second-hand telescope Scott had just bought, and in August we went for a really long walk where Scott took photos. A month earlier he had hitchhiked to New Minas to sign over the ownership papers of his Pontiac Fiero to me, returning to Amherst after a few hours spent walking with me. I was to stop over again in Amherst in August on my return home by train

from my trip to Toronto and Sarnia, but Scott called me in Toronto to say he did not want to see me. Then for ten months I we did not see each other again.

Scott was having an increasingly difficult time emotionally living with his dad. He thought of going back to school, perhaps community college, but his father would not support him financially. During this period he called the crisis intervention centre in Amherst a number of times and said he was feeling suicidal. A lady from there called me once to see if I could shed more light on Scott's plight. It was clear he should not be staying in Amherst where, according to him, he was not getting any moral support from his family. Early in the spring he took the initiative and hitchhiked to Halifax to check out the feasibility of relocating there. He staying overnight at the men's hostel run by the Salvation Army; it was not a pleasant experience, he said, and greatly diminished his respect for Sally Ann, which he claimed was being handsomely paid by the government for providing this service. The solution came when Scott applied for a disability allowance, which would be slightly more generous than ordinary social assistance. His family physician endorsed the application and it was approved. Scott now had the financial means to rent an apartment in Halifax. The apartment he finally picked and moved into at the end of May 1998 was ideal for him. It was located near the top of a hulking concrete building built in the late 60's or early 70's on Ridgevalley Road on the outskirts of the Spryfield district. It was low-rent and for that reason mainly occupied by low-income families, but one could see it was reasonably well kept and maintained. Scott's apartment was spacious with a large living room and two bedrooms and commanded a magnificent panoramic view of much of Halifax. It would be a pleasure to live there and was bound to boost Scott's morale. The rent was very modest but would still eat up most of Scott's monthly income, so I promised him I would give additional financial assistance, including what was needed to furnish to place.

I am very happy to see Scott doing much better now. I visit him every two or three months and we are able to spend some good times together, watching movies on his VCR, shopping, trying out a great variety of inexpensive restaurants, and doing a lot of walking in every season of the year; we even tried cross-country skiing again, as we had done many years earlier when we lived in Wolfville—this part of Halifax is well wooded and blessed with beautiful lakes. For almost a year after I told Scott I would not take him back and pushed hard for a settlement between the two of us, I had periods of depression which arose out of my sadness over my decision, but now that Scott is settled in Halifax these feelings seem to be completely gone; there is reason for both of us to face the future with optimism as far as our friendship is concerned.

Glenn stayed with Terry in Vancouver until mid-January 1997. He had found a job eventually as a salesclerk in an attractive gift shop in upscale Yaletown but became

quite ill, and at his mom's urging returned to Nova Scotia. Glenn blames his illness, which affected his intestinal tract and caused him a lot of discomfort, on the contaminated water he claims is widespread in Vancouver. Be that as it may, I could see he had lost quite a bit of weight and his always somewhat pale complexion had turned even paler. Glenn decided not to move in back with me but to get a small upstairs apartment next to the building he had lived in formerly. Despite his decision, however, we have remained close friends. I have encouraged him to follow a new, healthier diet and am trying to set a good example by following it myself.

Everything has been going well with my teaching and scholarship and, equally important, with the Department of Classics. As a result of the favourable review of our program in 1993, Vernon Provencal's position was made full-time; he is still on one- or two-year contracts, but I am confident his position will become tenured / tenure-track in the near future. His contribution to the program has become stellar. He has left me far behind in his involvement in the so-called Acadia Advantage project which was launched four years ago and which aims at making a much more extensive and intensive use of the computer— the mobile laptops, to be sure, not desktop computers—in both learning and teaching. Like myself, he has a keen interest in comparative literary studies and is making a major contribution to the World Literature option thanks to the innovative courses he is developing.

I have completed my work, for the time being at least, as translator and annotator in the *Index Emblematicus* series. The most challenging task was the translation of Henry Peacham's emblem poetry dating from the early seventeenth century. These had never been published and were still in manuscript form, and so I had to work from photocopies; the *I.E.* volume devoted to his poetry marks its first printed publication. The challenge lay in Peacham's idiosyncratic Latinity, which I often found crabbed rather than polished.

I have been opening up a new chapter in my scholarship with my interest in the way the legacy, in the later West, of Greco-Roman civilization—often referred to as the Classical Tradition—has left its mark on Dutch and English literature; this interest has led to several conference papers at the annual meetings of CAANS, and published papers have also come out of it or are due to appear. This interest of mine sometimes leads to comparative literary study, as in my paper on the rather idealized portrayal of Alexander of Great in the novels, *Fire From Heaven* and *The Persian Boy* by the South African author Mary Renault—who is well known and highly regarded for her novels set in ancient Greece—in contrast with the much more flawed Alexander in *Iskander* by the great Dutch novelist Louis Couperus.

Over the past decade I have been increasingly involved in the work of CAANS. After serving as vice-president from 1991 to 1993, I served as president from 1996 to 1999. I like to think that my major contribution was to make the Association more inclusive by also focusing its academic and cultural mission on the Dutch-speaking part of Belgium and the Flemish immigrant communities in Canada and the U.S., and by explicitly and warmly welcoming the participation of Canadians of Flemish background in its activities. Thus, in this year's annual meeting we had for the first time a Flemish key-note speaker and presenter, Tine Ruyschaert, who read beautifully from Guido Gezelle's poetry. The Belgian embassy in Ottawa has proven to be an invaluable contact and intermediary for us in making this Flemish turn. We have also started to receive generous financial support from De Nederlandse Taalunie, a binational governmental institution which embraces both the Netherlands and the Dutch-speaking part of Belgium. I suspect that it is in part the Flemish origins of my family on my dad's side which have fired my enthusiasm for drawing in the Flemish.

I have been president of the Acadia University Faculty Association for just over a year now. You might say I was drafted into the position. Early in 1998 I had tossed my hat into the ring for the position of vice-president, academic; there were only two candidates, and from my interview with Dr Kelvin Ogilvie, the president, I thought I was being seriously considered; however, it was not to be. Even so, my public address as candidate to the university community, in particular the faculty, made such a positive impact that I was soon afterwards approached by AUFA's nominating committee asking if I would accept the nomination for the position of AUFA president. I accepted with some reluctance. I had never served on the AUFA executive before and would therefore be an absolute greenhorn as president. In addition, I knew I would be thrust into a highly adversarial role since the union and the president had been at loggerheads ever since the latter—who had already been an at times controversial vice-president, academic—assumed the presidency in 1993; AUFA had barely escaped going on strike in February of 1998. The first several months in my new position were indeed rocky. I had proposed, and the AUFA executive had agreed, that, after a long hiatus, the monthly meetings between the two presidents should be resumed. It turned out that the executive became concerned that I was being too friendly and conciliatory with Kelvin, especially when I permitted myself in an e-mail to Kelvin a light-hearted joke about the stand-off between the two parties. I was kindly reprimanded and the monthly meetings came to an end. To be quite honest, I was well aware there were legitimate sources of grievance on the part of AUFA and the faculty as a whole; however, I found ridiculous the hyperbolic language used by some of my colleagues, to the effect that Acadia was being turned into a gulag (“the gulag of the Annapolis Valley”) and that there was an atmosphere of “fear and trembling” prevailing on the campus.

Then almost a year ago, in October 1998, came the kicker. A faculty member proposed to the AUFA executive that the Association make a donation to Acadia's recently launched fund-raising campaign. As the executive was considering this suggestion at its monthly meeting, the past president moved impulsively that AUFA make a donation of \$100,000 if the Board of Governors were to be successful in persuading Dr Ogilvie to resign. To my stunned surprise, the motion was immediately seconded and then passed without discussion. The next day the public announcement went out, as it had to, to the community at large. It made the front-page headline story in Nova Scotia's largest daily newspaper, the *Halifax Chronicle-Herald*, my telephone started to ring, and the e-mails kept coming in. I was more embarrassed than anything else. I received an e-mail from Kelvin who was, understandably, very upset; I tried to be conciliatory by telling him that "these things, too, would pass." I simply could not bring myself to dislike him even though I certainly disagreed with him on some important issues. I remembered that, shortly after he became vice-president, as part of his self-imposed task to familiarize himself with all of Acadia's academic programs, he had sat down with me and my colleagues in the Department and had expressed what I recognized as a lively interest in what we as classicists were offering to our students, in particular noting the scientific terminology course and saying this was a course he would have like to take when he was a student. He was being genuine; I had no doubt of it. No other vice-president ever sat down like this with me and my fellow classicists. After two weeks or so, the CBC television cameras came both to me and to the president. I got my second moment of television fame—the first came after the public announcement in 1987, that Acadia that would extend spousal benefits to same-sex couples; as a result, I then got a sound-bite on television as I was being interviewed standing next to the University's post office. The words I spoke on television in my office this time—they were, of course, again heavily edited to a sound-bite of less than ten seconds— were fairly diplomatic and to the effect that the offer of the donation was a obvious sign of the faculty's dissatisfaction with the senior administration. Ogilvie also got a sound-bite, saying that people should remember he was not running a "candy shop" but a university. The fracas died down after a few weeks, and later at a general membership meeting the donation's offer was rescinded. I could relax now; I had been really on edge since becoming AUFA president in July 1998, but I had learned I could be fully cognizant of AUFA's vital interests with respect to the faculty's contractual rights without lapsing into a rancorous, unhelpful adversarialism; it was a balancing act, of course, but I was convinced that my faculty colleagues were well served by it. I was elected to a second year's term earlier this year and am confident that next year's negotiations for a new collective agreement will be conducted to the satisfaction of both parties.

I.18 New Minas, December, 2005

I never thought my scholarship would become a matter of controversy that would be played out to a large extent on the Internet, but that's what happened a few months ago, although, fortunately, there has been a happy ending for me as well as for the other persons involved. When I started to visit Bill Percy on a regular basis in Boston, I became inspired by his encouragement to build upon my existing work on homosexuality in the ancient Greek and Roman world and aim for a major publication; thus far I had only published some articles and number of book reviews. I myself had vetted his manuscript of *Pederasty and Pedagogy in Archaic Greece*—the outcome of the project he had discussed with me in San Francisco seven years earlier— for a publisher in 1995, and in the following year it had come out with the University of Illinois Press. His book was in part a critique of Sir Kenneth Dover's landmark work, *Greek Homosexuality*, which had appeared in the late seventies. Bill was right that Dover overemphasized the sexual aspect of Greek pederasty and almost completely ignored the pedagogical context in which it often existed and flourished. The reviews were not unanimously supportive, including, not surprisingly, one by Dover; however, Bill was very gratified by the mostly positive review he received from the eminent British Hellenist Paul Cartledge, perhaps the world's greatest expert on ancient Sparta, who also complimented him on his elegant, Victorian-style writing.

Rather than a book or monograph authored solely by myself, I began to think of a collection of papers with a wide chronological and thematic range, the title of which eventually became, *Same-Sex Desire and Love in Greco-Roman Antiquity and in the Classical Tradition of the West*; here I would be able to draw on areas of expertise—for instance, iconography and the visual arts—which I myself did not possess. Eventually, I was successful in putting together a formidable team of scholars, mostly American and starting with Bill Percy, three Canadian, including myself and Vernon Provencal, and one Dutch, several of them internationally recognized experts in their respective fields; two of them women, one Canadian and one American. Because of the magnitude and complexity of the project—for instance, a lot of photographs, some coloured, had to be included—I invited Vernon, in whose expertise with the digital media I placed a great trust, to be my co-editor. The complete and final manuscript was sent in April of this year to the Harrington Park Press, an imprint of the Haworth Press, an American company well known for the large number of journals it published devoted to the study of sexuality in all its societal and psychological ramifications, including the *Journal of Homosexuality*, whose founder and editor, John De Cecco, had, from the beginning, lent his strong support and encouragement to my project. Publication was expected in the fall, probably in October.

A bombshell landed in late September. Amidst the chatter on the Internet, Vernon came across a report by a right wing U.S online news service which claimed that our publication was condoning and even promoting paedophilia. This wild accusation was based on their (deliberate?) misconstruction of the abstract of the paper by Dr Bruce Rind; the abstract had been put on line, along with the abstracts of the other papers, as part of the online advertisement by the Haworth Press for our collection of papers. Dr Rind's long paper explored sexual contacts and relationships between adult males and adolescent boys from a series of psychological, anthropological, and historical perspectives and included a number of case studies based on gay men's recollections of the relationships they had as adolescent boys with gay adult male; these relationships had been consensual and the now adult gay men had nothing but positive memories of them; this, according to Rind, argues against judging such relationships as inevitably damaging to a boy's psychological well-being. His discussions based on anthropological and historical scholarship also made clear that in some societies, mainly of the past, such as that of ancient Greece, these relationships were perceived as having a positive, socially integrative benefit for the adolescent boy or young man. It is worth noting that in clinical psychology the word "paedophilia" is restricted to an adult's sexual attraction to prepubescent children and that classicists have long used the word "paederasty" (already used in ancient Greece) for the erotic and sexual relationship between an adult male and an adolescent boy..

A few days later Vernon and I received an e-mail from the Haworth Press that the publication of our collection of papers would be cancelled. We replied with a vigorous protest against the misrepresentation of Dr Rind's paper. I myself had invited Dr Rind in full knowledge of the fact he had already become extremely controversial in the U.S. years earlier for his studies of paedophile (or rather, paederastic) relationships involving adult males and adolescent boys and that this had even led to a thoroughgoing condemnation of his work by the American Congress; however, the overriding principle that counted for me was that his scholarship was deserving of public dissemination and should not be subjected to outright censorship and suppression. The news of what had happened spread like wildfire on the Internet, and Vernon and I were pleased with the online support we received from other academics as well as from librarians and other concerned persons. The story even made it to the *Halifax Chronicle-Herald*. The upshot of it all was that towards the end of October the Haworth Press rescinded its cancellation. Both sides had agreed that the collection of papers was to be published now without Rind's article, but that the author would be invited to expand on and clarify his scholarship. This would be the centre-piece of a new collection of papers written by scholars and professionals in different areas of expertise who would be invited to comment on Rind's revised and expanded paper;

John De Cecco and I would be the co-editors of this new collection, which would probably be published as a special issue of the *Journal of Homosexuality*. Bruce had readily agreed to this arrangement and almost immediately set about a major revision of his paper. *Same-Sex Desire and Love in Greco-Roman Antiquity and in the Classical Tradition of the West* has just appeared in a handsome hardcover and paperback format; it has certainly become a publication to feel especially good about.

The other major publication of mine during the past several years has been a monograph I co-authored with Bill Percy, *The Age of Marriage in Ancient Rome*. The early work on this project had been by Bill and a former graduate student of his, Arnold Lelis, who is now teaching at the University of Minnesota; the latter's name, therefore, also appears on the title page. Initially, this had taken the format of a lengthy article, which Bill had submitted to a number of journals. However, it had been rejected because of its excessive length. I suggested, therefore, that the article be reworked to become a monograph; the importance and originality of its scholarship certainly merited this format. I would write an introduction which would put the monograph's central thesis in a modern demographic context and would also reshape the original text into a number of separate chapters. The monograph took issue with the revision of the average age of first marriage in ancient Roman society which became the accepted view in the 1980's as a result of the work done by the American classicists and social historians Brent Shaw and Richard Saller. The earlier view, which had been standard for a long time and was based on the literary evidence, was that the Romans favoured marriage at a very early age for both women and men, early to mid-teens for the former, and late teens for men--sometimes even earlier, as with Julius Caesar, whose first marriage took place when he was only sixteen). Shaw and Saller turned to a new corpus of evidence, inscriptions on tombstones, which have survived in the tens of thousands from the ancient Roman world. Such inscriptions often furnish valuable data about the deceased and the commemorator, i.e. the person (or persons) who commemorates the deceased in the inscribed text. Direct data about the age of marriage of a deceased person who had been married are virtually non-existent, but Shaw and Saller worked out a methodology whereby they could work back from many of the existing data to the modal age of marriage for both men and women. They arrived at the conclusion that, except for the upper classes, where marriage at a very age was the norm for both men and women, as is attested by the literary sources, which concern themselves primarily with highest stratum of ancient Roman society, Roman women married in their late teens and Roman men in their late twenties or early thirties. Percy and Lelis had underlined that this carried important negative consequences for population growth since a later marriage for women reduces the number of offspring the woman is able to bear during her lifetime. Indications from our literary source strongly suggest that the Roman state and society was pro-natalist, favouring a steady

increase in its population which, of course, which would be conducive to Rome's expansionist drive from the earliest stages of its history onwards.

Percy and Lelis had shown in their earlier work that Shaw's and Saller's methodology was flawed and offered an alternative one which upheld the earlier theory concerning the average age of marriage. I had been totally convinced by their arguments and calculations. The monograph was published two years ago. Unfortunately, it garnered, to the best of my knowledge, only three reviews—two favourable or partially favourable and one negative—and it does not convince Walter Scheidel at Stanford University, who has become a pre-eminent social historian in Roman studies over the past decade; thus Shaw's and Saller's theory is likely to remain the standard one for a long time to come. However, we can be pleased that the review by Luuk de Ligt at the University of Leiden was at least partially positive; using the metaphor of strewing sand into an intricate clockwork-like mechanism, he concluded that we had revealed we had shown the flaws of the prevailing view. Since the monograph's publication I have rethought the methodology for our calculation of the modal age of marriage of Roman men and have arrived at the conclusion that it must lie somewhere in the mid-twenties, except, once more, for men of the upper classes. This is also supported by the significant fact as reported by de Ligt in his review that the average age marriage of Christian men in the late Roman world which can be derived from surviving epitaphs was twenty-three. My argument does not convince Bill or Dr Scheidel, with whom I corresponded about it, but I would like to see it included, at least in an appendix, if the monograph is ever reprinted or published in a second edition.

I wrote an unusually lengthy review (4000+ words) of Christian Laes's major study of children and childhood in the Roman empire. Dr Laes is a young Belgian classicist who, I think, is on the way to becoming a leading social historian in classical studies. Quite apart from the author's phenomenal familiarity with the ancient sources, I was struck by the book's intellectual sophistication in its drawing on contemporary social theory and by its striking foregrounding, without lapsing into naive anachronistic moralizing, of highly topical issues such as child labour and the sexual abuse of children. The book was written in Dutch; I immediately felt it deserved a much wider readership, and so I recommended emphatically in my conclusion that it be speedily translated into English. This is now happening under the auspices of the Cambridge University Press.

Vernon Provencal's finally getting tenure was a real cause for celebration a few years ago; before this happy event he had already been promoted to the rank of associate professor, and, I am sure, a well-deserved promotion to the rank of full professor is awaiting him in the near future. In 2000, the Departments of History and

Classics were merged. At the time of the merger I had been the head of the Department of Classics for a decade and had found it a real struggle at times to make sure that the needs of our program were not pushed aside by the advocates of much larger departments and programs. I had been somewhat apprehensive that in a merged department the interests of the much larger History program would always trump those of Classics. Fortunately, I have not seen this happening, and this was certainly evident when Peter Booth retired last year after 39 years of devoted service to his teaching and to the Acadia community. The Department was unanimous that Peter's position should be maintained for the Classics program, and made a strong and successful application that this be done.

All three classicists were agreed that Peter's successor should be an archaeologist; there was a keen interest among our students in classical archaeology, and for years they had been asking for the addition of such courses. Another consideration in the hiring was that, if at all possible, our new classicist should be woman. When I was an undergraduate and graduate students, there were hardly any female Classics professors; none of those who taught the Greek and Latin courses I took over a period of seven years were women, but the situation had drastically changed over the decades. There are many well qualified women now coming out of Classics programs with completed doctorates,, and this fortunate reality should also make its impact on hiring. It was indeed our good fortune that we were able to hire Dr Sonia Hewitt, who has her doctorate in Classics from McMaster's University, had several years of teaching experience at University of Calgary, and is a specialist in the archaeology of Roman North Africa with already a considerable amount of field experience.

I was not sorry that my two-year term as AUFA president came to an end in 2000. However, I can look back at two years of invaluable experience in meeting the challenges of leadership in the context of an at times fractious faculty union, and doing so on my own terms. I was very pleased that in July of that year, just after my term had ended, negotiations between the Association and the Board of Governors were successfully completed, in record time, I like to think. The most pleasant benefit of my AUFA presidency was attending the semiannual meetings of the Council of the Canadian Association of University Teachers (CAUT) in Ottawa. The opportunity to spend at least a couple of days in Canada's national capital was in itself a very agreeable experience; however, at the same time I also gained a great respect for the superb work done by the Association. Lobbying is not good word for some people, but I came to realize its importance with the lobbying on Parliament Hill in which I once participated, together with many other academics from all parts of Canada; it provided me with the opportunity to sit down for the first time for a good talk with Scott Bryson, the young and capable member of Parliament for my federal riding.

My two years as AUFA president were followed by a year as president of the Association of Nova Scotia University Teachers (ANSUT). In the two preceding years, I had already sat in on the meetings of the ANSUT Council as an observer for my own Association, which, on my recommendation, voted to join ANSUT in 2000. Like its federal counterpart, ANSUT is a organization whose ultimate mission must be lobbying, of making the collective voice of academics and their concerns in all aspects of their profession heard by government. The lobbying, I must admit, frequently sounds and looks too predictable, especially in the results it typically yields, as, for instance in the meeting I had, accompanied by other members of the ANSUT Council, with Janet Purvis, the minister of Education, and a few other officials of her Department. We pressed the concerns of the Nova Scotian professoriate, and she and her colleagues the constraints of government finances, and while the two sides most certainly shared a fundamental interest in promoting the excellence of university education in our province, besides the reiteration of this pious sentiment, nothing really concrete was accomplished. Even so, I am convinced that organizations like CAUT and ANSUT must maintain a high degree of visibility not only with governments but perhaps even more in the public domain at large, for there are issues such as academic freedom, tenure and, equally important, the rights and working conditions of non-tenured faculty, especially those with part-time positions, for which constant vigilance is of the essence.

Scott and I have enjoyed many good times over the past several years. Memorable in particular is the night we spent together at his apartment celebrating the arrival of the new millennium and watching the fireworks from the large window of his living room. Even so there have been a few times of upset and disappointment. The worst actually came recently at the end of what could have been an altogether pleasurable excursion; and here I see myself as bearing some of the blame. Scott bought four tickets to the Rolling Stones concert held at the Magnetic Hill near Moncton in early September of this year, and offered two of them to Vernon and his younger brother Jason—whom I knew well since years earlier he had been student of mine—Vernon would provide the transportation with his car. Everything went fine up to a point. We arrived well before the concert started. What came first were the warm-up performances by other groups, and it was already getting dark when the Stones started their fabulous rock fest of sound and light. By this time, Scott had wandered off into the crowd, saying he would meet us again when the concert was over. There was a crowd of at least 50,000 people, and the exiting of everyone from the concert grounds took a long, long time, funneled at it was through a few wide gates. The three of us waited and waited at the gate closest to the parking lot, but no Scott appeared. Finally, Vernon said that Scott must have left the concert grounds before we reached our gate—it had taken us a long time to reach it because of the huge queue of

people moving very slowly towards it; Scott therefore must have exited from the grounds earlier than we and would probably be hitching a ride back to Halifax. In the huge parking lot no sight of Scott either. Two hours must have passed before we finally reached the open highway unclogged by parked cars. With all the delays, we did not get home until early the next morning. I phoned Scott later that day; he answered, but very tired and very annoyed. It turned out he probably had not left the concert grounds before us, so we must have missed him. It had taken him two rides to get back to Halifax, and after his first ride he had to wait along the highway until the early morning hours before he got his second one. Rightly or wrongly, I blamed myself for what I had happened to Scott: maybe Vernon, Jason, and I should have waited even longer at our exit gate or I should have accompanied him when he disappeared into the crowd during the concert.

It is sad that Scott remains almost completely estranged from his family in Amherst. He chose not to attend the funeral after his father died in early January 2000; I myself did attend. His most frequent contacts have been with his sister Sheila, but they are confined to the odd telephone call. For a few years he tried to be, in his own way, a thoughtful uncle to his young great-nephew Zach, son of Shawna, Sheila's older daughter by sending him stamps, silver coins and books, along with the occasional letter in which he told Zach what he thought was an amusing story, but he did not get the impression they were much appreciated by Zach and his parents. On neither side, obviously, the right initiative has been made to remove the barrier. What has been particularly painful for me to watch is Scott's declining fitness and health. He has had a few attacks of angina, although they are controlled now through medication. During his first few years in Halifax he remained reasonably fit through biking, long walks, and even a bit of cross-country skiing. That is over now. He complains of arthritic pains in one of his hands and feet, although, fortunately, has not lost his mobility. Most seriously, for several years now, probably already starting before his move to Halifax, he has had stubbornly persistent bacterial infection, of the staphylococcus aureus type, in his scalp. Antibiotics have confined it to his scalp but have not healed it; even a skin graft did not help. He has found that fatty foods inflamed it further, so he has developed the discipline of avoiding them as much as possible; however I am sure he still drinks too much pop. When his infection flares up he bandages his scalp, and then covers everything with a baseball hat. It breaks my heart see him like this. I have encouraged him to get his driver's license back. I will be more than glad to rent a car, so we could start to explore once more our beautiful province, but Scott is unenthusiastic. I hope and pray there will come a turn-around in every aspect of his life that is not going well for him.



*Siblings' reunion with my brothers and sisters, their spouses, and a close friend in 2008.
(I am in back row, standing 3rd from right)*

I.19 New Westminster, B.C. Mid-August, 2009

I just had a fit of crying. I've had quite a few since that fatal Friday of almost three weeks ago. Darkness is falling and I am in the master bedroom of the penthouse apartment which overlooks the Fraser River and which Terry shares with Rick and Don; his friends were kind enough to let me use their bedroom while they are away. I was in Toronto a few weeks ago, staying with Brian Rees just after I had arrived from my usual visiting in Sarnia; I would be returning to Nova Scotia within a week. For several days I had tried to reach Scott by telephone, but no luck; however, it was not uncommon for Scott not to answer for days in a row. Baldwin later told me that on Thursday, July the 22nd, Scott had left a message for him asking where I was; he said Scott was rambling and sounded somewhat confused. At 9.30 am the following day, the 23rd, I checked my voice-mail to see if there were any messages for me, perhaps one from Scott, and it turned out he had left three just after 11.00 in the evening of the previous day. I was

stunned as I listened to the first: Scott said, "I've done it. I've taken all the pills. Everyone should do it when they no longer want to live." I was so shocked I erased the following two messages as though I didn't want to hear any more—some time later I contacted the telephone company to see if they could be recovered, but that proved to be impossible. I immediately contacted the police in Halifax and after about one-and-a-half hours received a call from them that they had found Scott dead in his apartment. I burst out in tears, but when I had recovered gave the police the telephone numbers of his two sisters, Joan and Sheila, in Amherst.

I decided to return to Nova Scotia immediately. I called Vernon before I headed to the airport; he offered to pick me up at the Halifax Airport. After I arrived, Vernon and I headed for Scott's apartment building, where we talked with the superintendent and Fran Kirby, a neighbour of Scott. Scott's body had already been taken away hours ago. I told the superintendent the police would contact Scott's family in Amherst so that she should hear from them soon. Fran and her husband Bob had befriended Scott a few years ago, a fact for which I had been immensely grateful. Fran and Scott had gone shopping together, and in June they had gone to see Elton John's performance in the Halifax Commons. Most important, Fran together with another friend had done a massive job tidying up Scott's apartment. Scott had become a terrible hoarder over the past few years, a sure sign of a persistent depression—I was confronted with the piles of clutter whenever I visited him.

I remember Scott already talking about the possibility of suicide many years ago when we were living in Toronto: if he ever was to feel his life was no longer worth living, he would not hesitate to take his own life. I overheard him saying this as he spoke into an audio-tape destined for one of his pen-pal friends. During his last years in Halifax, he said much the same to me; he seemed to have entirely lost his zest for life. He talked vaguely about trips he still wanted to take with me, a cruise perhaps to Europe, but it remained only talk. At one point, he booked himself for a trip to Orlando, hotel included, but arrived late at the airport, and then lost all enthusiasm. My continued offers, too, of renting a car did not interest him. We continued to have some good times in Halifax, going shopping together and trying different types of food and eateries—Chinese, Japanese, Korean, steak-house, and so forth—but he continually expressed the fear that he would eventually lose his mobility—and what then? I told him he could try visiting me for a while, but he vehemently declined, saying would then have to see his former friends in and around New Minas again, the ones who would have listened to my stories of his abusive behaviour, and he did not want to have to put up now with their pity.

I received a call from Sheila the following day, Friday the 24th. She and her husband David plus her brother Charlie, who, together with his wife Pat, had moved back to Amherst from Vancouver four years ago, would go to Scott's apartment a week from now, collect the stuff they wanted from his apartment—Charlie's trailer would come in handy for this—and from the funeral home the canister containing Scott's ashes. I agreed to meet them at the apartment building on Friday the 31st and would then return with them to Amherst, where the funeral would take place the following day.

It was evening now. After my bursting out in tears when I learned Scott was dead, I had felt numb, only registering and acting upon the facts which called for my attention, but now the tears of my grief came plentifully as the immense sadness, the waste, of it all, overwhelmed me, for I knew I had loved him very much. Then, as in miraculous burst of light, I saw through the sadness and seeming futility of Scott's life and I knew that thanks to the grace of God it was not so, that God had taken Scott to himself, and all was well with him now. I smiled through my tears then: there was no need for complicated and abstruse theologizing; it was simply so. There would be tears again, but that comfort would stay with me.

The following Friday I met Sheila, David, Charlie, as well as Scott's brother Wayne, who had just flown over from Bowser on Vancouver Island, where he and his wife Linda lived—that he would come from such a distance to pay his respects to his dead brother impressed me greatly, for Scott had been completely estranged from him. The superintendent let us into the apartment. Fran was also there. She would distribute to the residents of the building whatever was not gathered up by Scott's family and myself; and there was a lot that could go to them—furniture, some of it quite good, including a nice leather couch, housewares, blankets, bed linens, television sets, VCR's, and all sorts of audio-equipment. Only Scott's computer was missing; Fran said he had taken it out for servicing somewhere, but she did not know where, so it is doubtful it will ever be recovered. I only took some personal effects, letters written by hand or typed on the computer which he had never mailed, correspondence from others, documents, some books, cassette-tapes on which he had recorded—I had already a big stash of such items at home; many book shelves of mine were filled with his books—and stuffed animal toys, which he had always been fond of. Then Sheila and I went to the funeral home, where I was given the canister with Scott's ashes, which I passed on to her. It was a strange, indeed unreal feeling to hold for a few seconds these physical remains of him in my hands.

I drove back with Charlie and Wayne in Charlie's truck to Amherst, the trailer behind us. The next morning the very simple ceremony of the burial of Scott's ashes

took place in the Catholic half of the St Charles Cemetery. Except for Joan, who was on vacation, all of Scott's family present in Amherst was there. There was no priest officiating. I guess it could be no other, for Scott had been completely alienated from the Church since he was fifteen when he suddenly quit being an altar boy, "to get away from all that nonsense," as he had put it to me, and he had become an atheist; his at times very vocal atheism had been the stuff of endless debates between the two of us. Scott did tell me once that when he was an altar boy, his priest was given to making passes at him, but, as he noted laconically, "I was always too fast for him"—that was the same priest, I am sure, Amelia at least once referred to as "that old bugger." Although Scott never stated such a connection, I strongly suspect that the priest's most inappropriate behaviour contributed significantly to his departure from the church; all this happened decades ago when the sexual abuse of children by Catholic clergy was still far from coming out into the open—the way Scott referred to his experience he made it sound more like a joke than anything else. I am glad to know that some reconciliation must have taken place in his mind before he died because a few years before his death he wrote me that he no longer had a quarrel with the Church. The canister with Scott's ashes was buried in front of the gravestone of his parents. The hole had already been dug and the representative from Amherst funeral home deposited the canister there. I spoke a few words then which drew on the verse in chapter 42 of *Isaiah* where God says of his Messiah, "He will not break a bruised reed, or snuff out a smouldering wick." Scott had been such a bruised reed and smouldering wick, a "wounded soul," to use my own term, but his life had not been in vain and would not be consigned to nothingness. We closed with all of us standing at the graveside saying, quite spontaneously, the Lord's Prayer. I stayed with Charlie and Pat for one more night and then returned to New Minas. Sheila and I had agreed that she would get an appropriate stone marker for the burial spot, with the two of us splitting the cost. I am determined to stay in touch with Scott's family and will continue to look them up as I come to Amherst periodically to pay my respects at Scott's grave.

I.20 New Minas, Late January, 2016

This coming July the 23rd it will be seven years since Scott died. July 23rd is the date given in the coroner's report a copy of which his sister Joan was kind enough to send me a month or so after his death. I am inclined to think that since Scott took the fatal dosage around eleven o'clock the previous evening, he may very well have died just before midnight rather than after. His life and death are still very much with me, and so it will always be. I travel to Amherst once or twice a year to put flowers on his grave. I have been staying then with Charlie and Pat, who have extended their kind hospitality to me all these years, and also look up the rest of Scott's family in Amherst.

Five years ago, I began to go through all the boxes of slides which had been taken mostly by Scott during our first six years together in Vancouver, Toronto, and Wolfville; there were also a large number of slides going back to the early seventies which were taken, again, mostly by Scott before we met in 1975. I thought it would be a good project for me to select a few hundred of them and combine them into a video which would also feature beautiful background music. I selected enough of them to make for a video of thirty-five minutes; the background music I chose was mainly classical—a bit of Beethoven, a lot of Chopin, whom I remembered as one of Scott's favourite classical composers, and finally a bit of Mozart—but started off with two contemporary songs, which were very meaningful to me, "How Deep is Your Love," of the Bee-Gees and Barbra Streisand's "The Way We Were." I turned to my sister Sylvia, who has become the master photographer and video-artist of our family over the past decade, to put all of this together. She did a fantastic job; when I first watched and listened in her Sarnia home to what she had so beautifully put together, tears came into my eyes. She made several extra copies for me which went to Glenn and Scott's family. I'll always treasure this uniquely beautiful memento of my life together with Scott.

Fortunately, my three-year term as head of the Department of History and Classics had come to an end just before Scott's death, so I had the remaining weeks of that summer to myself. I decided to go ahead with my trip that August to British Columbia to visit Terry in New Westminster and Gerrit and his family on Gabriola Island. Those days of rest and taking in the beauty of the West Coast did me a lot of good. In September I started what was to be my last year of full-time teaching since I planned to retire officially in 2011, with the year 2010-2011 to be spent on sabbatical leave. That final year of full-time teaching gave me the opportunity to teach my new senior course on Roman historiography which I had been developing over the previous year. I also taught in a course that was part of a series of new interdisciplinary courses which had specifically developed for first-year students. It had the title of "The Psychology and Ethics of War," and was taught in a very intensive six-week module—two-and-a-half hours of class sessions Monday through Friday—during the winter term. My co-instructor was Eric Alcorn of the Department of Biology; his presentations and the discussions he led focused on the possible biological roots of war in both individual and collective human behaviour, whereas I explored war in its historical dimensions; I like to think that with my strong background in Greco-Roman civilization and with my wide reading in other areas of history, I was well equipped to take this on. Eric and I meshed extremely well; we learned a lot from each other, and much of the course, I thought, was a continuing dialogue between him and me. On the other hand, I was disappointed that only a small proportion of the fifteen or so students registered in the course were really engaged with it. Several students, however, contributed a memorable project, namely a video-recorded interview with a World War II veteran.

I officially retired in 2011, but then stayed on for two years to teach part-time during Sonia's and Vernon's sabbatical leaves. In my own eyes, therefore, my real retirement started in 2013. To my great chagrin, I have not as yet been replaced, and, I am afraid, may never be. Given the university's severe financial constraints—a huge accumulated debt plus year after year of budgetary deficits—and the very low ranking of Classics, and indeed of the Humanities in general, on the University's *desideranda*, this is no surprise; it is no different at most other universities in Canada and around the world. Retirement agrees me with me. I have the time and leisure now to do the kind of extensive reading, especially of fiction, I had to skimp on, at least in my own eyes, during my years of full-time teaching and of my other numerous Acadia-related responsibilities. My engagement with scholarship continues, but at a much slower pace. I have published only three articles since my official retirement, and I see the same slowing down happening to my book reviews. The problem I have developed with my eye-sight over the past nine years is the major culprit behind this fact. In 2007 I was successfully treated—with radiation at the Princess Margaret Hospital in Toronto—for a rare form of cancer at the back of my left eye; the small tumor there was indeed destroyed, and I have been cancer-free ever since. However, the radiotherapy caused the condition of the eye to deteriorate so much that in the year following it had to be removed. I have adjusted well to my prosthetic eye, but the loss of one-half of my eye-sight has placed a considerable strain on my remaining eye, which previously had been the stronger of the two; for a while I was even afraid I might be losing my eyesight. This, fortunately, has turned out to be a false alarm, but typing and any other work on the computer come at much slower pace now as I am concerned to spare my eye-sight as much as I can.

I am continuing my service on the editorial board of the *Journal of Homosexuality*, where my main job has been the vetting of papers for publication on topics in literature and cultural history. Another boon stemming from my retirement is that I have more time for local volunteer work. I derive satisfaction from my participation in the New Democratic Party of Nova Scotia by serving on the executive of our riding association and on the Party's Provincial Council, and will be attending the convention scheduled for February 26-28 where the new leader of the Party will be elected by the membership. The election will be a model of democracy: the overwhelming majority of members will, of course, not be at the convention but will be able to vote online or by telephone. I also serve on the executive of the Acadia Retired Faculty Association; at the moment we are exploring with the University's Office of Advancement ways in which retired faculty can be of special and unique service to Acadia.

It took almost eight years to get the collection of papers published which was to be the sequel to the 2005, collection which had narrowly escaped non-publication. Thanks to the fact that Vernon and I as co-editors had come to an agreement with the Haworth Press that while Bruce Rind's controversial article would be dropped, he would be invited to clarify his argument by revising and expanding his paper; this would then become the centre-piece of a new book which would also contain responses to his article by various invited scholars and other experts. It took the author a long time to complete his revision and what he produced finally had the length of a full-blown book or monograph. However, I let it stand for the time being and got busy with extending invitations to a wide range of experts, mainly in the social and psychological sciences, to critique Rind's article. There was also to be response from an expert on U.S. law, or rather laws, since criminal law is largely under the jurisdiction of the states and, in addition, I needed a biologist to critique Rind's use of the science of evolution. Finding a suitable biologist proved the hardest task, but I was happy that Eric Alcorn of the Department of Biology at Acadia finally agreed to take on the challenge. Right at the beginning of my search for contributors, I had already persuaded another two professors at Acadia, Patrick O'Neill, professor emeritus of psychology, and Janice Best, professor of French, to contribute a joint article on the perils of academic censorship in Canada. There were also articles by three classicists. Tom Hubbard of the University of Texas at Austin had already contributed to the 2005 publication, but this time he authored an extremely well documented criticism of existing legal practice in the U.S. and of the pariah-like treatment of convicted offenders after they had served their prison terms and had been released back into the community at large; his article nicely supplemented the other article dealing with U.S. law and legal practice. I myself contributed an article on paederasty as it appears in Roman love poetry, especially in the *Odes* of Horace; this built on my article on Tibullus in the 2005 collection. Finally, Christian Laes of the University of Antwerp looked at paederasty mainly in its ancient Greek context while at same time offering a thoughtful contemporary perspective.

Since my new co-editor, John De Cecco, already in his eighties now, became clearly unwell at a very early stage of the project, the bulk of all the work involved fell on my shoulders. However, in March 2009, I was able to send a complete manuscript to the managing editor of the *Journal of Homosexuality*. I already knew that the Haworth Press had been bought by the multinational publisher Taylor & Francis, but I expected it would respect the agreement into which the Haworth Press had entered in October 2005. However, a month after my submission of the manuscript, I received a curt e-mail from the head office of Taylor & Francis to the effect that they had "judged" the manuscript should not be published. Clarification of why they had thus judged was never given, and my protests were in vain, and it became soon clear the company

would not be moved by protests from any source whatsoever, whether individual or organizational.

By mid-summer I recognized I needed help in the form of a new co-editor, and extended an invitation to Tom Hubbard and was overjoyed when he accepted. Thanks to Tom's excellent knowledge of and connections with the academic publishing scene in the U.S., we were eventually successful in finding a small but academically respectable publisher, the California-based The Left Coast Press. The publisher thought the existing manuscript was too big and should be reduced by more than one-third, so it fell upon Rind to cut his text almost in half while Laes and I decided to withdraw our respective articles for publication elsewhere. After a great deal of additional editorial work, which was generously taken care of by Tom, the book was finally published in August 2013 under the title of *Censoring Sex Research: the Debate over Male Intergenerational Relations*, with a foreword by Daniel Tsang, distinguished librarian at the University of California at Irvine, and a lengthy, superbly detailed introduction by Tom. It has received a few good notices on the Internet, but no journal has chosen—as yet?—to carry a review. This is most regrettable since I am convinced that this collection of papers will help the reader to come to terms with the deeply controversial issue of paedophile sexuality in a spirit of humanity and regard for the facts.

The research and writing project I had chosen to work on during my year of sabbatical leave was a study of male homoerotic poetry: I would start with a number of poets and poems from Greco-Roman antiquity and then would jump right over to modernity in the West, beginning with Constantine Cavafy and Stefan George in the late nineteenth and the early twentieth century. The poetry chosen by me would have to be of considerable literary merit and speak with a distinctly individual voice. I would only select poetry in languages other than English where I would not be completely dependent on existing translations: I would therefore take in Dutch, French, German, modern Greek, Italian, and Spanish. On the other hand, I would not hesitate to use meritorious existing translations which I could not hope to improve on, and, of course, would so indicate. I spent much of the year discovering poets and poetry that previously I had only or mostly known by name such as Cavafy, George, Willem de Mérode, Hart Crane, Federico García Lorca, and Allen Ginsburg, as well as immersing myself in a number of Anglophone and Francophone Canadian poets of the past half century or so. The reading went well, but not so the writing, on which I started during the last few months of my leave. I wrote what was to be a chapter on ancient Greek poetry, but I found that what I had written was mundane and uninspiring. In fact, I was beginning to develop a writer's block: I had to admit to myself that I no longer possessed any enthusiasm for academic writing beyond the scope of an occasional journal article or book review. Wishing also to reach the interested reader outside

academe, I had already intended my study not to be too overly academic. Indeed, I thought that with a much expanded target readership in mind I would produce a more engaged and vigorous style of writing, but again nothing of the sort happened, and eventually the whole writing project was lying in complete abeyance.

Only at the beginning of last year, when I began to think of writing my memoirs did I begin to see a way of rescuing my earlier project: I would devote a few lengthy sections in the second part of my memoirs, the *Summa Meae Vitae: The Sum of My Life*, to male homoerotic poetry. I would have to be far more selective and succinct; however, my principal aim of underlining the rich diversity of this poetry across the ages could and would be preserved. Now that I have completed *Preludes*, the first part of my memoirs, I am optimistic my intention will soon achieve its realization on the written page.

PART 2

SUMMA MEAE VITAE

The Sum of My Life

II Summa Meae Vitae—The Sum of My Life

II.1 My Faith and My Hope in Process

As I look back over the many decades of all the past years I can remember, it is clear to me that coming to terms with my sexual orientation, important and direction-setting though it certainly was, occupies only a relatively small chapter in my life, for it is the *Gottesfrage*, as it is called so succinctly in German—the English rendering, “The question about God,” does not have the same expressive brevity—which has engaged me since my boyhood years in the Netherlands, not necessarily in clearly articulated thinking but always as a looming presence in my mind. In the *Gereformeerde Kerken* (“Reformed Churches”) in the Netherlands and the Christian Reformed Church here in Canada I was raised in a Calvinist creed that I found increasingly unacceptable; in fact, in my eyes it made a mockery of the idea of a loving God according to the gospel as it was delivered in both word and deed by Jesus.

Calvinist orthodoxy is conveniently encapsulated in the English language in the acronym, TULIP, which can even be googled nowadays on the Internet: *T*otal depravity, *U*nconditional election, *L*imited atonement, *I*rresistible grace, *P*erseverance of the saints. In the website which I accessed it is defended by a large number of citations from the Bible, mainly from the Greek Scriptures (the New Testament, as they usually called by Christians), but even with the odd quotation from the Hebrew Scriptures (the Old Testament). Here we have a good example of what is often called proof-texting with respect to the use (or rather, misuse) of the Bible, citing one or more texts or passages to defend a certain doctrine, as though the Bible is some kind of legal code composed in a specific historical context for a specific jurisprudential and law-enforcing purpose. It is interesting to note in this connection that John Calvin—trained as a lawyer in Roman law—named his *summa* of the Protestant Reformation the *Institutes of the Christian Religion*. (“*Institutes*,” was the common title in Antiquity of primers of classical Roman law such as the *Institutes of Gaius* composed in the second century and the *Institutes of the Corpus Iuris Civilis*, the massive and definitive codification of Roman law enacted and promulgated by the East Roman emperor Justinian in the sixth century).

The patent difficulties in establishing the teachings of the Bible such a proof-texting runs into are enormously heightened by the still widely accepted belief in the divine inspiration (i.e. inspired by God) of both the Hebrew and the Greek Scriptures

which fundamentalists take as far as maintaining the actual God-effected verbal inspiration of the Bible. Looking back to my formative boyhood years, I am convinced that it was my already early questioning of the belief in divine inspiration, even though I still had not precisely thought it out at that time, which led me away from orthodoxy.

My difficulties with the Bible started right at the beginning of the book of Genesis with the story of Adam and Eve and their disobedience of God's commandment not to eat of the fruit of the Tree of Good and Evil, because of which they were expelled from the paradisaal Garden of Eden and their life became one of toil and hardship ending eventually in death. It was difficult for me to take this story literally: it just didn't make any sense. Much later I learned that the mainstream Protestant churches as well as the Catholic Church had moved away from the literal interpretation, and treated the story, well, as a story, a *mythos*—to use the Greek word for “story”—a story that did not need to be taken as literal fact but as one that told a fundamental truth about mankind's relationship gone wrong with God and the grim human condition resulting from that fact: at the dawn of history humankind had become rebellious against and therefore alienated from God, and in doing so humans had also turned against each other in strife, conflict, and at times even outright war; this primordial story about Adam and Eve explained all the evils that were to beset henceforth all human societies. The transgression of Adam and Eve against God thus became, so to speak, an ineradicable taint that that marked each human being from his or her birth, perhaps even from conception onward. Theologians were to call this taint original sin. We find this idea already in the St Paul's Epistles, notably in his letter to the Romans. However, we do not find it in the words of Jesus, although Jesus certainly had no illusions about human nature and man's capacity for doing evil. As I see it, and I have good reason to believe this is simply a common-sense observation, human beings vary enormously as to whether they should be called doers of good or evil. Some persons, Christians and non-Christians alike, strike us as profoundly good individuals who have a deep respect for their fellow human beings and show this in word and deed. It is meaningless to speak of original sin with reference to them; indeed all persons deserve to be judged solely on their actual record of doing good or evil. The Catholic tradition going back right to the church father St Augustine muddied the waters even more by viewing the passing on of the taint of original sin from one generation to another as taking place through the act of procreation—hence the proclamation in the nineteenth century of the immaculate conception of Mary, the mother of Jesus, as infallible dogma.

In our genes, bodies, and behaviours, we carry with us our animal heritage which propels us also towards conflict, aggression, and violence—towards doing evil, therefore, by virtue of our being human, and this capacity is immensely magnified and diversified by the exceptional and unique powers of our human brain. This is really what constitutes our original sin, not some primordial transgression by the mythical ancestors of the human race. Here we must take a cold, hard look at our predicament, at our being situated at the apex of a Nature (or if one prefers to call it “Creation”) that in the words of Tennyson in his great nineteenth century elegiac poem, *In Memoriam*, is “red in tooth and claw.” Paradoxically, it is against this dark background that the human capacity also to be good and to do good stands out all the more brightly, for, *contra* the theology of original sin, humans, viewed collectively, are not total reprobates who, as the seventeenth century Canons of Dort, still doctrinally binding on most Calvinist churches, would have us believe, are fully deserving of the punishment, both “temporal and eternal,” meted out by a “just” God.

Even so, I could never accept atheism. In my eyes, the universe, in all its wondrously unfathomable complexity, showed an intelligent design that must be attributed to an infinite and eternal Intelligence far beyond our capacity to understand. I have never regarded “intelligent design” as constituting a scientific or philosophical proof of the existence of God, and it never should be taught as such, but from an early age I appreciated it as a luminous pointer to the reality of God.. Here certainly I was of one mind with many of the psalms in the Hebrew Scriptures (e.g. Psalm 19) which testify to the same conviction. Scott and I used to have vigorous debates about the existence of God. He certainly recognized the overwhelming presence of intelligent design, but for him the intelligent design was entirely immanent in a self-actuating universe which had no need for a transcendent creator-god..

But what you might call basic theism was never enough for me, complicated as it was by the reality of pain and suffering and even worse, in the domain of man, the reality of human evil. From my earlier years I had been looking for a God with, so to speak, a human face, like a loving father or—as I would add now—mother. There was not much preaching about this, as I recall it, in the Reformed Churches or the Christian Reformed Church; at best, the “loving” was conditional upon unquestioningly following a certain way of life supposedly enjoined by what was believed to be the Word of God, i.e. the Bible. With my growing realization of my sexual orientation, I felt completely reprobated by what St Paul said in his letter of the Romans about homosexuality, and this more than anything else led me to question the absolute authority of Scripture. Fortunately, during my early years in Toronto spent mostly in

the faith-communities of the Old Catholic Church, the Anglican Church of the Holy Trinity, and the Metropolitan Community Church, I began to see far more clearly God's human face in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, God's Anointed (Christos), the Son of God, and God-With-Us (Immanuel). I regret to say, though, as I became wrapped up in my effort to establish myself professionally and to keep up the emotional energy I thought I had to expend on my commitment to Scott, I allowed my faith to blur and fade away, and so during my year in Vancouver and the following two years in Toronto, I hardly showed my face inside a church. It was not much different in Nova Scotia.

Only when, after several stressful years of living with Scott, I was spending the summer of 1982 apart from him, did I begin to reach back to my faith again by starting to read the theological works of Hans K ung. That summer I read *On Being a Christian* and *Does God Exist?* A year later I read K ung's *Eternal Life*. These three constitute for me the greatest Christological triad of books I have ever read and will remain with me for the rest of my life. Later I became also acquainted with the magnificent New Testament theology of Edward Schillebeeckx in his *Jesus: An Experiment in Christology* and *Christ: The Experience of Jesus as Lord*. Thanks to these two groundbreaking Catholic theologians, I began to see a God who was not a remote omnipotent and absolute Other, but one who above all through his Son has reached into the depths of my life and indeed into the life of all humanity. I now regret that this newfound faith did not motivate me to join a local church; the occasional service I have attended in Acadia University's chapel over the years hardly counts as such, and I have to admit that even now, more than four decades after my church years in Toronto, I am not a member of a church community. Thanks to my almost two years with the Old Catholic Church in Toronto, I continue to be drawn to the Catholic tradition, but find the official stance of the Roman Catholic Church homosexuality simply intolerable and am not prepared to put up with it, although I have great hopes that this is beginning to change under Pope Francis. Also, any church with the slightest whiff of the fundamentalist biblicism which I reject utterly is intolerable to me.

Despite what I have said earlier, I continue to have a strong affection for the Christian Reformed Church, especially its Canadian branch. Like its sister church in the Netherlands, it has a strong sense of social justice and its stance on certain moral issues such as homosexuality has much become much more enlightened over the past few decades. I know that now as an openly gay man I would be welcome and valued member in not a few CRC congregations in Canada; the American congregations still have to do quite a bit of catching up in this regard. In a more general context, though, I

am encouraged by the progressive Reformed theology in the recent book, *Christian Faith: Dogmatics in Outline*, by the American B.A. Gerrish. I'll never forget Will Durant's harsh indictment of John Calvin's theology in the sixth volume, *The Reformation*—I read it as a high school student in Wallaceburg—of his great multi-volume series, *The Story of Civilization*, “we shall always find it hard to love the man who darkened the human soul with the most absurd and blasphemous conception of God in all the long and honored history of nonsense.” This is too harsh a judgment even on Calvin, but in any case Calvinism has come a long way since the sixteenth century reformer.

I cannot deny there were still many rough years ahead of me also spiritually, right up till my break-up with Scott in 1995, and even thereafter, after my first encounters with the works of K ung and Schillebeeckx . The truly decisive moment for me came with Scott's death by his own hand in July 2009 when, paradoxically, I experienced an unforgettable epiphany of God's grace. The first 24 hours or so after I received the news of his death from the Halifax police, after a minute or so of tears, I was emotionally numb, but late in the afternoon of the next day when I was back home the import of the tragedy began to hit me very hard, and I began to cry bitterly, but then, in the luminous flash of a revelation sent by God, I began to smile through my tears as I addressed these words to Scott: “You were not lost, my dearest Scott, and you did not vanish into nothingness, for I know that God took you to be with himself.” I think now that Scot's writing me a few years earlier that he no longer had a quarrel with the Catholic Church may have contributed to that wonderful breakthrough of mine in trust in God. A week later when I spoke at the grave-site of Scott's parents, next to which his ashes were being interred, I was inspired to quote the words in *Isaiah* 42 in which God affirms of his Messiah, his Anointed, “He will not break a bruised reed or snuff out a smouldering wick.” Scott had been such a bruised reed or smouldering wick, but he, too, had been and was still a beloved child of God. The comfort bestowed on me by what I do not hesitate to call a true epiphany of God's presence and by the words I spoke later at the grave-site has remained with me ever since.

I had the great pleasure of chatting with Hans K ung after he gave his guest speech at Acadia University in 1985—many hundreds had turned out to hear him, so many that the lecture hall where he spoke could not accommodate everyone and a loudspeaker had to be put up in the nearby large entrance hall. I thanked him of course for his books which had helped me so much in my faith. He told me then he was beginning to turn to interfaith dialogue in his theology, and since then I have also followed his more recent books avidly. Most recently I have read his absolutely magnificent book on Islam, a masterpiece not only of careful scholarship but also of

reaching out in empathy and a desire for authentic dialogue with a faith tradition which, despite its strict monotheism, is so very different from Christianity. I have also been inspired by him to learn much more about Judaism, Hinduism, and Buddhism. I have read some parts of the Upanishads and the Bhagavad-Gita (the latter in the splendid translation with commentary by R.C. Zaehner, which also provides the original Sanskrit text in transliteration), which are the central Hindu scriptures, and have seen especially in the latter that the idea of and faith in a loving God is not foreign to that religion: especially memorable is what the god Krishna—who is a manifestation of the Absolute Reality, the Brahman—says at one point to the warrior-prince Arjuna: “And now again give ear to this my highest Word, of all the most mysterious: 'I love you well.' Therefore will I tell you your salvation.” I am also acquainted with the insight of the great ninth century Hindu philosopher and theologian Shankara, who taught that, in his relationship to his creation, the Brahman is no longer the impersonal Absolute Reality but is the personal God. I fully agree with what was already emphasized by the Second Vatican Council more than a half a century ago that we must recognize whatever is good in other religions and faith traditions, and that these, too, are capable of great insight into the nature of God and his relationship to his creation, above all of course, humankind.

Contrariwise, in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures things are ascribed to the will of God, whether explicitly or implicitly, which—to be quite frank—are wrong, even at times hideously wrong from any ethical point of view, and at an utter remove from the spirit of the Gospel. Take, for instance, the Book of Joshua where God commands Joshua and the Israelites to slay all the men, women, and children—and even the domestic animals—of any Canaanite city-state which resists their conquest of the land promised to them by him: God commanding genocide? (Fortunately, these stories of genocide are almost certainly unhistorical since there are no signs of a violent occupation—with the attendant material destruction—of Palestine during the period, most probably the thirteenth century B.C., when the Exodus and the entry of the Israelites into the land of Canaan took place.) These stories were probably devised many centuries later when the by then thoroughly monotheistic Jews had conceived a great hatred of any polytheistic idolatry.) I also cannot help but think of Psalm 137, where the speaker says at the end, “Happy is he who shall seize your children and dash them against the rock.” Was the speaker inspired by God—by the Holy Spirit, we might say—when he indulged his vengeful imagination in this horrible way? There are also things said in the Greek Scriptures which are ascribed to the will of God but are very much time- and culture-bound. Most striking, among these is, in my judgment, St Paul's unqualified, thorough-going condemnation of homosexuality in the first chapter of his

Epistle to the Romans. Here the apostle expresses the long-standing deep antipathy of the Jews towards this form of sexuality—one also sees it, and it is expressed even more vehemently, in the writings of Paul's near-contemporary, Philo of Alexandria, who even maintains that homosexual acts deserve the death penalty.

Even as a child, I could not accept that some (many, perhaps) people would be condemned by God to suffer forever the torments of hell. My somewhat later rejection of the Calvinist doctrine of predestination probably stemmed directly from my conviction that even the worst evildoers such as the serial killer or the perpetrator of genocide, even if they are unrepentant, should not be subject to eternal damnation and punishment. Not that I held that I held God's grace should be easy for such a person, and I am inclined to think now that what is called "Hell" is more like Purgatory, the belief in which developed in the Catholic tradition. Jesus' parable of Lazarus and the rich man in chapter sixteen of the Gospel of Luke points in this direction. Jesus spoke strongly of accountability and punishment, but the idea of eternal damnation, literally understood, never crossed his lips. The ghastly pronouncements in chapter 20 of the Book of Revelation regarding "the lake of fire and sulphur" into which all unbelievers, too, are thrown to be tormented forever should carry no weight with anyone. (It is interesting to note that Calvin never wrote a commentary on Revelation—the interpretation of which is still so much misused by fundamentalists—saying simply he did not understand it.) In my rejection of the doctrine of eternal damnation I share common ground with the third century theologian Origen (judged, unfortunately, by later church councils to be heretical), who developed the idea of *apokatastasis* ("restoration"); this, according to him, is the destiny awaiting all of humanity. In the context of what is, of course, a totally different faith tradition, namely the Mahayana form of Buddhism which is prevalent in China and Japan, I am also reminded of the figure of the Bodhisattva, an incarnation of the Buddha, who postpones his own attainment of Nirvana until he has brought all of humanity to this blessed state. Finally, I have not read his book as yet, but I happy see to see from the reviews of Nik Ansell's recently published, *The Annihilation of Hell*, that my views on hell and eternal damnation are shared by him; the pleasure of this recognition is all the greater because he, too, comes from a Reformed background.

During my later university years, I read *The Phenomenon of Man* by the distinguished French Jesuit palaeontologist and theologian, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin (1881-1955), who boldly subsumed the process of evolution under what is commonly called by Christian theologians the history of salvation. For this reason, during his life-time he was virtually silenced by the church establishment, with the recognition he

most certainly deserved not coming until after his death. For him, the emergence of a humanity with a fully developed brain marked a key moment in the evolutionary process in which God drew the cosmos and the world of living beings even closer to himself. Even more epochal and transformative was the Incarnation of God in Jesus the Christ, and now the evolutionary process is drawing closer to what Teilhard de Chardin called the Omega-Point, traditionally seen by Christians as the second coming of Christ, when God will become all in all. This is theology at its most audacious, speculative certainly but imbued with a deep spirituality. Teilhard de Chardin has been criticized, including by Kúng in his *Does God Exist?*, for neglecting the reality of evil, but he is able to counter this by underlining that the evolutionary process itself inevitably engenders much pain and suffering, since life is indissolubly linked to death—in this connection, I recall Tennyson's "Nature, red in tooth and claw." The apostle Paul himself speaks in Romans, chapter eight, of a creation that is "altogether groaning and in pain until now" (verse 22), and right before this (verses 21-22), he writes, "For its creation [i.e. of the world] was subjected to frustration not by its own will but through him [i.e. God] who subjected it on the basis of a hope that the creation itself will be set free from the enslavement to corruption and have the glorious freedom of the children of God." (My translation: I should emphasize here that the Greek *ktisis*, translated as "creation," refers primarily to our planet earth, not the universe as a whole; as in the creation story in Genesis, chapter, one, Paul's focus is entirely geocentric, for the earth is the home of humanity, the crown of creation).

In the end, therefore, I place my hope for myself and, far more importantly, for all of humankind in the irresistible grace of God. I can wholeheartedly embrace at least this part of TULIP now that I see that God's grace is not just for the elect few but for each and everyone. I must confess that at times I still have my moments of doubt when I am haunted by the title of one of Sigmund Freud's final works, *The Future of an Illusion*, but my trust and hope in God and his grace continues and I can say in that wonderfully succinct Afrikaans: "alles sal reg kom."

II.2 Sexuality: Mine and That of Others

The international conference on gay and lesbian studies I attended at the Free University in Amsterdam in December 1987 was entitled, "Homosexuality: Which Homosexuality?" In the session devoted to papers on homosexuality in the ancient Greco-Roman world, I presented a paper on male-to-male-sexuality—I usually avoid the too clinical sounding "homosexuality," but, in addition, only use the word "gay"

when I am speaking of male homosexuality in the context of the modern western world—which pointed out that if you place this form of sexuality in the context of ancient Roman society and culture, you are really looking at several distinctly different forms of sexual expression and person-to-person relating. My own homosexuality certainly has important characteristics I share with most other gay men but it is also very individual and not a few gay men might find it does not at all conform to the lived experience of their own sexuality.

In making this assertion, I must turn to Alfred Kinsey's groundbreaking *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* published in 1948, which despite its methodological limitations remains, even after almost seven decades, one of the most thorough-going and authoritative studies on this subject. One of its best known features is the so-called Kinsey scale, which on a range from 0 to 6 ranks male sexual behavior in relation to its heterosexual and its homosexual components: at one extreme, at scale point 0 representing only a small proportion of the total male population in the United States in the 1940's, are placed the men who are exclusively heterosexual throughout their lives; at the other, extreme, at scale point no. 6 also representing a small proportion of the total male population—about 4% according to Kinsey's findings—are the men who are exclusively homosexual throughout their lives. The men who are placed at points 2 through 5 and represent the vast majority of the population display progressively more homosexuality in their lived experience of their lives, ranging from very little at point 2 to a lot of it, far outstripping the heterosexuality, at point 5. The men who might be called “gay”—which since the 1970's has become the generally accepted word for men who are predominantly or exclusively homosexual—are those males which must be placed at points no. 5 and 6.

I must place myself, most definitely, at point no.6, for I have good reason to consider myself exclusively gay. While I most certainly not averse from women and able to recognize and appreciate the physical attractiveness of many a young or youngish-looking woman, this recognition does not excite in me the kind of sexual attraction—or *eros*, as the Greeks called it—which seeks, at least at the mental level, close physical intimacy with the woman. To put it bluntly, I am simply not turned on, and it has always been with me this way since the onset of puberty.

A great deal of speculation—for that's what it is—has been carried on in the western world since the beginning of the last century about the root-causes of homosexuality, both male and female. To Freud, male homosexuality, while certainly not pathological, was a form of sexual immaturity due to a young man's failure to outgrow his Oedipus-complex, as Freud called it; from his own experience as a

psychotherapist, he knew it was almost certainly to remain a fixed orientation. Some of Freud's followers attributed it to a faulty interpersonal dynamics in the family, with a close-binding mother and, in a sharp contrast, a distant father warping their son's development towards a mature, healthy heterosexuality; they claimed that such an individual, provided he had the prerequisite motivation, could be cured from his condition through intense psychotherapy, which would often have to last for years. However, despite their extravagant claims, their rates of success were minimal. By the early 1970's the neo-Freudian theorizing with its accompanying therapies had fallen into almost disrepute, contradicted as it was by the lived experience of most gay men—as well as of lesbian women—and so it was not surprising that in 1973, the American Psychiatric Association removed homosexuality from its Diagnostic and Statistical Manual as a mental disease.

With neo-Freudian theorizing and psychotherapy discredited as offering a possible 'cure' for homosexuality, there has been a renewed interest over the past few decades in determining the possible biological root-causes of homosexuality. Many gays and lesbians are convinced that these are biological and therefore fixed, and that their sexual orientation is thus unalterable. A lot of publicity has attended the search for the so-called "gay gene," but the latter has proven to be elusive and may therefore not even exist. The 'gay' gene theory certainly does not explain the heterosexual-homosexual continuum of the Kinsey scale. Situational factors can be decisive in shaping erotic inclinations and sexual behaviours, as is demonstrated by the fact that in male prisons some basically heterosexual inmates turn to fellow prisoners as sexual outlets. Sociocultural factors may also come into play, namely in societies and cultures such as ancient Greece, where male homosexuality in certain forms and under certain conditions was not only tolerated but even accepted, and where bisexuality was fairly common.

Research into brain structure or into the intra-uterine conditions in which the embryo may find itself as being determinative of sexual orientation also has not turned up anything definitive. Finally, there has been a great deal of interesting thinking about the animal roots and evolutionary fitness of homosexuality as it exists in *Homo sapiens*; to explore this fascinating subject, you can turn to the papers by Bruce Rind and Eric Alcorn (the latter a response to and critique of the former) in the collection of papers, *Censoring Sex Research: The Debate over Male Intergenerational Relations*, edited by Tom Hubbard and myself and published in 2013 (in the final entry of part I of my memoirs, I recall the controversy surrounding this publication).

My apologies for the somewhat academic sounding preceding two paragraphs: it is time to focus on myself again. I was celibate until the age of twenty-six, whereas most of the gays I have met over the years started to have sex with other males much earlier in their lives, often already in their adolescent years. My only sexual outlet during my years of celibacy was masturbation, and even then I did not start to masturbate myself to orgasm until I was well into my twenties. Erotic fantasies I had galore from puberty onward, usually focused on other boys roughly my age whom I found to be very good-looking. Effeminacy was not all a turn-on for me. I have no recollection of being sexually attracted to Hans, the rather dandyish and effeminate boy I mention elsewhere in my memoirs. However, if my recollection is correct, I was in grade six in Zwolle when I was hanging around with him, and then he suddenly moved with his mother to another, not particularly nearby city—at least not close to Zwolle by Dutch standards—after his father died, thus bringing the fragile friendship to an end. I was barely into my puberty years when this happened. If the friendship had continued, it might very well have led to a sexual relationship. I remember that at about the same age I was very much attracted to a neighbourhood boy, who was slightly older than myself, tall for his age, whom I found exceptionally good-looking in a nascent manly way. Here there was certainly a powerfully erotic and sexual element in my attraction. During my two years in the MULO in Zwolle, I was well into puberty, which was especially shown by the fact I was starting to have nocturnal emissions. I remember being especially attracted to two handsome boys in my MULO classes, and there were also good-looking boys in the boys club *Animo* of which I was a member.

I am pretty sure now that the immigration to Canada, although liberating for me in many ways, above all in the grand educational opportunities my new *patria* offered me, had a major repressive effect on my sexual development. Holland at that time was still a very conservative country, also in matters of sexuality, but the law did not penalize homosexual acts if the sexual partners were at least twenty-one years old. Another important factor was the fact I would have graduated from MULO at the age of sixteen and entered the world of work, thus becoming financially independent---in Canada I was not completely independent in this way until my PhD years at the University of Toronto; I was twenty-four years old when I entered the program. Additionally, in the Netherlands I would have gone into the at that time still mandatory two years of military service at the age of eighteen or nineteen, and thus would have been thrown together with numerous young men of the same sexual orientation as myself, some, perhaps even many, of whom would not have been all that secretive about it. Dad once told me that at the time of his military service in 1939-40, the military authorities were keenly aware of this fact and so took care to reserve certain

portions of the barracks for the gays. Since he was the commercial representative for Opa's business during the late 1940's, and the 1950's, until the emigration, dad traveled a great deal throughout the entire country; he told me once that in the cafés and restaurants he frequented, gay men used signals such as tapping their wrists to identify themselves as such to fellow gays. In Canada, of course, it was not until that 1969, that homosexual acts between consenting adults at least twenty-one years old were decriminalized; in that year, too, the first openly gay and lesbian organization, the University of Toronto Homophile Association, was founded, followed a year later by the Community Homophile Association of Toronto, in which I was active for a while—in the Netherlands, a national organization of this sort had already existed since the late 40's. Finally, and probably most importantly, being a serious-minded even if not unquestioning member of the Christian Reformed Church of Canada drove me for many years into outright sexual repression—this at a time when the Gereformeerde Kerken in the Netherlands were already beginning to relax, albeit ever so slightly, their traditional views on sexual morality.

As I recalled in Part I, the first months of my coming out in the spring and early summer of 1970, were very confusing: none of the few sexual encounters I had then were satisfying sexually and emotionally for me, and one left me almost completely traumatized. It was not until I met Brian that everything came together. Unfortunately, less than a year later it became obvious that the sex in our relationship no longer satisfied him, and he began to look for it elsewhere, at first with guys we met at gay parties or other gatherings but eventually coming to rely almost entirely on steam baths patronized exclusively by gay men; these were becoming very popular by the early '70's in Toronto's gay subculture—and elsewhere, too, in the large cities of Canada and the United States. I slept myself with a few of Brian's sexual partners, and with two the sex experienced, at least in my mind, romantic undertones; this was even more true of the sexual relationship with a married guy whom I had met on my own; this in fact went beyond a one-night encounter. However, it became obvious over the years I lived with Brian that such a split between sex and a committed relationship would not work for me. In addition, there was the problem of Brian's almost complete lack of mobility where my professional prospects were concerned.

I don't want to pass judgment on what is often referred to as the sexual promiscuity of gay men, especially during the pre-AIDS days of the '70's when gay men and, indeed, the whole gay subculture were coming out of the closet, so to speak, into the light of day. From my own observations at that time and also in subsequent years, I estimate that even in the hey-days of gay liberation only a minority of men opted for

lives of quick and easy sex; ironically enough, it were often the heterosexually married gays who made nilly-willy this choice and in so doing came to live a truly double-life—for many, or perhaps even for most of them, such as double life could not be kept up and inevitably was to break down.

With respect to Brian and to other gay men who opted for casual sex, I suspect their sex-drive was often a major factor, although there can be purely psychological factors as well, when sex becomes addictive or is used to prop up one's self-esteem. However, I am convinced that the sex-drive varies a lot among males, as it does also among women. Men with a strong sexual libido are much more likely to go for a succession of sexual partners. This applies to heterosexual men indulging in premarital and extramarital sex, and far more so to gays who, even now in the post-AIDS era, have an access to casual sex their errant heterosexual brothers can only dream of. By contrast, as I look back now on the many years since my coming out, I realize that I never had a particularly strong sex-drive and that my attraction to other males did not, more often than did, seek its culmination and fulfillment in genital sex. Perhaps, therefore, "homoerotic" rather than "homosexual" is a more apt adjective to characterize my sexuality.

With Scott I fell in love in a fusion of sex and soulmateship I had never experienced before. I found him incredibly sexy, but my passion for him went way beyond a simple sexual turn-on; it came with an exhilarating sense of adventure, of intellectual stimulation and companionship, even when we were completely at odds about such fundamental issues as faith and Christianity—as when he said more than once that the Bible may have been good enough two thousand years ago for people who lived in tents and rode camels, but that someone as intelligent as myself could believe this kind of nonsense, he simply could not understand. And my passion was fully reciprocated; it was unbelievable—it was as though I was being drawn out of a psychological shell in which I had been encased all my previous life: in Scott's presence, the introvert became an extrovert. My two Toronto years with Scott brought me somewhat back to earth, and so did the difficult years that followed in Wolfville, but the passion never failed to flare up again; it was no different for Scott.

Ironically, it was my turning to anti-depressants in 1985 that cooled my sexual ardour. I was only on a minimal dosage but my sex drive declined notably. On his doctor's advice, Scott had also gone on anti-depressants after being a heavy user of tranquillizers since his nervous breakdown at the age of 17, and his enthusiasm for sex was also waning. With our move to New Minas and the purchase of a car we experienced a few very good years: far less sex, but infinitely more sheerly happy

contentment for both of us. This, too, came to an end. My last two years of living with Scott were undoubtedly the unhappiest in the life. I saw that Scott, too, was desperately unhappy for all his lashing out at me, but I saw no way of our being able to live together anymore, and I thought I had fallen out of love; and in an almost social-Darwinian sense of survival at all costs, I turned Scott out. As I recall in Part I, it was only almost two years later in December 1996, when I stayed with him and his dad in Amherst for a night, that I felt my love for him return, saw the feeling was mutual, and wept bitter tears. My periodic stays with Scott during his final eleven years, when he lived in Halifax, confirmed that love, and I could see it was the same for him: it was affection pure and simple now with no longer the fire of sex. As is said so beautifully in Shakespeare's *King Lear*, "ripeness is all."

After I split with Scott, I did not see myself as looking for another committed relationship. It was in part my newfound freedom that inspired this reluctance, but I believe I also still felt a certain loyalty to Scott, a feeling which was intensified when I began to see Scott again on a fairly regular basis after he had settled in Halifax. I had also no desire for sex, casual or otherwise, with someone else. For a few years after Scott's death I had occasional sex with a close friend; it was very pleasurable and also emotionally satisfying because there was affection on both sides. But the sex petered out, and I have no desire to repeat such a liaison with another friend, while casual sex is completely out of the picture. I have almost certainly, therefore, opted for celibacy for the rest of my life, and I do not find this at all a lamentable prospect.

It is not that I have become asexual, but I experience my celibacy now as empowering what might be called non-repressive sublimation, a phrase and concept I picked up many years ago from Herbert Marcuse's *Eros and Civilization*. I quote: "The [sexual] instinct is not "deflected" from its aim; it is gratified in activities and relations that are not sexual in the sense of "organized" [one could also say "conventional"] genital sexuality and yet are libidinal and erotic." As I have suggested earlier, therefore, this is probably what I always sought above all from my sexuality and accords with my preference for the adjective "homoerotic" rather than "homosexual" to describe myself.

Marcuse points to Plato's great dialogue on the erotic in human life, *The Symposium*, as containing "the clearest celebration of the sexual origin and substance of the spiritual relations." Plato's eroticism was captivated, in the classical Greek fashion, by the physical beauty of adolescent boys and young men, but the description in *The Symposium* of the lofty ascent of Eros (personalized, also in the ancient Greek fashion, as a god), which starts with the love of a particular beautiful body, then rises through the love of all beautiful bodies, the love of the beauty of character, the love of the

beauty of institutions, and the love of the beauty of knowledge, and finally attains to the love of Absolute and Eternal Beauty, applies equally to what one might call the hetero-erotic impulse, and it is one of the noblest passages in all literature. Its idealism, I admit, may seem, on first impression, far-fetched, but for me, on the basis on my own lived experience twenty-four centuries after Plato, it still has a great deal of inspiring power.

To conclude: I also like to follow Marcuse in seeing a kinship between eros and the love (agapë) spoken of in Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, chapter thirteen, and in the First Epistle of John, chapter four. For me, God is also the God of eros, and God's love embraces and exalts eros.

II. 3 Family, Marriage, and Friendship

I have been very fortunate with my family, and this is so not simply because my family has over the years completely accepted my sexual orientation: it goes much deeper than this. If I can sum up my reason for saying this in one sentence, it is that in my family—and here I mean especially, although certainly not exclusively, my parents and my siblings as well as, later on, my sisters- and brothers-in-law (Alice, Lucy, Jack, Don, and Marvin)—the individuality and uniqueness of each of us as a person was truly valued. Each of us was very different from the other, and each of us was encouraged by the others to nurture that difference and make it flourish. And with the recognition of diversity came inclusiveness, the willingness, indeed eagerness, of each of us to include the other in his or her life, and thus the sense of each of us that we truly belonged to a family. There have been times over the years, inevitably really, that these ties slackened somewhat, but then, equally, the ties were strengthened again. And so it has always been.

The first great trauma in mom's life must have come when she was only four years with the sudden death of her mother. Mom's father remarried soon, but I understood from her that her stepmother was not a particularly warm new mother to her and her other siblings. Mom was scarred for the rest of her life by the serious nervous collapse she suffered in the spring of 1956, just after her 38th birthday. It came from sheer overwork. In the early '50's she had gone back to teaching at the primary school level, which had been her profession until she married dad. She did it as a substitute, filling in for teachers who were away from work because of illness or other reasons, so for a long time she only had a succession of short-term jobs, with plenty of rest in between. As such, she also taught for a while at the Koningin (Queen)

Wilhelmina School which Gerrit, Lida, Baldwin, and I attended for three years before we moved to the Abel Tasmanstraat in 1954; Baldwin (Boudewijn then) himself had her as his teacher for a while. Her last position, though, when she taught at a school in 'Heerenbroek, a small village near Zwolle, turned into long-time, lasted for almost a year, and continued throughout the harsh winter of 1955-56, which was unusually cold and snowy. Public transportation to 'Heerenbroek was not the best, so even during the winter she chose to use ride her bicycle through the cold and snow. At home, of course, even with a cleaning lady coming in once or twice a week, she still had a full-time job as wife and mother of six children, and because dad was so much on the road as the sales representative of his father's business, he was unable to be of help as much as he could have and—I am sure—would have been otherwise. It is no wonder, therefore, that she finally collapsed. She was in bed for more than five weeks, until our family doctor, who, together with a nurse, visited regularly, forced her to get up and return to a measure of normalcy. I have vivid memories of those terrible, frightening weeks when I was in the sixth grade and sat with her many a time in her bedroom. Occasionally she would suffer from overwhelming panic attacks and I would have to phone the doctor or Opa to come over immediately, dad being on the road and not quickly reachable.

Mom never fully recovered, so it was all the more amazing, therefore, that she was fully supportive of our immigration to Canada in 1958; indeed, she was wanted it as much as dad did. She had a number of good years in Canada, but in 1965, with the onset of her menopausal years, she had another breakdown which, in many ways, stayed with her until her death. She ended up, unfortunately, heavily medicated on tranquillizers rather than on the more recently developed anti-depressant drugs which, I am convinced, would have helped her much more. To the credit of her never completely lost deep-seated courage, she bore the cancer of her final years bravely; in fact, after her mastectomy and the many weeks of radiation therapy in the fall of 1982, she regained a good deal of her physical and mental strength, and she and dad had then a few very good years together. I am glad I was able to see her a little more than a month before she died on April 9, 1987, and to speak the eulogy at the funeral service two days later.

I am positive that by the time I was in my late teens and about to leave for university, mom basically knew the score about my sexual orientation, even if she never conceptualized, let alone verbalized, it as homosexuality. Very telling in this respect is the fact that just before Gerrit left for his years of study at the Ontario College of Art (Now OCAD University), he received a little lecture about the dangers of getting involved with 'loose' women, a lecture of which I had been spared a year earlier. She

clearly never expected me to come home one day, as Gerrit and Baldwin did, with a steady girlfriend and future wife. She always extended a gracious welcome to Brian who went home with me several times during our life together in Toronto, and also when I took him home twice after our break-up. She met Scott in person only once and also talked with him on the telephone over the years, but her comments on him to me were always kind. When, shortly after mom died, I finally told dad explicitly about my sexuality and the nature of my relationship with Scott, he said to me afterwards that if I had told her, she would have completely accepted it.

I always thought of mom as an especially good-looking woman—my friends said the same—a perfect match for an equally good-looking dad, a woman of style and culture whose love of literature, especially poetry, was passed on to me. I am sorry she did not live to a ripe old age, but the sixty-nine years she spent with us, her family, shone with a quiet, unforgettable beauty.

I always looked up to dad, also literally, for he was much taller than I, even when I'd reached adulthood, with my average height of 178 cm; Gerrit and Baldwin got their genes for their well-above-average heights from him. His family background was different from mom's, although the families of both were, I would say, of the non-well-to-do middle class of small-scale contractors (mom's dad was a carpenter and contractor) and business men / women (dad's father owned and ran a business selling made to order school supplies to primary schools and kindergartens). The difference lay in my parents' respective religious backgrounds: mom was raised in the Dutch Reformed Church (*Nederlandse Hervormde Kerk*, which had been the state church until the mid-19th century and had gone light on Calvinist orthodoxy; the church in which dad had been baptized and grown up were the Reformed Churches of the Netherlands (*Gereformeerde Kerken van Nederland*), which had seceded from the *Hervormde Kerk* in the late 19th century on the ground that the latter had drifted away from orthodoxy. Unlike mom's, dad's church insisted on strictly regular church attendance and its right to exercise moral and doctrinal discipline over its members. Its sister church in Canada was the Christian Reformed Church founded by Dutch immigrants; and this was the church we joined in Canada. Mom had joined dad's church when she married him.

Dad had a temper, a lot more than mom, and was stricter with just about everything, such as going to church—he was elder for three years in the Wallaceburg CRC—curfew and bedtime hours for us until we were into our late teens, having alcohol served to minors in his home, and so on. I almost always managed to stay on the good side of him, except for a period of less than two years, during our last year in the Netherlands and the first year in Canada, and I must admit the fault was mine. My

puberty was really kicking in then and—that's what I am inclined to think now—I was trying to seek release for my frustrated sexuality by using foul language at the most inappropriate times, such as when we as a family were having dinner. It happened once in the Abel Tasmanstraat. I was sternly reprimanded by dad, and told to leave the room, which I did. However, a year later in the Forhan Street, I did the same thing and once more I was told by dad to stop and leave the room. I then became furious and threw my dinner knife at him (not hitting him, of course!) and ran out of the house and walked for what I must have been hours. Finally, when it got dark I returned home, entering through the back door and quietly sneaking up to my bedroom. A bit later dad came up, sat on my bed, and quietly said we should try to get along better with each other. Dad's wise and generous response totally floored me, and I will never forget it. From then on we got along well.

Dad also showed that he was not afraid to change his mind about an important issue if the evidence warranted it. Thus, for many years in Canada he subscribed to the far too typical prejudices regarding First Nations people (called “Indians” then), but a series of articles in the in the *London Free Press* in the '90's made him see the rightfulness of the justice demanded by the First Nations: as he put it, if he had had to suffer all the injustice they were made to suffer, he would be very angry, too.

I was proud of dad's success in the bookbinding business he established in Canada, and he was similarly proud of my academic achievements. I was grateful for his devotion to mom for so many years after her nervous relapse in 1965—a devotion which shone especially brightly during the final years of her struggle with cancer. Dad was not the type to live by himself, and so it was not surprising that he remarried soon after mom's death. He and Metje made a wonderful couple, and they had a great ten years together. Metje's encroaching Alzheimer's disease which made institutionalization necessary, hit him hard, but he remained faithful to her; I accompanied him a few times during the numerous times he visited her.

Like mom, he was always welcoming to the guests I brought with me when visiting him and mom. He took a special liking to Brian and later to my Nova Scotia friend Glenn, whom I brought with me twice after mom died. He had some difficulty digesting the fact—after I finally told him explicitly—that I was gay and had been living in a committed relationship with Scott for more than a decade, but he did come through. We became especially close during the final two years he was forced to spend in a nursing home because of a back condition which eventually altogether crippled him. I remember my last visit with him about two months before he died on February 6,

2003; he just grabbed my hand at one point and simply said my name. It was a supreme *ave atque vale* ("hail and farewell") from him.

I must pay special tribute to Opa and Oma, my dad's parents. They lived in Zwolle as we did, and so we saw them very often, at least once a week; staying with them for dinner or overnight was always a big treat for us their grandchildren. Mom's parents lived in Gouda, and although I could see that mom deeply loved her father (but was not at all close to her stepmother), the long distance between Zwolle and Gouda, at least by Dutch standards at that time, prevented us from developing a close relationship with our other grandparents; mom's dad died in 1960 at the age of seventy and his wife four years later. I have always regretted that with our immigration to Canada Opa and Oma were separated from their only grandchildren at a time when intercontinental telephone calls were hugely expensive and e-mail (let alone the more recent innovations of the digital era) was non-existent. They corresponded with my parents on a regular every-two-weeks basis, with Oma penning her well written letters in her beautiful handwriting—thus belying the fact that by today's standards she did not have much formal education—until her sudden death in November 1967 at the age of 76; I got to read many of them and am sorry now they have been lost. Only Lida was able to see Oma before her death when she traveled in Europe earlier that year.

In May 1968, I had the good fortune of visiting Opa and *tante* Dina, Oma's unmarried younger sister, with whom he moved in after Oma died, and was treated like royalty by him; his affection was truly touching. I saw them again when they came over to visit mom and dad in the late summer of 1968. Opa died in August of the following year, also very suddenly at the age of 76. Opa and Oma were profoundly good people, who, among others, helped Jews during the Nazi occupation of the Netherlands. In character and demeanour, they were quite recognizably different from each other: Oma was strict after the manner expected from the Reformed Churches of the Netherlands and somewhat introverted; Opa was more out- and easy-going, even indulgent, one might say, especially to his grandchildren, but they were equally loved by me and my brothers and sisters.. In the second last section of my *Summa*, "The Years Before..." I'll record a few of the vivid memories I have of them—memories which have become sharper and more luminous as the years go by.

In one of E.M. Forster's novels it is said, "Only connect." I think I can honestly say I have lived up to this over the years in my relationships with my brothers and sisters: Gerrit, Lida, Baldwin, Annelies, Sylvia, and Ingrid. I have not allowed my sexual orientation to become a barrier. In this respect, I have, of course, been enormously helped by the fact that my sexuality never became such a barrier: the lines of

communication remained open; my visiting continued, and over the years I have also enjoyed the visits of my siblings and their spouses with me here in Nova Scotia. I was enormously touched by the fact that when Scott died I received condolences, by telephone or email, from each and everyone, flowers even. The warmth extends to my five in-laws as well as to the many nieces and nephews, and their children and grandchildren, whom I have been able to get to know over the years. We are a truly transcontinental family, *a mari usque ad mare*, with me holding the Atlantic East and Gerrit and his family the Pacific West, and the others settled in Ontario, Manitoba, and Alberta, thus, you might say, as a family contributing our part to the rich demography of our country; and what I have said at the beginning of this section regarding the happy co-existence of diversity and inclusiveness in our family, the *unum ex pluribus*, continues to be resoundingly confirmed by us.

Since 2008, my brothers and sisters and I have celebrated the closeness of our family bond with reunions held every three years; children and grandchildren are usually invited as well, as many as are able to come, which, of course, depends very much on the location. August 2008 marked the 50th anniversary of the Verstraetes' immigration, a perfect time for our first reunion, which was generously hosted by Sylvia and Don in Sarnia. In July 2011, we all went to Okotoks, Alberta—there was a big turnout also of children and grandchildren that year—and enjoyed a splendid three days with Jack and Annelies as our superb hosts. In August 2014, my siblings came all the way to the Atlantic East, and it was now my turn. I felt it was incumbent on me to treat my siblings to the historic and scenic attractions of Nova Scotia, and so I organized a trip of four days and three nights devoted to a visit to Fortress Louisbourg and following the beautiful Cabot Trail. As I write this, for the location of our next reunion, which will be in 2018, we are aiming now for the Pacific West, for Vancouver Island and Gabriola Island, where Gerrit and Alice will be our hosts. 2018 will be the 60th anniversary of our immigration.

Marriage: what is in a name? It's not a name I used to characterize my relationships with Brian and Scott when I was living with them. When I was living with the former, legally recognized same-sex marriage and even civil unions were still decades away, and civil unions were not recognized in Nova Scotia until after my break-up with Scott. Yet, for all intents and purposes, each of these relationships might just have well been called a marriage, in that they were committed relationships in which, of course our sexuality played a determining part but did not totally define them. True, with Brian the sexual aspect faded soon, but with Scott it continued strong for many years.

Brian and I had separate bank accounts and credit cards, but we pooled all our joint financial expenses: groceries, rent, utilities, purchases of furniture and appliances, a car eventually, and even at one point making arrangements for taking out a mortgage in order to buy a condo (however, the deal fell through). With Scott, the financial arrangements had to be different because Scott was financially dependent on me, partially so when we were living together in Toronto, and completely so during our many years of living together in Wolfville and New Minas; even after our break-up, when he was living by himself in Halifax, I provided him with considerable financial help. When in 1980 I drew up for the first time a last will and testament, I left my entire estate to Scott, and so it continued until his death. In the following year I had his name put on the deed for our home in Wolfville; I did the same six years later for the house we bought in New Minas. For our 16 1/2 years of living together in Nova Scotia, we shared the same bank account for our cheques and cash withdrawals and the same major credit cards.

Ultimately, of course, it is the emotional aspect of a committed relationship which remains with you for the rest of your life, even after you break up. At least, this is what holds true for me. As I have recorded it in the *Preludes*, my affection for Brian did not die away after I broke up with him more than forty years ago, and since Scott's death, it is fair to say it has grown even stronger, with Brian returning the affection in his at times inimitably playful way which speaks of his great trust in me. Since the early retirement he was fortunately able to take quite a few years ago, he has become an avid reader, especially of history and science and has developed an admirable fluency in reading French; many a time he immerses himself in a French-language book, usually fiction, which he has picked up at a used book shop or library book sale. I am impressed with the facility he recognizes the faces of actors not or barely known to me in from the '30's, '40's and '50's when we watch films together on the Turner Classical Movie channel. All of this provides ample material for good conversation. When I am in Toronto, which is usually at least three times a year now, I stay almost invariably with Brian. Over the years we have truly come to confide in each other and we stay closely connected through our back-and-forth daily phone calls.

As I write this, it is going on seven years since Scott took his own life, and I still feel moments of regret and sadness, even guilt that I terminated our relationship so abruptly. The thought continues to haunt me at times that this trauma contributed mightily to his fateful decision in July 2009, to take his life. He told me more than once that I threw him out of the only real home he had ever known in his life, disposed of

like a no longer wanted pet—that was the image he used. In more than in one of the many long letters he wrote me from Amherst after the break-up and also later on when he was living in Halifax he said that he had always worshipped the ground I walked on. More than once he reproached me that I made too much of his temper, that this was the way he was, and I should have dealt with it without the terrible step I took which destroyed his life. Perhaps, I have reflected, he was right, perhaps with a combination of empathy, understanding, and tough love I should have weathered the wretched final year I lived with him; perhaps I should have learned to exercise that elusive combination very early on; instead, after each outburst of his I would get upset, then temporize and conciliate, and finally hope against hope that it would never happen again. I remember with guilt my inward wishing over and over again during that final year that he would simply disappear from my life: it almost amounted to a death-wish directed to him.

I am comforted by the fact that during that memorable night I stayed with him at his dad's almost two years after the break-up, Scott did say he forgave me, and that afterwards we had some very good, very affectionate times together, especially during his eleven years in Halifax, and that I was glad to be able to assist him financially as much as I did. Above all, I am comforted by the epiphany of faith in God's universal and infinite grace I experienced shortly after his death. I am grateful, therefore, for the many, many good times—days, weeks, months, and even years—I did have with Scott, when he contributed so much to my life and we shared so much. Finally, I am grateful that the bond between his family and myself still exists. When his father and mother were still alive, they made me feel that I was one of the family—it was almost then as though I had a second family, right here in Nova Scotia. I am happy that I am still very much in touch with his surviving brothers and sisters and a couple of his nieces and still visit Amherst once or twice every year.

In Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics* the discussion of friendship is central; it receives a lot more attention than family and marriage. Three centuries later Cicero wrote *De Amicitia* ("On Friendship"). My favourite saying on friendship comes from the Greek philosopher Epicurus, who comes two generations after Aristotle: "Friendship dances around the world bidding us all to the recognition of happiness." Not surprisingly, these authors, except possibly Epicurus, who welcomed women into his philosophical circle, confine themselves to male friendship since they represent societies which were androcentric and patriarchal, and male friendship was a glue holding ancient Greek and Roman societies together which was almost equally as important as family and marriage. Family and marriage, that is, the bonding of male and female through sexual

union for the procreation of children and the perpetuation of the (male) family line, were seen as institutions grounded in nature; friendship, on the other hand, was viewed as a peculiarly human institution the cultivation of which had to be worked at—and worked at hard. In the modern western world—and just about anywhere else, as far as I can see—family and marriage are ranked so far ahead of friendship that the latter comes a very distant third, with work usually coming in second place, and it seems to be little talked about except in carefully crafted memoirs. To the best of my knowledge, no pope has ever issued an encyclical devoted to friendship.

Aristotle makes a sharp distinction between what he calls utilitarian and truly authentic friendships. The former are basically friendships that serve utility, that is, the practical (often material) interests shared by two or more persons, whereas in the latter, the friendship of the much higher sort, your friend becomes, as it were, another self to you—here I am echoing Aristotle. When you have such a friend he or she is your soul-mate or, at least, is on the way to becoming such; with him or her you can and will share your deepest values and greatest passions. From my own experience, friends at work, as they are often called, are usually of the utilitarian type; they disappear completely from your life, or almost so, when you change jobs or retire. On the other hand, marriage, in the modern West, at least in its ideal form, has become what is sometimes called companionate marriage, in which the spirit of true friendship, of deeply felt sharing, between husband and wife holds a central place; even in the ancient Greco-Roman world we occasionally see we signs of this. It is the same in the committed relationships, i.e. the same-sex unions or marriages, whether legally recognized or not, of gay men and lesbian women.

The friendships I enjoyed during my years in Toronto, mainly through my studies at the University of Toronto, my membership in the Community Homophile Association of Toronto and the Old Catholic Church were almost completely of the utilitarian type and did not last very long. I'd say I walked through my friends' lives just as they did through mine. Only five friends remained; three of them, Stan, Robert, and Clifford, were much older than I and have passed away over the past six years. Stan, whom I met through CHAT and the Old Catholic Church, was of Indian-English extraction; I remember him fondly for his devout Catholicism—John Paul II was a big hero for him, an enthusiasm I could not entirely share—his wonderful curries, and his at times mischievous sense of humour. Robert was Franco-Ontarian; I met him, quite by accident, during the first year I was living in Toronto with Scott. I owe to him his efforts on my behalf so that I got an attractive writing assignment from the Ontario Ministry of Education. I remember him as a man of high culture and great warmth

whose children I also got to know. Clifford I met more recently, through Robert, in 1998. His past and background were the most diverse of the three. He was English-born, joined the British Army in the final year of World War II as a sapper, later married and lived for a long time in Argentina, and after his wife's death moved to the States and, finally, Canada, where, quite late in his life, he obtained a PhD at the University of Toronto and taught at a Toronto community college. His apartment in downtown Toronto contained numerous mementos of his peripatetic life. He was charming but could also be very acerbic, especially in his views on Israeli-Palestinian relations—he had traveled and lectured in Arab nations—and I could not always agree with him. I am glad I was especially close to him during his final year of ill-health and confinement to his apartment.

I met Jim, the American-born classicist, together with his partner Dennis—long since then Denise—at about the same time as I met Robert. Since then they have been living in Ottawa for more than two decades and I have been in Nova Scotia for thirty-eight years, so contact between us is largely restricted to e-mails and phone calls, except for our occasional meetings at Classics conferences and my several visits to them over the years in Toronto and Ottawa; the last time was not long after they had moved into their large and beautiful home in a heritage neighbourhood there. My high regard for his scholarship and the pleasure I take in his acerbic wit continue unabated. I was very touched by the kind words he spoke to me in response to Scott's death. Denise's huge and superbly organized website is a superb resource on all matters related to transgenderism and transsexuality.

Wendy, my fifth friend dating from my Toronto years, I met well before the above friends, namely in my first year at the University of Toronto, where we were enrolled in the same senior undergraduate Greek course on Plato's *Republic*. She had a B.A. in Classics from Calvin College in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Dutch-Canadian with a strong Christian Reformed Church background like myself, Wendy completely accepted my sexual orientation and we became very good friends. After she completed her M.A she went on to the Free University of Amsterdam, where she did her doctorate. I treasure the copy I have of her meticulously researched and written doctoral dissertation, *Soul-Sisters: A Commentary on Enneads IV 3 (27), 1-8 of Plotinus*. She also met her husband-to-be, Art, at the Free University; he was to become a minister of the Christian Reformed Church, but eventually pursued his studies further to obtain a doctorate himself. They have three children and several grandchildren. They have only recently retired from an extraordinarily active and peripatetic life of pastoring and, even more, of teaching a wide range of subjects in colleges and universities on four

continents, the Greek and Roman classics, New Testament Greek, biblical exegesis, patristics, history of ideas, philosophy, theology, and church history, and successfully establishing programs in Christian studies at universities in Nigeria and Gambia. I am sure they must still remember the hard time of argumentation I gave them on Christian faith and doctrine when I visited them in Terrace, British Columbia, in April 1976. I have read and reviewed with great pleasure Wendy's *The Feminine Personification of Wisdom*, and admire her most recent book, *Solovyov's Sophia as a Nineteenth-Century Russian Appropriation of Dante's Beatrice*, where she draws on her fine knowledge of the Russian language, literature, and philosophy, which she acquired when she and Art taught for several years at the University of Moscow. Wendy introduced me to the Institute of Christian Studies, of which I have been a member since the mid-'80's. Wendy's and Art's later work of teaching abroad was sponsored by Christian Scholars International, whose work I've come to support with great enthusiasm. Just as I valued and enjoyed their online bulletins during their years in Africa, I now eagerly immerse myself in Art's blogs of progressive Christian commentary on current social and political issues.

With the exception of Glenn, all the friends I have made here in Nova Scotia are from academe and I have met them through academe, for they are all professors teaching at, or retired from, Acadia University. As my colleagues, therefore, they are the welcome exception to the rule I stated earlier that friends at work generally fade away when you retire or move to another job. Four of them are married and I have also become good friends with their spouses.

Glenn I met through Scott in late 1992, and almost right away we became close friends. During the time of the healing of my broken leg and my getting back on my feet again, he proved to be a helpful and supportive friend; that moral support proved itself even more through the excruciating year and months I went through before my break-up with Scott. At my invitation, he then lived with me for 1 1/2 years. Scott suspected a romance, but the relationship was and always has been, non-sexual and, in any case, Glenn's heterosexual inclinations would have worked against any romantic interests on my part. Glenn is one of my friends who are considerably younger than myself. In the more than twenty years since my break-up he has continued to be a loyal friend with whom I can be absolutely open about myself just as he completely confides in me, and I take pleasure in his intellectual and artistic interests, which are many, as I have already noted in *Preludes*. He has shared several trips to Europe with me over the past decade, and has really come to know the Netherlands, where we have enjoyed the warm hospitality of Inge and Hans. Glenn is rightly proud of his Scottish ancestry, which he

shares with hundreds of thousands other residents of Nova Scotia (“New Scotland”); his surname “Dalrymple” is actually a Scottish adaptation of an old Norman-French name and goes back for many centuries. Like any good friends, we sometimes disagree on issues that are bound to arouse strong passions such as the Canada-Québec or the Canada-U.S. relationship; the argument becomes quite vociferous at times on his part, but I always take it in stride, saying to myself, “Vive la différence.”

Among my Acadia-born friendships, my friendship with Peter goes back the farthest since I met him first at a Classics conference in 1973. Until his retirement in 2004, he was my valued colleague in Classics, who shared my love of Greek and Roman poetry and my conviction that the Classics still offer a powerful existential message to the modern world which should not be buried in pedantry. I admired his dedication to his teaching which often went well beyond the call of duty, one might say, in the great deal of extra time he was willing to spend in his office working with students who needed his help in one of his courses. Like Glenn, he has been a true friend, standing beside me in rough times; I like to think I have been equally supportive to him. He is always a welcome guest at my dinner table. Peter is using his retirement from teaching productively. He is an accomplished painter in water colours and continues to exhibit his work; I am proud to have several of them hanging in my living room. He has continued his active participation in the CentreStage theatre in Kentville as a fine actor and co-director. The CentreStage is amateur theatre, but one should use “amateur” guardedly because with the completely renovated stage, seating, and other facilities, it now looks and feels truly professional. Many of the productions I have watched there over the years were the equal of any you'd see in a commercial theatre.

I got to know Nirmal soon after I arrived at Acadia. Nirmal immigrated to Canada from India in 1963, determined to pursue his chosen profession of librarian in his adopted country, and came to Acadia with his family in 1970 in order to head the new science library there. By the end of that decade he had obtained the terminal degree, rarely awarded to a Canadian, of doctor of library science from Simmons College in Boston. Nirmal's surname is “Jain,” which is also the name of the religion he and his family have espoused for many generations, a 2600-year old religion which has certain features in common with Hinduism but is not polytheistic or even theistic and enjoins its adherents to practice *ahimsa*, i.e. non-violence, and to follow a strictly vegetarian diet. Nirmal retired in 2002. As I look back, I regret that Acadia did not better appreciate his impressive academic qualifications and professional expertise. He has been my bedrock-firm friend for well over two decades, as is underlined by the fact that we go for coffee together almost every day of the week. I have learned much from

his knowledge of the philosophies which the Indian subcontinent has birthed for over two thousand years—in fact, he taught a course on this subject at Acadia. His wife June is an old-stock Canadian—if I may use this no longer politically correct word—of Scottish ancestry, of which she is indeed very proud; Robbie Burns Day is an important day in her calendar. She is an avowed monarchist and, thanks to my good offices, had the pleasure of attending, together with her daughter Theresa, one of the Queen's well-known garden parties at Buckingham Palace in the summer of 2003. June taught primary school for more than four decades in Ontario and Nova Scotia, and since her retirement has been doing a lot volunteer teaching *gratis* at schools in our area, art being her favourite subject to teach; she is also an exemplary volunteer elsewhere in the community. I truly respect her for the fact that throughout her years of teaching she made it a point of protecting students who were being bullied, especially when it was their suspected sexual orientation that made them a favourite target.

Gerry (Gerrit) comes from a Dutch-Canadian farming family which emigrated from the Netherlands to settle in the Annapolis Valley in 1953 when he was eleven. Hardenberg, his native town, was in the same province, Overijssel, as Zwolle and actually, by Canadian standards, close to my native city. He realized at an early stage that he had a calling to become a historian, and after getting his B.A. at Acadia, continued his studies at the Catholic University of Nijmegen in the Netherlands and then Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario, where he got his PhD in history. Gerry is a specialist in the history of medieval religious thought, with a special focus on the Low Countries. While proof reading for him the numerous Latin quotations in his study of the theology of Gerard Zerbolt of the 14th century town of Deventer in Overijssel—the subject of his doctoral dissertation, which was published later by the prestigious Brill Press in Leiden—I was impressed by his intimate knowledge of this significant chapter in the history of the religious thought in the West. More recently, Gerry has also published three books on the history of Dutch immigration to and settlement in the Maritime Provinces after WWII. After teaching part-time for many years in Acadia's Department of History, he finally obtained a full-time and tenured position in the early '90's and became a departmental colleague of mine when the Departments of History and Classics were merged in 2000. He retired in 2008, but our friendship has continued: going regularly for coffee with him has become one of my favourite routines. I am very much indebted to him for introducing me to the Canadian Association for the Advancement of Netherlandic Studies in the early '80's, and for keeping me abreast, as Wendy and Art in Toronto also do, of developments of the Christian Reformed Church. I have also come to enjoy the friendship of his wife, Barbara, who is a retired teacher of

home economics, a subject which resonates in her skill in preparing meals which are both delicious and nutritious.

Vernon joined the Department of Classics in 1989 as a part-time instructor after Gary had gone on permanent disability. It took some years for his position to become full-time and, even later, tenured; but since then he moved quickly through the ranks, eventually obtaining the rank of full professor. With the full computer literacy and the skill in the use of the digital media he acquired during his first decade at Acadia and which he used to great advantage in his teaching, Vernon became a huge asset to the Classics program; not surprisingly, he won a major award for his innovation in teaching in 1999. He has introduced numerous new Classics courses, with a special emphasis on Greek historiography, comparative literary studies and, most recently, the study of the reception of Classical culture in the West. These subjects are also well represented in his productive scholarship. I was overjoyed when he agreed a dozen years ago to join me as co-editor of the collection of papers, *Same-Sex Desire and Love in Greco-Roman Antiquity and in the Classical Tradition of the West*. He has just published a major study of Herodotus, *Sophist Kings: The Persians as Other in Herodotus*; a year earlier he had already given me a copy of the first draft for my comments. His service to Acadia has been exemplary; within the past decade, he has served both as president of the Acadia University Faculty Association and as the chief bargainer on AUFA's team negotiating for a new collective agreement with the Board of Governors. His other accomplishments include a encyclopedic knowledge of avant-garde English-language literature, the writing of some very fine poetry, and the composition of many a memorable song for the guitar. He is one of those friends with whom you can be absolutely open about yourself, so much so that you don't mind the occasional bit of teasing. His wife Tammy, a graduate of Acadia and working for years now as a counselor at a sheltered workshop for the intellectually handicapped, has also become very good friend of mine. Most recently both of them took me under their wing—I certainly needed it!--for my first trip to Cuba.

Chris came to Acadia in 2002 to take up a position in the German program, where he has a permanent position now and has recently received a well deserved promotion. I first got to know him when I met and chatted with him a number of times on the picket line during the late-winter faculty strike of 2004. Chris has dual Canadian-American citizenship, his mother being German and his father American. After working in the private sector for many years, including a lengthy stint in Germany, where he perfected his fluent German, Chris decided to go back to academe, motivated as he was by his love of the study of literature, and finally obtained his PhD in German

at the University of British Columbia. By virtue of his experience and innovation as a teacher, Chris has become an expert on the pedagogy of teaching languages. His area of special scholarly interest is nineteenth century German literature; indeed, I have learned a great deal from him about German literature in general. He recently published an impressive study—written in German, his preferred medium for academic writing—of the novels of Theodore Fontane which are considered highly innovative for their timely and pervasive consciousness of social class and stratification in Germany in the second half of the 19th century, with Fontane often regarded as the best German novelist between Johann Wolfgang Goethe and Thomas Mann. Chris was kind enough to present me with a copy, and as I began to dip into it I was amazed by the truly deep thinking which has gone into it. In ordinary conversation, Chris is totally down-to-earth, without anything which might reek of intellectual snobbery. Tall and very physically fit, with his routine of daily exercise and healthy choices in food and drink Chris puts most Canadian men of his age to shame. Over the past few years, he has repeatedly, and with the greatest of patience, come to my rescue whenever I encountered a glitch with my computer I could not fix myself. Together with Glenn and Peter, Chris is always a welcome guest at my dinner table.

After Peter retired in 2004, permission was given by the powers that be at Acadia to look for a successor. Peter, Vernon, and I were agreed that we should, first of all, make a special effort to hire a woman—everything else, of course, academic qualifications and so forth, being equal-- and secondly, we should aim for someone with a strong background in Classical archaeology—or to use the term preferred now, the study of material culture; the latter was in response to frequent requests from our students that we should offer at least a few courses in that important and popular sub-discipline of Classical Studies. And so it was that Sonia came to us in the late summer of that year. With her practical field experience, in particular her ongoing research at the site of the ancient Roman city of Volubilis located in today's Morocco, Sonia has indeed made the great contribution to our program we were looking for; in fact, she has been a source of great strength in the teaching of the Classics program as a whole, and is highly esteemed by her students. Having received tenure several years ago, she has now a permanent position. Thanks to her kindness and warmth, she has made many good friends at Acadia and in the community at large, and I am very happy to be included in that circle. Her husband Gerry, of Spanish family background, outgoing and always full of jokes, equals her in warmth. They love to entertain at their beautiful home in Kentville, and an invitation from them is always treasured by me.

I got to know Jim (James) during my three years as head of the combined Department of History and Classics. Jim was doing a B.A. in honours History during this period, successfully completing his honours thesis and graduating in 2007. As the departmental head, I got to read and approve his thesis; it was a most interesting and well-written study of the career of the Rev. Silas Rand, a 19th century Nova Scotian Baptist minister, who was commissioned by his church to bring the Christian gospel to the Mi'kmaq First Nation of the province, but managed to bring only one convert into the fold (the Catholics must have beaten him to it); however, he was the first to compile a written dictionary and grammar of the Mi'kmaq language which is still prized today. Jim came to Acadia as a mature student with the intention of obtaining the academic qualifications to teach high school, so two years later he obtained his B.A in Education at Acadia. Recently divorced but very close to his two sons, who are both adults now, Jim had a hard time establishing himself in his chosen profession, but he never lost his determination and good humour. After a few years he realized that in order to obtain a full-time, well-paid position, he would have to go abroad or up north: he chose the latter, and is now in his third year of teaching there, first in central Labrador, and since late August of last year in an Inuit settlement, Hall Beach, north of the Arctic Circle in Nunavit. I have always recognized Jim as a natural teacher who really knows what works in the classroom. He will probably do at least another year at Hall Beach. Jim owns a large, mid-19th century heritage home in Kentville in which he rents out rooms; his son Jordan manages it now in his dad's absence. I have been there numerous times over the past several years to enjoy Jim's ever lively and upbeat companionship and, last but not least, his superb cooking. I consider myself very privileged to have him as a close friend. I conclude with my tributes to three close friends who are not from Toronto or Nova Scotia.

As I recalled in the *Preludes*, I met Terry in Vancouver at a tumultuous time in my life in early April 1976, not long after I had broken up with Brian in Toronto. We saw each other then for less than a month before I returned to Toronto after my teaching stint of nine months at the University of British Columbia was over. A hiatus of nineteen years followed in our friendship, but after my break-up with Scott I resumed contact and a close friendship—the only friendship remaining from my Vancouver days—has come out of it. I have visited him numerous times in Vancouver and he has paid me two visits here in Nova Scotia—not recently, though, so I hope there will be third one in the not too distant future. A trip to Europe, perhaps in the form of a cruise, is also in the offing for the two of us.

As I recalled in Part I, I met Bill for the first time at a conference in Amsterdam in 1987 and then again in San Francisco two years later. At that time, Bill had already established himself as a highly regarded medievalist with a keen interest as well in Greco-Roman Antiquity, and he was beginning to do research and write on homosexuality in both the Classical and the modern world. In doing so, he strongly encouraged me to continue my work on this subject, and in 1996, I started to visit him regularly—usually twice a year—in Boston. Out of these visits arose our collaboration on the book on the age of marriage in ancient Rome which was published in 2003, and in which we contested what had become the prevailing view, over the past decades, of the age of first marriage of Roman men and women. Bill's health has become more precarious over the past few years, but, while he retired from teaching several years ago at the age of seventy-five, his wide-ranging scholarly interests, enlivened with a not always politically correct animus, continue to leave their mark on me and others. There are still some scholarly projects of his which are moving towards publication. Our close friendship is cherished equally by both of us.

I met Inge through my late uncle Herman, my dad's youngest brother who served for much of his life in the Dutch diplomatic service. For decades, Inge and later also her husband Hans had been close friends of my uncle and his wife, aunt Truus, who suddenly predeceased him in 1996. I got to know Inge during her visits in Sarnia where Herman lived from 1996 to 1999, and in 2001, I also met Hans when he and Inge and Herman were visiting in Toronto.. Herman died suddenly in January 2002, a little more than two years after he had moved back to the Netherlands. At their invitation, I stayed with Inge and Hans for a week in the late summer of 2002. They treated me with truly splendid hospitality which included a trip to the awe-inspiring Delta Works and the beautiful, historic city of Bruges. Since then I have visited them several times more, accompanied nearly every time by Glenn, who, thanks to them, has really got to know and appreciate the Netherlands. In 2006 they joined me and my sister Sylvia—who also has become their close friend—on a memorable guided trip to Rome. In 2007 they, together with Sylvia and Don, visited me in Nova Scotia, and I had the pleasure of showing them the historic sites and scenic beauty of my province; our grand excursion, not surprisingly, was the Cabot Trail. Inge radiates warmth; I'll never forget her kind, comforting words after she learned of Scott's death. Hans is a friend of bedrock strength. The two are the strongest link I have with my native country. I hope and pray Inge, brave and of good cheer as always, will emerge fully healed from her present struggle with cancer.

II. 4 Culture: Adaptation, Enrichment, and Transformation

Already immediately upon our arrival in Canada, it became clear to me that our immigration had brought my family to a country with a very different culture. Language, of course, was the first difference which confronted of all us inescapably. Both mom and dad, and I myself had our school English from the Netherlands, and right from the beginning this was very helpful to us, as I already experienced during my first days at school: at least I could read English reasonably well even when my mastery of the spoken language was still far from perfect. Within a year, my siblings and I were fluent in English, and my parents' mastery of the language was at least functional. In this respect, we were fairly typical of our fellow Dutch immigrants, although my parents' proficiency in English came to surpass that of many others, thanks to the level of the education they had enjoyed in the Netherlands—my mother having graduated from a teachers colleague and my dad having taken many years of night school after he left grade school at an early age to join Opa's business.

But the adaptation of English as our first language had far more than readily understandable practical implications. Language is the primary medium for culture and enculturation, i.e. the process whereby a culture in all its aspects— material infrastructure, family, society, labour, commerce, political institutions, recreation, communication (including language), education, arts, literature, science, and, most important of all, religion or its secular equivalent, ideology (the list is by no means complete)—takes hold of one's life. (As you can see, I understand culture in its broadest sense, to include any aspect of life which is distinctly human.) At the time of our immigration, Dutch was the language of about fifteen million in the Netherlands and Belgium—now it stands at twenty-two million. There are numerous languages which have far fewer speakers, but by no stretch of the imagination can Dutch be called a major language with a worldwide or even a continent-wide domain of influence.

It is interesting to note, by the way, that, historically, it might have turned out differently. Dutch is really a form of Low German (*nederduits*), which at the end of the Middle Ages was widely spoken, all the way from what is now northwestern France and then all along the North Sea and Baltic Sea as far as what are now the Baltic states; the total number of the speakers of Low German then well exceeded that of English speakers. However, thanks largely to Luther's translation of the Bible into German, eventually it was High German which became the official national language of Germany and Low German was reduced to a number or regional variants spoken in the north. The Dutch form of Low German, however, became the national language in what are now the Netherlands and the Flemish part of Belgium; in fact, until the nineteenth

century the Dutch commonly referred to their language as *nederduits* rather than *nederlands*.

English, spoken now by hundreds of millions as their first language and by hundreds of millions more as their second language, has become a world language, and thus the great masters of the English language, just to mention Shakespeare alone—and the names of dozens more could be added—have become a global patrimony. The reach of the Dutch language and literature is, alas, very limited; no Dutch author, past or present, is a well recognized name internationally—the two which are, the sixteenth century Christian humanist, Erasmus, and the seventeenth century founder of international law, Grotius, wrote in Latin. English translations of Dutch literature are far and between, and no Dutch author has ever won the Nobel prize for literature—although the last fact is to the great shame of the Nobel prize selection committee, for, in my opinion, at least two, the novelists Louis Couperus (1860-1922) and Harry Mulisch (1927-2010), amply deserved it. Like all virtually all Canadians of Dutch immigrant background, I hardly use Dutch socially, except with family, friends, and acquaintances in the Netherlands, but ever since the immigration I have worked hard to retain my mastery of Dutch and, perhaps, even to increase it—after all, my Dutch vocabulary was limited to what you might expect from a fourteen years old when I came to Canada. I am happy that, albeit in a modest way, and to some extent as a part of my scholarship on the reception of Greco-Roman Antiquity in the literature of the later West, and last but not least, for my pure, simple enjoyment, I have cultivated a lasting interest in Dutch literature which has branched out into the literatures of other modern languages as well, especially French and German. Inevitably, though, the literature of the English language reigns supreme in my reading. With language, therefore, I went beyond mere adaptation to transformation.

In the Netherlands my family and I lived to a large extent within one of the cocoons created by the peculiarly Dutch system of socio-cultural segmentation called *verzuiling* (literally “pillarization”). It is largely gone in today's Netherlands, but it dominated nearly all aspects of life in my native country for about a century, starting in roughly the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Four pillars, so to speak, upheld the Dutch nation: Catholic, orthodox, i.e. Calvinist Protestant—these were the two religious- confessional pillars—and then socialist and liberal (“liberal” in the nineteenth century sense of being anti-authoritarian and promoting limited government and free enterprise)—these were the two non-religious pillars. Each pillar constituted a separate socio-cultural sphere. Each sphere was served by its own political parties. The Protestant sphere had its Anti-Revolutionary Party and Christian-Historical Party (I

knew my parents tended to vote for the former); the Catholic sphere had one very large party, the Catholic People's Party which could count on nearly the entire Catholic vote; the socialist sphere had the large Labour Party and the small Communist Party; and finally, the liberal sphere was served by the Party of Freedom and Democracy. The Dutch system of proportional representation in Parliament made such a large number of viable parties possible, and since the First World War the country had been served, and in general served well, by coalition governments,

Pillarization provided separate Catholic and Protestant schools at both the primary and the secondary levels for the religious-confessional spheres, whereas the children in the non-religious sphere attended public schools, and there was equal government funding for all schools. Besides the "public" universities, there was a Calvinist university in Amsterdam and a Catholic university in Nijmegen. Pillarization embraced many aspects of Dutch life. Our family read newspapers and magazines, above all magazines, of the Protestant stripe; many of the books, especially for recreation, were of the same stamp. We were not much into organized sports and sport societies, but if we had been, we would have been members of a Protestant club which did not play on Sundays (the "Sabbath" being holy especially to the orthodox Protestants). Labour unions, professional associations, and recreational societies, too, were instituted on the same principle.

I should not exaggerate this which may seem almost like an apartheid-style segregationism: it certainly did not operate in the way we associated with the children in our neighbourhood or our parents with our neighbours. At work, too, people largely left their confessional and ideological orientations behind. Opa's business served Catholic, Protestant, and public schools alike, and dad as a traveling representative for the family firm had a special fondness for Catholic schools and the priests and nuns who taught there. Friendships could flourish across the boundaries. Above all, the four pillars supported one nation held together by an overarching love of country and devotion to the House of Orange; indeed my native country was one of the most stable in the world, with stability almost perfectly harmonized with an incremental social progressivism; that was the Netherlands I left behind in 1958.

Almost immediately after I had started senior public school in Wallaceburg in early September 1958, I sensed I had entered a very different world, and this feeling was not entirely based on the difference in language. There was no longer the cocoon of orthodox Protestantism. Sure, before classes started, the Lord's Prayer was recited, but beyond this no Bible lessons and no preachiness at all. With this, there came to me a feeling of steadily widening intellectual and psychological horizons which could not be

suppressed by the religious and social cocoon of the Christian Reformed Church. Within a few months after the start of school as my English improved, I became a regular at the Wallaceburg public library primarily in order to read the magazines there, mostly the American ones — *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Life*, *Look*, and the *Saturday Evening Post*, all so different from the safely Protestant Christian *De Spiegel* (“The Mirror”), to which my family had subscribed back in the Netherlands. Books, too, both fiction and non-fiction, Christian, non-Christian, and even occasionally anti-Christian, I began to take out, but it was not until my university years that they began to make a really deep impact, and even then, as I have written in Part I, my increasing freethinking coupled with my increasing awareness of my homosexuality did not lead me to step out of the CRC until the spring and summer of 1970, at the end of my seventh year of university.

Stepping outside what had become for me the cocoon of CRC culture and opting for a life of ever widening horizons has been a great blessing for me, but at the same time I have come to appreciate again my *Gereformeerde* and Christian Reformed roots and I see them now as integrated into what I would characterize as my faith stance of Christian humanism. I am still not absolutely sure whether this integration amounts simply to a perhaps compromising adaptation—a “synthesis,” as the Dutch Neo-Calvinist philosopher Herman Dooyeweerd (whom I’ve mentioned in the *Preludes*) might call it—or whether I can speak here of a truly spiritual transformation. I like to think that the best of modern Calvinism is humanist-oriented, but, of course, in a profoundly theistic and Christian way; if I am right, with this integration comes indeed a transformation in which I can see all things made new. (cf. Revelation 21.5)

I have become a bit of a movie buff over the past few decades, and as I look back to my earliest years it strikes me how small a role the movies—and for that matter the theatre, too—played in the Calvinist culture of the Netherlands. When we lived in the Enkstraat—that is, before I turned ten—I would go once in a while to a nearby community hall where they showed movies, mostly from the silent movie era; the screen was small and the movie projector was primitive, so hardly any memories remain of that experience, except that I was introduced to Charlie Chaplin. A trip to a real movie theatre, however, was the rarest of events; in fact, if my recollection from the age of six onwards is correct, I doubt whether it happened more than six times over a period of eight years. The Christian Reformed Church in Canada, too, did not foster a movie- or theatre-going culture, although my years in Wallaceburg were punctuated with occasional trips to the movie-theatre in Wallaceburg or nearby Chatham. I remember taking in, among others, *Ben Hur* and a few of the Italian-made Hercules movies starring Steve Reeves that were so popular in the late fifties and early sixties.

What was it about Calvinism that it left movie- and theatre-going—let alone the making of movies and theatre—so strikingly out of its cultural ambit? I remember something that Abraham Kuyper (1837-1920), pastor, church leader, journalist, theologian, statesman, founder of the Free University of Amsterdam, prime minister of the Netherlands for four years, and the great ideologue of Dutch Neo-Calvinism for half a century, said about the theatre. He claimed that the theatre could not be a fitting part of Christian culture because it was all about make-believe, with actors pretending to be someone they were not; the phenomenon of the theatre was thus all about the inauthentic life and so it was the epitome of worldliness; and it was not surprising, therefore, that so many actors led morally disreputable lives. Hostility to the theatre has been the hallmark of Calvinism for centuries; think of English and American Puritans. This ultimately ideologically based hostility reminds me of what I have long considered one of the stupidest things argued by Socrates in Plato's *Republic*: according to his view, art is only an imitation of the everyday reality we normally experience; as imitation, therefore, it ranks far below that reality in his grand metaphysical scheme of things, at summit of which stand the archetypal Ideas, and therefore it has little or no place in Socrates' (and, therefore, almost certainly Plato's) ideal state; and what makes matters worse, art may promote immorality—think about the horrible stories in Homer's poetry about the disordered lives of the gods—such art, therefore, must be completely censored and banished.

Make-believe and role-playing are an integral part of human play, and I fully agree with the central thesis of the well-known and still often cited book of the Dutch historian Johan Huizinga, *Homo Ludens* (“Humans at Play”) that play is a healthy and, in fact, absolutely necessary part of human life. Children instinctively know this and live it. I fondly remember the little plays, including his popular puppet shows, that young Gert used to put on for the neighbourhood kids in the Abel Tasmanstraat—the latter entertainment, in fact, he carried over to the children at the Wallaceburg CRC.

In my university years, my movie-going became more frequent but still remained rather sporadic, and even now it is. It was, above, all, the video player and recorder, which Scott and I bought for the first time in the mid-eighties, that made movie-watching a regular part of my life, and more recently, the Turner Classic Movie channel has made me far more knowledgeable about and appreciative of movies of earlier generations; Home Box Office television, to which I subscribe, has also added to the scope of my movie watching. There is so much to see and take in on my television screen that I have to be very selective, for books have remained a big part of my life. However, as my friend Glenn put it, movies became the literature of the twentieth

century; many a great novel has been unforgettably 'translated' into the medium of film with its own unique artistic potentials. I am fortunate that several of my friends—Brian, Glenn, Jim McKinnon, and Chris—are real movie buffs, and I constantly learn from them. My theatre-going is necessarily less frequent, but still far more frequent than it was before I came to Nova Scotia. Acadia University has its own excellent theatre company, which puts on both the classics and the more experimental theatre, and Wolfville had for a decade the classy Atlantic Theatre Festival. Thanks to both of them, I have seen far more Shakespeare on the live stage than I would have otherwise. Enjoying some of the productions of the CentreStage Theatre in Kentville is also a regular part of my agenda. All in all, I am truly grateful for the way movies and the theatre have enriched my life.

People rightfully use the term “digital revolution,” for this is indeed a veritable revolution which has swept the globe over the past few decades and still continues its inexorable, indeed accelerating march. It is perhaps even more momentous than the industrial revolution which had its beginning in Britain in the second half of the eighteenth century, for this was confined for a long time to the developed countries of the West and did not make its full impact in the developing countries until the twentieth century. I must confess that I myself was not among the first to allow myself to be swept along by it, for I did not get my first computer, and that at my university office only, until 1993, and while I made significant adaptations in both my professional and personal life, I cannot say it has transformed me to the extent it has obviously the lives of billions. However, since my retirement I have had an up-to-date computer at home, too. (Had Scott and I continued to live together, this would have happened, I know, decades earlier, for he was totally into computers right from the start, and had an early one for his own use by the mid-eighties.) The computer has been indispensable for me for years for e-mailing, accessing websites, making, storing and sending documents, making many (but not all) reservations for travel, and, more recently, googling, which has become my favourite means for fast looking up information of all kinds and has even become an irresistible form of browsing for me. However, while I had a cell phone for a while when Scott was still alive, I am without one now. I am not into the social media and I have not bought an i-phone for myself, although as far as the last is concerned, I may eventually yield.

I certainly appreciate the social media, including and especially Face-book, as a superb tool for instantaneous, far-reaching communication, but at the same time deplore Face-book's ugly side-effects of public bullying and shaming which have wreaked havoc in the lives of many. Much of which I have seen or at least know of on

Face-book represents the utmost in triviality and narcissism. If it is a question of bringing pleasurable person-to-person communication or just pure simple enjoyment into people's lives I have no problem, of course; YouTube has been a source of great pleasure to me and the video-clips accessed via websites can add considerably to my knowledge. If I had children and children, I would be certainly be making welcome use of the social media, especially, I imagine, Skype. I recognize that the social media are a superbly fast and effective tool for bringing thousands, even millions of people together in cyberspace, and for thus creating public awareness, securing rapid interventions, and, in general, furthering worthwhile causes; in this country we have seen this most recently in the overwhelmingly generous response to the wildfire disaster in and around Fort McMurray; in this respect, they are a liberating tool especially in the developing world. Already with the introduction of the cell phone a few decades ago, cheap, fast telephone access became a reality for billions of people who had been almost completely without it during the era of the landline telephone.

I remain, however, a book man, and I doubt this will change greatly for the remainder of my life—although I am not so obstinately set in my ways that this could not possibly happen. I do deplore the crowding out of print books by e-books in libraries, as it is also now happening in the library of Acadia University. Print books are viewed as dead weight, “tonnage,” as one university librarian has put it, according to a recent article in a literary magazine (*Geist*, spring issue 2016), which takes up much-needed space. Based on my own experience, I agree with the author of this article that the wholesale conversion to e-books deprives one of one of the most valuable means of educating yourself and widening your intellectual horizons, namely browsing in the stacks; for me this self-education started already in the public library of Wallaceburg soon after my arrival in Canada. I hope and pray, therefore, that this change-over will never become a complete one and that the traditional “stacks” will remain in place.

II. 5 A Professor of Classics in the Twentieth and Twenty-First Centuries

I remember that on March 15, 1956, the Ides of March, a few weeks before I turned 12, the *Zwolsche Courant*, the daily newspaper my family subscribed to, commemorated a momentous historical event, namely that it was exactly 2000 years ago that Julius Caesar was assassinated in the Senate of Rome. A far more vivid encounter for me came almost two years later when near the end of May 1958, I said goodbye to my class in the David Wijnbeek MULO and was presented with a book as a farewell gift: it was Lewis Wallace's *Ben Hur*, in Dutch translation of course—I still have it in the new binding which it received from dad years later. I remember avidly reading it much

of it during our voyage to Canada and finishing it while staying in the basement of the Wallaceburg CRC. Most of what is now the country of the Netherlands was outside the firm ambit of the Roman Empire, and so unlike the Mediterranean countries, southern France, and the Germany's Rhineland there are no major architectural remains which testify to a centuries-long Roman presence, and so this encounter was all the more meaningful to me and may have even subconsciously motivated me to take up Latin when I entered high school in September 1959.

In my *Preludes* I described how I fell in love with Latin, both the language and the literature, at Wallaceburg High, and therefore opted for a B.A. with an honours in English and Latin at the University of Western Ontario. By the time I had reached my final undergraduate year, I knew I wanted to make my career in Classics, both the teaching of it and the scholarship, so I began the study of Greek and moved on to five years of graduate study, first the M.A in Latin at Western and then four years at the University of Toronto in order to obtain the PhD in Classics. However, as I was about to take up my first teaching position in 1974, I discovered that the teaching of the Classics was undergoing a major change in orientation, and so, one might say, it looked like I had to reinvent myself.

For centuries—and this went all the way back to Greco-Roman Antiquity—Classics was a primarily philological discipline (from the Greek *philos*, “loving,” and *logos*, “word”) busying itself with textual and literary study, and focused on texts composed by Greek and Roman authors and preserved across the age by the hand copying and recopying of handwritten manuscripts—remember that printing was not invented until the mid-fifteenth century. The first objective of philology is to make sure that the text one is working with represents the author's words as accurately as possible. The vast majority of ancient and medieval copyists (during the Middle Ages nearly all of them were monks) were conscientious and tried hard to be scrupulously accurate; not always easy when the scribe had to transcribe a dictated text or when the written text he was copying from was not perfectly legible. Sometimes if a scribe felt that the text he was copying contained a mistake or did not make any sense, he might be bold enough to make a correction himself—a correction that might very well stray further from the original text. In most cases, the modern textual critic will find that the text s/he is working with has already received all the careful inspection and correcting needed from previous scholars, although s/he may re-examine the odd problem; with some authors such as the Roman poet Propertius I worked on for my doctoral dissertation, textual problems remain and still demand the attention of every scholar interested in him. In biblical studies, it is important to note, pretty well the same *modus operandi*

applies, and biblical scholars throughout the centuries have often mastered the art of biblical textual criticism through a previous apprenticeship in the textual criticism of the Greek and Roman Classics.

The text-critical part of the philologist's job is followed by commentary: factual information about the author and the work under study will be needed by the reader; references and allusions in the text will have to be explained, and the scholar may also feel it is incumbent on him or her to impress upon the reader the rhetorical and literary qualities of the text under study. All this was already done by scholars in the ancient Greco-Roman world.

The study of history was also a traditional part of Classical scholarship, but, as it was already in Greco-Roman Antiquity (the big exception being the Greek historian Herodotus), was confined largely to political and military history. Only one course on ancient history (which took the ancient Middle East as its starting point), a required survey-type course in my second undergraduate year, was included in all my undergraduate and graduate years in Classics. Starting in the seventies, an immense broadening of the scope of historical scholarship and of the teaching of Greek and Roman history began to take place not only in Canada but indeed everywhere where the Classics were taught; social and economic history became prominent in both scholarship and teaching, and social history began to morph into, among others, women's and gender and sexuality studies, a field I became particularly interested in. Greek and Roman philosophy was often offered under the aegis of the departments of philosophy, but Classics departments might offer now courses on the history of ideas in the Greco-Roman world and on Greek and Roman religion. Myth, too, became a favourite subject of instruction, often examined from relatively new theoretical perspectives (e.g. Freudian, Jungian, structuralist, and anthropological). Courses directed to students in the natural sciences, such as scientific terminology based on Greek and Latin, became very popular; I myself developed such a course at Acadia and taught it for thirty years.

What had been already been important sub-disciplines of Classical studies for well over a century, archaeology, epigraphy (the study of inscriptions) and papyrology (the study of documents written on papyrus) became far more visible in the subject matter taught; this was especially true of archaeology. Epigraphy and papyrology remained largely graduate-level subjects, but the findings of all three, however, found their way into the 'new' historical studies and a large variety of undergraduate courses. Thus, the source-books I used for my course on gender and sexuality in the Greco-Roman world I developed in the early nineties draws on not only literary but also

epigraphic and papyrus texts, all presented in translation of course. Finally, courses on Greek and Roman art and architecture became common offerings; there is hardly a department of Classics nowadays which does not have at least one specialist in art history or archaeology or, like Sonia in Acadia's Classics program, in a combination of the two.

The marked broadening of scope and interests in Classical studies was obviously linked to the marked decline at universities in the numbers of students pursuing the traditional philology, i.e. the advanced study of the Latin and ancient Greek languages and of the literatures in the original languages. In Canada, the introduction, on a large scale, of what were called "Classics in translation" courses was clearly designed to make up for the almost complete elimination of Latin from high school curricula, a process which started in Ontario in the late sixties and was soon replicated elsewhere in Canada; the same happened in the U.S. and many other countries. The vast majority of students who wanted to study Latin in university, even if it was just for one year in order to obtain the language credit which was still routinely required for the B.A., now had to start with beginner's Latin, but the students majoring or doing an honours in Latin and /or Greek dropped drastically to almost zero; that was also the experience at Acadia. The major or honours in Classics took the place of the older programs. Wisely, most universities still insisted on one year in Latin or Greek for the major in Classics, and more for the honours. However, both programs were totally transformed. The large majority of professors, also of Classics, including myself, like to see their research interests reflected, at least to some degree, in the subject matter of the courses they teach. Thus, the transformation in the teaching of the Greek and Classics was an important catalyst in the transformation of Classical scholarship which started to take place in the early seventies; this certainly also applies to what took place in my career both as a professor of Classics and as a Classical scholar. The move away from a rather narrowly focused philology was, I think, a most salutary one for Classics. Without it, I think, Classics would have become a graduate school specialty, like ancient Egyptian or Sanskrit; and the intellectual loss to the undergraduate curriculum would have been incalculable.

In actual fact, I did not have to reinvent myself completely. I continued to teach Latin and Greek at all undergraduate levels, and in the intermediate and senior level courses I also continued to teach the literature in the original languages. This has always been a source of great satisfaction to me, as I maintain that Classics altogether without the Classical languages is a seriously impoverished program; after all, you can hardly begin to know a culture, whether ancient or modern, without knowing the

language. For most Classics students at the undergraduate level that knowledge will inevitably remain elementary but at least they should have a taste of it. As for graduate level studies, the competence in Latin and Greek required should be substantial, even if a student is not going to specialize in Classical philology, for complete dependency on translations is simply not acceptable for a fully fledged Classical scholar and teacher of the Classics; in using translations s/he should always be able to go back to the original text and assess the accuracy of a particular translation; even more, when teaching works of great literary artistry, especially poetry, whether it be Homeric epic, Classical Greek tragedy, or Greek or Latin lyric, s/he should be able give the students some idea of how successful the translation is in conveying the artistic qualities of the original. In my own courses where I taught such literature in translation, I would have had to consider myself as seriously short-changing my students without this ability.

By the late eighties, the Departments of French and German were beginning to teach courses in comparative literary studies. Here the literary works were drawn from more than one language and literature, usually at least three, and these were taught and studied in translation, as they had to, of course, certainly at the undergraduate level. Such courses are immensely useful for coming to recognize how fundamental and recurring themes—such as the heroic quest, conflict and war and the loss of loved ones in war, one's involvement in an unhappy and ultimately disastrous love—have been pursued in the literatures of often very different cultures. I myself developed and taught such a course which paired the *Iliad* with the Babylonian *Epic of Gilgamesh* and Classical Greek tragedy with the Book of Job. (Since my knowledge of Hebrew is very limited and my knowledge of the languages of ancient Mesopotamia is virtually non-existent, I had to make sure, of course, that for the non-Greek works I used the best existing translations recognized as such by the experts.) Since then Vernon has developed more such courses, drawing on the literature not only of Antiquity but also of the Middle Ages.

Soon after I reintroduced on Roman law which had been developed and taught many years earlier by the late William Fletcher, who had been Head of Classics until his sudden death in 1977, I recognized that I should set this subject in a firm historical context, especially that of social history. This is also what I did years later with the course I developed on gender and sexuality in the Greco-Roman world. Over the years the social history of the Roman world, especially with regard to the family, marriage, and non-marital erotic relationships such as those based on homosexual and homoerotic attraction between men, has become a special interest of mine, as is reflected in the journal articles and the many book reviews I have authored over the

years as well as in the book on the age of first age of marriage in Rome I co-authored with William Percy. As I recall towards the end of my *Preludes*, the subject of male homosexuality, in particular that of paederasty (or paedophilia, to use the modern term), brought me into pre-publication controversy and even censorship in two collections of papers of which I was the co-editor—somewhat jokingly, of course, I suspect I must be unique among Canadian classicists in this respect.

One field of study which has become popular over the past two decades and has become a distinct and well recognized subject for both research and teaching is what used to be called “the Classical tradition” but is now usually referred to as the reception of Classical culture in the later West, or more briefly, Classical reception studies. There are so many aspects in which Greco-Roman civilization left a significant cultural legacy to the West that it would take at least a full page to enumerate them in some detail. None of these constitute a static heritage, for each legacy, whether in art, architecture, literature, philosophy, law, political institutions, or science, was appropriated in the spirit and practice of adaptation, innovation, and even transformation—hence the preference now for the word “reception” rather than “tradition.” My own interest lies in the reception of Classical culture in the literature of the West, and I have published articles on novelists both in the Netherlands (Louis Couperus and Harry Mulisch) and in the English-speaking world (Mary Renault and Salman Rushdie) from this perspective. My translation of and commentary on Erasmus in the early years of my academic career also touched on this legacy. My colleague Vernon has been pursuing Classical reception studies on an even larger scale and is currently working on a monograph on William Faulkner, while he is also about to introduce Acadia's first course devoted to this new and promising field.

When I fell in love with Latin in high school I had as yet little awareness of the major role Classical civilization played in the shaping of Western civilization, but now in the years of my retirement my profound recognition this role furnishes me with all the more reason to press for the continued visibility of the Classics in the teaching of the Humanities. When I engage in my mind with the civilization of the Greeks and Romans of Antiquity, I see a civilization spread out before me in a complexity and fullness which are not matched, in my judgment, by any other ancient culture, so overwhelmingly numerous and diverse are the testimonials Greece and Rome have left behind. The 'miracle' of the Internet has made it much easier for me to keep myself reasonably *au courant* with important publications in the fields of study which are of special interest to me, I am particularly indebted to the *Bryn Mawr Classical Review*, an electronic journal which covers the whole range of Classical studies and publishes

annually several hundreds of excellent reviews of recently published books—I myself have been a regular reviewer for the past dozen years; as a testimony to the cosmopolitan provenance of its reviews, it publishes reviews written in English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish; three of the books I reviewed were written in Dutch.

It is encouraging to see that ancient Greece and Rome are still very visible in popular culture, perhaps even more so than half a century ago. I am thinking here of the fairly recent spate of movies focused on the exploits of mythical Greek heroes such as Heracles (the Romans called him Hercules) and Perseus, and on the epochal wars between the Greeks and the Persians in the fifth century B.C in the movies *The 300* and *Rise of an Empire*, where, as just about everyone knows, astonishing liberties were taken with historical fact. It all started, I think, with the movie *Troy* in 2004; I remember some of my students being very indignant with how far the movie's story strayed from the *Iliad* and other canonical Greek literature, with my colleague Sonia pointing out that the movie got the city of Troy's art and architecture quite wrong. By far best of all the Greek-themed movies was *Alexander*, which, unfortunately, was not a commercial or even a critical success but which was not only splendidly produced but got the viewer close, in my opinion, to the turbulent and conflicted character of the world conqueror; it must have benefited a great deal from having the highly regarded Hellenist and biographer of Alexander the Great, Robin Lane Fox, as its premier consultant. The movie is certainly much better than the 1956 *Alexander* movie with Richard Burton, which completely elides its hero's homosexuality.

The revival of Roman visibility started in the year 2000, with the movie *Gladiator*, where, too, fiction trumped fact in almost the entire story, but the movie was a huge success, both commercially and critically. Some of you, though, will remember that Hollywood was in love with Rome during the fifties and the first half of the sixties: think of *Quo Vadis*, *The Robe*, *Demetrius and the Gladiators*, *Ben Hur*, *Spartacus*, *Cleopatra*, and the *Fall of the Roman Empire*, and in the seventies the highly idiosyncratic, indeed often surrealistic *Fellini Satyricon* and the superbly acted BBC television series *I Claudius* were the outstanding contributions to the genre. Within the past decade there have been the movie *Pompeii*, two movies featuring the Roman army's presence in Britain, *The Eagle* and *Centurion*, and three notable television series *Empire*, *Rome* and *Spartacus*, of which the latter two ran for a long period of time. *Rome*, I thought, did not too stray too far from the facts and projected a real feel, with lots of accurate detail, of what life was like in Rome and Italy more than 2000 years ago at the time—also portrayed in *Empire*—when the Roman Republic was careening towards its final collapse; thanks to its spectacular use of digital special effects, especially in the gladiatorial scenes in the

arena, which were sometimes too garish for my taste, this *Spartacus* is definitely memorable, and although it had some excellent acting, it played far too much to the stereotypes, in both men and women, of Roman cruelty and sexual debauchery; the earlier movies often did it, too, but not as explicitly, certainly not as far as the sex was concerned.

Excellent documentaries on various topics in the history and culture of the ancient Greek and Roman world, ranging from Athenian democracy to the Colosseum of Rome, have proliferated on television and online over the past few decades, obviously in response to keen popular demand. These benefit from the spectacular special effects that can be achieved now with digital technology and from the frequent participation of knowledgeable classicists. I remember with amusement that a student of mine of more than thirty years ago telling me that she got hooked on the Classics through the Hercules cartoons she watched as a child on television; there is much more solid fare now in all the widely accessible audio-visual media.

Rome has also a strong presence in current historical fiction. Most memorable for me are the superb and meticulously researched novels in the *Masters of Rome* series by Colleen McCollough—these cover the turbulent final eight decades, punctuated over and over again by civil war, of the Roman Republic—as well as the vividly narrated novels of Steven Saylor set in the time of Cicero, Julius Caesar, and Octavian (later Augustus), with the detective Gordianus the Finder as its central character. Many other Roman- and Greek-based novels grace the shelves of my home library. I am particularly fond of the novels, drawn from Greek myth, legend, and history, of the late Mary Renault. A few of Colleen McCullough's novels are also set in the ancient Greek world. All this historical fiction is a literary tradition that goes back, in fact, for centuries, and it is probably more vigorous now than it was ever before.

The still strong presence of ancient Greece and Rome not only in elite but also and especially, perhaps, in popular culture is, by itself, a powerful argument for the continuation of full support for the teaching of Classics in our universities and colleges, and even in our secondary schools. It is also worth pointing out that, thanks to the unique vantage point provided by their scholarly expertise, classicists are often in the position to offer compelling commentary on the state of affairs in our modern world; topics and issues addressed include contemporary politics, the military, family, women's and gender issues, the environment, sexuality, and erotica and pornography. I could make a long list here of Classical scholars in English-speaking countries and elsewhere who have become what are often called public intellectuals, but a few examples will have to suffice. The three books written in Dutch which I mentioned

earlier as having reviewed are by the Belgian classicist and social historian Christian Laes, who writes on topics such as child slavery and labour, the sexual abuse of children, and the position of the physical and mentally handicapped in the Roman empire, and does not hesitate to place these issues in a modern societal context, but always in a combination of objectivity and sensitivity, without lapsing into anachronism and facile moralizing. I myself have collaborated with two American classicists, Thomas Hubbard and William Percy (who is by training a medievalist but also has a strong background in Classics) on academic projects related to Greek and Roman homosexuality, including paederasty or, in modern parlance, man-boy sexual relationships; I admire them for speaking out frankly on the issue of paedophilia in all its contemporary ramifications (social, legal, psychological) and raising it to the level of what should always be rational discourse stripped of all myth-making and fear-mongering.

Unfortunately, the Classics program at Acadia is feeling the University's fiscal squeeze. It is a bad situation which has impacted on nearly all programs, especially the Humanities. This predicament exists at universities across Canada—and in the U.S. and other countries, too, I should add—but its consequences for Classics at Acadia are especially serious. I retired officially in 2011, although the following two years I still taught part-time to cover for my two colleagues who were on sabbatical leave. However, five years now past my retirement I still have not been replaced, and according to what I have heard the likelihood there will be such a replacement is virtually zero at this point: Classics is right at the bottom of the priority list for the filling of faculty positions, whether tenured or tenure-track or even term-contract. This leaves the Classics program one-third without its normal faculty complement, with the inevitable result that many courses which were my responsibility cannot and will not be taught—perhaps forever. These include a course which was in high, year-after-year demand, namely Scientific Terminology Based on Greek and Latin, representing a very useful outreach to students in the natural sciences, as well as two regularly offered courses which contributed to other program options in the Faculty Arts, namely Roman Law (Legal Studies) and Gender and Sexuality in the Greco-Roman World (Women's and Gender Studies). Sonia and Vernon are doing splendid work in their carrying on of the program, but there can be no doubt Classics at Acadia has suffered a major blow, and the situation may get even worse when there is another retirement.

The ranking of priorities on the aforementioned list at Acadia is determined by faculty colleagues. Unfortunately, the subtext of the ranking is a *sauve qui peut*, with each department or program doing its utmost to protect its own 'turf,' so to speak, and

this kind of prioritizing almost inevitably works to the advantage of the larger departments or programs. It is sad that I have to conclude on such a pessimistic note. Classics is not and should not pretend to be the 'Queen' of the Humanities, as it was still a century ago, but intellectually and culturally it is probably a much more vibrant discipline than it was then. The wide-ranging, deep-going perspective it holds out to the modern world has incalculable value. May it be permitted to continue to flourish! Our universities bear a heavy responsibility here.

II.6 Matters of the *Respublica*

In this section's title, I have used the wonderfully evocative Latin word (it is actually a two-word phrase, *res publica*, usually written as one word) which corresponds most closely to our word "state," but the more literal translation is "public domain," the lawful governance of which is the task of the state. The Romans contrasted the *res publica* to the *res privata*, "the private domain," which is the domain of the individual, the individual above all in the context of his or her *familia*, "the household," which might be very well be what we would now call an extended family, and also included household's slaves if there were any. In our modern world the distinction between public and private is far less clear-cut, and even in the Roman world, there was a good deal of overlapping between the two, for instance in the Roman law of commerce, and, in certain cases, the interest of the *res publica* might override even that of the *res privata*, where normally, according to immemorial tradition, the will of the *paterfamilias*, "the father of the household," i.e. the oldest male in the direct patriarchal line of descent, reigned supreme. In fact, by the early Christian era, state and society in the Roman world had grown to a degree of complexity in the intermingling of "public" and "private" that they resembled ours a little more. For this reason, I thought my use of *respublica* was warranted.

I turn now to fifth century Athens where a form of *demokratia* ("rule of the people") had evolved that was unique in the ancient world. (There were other city-states in classical Greece which had their own form of *demokratia*, but they were far smaller than Athens.) Athenian democracy called for citizens, i.e. all adult citizen males, who were ready to play an active, fully participatory role in the governance of their country. This expectation is consummately stated in the famous funeral oration of the Athenian statesman Pericles in book two of Thucydides' magisterial history, *The Peloponnesian War*: "Here each man is interested not only in his own affairs but in those of the state as well. Even those who are mostly preoccupied with their own affairs are not lacking in knowledge about the affairs of state; we [Athenians] alone do not

consider a man who takes no interest in the affairs of state as minding his own business but rather think of him as being useless." The Athenians—or to be precise, the adult citizen males of Athens—enjoyed an extreme form of democracy which certainly would not have worked in a much larger political community (the total of population of Athens in the mid-fifth century B.C. was probably not much larger than 250,000), but it was impressive all the same: any one of these men could vote in the *ekklesia* ("assembly") on the legislation proposed to it: all positions on the executive council, the *boulê*, were open to them and filled by lot; and they could also serve on the enormously large juries which tried criminal offences—these, too, were chosen by lot and received a small stipend for their services. Rome always had far less of a democracy than Athens, and by the time of the first emperors its oligarchic system was complete.

As a child in the Netherlands I did develop a rudimentary political awareness with regard to both the national and the international scene. For most of these years I knew that the prime minister of the country was Dr Willem Drees of the Labour Party, an icon of Dutch politics who came to be regarded as the "father" of the elaborate postwar system of social welfare; indeed, he came to be called, affectionately, "Father Drees." I was pretty sure my parents voted for the orthodox-Calvinist oriented Anti-Revolutionary Party and knew there was a communist party with a few seats in Parliament. In fact, I remember during a national election campaign in the mid-fifties a car making the route of our Abel Tasmanstraat neighbourhood with a loudspeaker blaring the inspirational message of the Communist Party of the Netherlands to the toiling masses—I don't think this could have possibly happened in Canada, certainly not at the height of the Cold War. In a rare outing to the cinema in 1952 I took note in the newsreel of Queen Juliana's state visit to U.S., and from the both the radio and the newspaper in early March 1953 I learned of Stalin's death. The Cold War was on everyone's mind during the fifties. I remember how frightening the Suez crisis of October-November 1953 was. I still vividly remember the alarming newspaper headline, "Bulganin [the Soviet premier] threatens Britain with nuclear-bomb rockets." At the same time, young and old were shocked at the brutal suppression of the Hungarian revolt by the Soviet military.

In my *Preludes* I recall how already soon after the immigration I developed a keen interest in American politics, an interest which has remained with me, although my interest in the Canadian *respublica* did grow substantially over the years. Since I helped Gert, Baldwin, and Lida in their jobs of delivering newspapers during my early Wallaceburg years, I was bound to pick up headline stories such as Diefenbaker's firing of the governor of the Bank of Canada in 1961 and the disastrous election campaign of

1963 which his government lost as a result of his very public quarrel with John F. Kennedy and the subsequent resignation of several ministers from his cabinet. My five years at Western coincided with the five years of Lester Pearson and his Liberal government. Many an evening I sat glued to the television watching the CBC late evening news as it unfolded a new phase in the very public feud between Diefenbaker (now the leader of the Opposition) and Pearson or a fresh political scandal such as the Gerda Munsinger affair in which a former Conservative Minister of Defense was accused of having had a romantic relationship with the aforementioned lady, who deserved her notoriety most of all because of her rumoured sexual liaisons with prominent persons in communist East Germany. All of this of political rough and tumble was climaxed by the unceremonious ejection of Diefenbaker from his position as Conservative leader in 1967. The Canadian scene, however, was for me still overshadowed by what was happening south of the border throughout the sixties: Kennedy's assassination, the black civil rights struggle and the massive black riots of 1965, 1967, and 1968; the escalation of the Vietnam war and the massive protests this engendered at home and abroad; the assassination of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy in 1968; the first landing on the moon in 1969; and, last but not least, the rise and blossoming of the youth-driven counterculture of the later sixties, which also spilled over into Canada and other countries of the West.

In 1968, I voted for the first time in a federal election. Pierre Elliott Trudeau was the new prime minister and the new leader of the Liberal Party. I voted for him and his government because as Minister of Justice under Pearson he had shown himself to be very progressive and, among others, had proposed the change in the Canadian criminal code which decriminalized homosexual acts between consenting adults—this was approved in Parliament and enacted into law in the following year. In the so-called October crisis in 1970, I also approved of his vigorous response, above all with the invocation of the War Measures Act, to the acts of kidnapping and murder committed by the Front du Libération du Québec. Later I was to have second thoughts about this as a too heavy-handed a handling of the crisis which violated the fundamental rights of Canadians, and came to admire the members of the New Democratic Party, led by Tommy Douglas, in the House of Commons who voted against the measure. By 1972, though, I was disappointed with the overall record of the Liberal government and was ready to vote for an unabashedly social-democratic party, the NDP, led now by David Lewis, with his memorable mantra about “corporate welfare bums.” With only one exception, I have voted NDP ever since in both federal and provincial elections.

During the eighties I flirted for a few years with libertarian ideas about government and its dealings with the private sector and capitalist free enterprise. Here I was undoubtedly influenced by Scott, who already when I met him was an ardent devotee of the philosophy of Ayn Rand— a stance which, as I mentioned in *Preludes*, he eventually came to repudiate. I was concerned with the often serious abuse of power especially at the higher levels of government, and thought that small government with strictly delimited powers, also in the regulation of the economy, was the best form of governance which would allow the private sector to flourish as it could not in a socialist system. I liked the libertarian insistence on no government intrusion into the private lives of individuals unless it could be objectively demonstrated that their behaviour harmed others. However, I began to see that the power of the many large corporations which now exist in the private sector can be abused and indeed is being abused. I saw this happening especially in the huge multinational corporations which, in an increasingly globalized economy, are often able to act as though they were accountable only to their overriding concern for maximum profit. I could readily see such a mentality at work in some corporations' violation of workers' rights, even of basic human rights, especially in the developing world. It is also obvious in the environmental degradation of which some companies are guilty —I am thinking here of some Canadian mining companies—and which is taking place both at home and abroad.. Government has an all-important role in setting regulations and in the enforcement of these in order to put an effective check to injustice in the economic sphere: an unfettered laissez-faire capitalism in conjunction with a largely powerless government to regulate and enforce has no place in a civilized society. Government assurance of an at least basic social-safety net to its people I regard as equally crucial for a civilized society. Therefore, I ultimately saw the libertarian extolling of laissez-faire capitalism and small government as altogether naive and returned to the political philosophy of social democracy with all the greater conviction. Here I am mindful of the fact that already centuries before Jesus, through the prophets of the Hebrew scriptures—I am thinking especially of Amos and Isaiah—God speaks as the champion of the poor and the oppressed, and it is good to see Pope Francis affirm, perhaps more emphatically than any of his predecessors, that the Church must choose the option for the poor.

Here I must mention the success of the Dutch in virtually eliminating poverty in their country within a generation after the Second World War. Within a few years after 1945, all the political parties, both to the left and to the right, confessional and non-confessional, had arrived at a determined consensus that poverty must cease to exist, and that this was to be effected through a vastly improved social-safety net as well as

through universal health care, and, very important, universal access to all levels of education, irrespective of one's social background or financial means. By the year 1958, the year my family emigrated, the fruits of this firmly set will to reform—or rather, transform—society were already becoming visible. Undoubtedly, the economic boom which began to take hold in the fifties was much accelerated by the formation of the European Common Market in 1957. When as a twenty-four year old I returned to the Netherlands for a visit in 1968, I was astonished at the widespread prosperity which now prevailed in my native country; I did not see any signs of the poverty which were still sporadic in 1958.

Canada is, of course, a federal state in which a lot of power and authority is exercised by the provinces. They are, among others, responsible for the delivery of health care and education and for much of the maintenance and development of the physical infrastructure, such as highways, roads, and electricity. I must admit that during my first twenty years in Canada my interest was primarily focused on the federal government—as being, perhaps, more glamorous? (think for instance, of the impressive government buildings on Parliament Hill)—certainly far more than on the more utilitarian, 'nuts-and-bolts' oriented provincial government of Ontario. My move to Nova Scotia in 1978, played a major role in the refocusing of my political interests. In a province such as Nova Scotia with its small population and its small (at least by Canadian standards) physical size, you really get to know your politicians closely, often on a face-to-face basis, something I had never experienced before, except, for a while, with the excellent New Democrat member of Parliament, Andrew Brewin, who served the riding in which Brian and I lived for a few years in East Toronto, and was very helpful to a friend of ours in Buffalo, New York, who needed a social insurance number in order to be able to settle permanently and find work in Canada. In my federal riding, Kings-Hants, and my provincial riding, Kings-South, it was not difficult to get to know our representatives. Besides, two men who served as our representatives for some years during the seventies and eighties had colourful, folksy reputations which were frequently brought up by my friends and acquaintances during our imbibing at Acadia's Faculty Club: our Member of Parliament, “the biggest drunk of Kings-Hants,” ditto for our representative in the provincial legislature, “the biggest drunk of Kings-South.”

My provincial riding had twice the good fortune of NDP representation, the second time from 2009 to 2013, when Nova Scotia had its first NDP government, in which our MLA (member of the Legislative Assembly) served as the Minister of Education. The government was voted out of power, unfortunately, after its first term

despite the fact it had been successful in combining the introduction of some badly needed reforms in health care delivery, environmental regulation, and the social safety-net with a firm tackling of the province's budgetary deficits which had been spinning out of control under the previous Progressive Conservative government. Already, many years before 2009 I had become an active volunteer in the Party, doing door-to-door and telephone canvassing during election campaigns; as such I really got to know our candidates, especially Mary DeWolf and Ramona Jennex. I have very rewarding memories of those times, and so in 2014 I joined the executive of the NDP Kings-South Riding Association as a member-at-large, also serving now as a local representative on the Provincial Council of the Nova Scotia NDP, which is the Party's governing body.

I am very happy to call Nova Scotia home, a province which combines so much scenic beauty and historic interest, where the people are among the friendliest and most helpful you will find anywhere in Canada, and where I have made lifelong friends. Unfortunately, Nova Scotia has serious and persistent social and economic problems: a high rate of poverty, especially child poverty, a sputtering economy, an aging population, and the ever-present threat of environmental degradation which now includes global warming. In addition, Nova Scotia has a small black and indigenous population (about a total of 6% of the total, with the black population mostly descended from loyalists to the British crown in the American colonies who fled or migrated, with British encouragement and sponsorship, to Nova Scotia during the time of the American Revolution or shortly afterwards), which still suffers from centuries-long discrimination, not so much conspicuously overt anymore but still systemic and real enough; some statistics I have recently seen demonstrate as much. (The racism directed against First Nations people, of course, has been and still is Canada-wide, although, fortunately, Canadians in general are now far more conscious of it and want to erase this stain from the life of our nation: when I lived in Wallaceburg, especially during my early years there, I constantly heard talk of "Indian" men being lazy and, much of the time, drunk to boot, and their "squaws" readily available for sex.) An NDP government of Nova Scotia is best equipped, I maintain, by virtue of both its foundational principles and its proven record as a government and opposition party, to tackle all these chronic problems.

I must emphasize that just as I reject laissez-faire capitalism if that means unfettered capitalism without the rightful checks and balances applied by good government, I also emphatically say no to what I'd call regime socialism which, in the interest of creating an ideal society, resorts to what are, in effect, totalitarian controls of the population. It was Bolshevik socialism, when it broke away from the moderate and

democratically anchored socialist movement in Europe in the early twentieth century, which took this radical step and ushered in almost a century of totalitarian ideology and practice, first on the left, in Soviet Russia, and then on the right, in Nazi Germany and militarist Japan. The French philosopher and novelist Albert Camus charted the rise of totalitarian ideology in Europe, from the French Revolution onwards, in his seminal 1950 work *L'Homme Révolté* (*The Rebel* is the title of the English translation), but also predicted its eventual collapse, promising signs of which he already saw in those European countries where social-democracy had taken hold. I would add that the movement towards economic co-operation among a number of democratic nations in Western Europe, which was already underway in the early fifties and forty years later culminated in the formation of the European Union, was also a positive sign that this was beginning to happen. I read this book decades ago, and Camus's powerful message against extremism, especially political extremism, of any sort, and for a return to what he saw as the long-neglected cultural heritage of *mésure* (moderation) from Classical Greece, has remained with me ever since.

Like Nova Scotia, our country as a whole is beset with serious social, economic, and environmental problems—one need think only of the injustices that our indigenous peoples have been suffering for many generations. Nevertheless, there is good reason to feel optimistic about Canada's future; the problems and challenges are not insuperable, for the country's resources, both material and human, are enormous, and most important, as I am writing this, a spirit of good will and determination now prevails nearly everywhere. However, the international situation is much murkier, and there is much reason to feel pessimistic. Twenty-five years since the collapse of the Soviet Union, the world has seen bloody wars, civil wars, insurgencies, widespread acts of terrorism, and even genocides and near-genocides, all of which have cost the lives of millions—so what is there to feel good about? The United Nations seems impotent and ineffective most of the times, and since its ill-conceived, disastrous occupation of Iraq thirteen years ago the United States, the world's only remaining superpower, does not seem to be acquitting itself of its international responsibilities much better.

The collapse of the Soviet Union was supposed to be totalitarianism's death knell. True, only one country—North Korea—remains which fully deserves the label of being in every respect totalitarian, but there are far too many countries—on five continents, no less—where violation of basic human rights is frequent, where social justice is absent, and where corruption seems to be the law of the land. An example of all these deplorable conditions which is very close to my heart is the criminalization and outright persecution of gay men and lesbian women in the large majority of Islamic

states as well as in many sub-Saharan countries, in the latter often in the name of a self-proclaimed evangelical Christianity; in this part of the world, South Africa, where sexual orientation is constitutionally protected, is a shining exception, although its record, too, is darkened by the harassment and even violence lesbian women are often subjected to.

It seems to me that over the past few decades, non-government organizations (ngo's) have often been more effective than governments proper in their interventions. Thanks to the Internet, they have instantaneous communication with their many millions of members (Avaaz alone claims 44 million), and their petitioning and lobbying have made a striking difference at times for the better. I am on the distribution list of several of these, Avaaz (human and animal rights, environmental issues), Amnesty (human rights), LabourStart and the Internal Labour Forum (labourers' rights), and have come to appreciate the extent of their outreach and the forcefulness of their impact. I have received many a message from them informing members that a political (non-violent!) dissident has been released from prison, a government has stepped in to prevent or put a halt to an egregious act of environmental degradation, or that workers' right to unionize has finally been respected.

II 7 Reflections on Poetry, with a Special Focus on Male Homoerotic Poetry through the Ages: Part One

A Introduction

I would occasionally start a class with my definition of key-idea, inviting the students to join me in putting it together, so I'll start this section by offering my definition of poetry. I have, of course, looked at what a few well-known dictionaries had to offer, but I was surprised by the fact that their definitions talked of writing, as though all poetry is, or has to be, written. In fact, in many cultures, even today, a great deal of poetry is composed orally, without the aid of writing, and it is a poetry that is meant to be recited rather than read. In fact, the reciting may assume the form of chanting or even melodic singing, and these may very well accompanied by music, with not infrequently, the singer or chanter providing this accompaniment on his or her own instrument. Early Greek poetry, such as both the monumental-length epics of Homer and the short lyric poems of Sappho, was of this type. Eventually, this close interconnection between poetry, singing, and music faded, but the Greek poets, as well as, later, the Roman poets, remained very conscious of the roots of their craft in song and music, and assumed that their poetry would be recited rather than simply read.

Even today, the songs we listen to have lyrics, whether it is a classical *lied* (song) by Schubert or one of the thousands of popular (pop) songs we have probably listened to, and at times immensely enjoyed, over the course of time, and which thus betray these same roots. And most of us would agree that even a poem which is not meant to be sung carries much more impact when it is well recited rather than when simply read in private and in silence.

The key-characteristic of poetry which distinguishes it from other forms of compositions of language, whether written or oral, is rhythm or cadence distributed in distinct units throughout the poetic composition. The smallest of these units are often called "feet," and these are combined into lines ("verse-lines," as they might be called), with the possibility of these verse lines being combined into couplets or stanzas. In many languages such as English, rhythm is created by the patterning of stressed and unstressed syllables, in other languages such as classical Latin and ancient Greek, the patterning is of long and short syllables. "Metre" is the word often used to refer to such rhythmic patterning. Rhythm, of course, must not become monotonous and must remain flexible in keeping with the specific impact, perhaps emotive, a poem needs to make at a particular point. The rules of poetic metre therefore allow amply for variation; thus, in classical Latin and ancient Greek poetry two short syllables may be substituted for a long one in certain positions in the verse-line.

Unfortunately, over the past century, since the advent of the so-called "modernist" movement not only in the arts (think of Picasso!) but also in literature, a lot of poetry has become solipsic (from the Latin *solus*, "alone," and *ipse*, "oneself"), impenetrable, or almost completely so, even to the sympathetic reader. Poetry may rightly be difficult or even unconventional, but, on the other hand, the poet has an obligation, as I see it, to communicate meaningfully. In my own experience, a poem which fails on this fundamental point is almost certain to fail also in its rhythm and cadence: it will be divided in verse-lines, almost always of varying lengths, but this division seems to be completely arbitrary, having no rhythmic *raison d'être*, and therefore does not add to what should be the poem's capacity to communicate.

My brother Gerrit and my friend Glenn have each exercised their gifts as poets at one of the two terminal points of the wide range of contemporary poetry, Gerrit on monumental epic at one end, and at the other, Glenn on short lyric, and each has put his unique individual stamp on the poetic form he has made his own. Gerrit has written and published so far three collections of what I'd call personalist epic, *Cerulean Odyssey: the Long Distance Voyager, Vol. 1, Cold Winter Breath*, and *Weatherstone: the Quest for E'veden, Vol. I*. I use the word "personalist" because each of these epics (the second one

is the direct continuation of the first) narrates the spiritual journey of its central hero by means of a richly extended and elaborated allegory which, in fact, tells the story of Gerrit's own life-journey in all its spiritual dimensions. *Cerulean Odyssey*, as Gerrit has told me, is, just by itself, the longest epic poem written ever written in Canadian literature. He has ventured here into a poetic genre which has been virtually abandoned since the nineteenth century. I regard the third collection as the most successful in terms of communicating its life-vision to the reader since its story, unlike that of the first and the second, which almost continuously uses a free-flowing but often difficult to follow imagist and stream-of-consciousness technique, unfolds in a clearly developed narrative, although this, too, draws on a wealth of symbols and imagery. I can think of only one epic-length poem in English literature that bears some resemblance, at least in its underlying conception, to Gerrit's, namely William Wordsworth's (1770-1850) autobiographical *The Prelude*, sometimes subtitled, *Or Growth of a Poet's Mind*, which is one of the supreme masterpieces of the poetry of English Romanticism.

Glenn's poetry, which have known for decades, on the other hand, although very contemporary in its sensibility, has a very classical feel in its pointed succinctness, and as such brings to my mind the lyrics of an Ibycus or Anacreon (6th century B.C.) in ancient Greek literature or the classical Latin *Odes* of Horace (1st century B.C.). Glenn continues to work on his poetry, and I hope that in the not too distant future he will find the right publisher of quality which it amply deserves.

As I recalled in my *Preludes*, the love I developed already in high school for Latin was based especially on the classical Latin poetry I was beginning to read and enjoy. In my university years ancient Greek was added to classical Latin, and ever since the poetry of the Greeks and Romans has remained a great love of mine, and determined, among others, the choice of the topic of my doctoral dissertation. Therefore, as I approached the year of my final sabbatical leave, 2010-2011, I thought that a full-length study of male homoerotic poetry which took Greek and Roman antiquity as its starting point and then pursued the subject in the literature of several modern languages from the late nineteenth century to the contemporary era would be an ideal research and writing project for me. I would be looking for poetry which was characterized by what I'd call individuality of voice, although not everything would have to poetry of the highest rank in terms of its sensibility or purely literary qualities. I did a lot of reading in the poetry of roughly the past one-and-a quarter century, much of it poetry with which I had been hardly familiar before. This I enjoyed immensely, but after a few false starts in writing I realized that, after well over forty years of scholarly writing, I had lost my enthusiasm for what I initially conceived as a more or less academic project, and I

finally decided to hone it to a non-academic succinctness of presentation and make it a part of my memoirs—and this what I am doing it now. What follows in this section is the first part, which covers Greek and Roman poetry of male same-sex desire and love from the sixth century B.C to the second century A.D. The following second part will take us to the poetry of several languages from the late nineteenth century onward. I will necessarily use translations, always indicating whether the translation is my own or of another, or adapted by me from another. Very occasionally I will cite a key-word or phrase from the original language if I think this will enhance your understanding and appreciation of the poem under discussion. For the benefit of possible classicists among the readers, I will also indicate the edition of the Greek or Latin text I have used. Greek text will be transliterated into the corresponding letters of the Roman alphabet.

B The Greek Poets: Ibycus-Theognis-Anacreon-Pindar-Theocritus-Strato

Ibycus (6th century B.C.)

Eros, melting me once more with his gaze
 From under dark lids,
 With all manner of charms throws me again
 Into the boundless nets of the Love Goddess.
 I tremble at him as he comes,
 Like an old prize horse who knows the yoke
 And unwilling goes into the swift chariot race
 One more time.

The excellent translation is by Thomas Hubbard in his comprehensive anthology, *Homosexuality in Greece and Rome: A Sourcebook of Basic Documents*. The Greek text is in *Greek Lyric Poetry*, edited by D.A. Campbell. This short piece stands out for its vivid imagery. Strikingly, the love god Eros, portrayed in the art of this era as a young man, is here visualized as an adolescent boy. The Love Goddess is, of course, Aphrodite (Venus to the Romans); she works closely together with Eros, who is often considered her son, in entrapping their victims in the snares of love. Hubbard notes that “[a]rchaic Greek thought held that vision occurred through beams of fiery particles emitted from the eyes and bounced off objects.”

Theognis (6th century B.C.)

Boy, you're like a horse; when you've had your fill of barley
 You come back to my stable,
 Yearning for your skilled charioteer, a lovely meadow,
 Cold spring water, and shady groves.

Happy the man who's got boys to love and single-hoofed horses,
 Hunting dogs and friends in foreign lands.
 The man who doesn't love boys and single-hoofed horses
 And dogs, his heart will never be of good cheer.

Boy, you were born good-looking, but your head
 Is wreathed with stubborn stupidity,
 For in your heart you have the nature of a close-wheeling kite,
 Believing the words of other men.

These three short pieces are lines 1249-52, 1253-56, 1259-62 of the Greek text, which comes to nearly 1400 lines composed in couplets. The apportionment of the couplets is the task of editors. Many of these pieces are extremely short, sometimes amounting to only one couplet. I have consulted *Elegiac Greek Poetry*, edited by Douglas Gerber, for the Greek text. The translation I offer follows that of Peter Bing and Rip Cohen in Hubbard's anthology, but I have also used Gerber's prose translation and my own wording. Theognis' Greek is generally plain and simple. His paederastic poems are unusual in the ancient Greek context because they speak of an ongoing if rocky relationship with one boy. The boy is addressed by name as Cyrnus in those poems which are not erotically coloured but offer the speaker's thoughts on contemporary society and personal ethics; their bias is that of an upper-class male who, as we can see, takes pride and pleasure in his hunting and horsemanship. Cyrnus obviously belongs to the same social class. In the ancient Greek world this was indeed often the case; the paederastic poems which have survived are almost never about slave boys.

Anacreon (sixth century B.C.)

Lord, with whom Eros the subduer
 And the dark-eyed nymphs
 And rose-skinned Aphrodite
 Play, you roam about
 The lofty mountain peaks.
 I beseech you, please come to us
 Well disposed, and hear
 Our loving prayer with favour.

Become a good advisor to Cleobolus
 That he accept my love,
 O Dionysus.

I have used Hubbard's translation with one minor change. The poem takes the form of a so-called *kletic* hymn—a hymn of praise which at the same time asks for the god's presence and favour— here addressed to Dionysus (“Lord”), who, however, is not named until the end. The “us” is the so-called “royal” or enhanced “me.” Hubbard rightly notes there may be a pun on the beloved boy's name, Cleobulus, composed of the Greek roots *kleo* (famous) and *boul* (advice).

Pindar (fifth century B.C)

One must pluck one's loves, my heart,
 In due season and in the prime of life,
 But any man who catches with his glance
 The bright beams flashing from Theoxenus' eyes
 And is not tossed on the waves of desire
 Has a black hart of adamant or iron
 Forged in a cold flame

.....
 But I, by the goddess's doing, melt
 Like the wax of the holy bees stung by the sun's heat
 Whenever I look upon the fresh-limbed youth of boys.

.....
 I am indebted to Hubbard's excellent translation but have made a few changes to the wording. The Greek text I have followed is in *Carmina Pindari cum Fragmentis*, second edition, edited by C.M. Bowra. I have omitted about a half of the text in order to foreground those lines where the imagery is especially vivid. “goddess's” (literally “this one's”) refers to Aphrodite; she has already been mentioned by name in the omitted lines. “holy bees”: bees were not only valued because of their honey, the most important sweetener in the ancient world, but a divine origin was also attributed to them since they were thought of as reproducing themselves asexually. I agree with Hubbard that the speaker here is not necessarily the poet: this is a so-called *skolion*, a drinking song to be sung at a *sumposion*, a male-only drinking party, which was a standard feature in the social life of well-to-do Greek men; the poem “was more likely commissioned by the boy's lover and the first-person voice is meant to express the erotic attraction of any man who likes boys.”

Theocritus (3rd century B.C.)

So have you have come, my dear lad; on the third night, at dawn,
 You have come. But those who can only yearn grow old in a day.
 As much spring surpasses winter, as much as an apple is sweeter
 Than a sloe, as much as an ewe is fleecier than her lamb,
 As much as a virgin is better than a three-times married woman,
 As much as a fawn is lighter than a lamb, and as much as a trill-voiced
 Nightingale is more tuneful than all birds together,
 So much when you appeared you delighted me, like a traveler
 In the sun's heat hastening towards a shadow-giving oak.

.....

Champion oarsmen of Megara and excellent men of Nisaea,
 May you dwell in blessedness because you have honoured
 Above all the Attic guest-friend Diocles, lover of boys.
 Always at springtime the lads gather together
 At his tomb in keen contest for prizes in kissing,
 And whoever presses most sweetly lip on lip,
 Most heavily laden with wreaths he returns to his mother.
 Blessed whoever adjudges those boys' kisses.
 He calls, I fancy, upon bright-eyed Ganymede
 To give him a mouth like a Lydian touchstone, wherewith
 Money-changers test for gold lest debased pass for true.

This is the twelfth of Theocritus *Idylls*, pastoral poems (a poetic genre he invented) with purely fictional stories, characters, and dialogues from life in the countryside. For the Greek text I have followed the H.L Ahrens edition in *Bucolici Graeci* in the Teubner series. I have consulted the translation by Daryl Hines in Hubbard's anthology, but have made numerous changes to bring it closer to the Greek, and have omitted the poem's middle part. Theocritus writes in a dialect or form of Greek (Ionic) which had become old-fashioned and poetic-sounding by the third century B.C., and in some of my wording I have tried to convey its flavour; for this purpose, I found the 1909 translation by A. Lang helpful. The opening words, however, are vividly colloquial, *êluthes ô phile koure*, except for, *koure*, "lad," rather than *pai*, "boy."

Notes on the final part: Megara was a city-state on the isthmus north of Corinth, Nisaea its port; Diocles was a mythical king of Eleusis, a major pilgrimage centre and part of the Athenian ("Attic") city-state; driven out by Theseus, king of Athens, he was eventually killed in battle defending his beloved boy, his memory later honoured by the

Megarians with athletic games; Ganymede was a young prince of Troy abducted by the ruler of the Olympian gods, Zeus, to become his cup bearer and achieving divine status thereby. In his excellent study of homoerotic elements in Renaissance literature, the Canadian scholar Stephen Guy-Bray offers a fine and lengthy appreciation of this poem, but strangely fails to recognize that the relationship is intergenerational rather than between age-peers.

Strato (2nd century A.D.)

Pale-complexioned I like them but also love the honey-skinned
 And the fair-haired, and besides, I am fond of the dark-haired
 And do not let go of the hazel-eyed, but above all,
 I love those with deep, dark, sparkling eyes.

Just now, passing the place where garlands are plaited,
 I saw a boy interweaving flowers with a berries cluster
 And did not pass by unwounded, but standing by said
 Quietly, For how much will you sell me your wreath?"
 Redder than his roses he blushed, and with head lowered
 Said, "Go away so my father doesn't see me."
 I bought some wreaths as a pretext, and coming home
 Wreathed the gods and prayed to them for the gift of him."

These two poems are in book twelve of the *Greek Anthology*, a large collection of mostly short poems which was completed by the sixth century, with authors from the classical Greek period all the way to the early Byzantine period—more than a millennium's time-span—and the majority of these dating from the Hellenistic and Roman imperial periods. Book twelve is entirely devoted to poems expressing paederastic sentiments. I have followed the Greek text in volume four of the *Greek Anthology* in the Loeb Classical Library series. The translations are my own. Strato's paederasty is that of an uncomplicated hedonist and his Greek is generally plain and simple. "unwounded" is of course meant as a metaphor: the lover is, at it were, pierced by the arrows shot by the god of Love, Eros.

C Final Reflections on Greek paederasty

The word "paederasty," or "pederasty" in the American spelling (from the Greek *pais*, *paidos*, "child, boy," and *erastês*, "lover"), is commonly used with reference to the erotic attraction of adult males to adolescent boys, and the sexual contact arising

therefrom, in the ancient Greco-Roman world. In our contemporary society, “paedophilia,” American spelling “pedophilia” (which is based on the Greek verb *philein*, “to love,” as its second element), is the preferred word. In clinical psychology, however, paedophilia refers to an erotic attraction, invariably male, to prepubescent children, female or male, even though in common parlance, including the media's, the 'child' may very well be well into his or her teens, depending on the age of sexual consent under the law, which is sixteen in Canada and varies from sixteen to eighteen in the United States.

The type of homosexuality represented by paederasty in Greece was often what one might call situational and was mainly of temporary duration in the average male adult's life. In most of the Greek world girls were married off by their families very early in life, the median age of marriage for them probably being fifteen, and before they were married they were carefully shielded by their parents from contact with the other sex outside their immediately family. Men, by contrast, married late, usually in the late twenties or early thirties. The opportunity for boys and young men to court members of the other sex were, therefore, virtually nil, and for many years they had to make do with bachelorhood at a time when their erotic and sexual capacities were at their peak. Prostitutes, invariably slaves or former slaves, almost never filled their need for truly romantic attachments, so it was inevitable that these came to be cultivated with adolescent boys and at times also with slightly older young men. Adolescent boys and young men were known to turn their age-peers to for erotic pleasure and romantic fulfillment, but the large majority of paederastic relationships were intergenerational. There was nothing in Greek religion that frowned upon paederasty, for the gods themselves indulged in it.

When Greek men finally married, paederasty, or homosexuality in general, for the large majority of them was a thing of the past. That is why in the comedies of Aristophanes (5th century B.C.), where nearly all the characters are adult men and women, it is taken for granted that heterosexuality is the norm. There is a lot of bawdy humour in these plays which makes fun of sex between men and boys, and even more, between adult men; effeminacy in men is also a target of their satire. The American scholar Thomas Hubbard has argued that paederasty was the special preserve of upper class males who had the leisure and the means to engage in the often elaborate and time-consuming courting of boys. On the other hand, the admiration of the youthful male body, which is so evident in sculpture and vase painting, pervaded all of Greek culture.

What about the boys' parents: how could they permit all this erotic attention showered upon their young sons? In Plato's well-known philosophical dialogue on erotic love, *The Symposium*, the speaker Pausanias sheds some interesting light on this important question. He looks briefly at that part of the Greek world (mostly in Asia Minor and under Persian rule) where paederasty and any kind of homosexuality are prohibited and contrasts this with Boeotia, where permissiveness and licentiousness are the rule. Athens, however, occupies the middle position: there is no condemnation per se, but parents, especially fathers, watch their sons carefully to make sure to make that no lover takes undue advantage of them. Pausanias leaves the type of sexual or erotic contact permitted very vague, but he is clear that the boy is allowed to give his lover some pleasure if the latter is a man of character and virtue who will be a good mentor to the boy, while we also know from other sources, such as depictions of paederastic courting scenes in Greek art, that any kind of bodily penetration of the boy would be most shameful—for that would liken him to a prostitute. In fact, under Athenian law any citizen male who prostituted himself lost all his civic rights, including the right to hold office.

D The Roman poets: Catullus-Vergil-Horace-Tibullus-Statius-Juvenal

(All the translations are my own)

Catullus (84?-54? B.C.)

O you who are the flower of the Juventii
 Not only of today's but also of yesterday's
 And of those of years to come,
 I'd rather you had given Midas' wealth away
 To one who has no slave or money piled up
 Than let yourself be loved by that man.
 "Isn't he a nice-looking guy?" you say.
 He is nice-looking, but he has no slave or money piled up.
 Well, ignore and toss away my warning:
 He still has no slave or money piled up.

The Latin text I have used for Catullus is *Catullus: A Critical Edition*, edited by Douglas F.S. Thomson (one of the two supervisors of my doctoral dissertation). Catullus probably died in his early thirties. His poetry also speaks at length of his affair with a married woman he calls Lesbia, a pseudonym probably for Clodia, the sister of the notorious demagogue Clodius in Rome of the '60's and '50's B.C. Juventius, the

adolescent boy addressed here, bore the name of his upper-class family, the Juventii. Midas was the mythical king in Asia Minor who was granted his (foolish!) wish that everything he'd touch would turn to gold. As I hope can be appreciated from my translation, the language of Catullus' short poems is often briskly colloquial.

Your honeyed eyes, Juventius,
 If someone would let me, I'd kiss forever,
 Kiss them all the way to a thousand three hundred,
 But even then, I think, satisfied I'd be never,
 Not even if our kissing's harvest
 Would be thicker than one of dried ears of grain.

The emotional tenor of this 'kissing' poem resembles that of two longer and more elaborate 'kissing' poems addressed to Lesbia.

What a farcical thing, Cato—a real hoot
 Worthy of your ears and laughter.
 Smile if you really love your Catullus.
 The thing is just hilarious and a huge joke.
 I just caught a little kid with his girl
 Thrusting it up, so I, hoping for good luck from Dione,
 Speared him with my hard-on dick.

The 'joke' of this poem is obvious and, to be sure, a sadistic one. However, the scene is almost certainly imaginary. Roman men of all classes liked this kind of crass, even brutal humour they either directed in fun at friends or hurled as insult at foes. A collection of classical Roman poetry, the *Priapea*, named after the phallically well-endowed god Priapus, exploits this type of humour to the fullest. The biggest joke is probably that the person addressed in this little piece is Cato the Younger, the austere senator and high-principled, self-appointed guardian of the Roman republic, and the unrelenting ideological adversary of Julius Caesar in the civil war to come.

Could there be not a single one in this great big land, Juventius,
 A nice-looking guy whom you might begin to like,
 Except this dude of yours from the brain-dead town of Pisaurum,
 Just a guest-resident there whiter than a cheaply gilded statue?
 Has he won your heart, to prefer him to me
 You dare, with no idea of what a disgrace you're committing.

The poet's quarrel with the supposedly unfaithful Juventius continues. We do not know how it ended. His affair with the equally unfaithful Lesbia ended in bitter recrimination. Pisaurum is a town in the region of Umbria in central Italy.

Vergil (70-19 B.C.)

For Vergil, I have used the Latin text edited by R.A.B. Mynors in the Oxford Classical Texts series. Inspired by Theocritus, Vergil wrote ten pastoral poems, *The Eclogues*, his first major poetic project. In the second one, he recounts an unsophisticated shepherd's love for the spoiled, snooty Alexis:

The shepherd Corydon burned with love for the beautiful Alexis,
His master's darling, but did not gain what he had hoped for.
Among the thick-grown beech-trees, tall and shady they were,
He would just come again and again, and alone amidst the hills and the forests
Would pour out in useless devotion his unpolished words.

What follows is a long monologue in which Corydon chastises Alexis for rebuffing him, dwelling on his own strengths in comparison with the 'competition,' sketching the wonderful life they could have together, and, recalling, in exquisitely beautiful language the many gifts of gifts of fruit, herbs, flowers, and even a pair of kids he was going to bestow on him. The monologue ends with Corydon coming to his senses:

Ah Corydon, Corydon, what madness has seized you?
Your vine clings half-pruned to the leafy elm tree.
Why don't you do something that is at least useful?
Are you ready to interweave twigs with soft rushes?
You'll find another Alexis, if this one spurns you.

This is an imaginary, idealized countryside in which, just as in Theocritus, its inhabitants are preoccupied with falling and being in love and the quarrels and disappointments arising therefrom. What about *delicias domini*, "his master's darling": is Alexis a slave, or former slave, albeit a very spoiled one? It is better not press this detail. One gets the impression in any case that Alexis is perfectly happy with his condition as it is.

It is interesting to note that just over five hundred years ago, the famous Christian humanist Erasmus, in his paedagogical treatise, *De Ratione Studii* ("The Method of Study") thought that Vergil's poem could be taught with great benefit to young pupils: the real point of this poem, he says, is that two persons, completely unlike each other in background and interests, could never become true friends.

Vergil's great epic poem, *The Aeneid*, which tells the story of the founding of the Roman nation by the Trojan prince Aeneas and his fellow refugees from their captured and destroyed city of Troy, features a unique loving male same-sex couple, Nisus and Euryalus. They appear first in book five, where they are in the forefront of the contestants in the athletic games in Sicily proclaimed in honour of the just deceased Anchises, Aeneas' father.

They came from all directions, Trojans together with the Sicilians,
Nisus and Euryalus in the lead,
Euryalus, exceptional for his beauty, in the green vigour of his youth,
And Nisus filled with faithful love for the boy.

That Euryalus is called *puer*, “boy,” does not make him a prepubescent or barely pubescent child and therefore, later, in book nine, a child warrior. While *puer* can be used dismissively to single out a young man as inexperienced and lacking in wisdom, it can also focus the attention on his remarkable youthful beauty—we still use the expression of “boyish good looks” with reference to men well into their adulthood. The common Latin adjective, *viridis*, for “green” often connotes vigour—it never has the negative meaning of lacking in experience, as in English—so I have translated *viridi iuventa* as “in the green vigour of his youth.” (It is interesting to note that *vir*, comprising the first syllable, by itself means “man, hero” —cf. “virile.”) *Pio amore* (“with faithful love”): the adjective *pious* can designate the faithful love spouses have for each other.

In the second part of the *Aeneid*, books six to twelve, Aeneas and his men have to fight a bitter war with the Italian tribes determined to prevent the Trojans from founding a new nation for themselves in their new land. A large part of book nine is taken up with the story of a night-time sortie led by Nisus and Euryalus into the camp of the confederate Italians. After hard fighting, Euryalus is killed.

Euryalus went down in death, across his handsome limbs
Flowed the blood and his drooping neck fell down against his shoulder,
Just like a bright flower when sheared by the plough it topples dying,
Or when a poppy bows its head on its tired neck
As it is weighed down by an unexpected rain.

Nisus slays the warrior who killed Euryalus, but is then cut down by the many enemy warriors pressing in upon him. The narrator finally pays the following tribute to the pair.

Fortunate you both! If my song has aught of power,
 No future day will ever erase you from the memory of the ages
 As long as on the unshaken rock of the Capitol the House of Aeneas
 Dwells and the Roman Father wields his sovran might.

The “House of Aeneas” probably refers collectively to the Roman people viewed as descendants of Aeneas or, as Hubbard suggests, also specifically to the Julian clan to which Julius Caesar and his adopted son Octavian (later called Augustus) belonged and which claimed descent from Aeneas and his divine mother, the goddess Venus. The Roman Father is Jupiter; the great temple of *Iuppiter Optimus Maximus* was located on the Capitol Hill.

Horace (65-9 B.C.)

For Horace, I have used the text Latin edited by Edward C. Wickham, in the second edition prepared by H.W. Garrod, in the Oxford Classical Texts series. Together with Catullus, Horace is rightly considered Rome's greatest lyric poet and also like Catullus, his poetry speaks of his bisexual inclinations towards adolescent boys and girls and also at times for older women perhaps in their twenties.

In his early collection of poetry, *The Satires*, he speaks with typically Roman *simplicitas* (“straightforwardness”) of being sexually aroused by both slave boys and girls. If he acted upon these sexual urges, as he indeed suggests he did, we would have to speak, of course, of the worst kind of child sexual abuse; this, however, was permitted by traditional Roman law—slaves were, after all, their master's property—which was not reformed in this respect until later imperial law.

Much more refined is his eroticism in another early collection of his poetry, the *Epodes*, where he speaks of his attraction to a certain boy he calls Lyciscus (almost certainly a Greek pseudonym):

Now I am held captive by my love for Lyciscus
 Who prides himself on surpassing any little woman in tenderness.

By using *mulierculam* (“little woman”) rather than a word for “girl” such as *puella*, the fact is stressed that the girl is physically mature enough for a sexual relationship. There is no reason to suppose Lyciscus was anything else but a slave boy. Paederastic feelings are expressed several times in Horace's most accomplished collection of lyric poetry, the *Odes*. Except for what we might call the Ligurinus-poems, here, too, Horace may simply be talking about his desire for attractive slave-boys, but his idealization of these boys is now even more striking. In one poem, he addresses an unnamed male friend who is about to choose a wife for himself. She, Horace

encourages him to believe, will be even more desirable than his past mistresses or his past boy-love, Gyges (once more a Greek pseudonym),

Who, if you were to place him in a choir of girls,
 Would marvellously fool your observant guests,
 The marks [of his sex] blurred by his flowing locks and his girl-boy face.

The “choir of girls” probably is imagined as singing a hymn dedicated to a god or goddess and thus in carrying out this sacred ritual cannot be thought of as slaves.

Even more strikingly, in another of the *Odes*, a *puer delicatus* (“pretty boy”: the typical moniker for a handsome adolescent boy), and probably a slave again, is imagined as being fought over by an aggressive lioness-like woman, and a man named Pyrrus (a heroic Greek pseudonym), who is also the poet's addressee. Nearchus (again a Greek pseudonym), the contested boy, is “the combat's prize” but also “the arbiter of the contest...trampling the palm of victory beneath his bare feet,” as “the gentle breeze cools his shoulders strewn with the strands of hair.” In concluding this ironically imagined and presented scenario, the poet compares the coolly disengaged and even arrogant boy to “Nereus,” the handsomest of the Greeks next to Achilles and even to, “the boy snatched from Mount Ida rich in streams,” that is Ganymede. The possibility of Nearchus' actually being a slave boy is not allowed to obtrude upon the entire erotic fantasy.

However, one erotically desirable boy in one of the later *Odes* (4.1) is clearly represented as free, probably even freeborn and coming from a respectable family. This is Ligurinus, again a pseudonym but this time Latin, not Greek. He comes into the poem at the end. Horace has been saying that he is done and over with love-affairs and tells the goddess Venus to concentrate her efforts now on his young friend Paulus Maximus. Thus far, the poem has been fairly light-hearted in tone, but then a strong emotion suddenly enters:

Why alas, Ligurinus,
 Why is the odd tear wetting my cheeks,
 Why does my eloquent tongue in the midst of words
 Lapse into an awkward silence?
 In my dreams at night,
 Now I am clasping you, now I am pursuing you,
 Through the grasses of Mars' field,
 And, Oh callous you, through swirling waters.

Ligurinus is Horace's most iconic boy-love. One might also say with the American classical scholar Michael Putnam in his sensitive and astute commentary on this poem that “he stands for the speaker's lost or vanishing youth...an emblem of the speaker himself, something he wants to be or remain, but cannot.”

The sentiment of the other Ligurinus-poem is (4.10) far more conventional: “cruel” Ligurinus is warned that he will soon lose his boyish good looks and thus can expect he will no longer be courted. The same idea is expressed several times in book twelve of the *Greek Anthology* and elsewhere in Greek paederastic poetry.

The expression of paederastic feelings in Horace's poetry represent two extremes: on the one hand, as in *The Satires*, pure lust directed to the most vulnerable, on the other, idealization of adolescent boys who, unless they are figures of pure imagination, may very well have been slaves in real life. The boy named Nearchus is especially remarkable, as he is presented as almost godlike in his beauty and completely in charge of the situation in which he finds himself. Then there is the suddenly appearing deep emotion of love expressed by the poet, at the end of *Odes* 4.1, for Ligurinus, who is most certainly presented as a free Roman boy, with a Roman name, playing his games and doing his exercises on the field of Mars and vigorously swimming in the “swirling waters” of the river Tiber.

Horace's father, as he tells us in his *Satires*, was himself a former slave, who after his manumission did well in society. The poet remembers him with profound gratitude as a caring father who saw to it that his son would receive a first-rate education and become an upright citizen—who, as we also know from Horace, was to become an intimate friend of Maecenas, for a long time one of the emperor's most prominent right-hand men, and would also enjoy the trust and friendship of Augustus himself (the latter even offered Horace at one point the post of private secretary). Slavery was, undoubtedly, a cruel institution of gross violation of the most fundamental of human rights. However, it was not justified on the basis of notions of racial inferiority and many, if not most slaves, had the real prospect of eventual manumission so that a hereditary slave class did not arise in the Roman world. Perhaps all these humanizing factors left a similarly softening impact on Horace's more mature paederastic poetry.

Tibullus (50?-19 B.C.)

For Tibullus, I have used the Latin text edited by J.P. Postgate in the Oxford Classical Series. Like Catullus, Tibullus died very young. He left behind two collections (called “books” by the ancients) of *Elegies*—so named after the so-called elegiac couplets in which they composed (nearly all the metrical forms used by the Romans go back to

the Greeks; five centuries earlier, Theognis had already used the elegiac couplet for all his poetry). In book 1, Tibullus spoke of his tumultuous affair with a woman with the name of Delia (a Greek pseudonym), probably a high-class courtesan or call-girl or perhaps even a married woman who is being guarded by her jealous husband, while three poems are devoted to his equally rocky relationship with a boy named Marathus (once more, a Greek pseudonym). Marathus' social status is ambiguous: like Catullus' Juventius he could be a freeborn boy of an upper-class family, but he also might be a thoroughly spoiled slave (or former slave) with a lot of freedom of action. He is addressed by name (in two poems, 1.8 and 1.9), so it is these poems I'll discuss and quote from.

The eighth poem is absolutely unique in the paederastic poetry of the Greeks and the Romans, for here the poet speak up for Marathus who is romantically in love with a young woman named Pholoe (again, a Greek pseudonym—like Delia she may be a high-class, and expensive (!), courtesan). He quotes the words of lament Marathus has spoken to her in his futile attempts to woo her; he is made to say among others:

Why are you rejecting me? The guards on your door can be tricked.
 The god himself can give the ability to trick to eager lovers.
 Underhanded Venus is well-known to me, how to breathe
 Quietly so as to snatch kisses without a sound.
 No matter how late at night, I can do my sneaking
 And secretly unlock the door with no noise.

The god, of course, is Eros, usually called Cupid by the Romans. Giving the beloved boy a voice is almost unique in Greek and Roman poetry, and the same can be said of the empathy the poet feels for and demonstrates to Marathus in the boy's first stumble into a romantic relationship with a member of the opposite sex. I like to think that this empathy is very much helped by Tibullus' bisexuality.

Tibullus himself addresses Pholoe, pleading with her to be kind to Marathus and not be greedy for gifts. I quote the most striking couplets:

Don't ask for gifts: gift-giving is for the grey-haired lover,
 So that she will warm his cold limbs in her soft embrace.
 A young man is dearer than gold; smooth and radiant is
 His face and no raspy beard will scratch your kisses.
 So slide your gleaming arms beneath his shoulder,
 And let kingly wealth be of no account.
 Yes, Venus herself will find a way to lie down in secret with the boy,

While he's still nervous, clinging to him sweetly and tightly,
 And as tongues collide, on the panting boy plant moist
 Kisses and leave on his neck leave her bite-marks.

In these highly sensual lines, the poet identifies completely with the love-making he is pleading Pholoe to grant to Marathus, not surprisingly so since he himself is in love with the boy, and in his wildest of imaginations visualizes Venus herself joining in with her.

The ninth poem develops at great length and vivid directness a theme which is not uncommon in Greek and Roman paederastic poetry: the beloved boy is berated for selling his favours to an older, far richer man. At one point, the poet addresses and accuses Marathus directly; to quote the first four lines of his tirade.

I've warned you so often, "Don't let gold pollute your beauty;
 So often much that's bad lies usually beneath the gold.
 When anyone captivated by riches violates love,
 To him Venus will be harsh and unforgiving.

Later, he addresses with taunts the man who has corrupted Marathus and stolen him away from him: these vivid lines are worth quoting at some length:

But you who have had the enormous audacity to corrupt boys with gifts,
 May your wife, unpunished, go on mocking you with her infidelities,
 And after she after she worn out her young dude with furtive sex,
 May she lie too tired beside you with her night garments on;
 May someone's else impressions always mark your bed;
 May your door always be open to eager lovers,
 And may her sex-crazy sister not surpass her in draining
 her wine-cups and finishing off her men.
 They say she often carries on her orgiastic feasting
 Until the Morning Star summons a new day:
 No one can make better use of the night than she,
 Or better display her repertory of love-making tricks.
 Yes, you wife has learned them all, but you, idiot, don' t even know it
 When she wriggles her body in a way not familiar to you.

Scholars don't read Roman love poetry anymore as quasi-autobiographical documents. I myself certainly agree that one must make generous allowance for the poet's imagination and his /her capacity for pure erotic fantasy and self-dramatization, and this also applies to Tibullus. On the other hand, a love poem does reveal something

about a poet's sensibility. Because Tibullus wrote love poems of considerable length, he was able to invest them, especially his Marathus poems, with more complexity and nuance of feeling than could be accommodated in a brief poem; only Horace could manage this in a few of his relatively short Odes. The two poems we have examined impress us as mini-dramas drawing in the poet, Marathus, the young woman he is in love with, and finally, the older man who, thanks to his wealth, has lured Marathus away from the poet; again, this could not be easily accomplished within the compass of a short poem. Thanks to these qualities, the Marathus elegies are unique in the surviving Greek and Roman poetry of boy-love. It is not surprising, therefore, that an article of mine on these poems which was published just over a decade ago bore the title of "The Originality of Tibullus' Marathus' Elegies."

Statius (2nd half of 1st century A.D.)

Statius did most of his writing during the reign of the emperor Domitian (81-96 A.D.). Besides two epic poems, *The Thebaid* and *The Achilleid* (the latter not completed), he also composed a collection of occasional and personal poetry under the title of *Silvae*, which might be translated as "Sketches." (For this collection, I have used the Latin text of D.R. Shackleton Bailey in the Loeb Classical Library series.) In two of these, 2.5 and 3.4, the subject of paederastic desire and love is central, although the poet is not speaking about his own personal feelings and relationships but someone else's. The fifth poem of book two is one with words of consolation addressed to a certain Ursus, whose favourite slave boy named Philetos (a Greek name which means "beloved") has just died. Statius starts out by saying that what would generally be perceived as a lesser loss can be felt just as much as that of a spouse or brother or sister, so Ursus should not hold back his grief over a slave who was an exceptional human being:

But you mourn for a slave, Ursus, a faithful slave, who by his love and loyalty
Deserved your tears, and who, though far from lineage,
Possessed the freedom of the soul. Do not suppress your tears,
Do not be ashamed, but let that grief of yours break the bonds...

A bit later the poet dwells more on the boy's qualities of character:

But what if he were not a slave? I myself have seen and noted his bearing,
With him accepting you alone as his master, while in his countenance dwelt
A greater spirit, and character was manifest in his young blood.

A bit later again, Statius addresses the deceased boy directly, dwelling now on his physical beauty, which was of a conspicuously masculine quality with no hint of effeminacy about it:

How handsome you were, more so by far than all other boys and men,
 Yielding in this only to your master, who surpassed you
 In good looks, just as the bright moon outshines
 Lesser lights and the Evening Star dims other flares.
 No womanish charm was in your face, and above your brow
 No softness of grace, as with those whom the stigma of male-female beauty
 Makes them lose their natural sex; austere and manly was
 Your attractiveness, nor pert your look; your glance was gentle
 With its fire of sternness, just like the now so handsome with his helmet
 Parthenopaeus. Simple, yet becoming in its roughness was
 Your hair and your cheeks were not yet smothered but sparkled
 With the first flowers of down....

Parthenopaeus: the boyish hero-warrior of *The Thebaid*; much of the poem is taken up by comparisons of Philetos to mythical heroes. The poem ends by placing him in Elysium, the blessed abode in the afterlife for the virtuous, but is somewhat crass by our standards by finally consoling Ursus with the thought he may find another boy-love to replace Philetos.

The question may be asked if Ursus was so fond of Philetos, why did not set him free through manumission. The only answer I can offer is that he may have been constrained by a law enacted by Augustus many decades earlier which prohibited the manumission of slaves under the age of thirty.

Poem no. four in book three is the strangest, indeed the most baffling in the entire *Silvae*, and perhaps in the entire corpus of classical Latin poetry. It is a tribute to the Emperor Domitian's favourite eunuch, Earinus, who was presented to him as a boy from Pergamum (in present-day Turkey). In his Preface to book three, Statius says that he has finally acceded to Earinus' request to "to dedicate in verse the hair he was sending to the temple of Pergamene Asclepius [he god of healing] along with jeweled box and mirror." Roman boys or young men ceremonially dedicated their first beard clippings to a god, usually Apollo, but here Asclepius, the patron god of Pergamum. The poem is as much of a eulogy of the emperor as it is of Earinus (a Greek name, which means "of Spring"). It dwells at length on Earinus' dazzling beauty as a boy, which catches the eye of Venus. The goddess destines him to be sent to Rome to become Domitian's premier boy-love. The flattery bestowed on the emperor, "the father of the world," is ubiquitous; he is the "Ausonian [Italian] Jupiter, and he together with his "Juno," his wife, looks upon of the boy "with kindly brow"; "not without the will of the gods is the supreme pleasure taken by the mighty lord of the earth."

Then the puzzle begins. The boy Earinus has to be castrated in order to preserve his boyish beauty. The surgery is performed painlessly by Asclepius, but next the emperor is praised for outlawing castration, including that of small children—we know from other sources this was indeed true. But that law had not been promulgated as yet:

Not yet had the Leader's noble compassion begun
 To keep children intact from birth. Now to undo sex
 And to change manhood the law forbids; rejoicing
 Nature sees only those she has created; no more under an evil law
 Do slave mothers fear to bear the burden of sons.

I wrote an article just over thirty years ago about the strangeness of Statius' introduction of the subject of Earinus' castration even though it allowed him to bestow fulsome praise of the emperor's outlawing of the practice. Some scholars see in the contradiction between the castration and the emperor's not as yet enacted law a sly, subversive irony. The contradiction, of course, disappears if we assume that the castration was carried out before Earinus was presented to the emperor, and that perhaps it was, in fact, Earinus' status as as Domitian's most beloved *puer delicatus* that made the practice of castration no longer acceptable to the emperor. I suggested in my article that it was a fundamental honesty on the part of Statius to go beyond the predictable flattery and to bring up this unpalatable subject leavened though it could be with more eulogizing of the emperor. However, the strange awkwardness of the poem remains.

Juvenal (65?-130? A.D.)

I have included Juvenal because even though he was a satirist of the bluntest and most caustic kind he sheds light on a form of male homosexuality in ancient Rome which is very different from paederasty, namely androphilia (from the Greek *anêr*, *andros*, "man," and *philein*, "to love"); this Juvenal absolutely detested and pours on it his most cutting scorn characterized by the wildest imagination and exaggeration—to paederasty he is much more kindly disposed in his *Satires*. Therefore, although he must be used with the greatest possible care, he is a crucial source in *Satires* 2 and 10 for the existence in Rome of what we might be call a subculture of men who were attracted to their age-peers. They included, according to Juvenal, men of the highest social classes and often liked to present to the public the hyper-masculine appearance esteemed by Roman tradition; however, what went on behind closed doors in their own coteries was something quite different. Here are a few lines of his description of a male same-sex wedding:

Gracchus has presented a dowry of four hundred thousand sesterces
 To a hornet player—or perhaps the guy played a straight horn.
 The contract has been signed, 'happiness to you,' has been shouted, a big
 Banquet is waiting, the new 'bride' reclines in the lap of her 'husband.'
 Oh all you high society, do we need a censor or a soothsayer?
 Would you indeed feel more horror and think it more freakish
 If a woman gave birth to a calf, or cow to a lamb?
 The man who now wears the stole, the dress, and the veil of a bride
 Once carried the nodding shields of Mars by their hidden thongs
 And sweated under the sacred burden. Oh Father of our city,
 Whence came such wicked sacrilege to Latin shepherds?

“Gracchus” is the name of a prominent Roman family which gave the city two great reformist political leaders in the second century B.C. Four hundred thousand sesterces was an enormous sum of money dozens times more than the income of a unskilled labourer. The ceremony of the shields of Mars (referred to as “Father of our city”) was performed by the *Salii*, priests of Mars, who had to carry the god's sacred shields through the city. The satirist continues his mockery of such 'marriages' and the fact they can never be the real thing, and ends by blaming all this moral degeneration on oriental influences corrupting Rome.

The ninth of Juvenal's *Satires* is cast in the form of dialogue between the poet and a grown man who sexually services a wealthy citizen, and since he also is expected to have intercourse with this individual's wife, he has even produced children for him. He complains about his patron's cheapness and the less than agreeable sexual acts such as anal penetration—described in some graphic detail—he has to perform on him. With the other speaker, in a spirit of delicious irony, faking sympathy, he chastises at one point his client's pretended fatherhood:

Is it no merit of mine, then, you ungrateful and treacherous scoundrel,
 That your little son or daughter was produced by me?
 You are raising them and you love to spread around through the daily gazette
 The proofs clinching your fatherhood; so hang up the garlands on your front
 door:
 Now you are a father; we've given you something to put up against an awful
 reputation.

E Final Reflections on Male Roman Homosexuality

In the heading I have deliberately used the word “homosexuality” rather than “paederasty” because male homosexuality in ancient Rome was considerably more diverse than that of Greece, where the prevalent form was paederasty. Roman law and tradition forbade sex between citizen males (female homosexuality did not fall under the law), but there is no sign in our sources that the law was significantly enforced; this did not happen until Christianity rose to dominance in the Roman Empire in the fourth century. On the other hand, slaves were not protected under the law from unwanted sex until the second century when such laws were enacted by more than one emperor. For this reason, we may assume that the homoerotic desires and fantasies, which might lead to actual sexual acts, of the average Roman male most typically, involved adolescent boys or young men who were slaves; even former slaves might still consider themselves under some kind of sexual obligation to their former masters. Insofar we are speaking of real and not of mythical persons, the only clear exceptions in the texts we have examined are Catullus' Juventius and Horace's Ligurinus.

It is from the satirist Juvenal and from his contemporary, Martial, the author of many satirical epigrams commenting on male and female homosexuality—provided, of course, we make generous allowance for their caricatures and distortions—and from the *Priapea* (which I mentioned in connection with Catullus), as well as from references in works of prose, especially oratory and historiography, and very importantly, from numerous works of art and decoration, and finally, from the many sexually explicit graffiti of Pompeii, that we know that male homosexuality in the Roman world went well beyond the paederasty which was so characteristic of ancient Greece. With its wide-spanning panorama of same-sex desire and love between adult men, Rome resembles much more the contemporary western world, where paederasty is now almost certain to be labeled as child sexual abuse.

II. 8 Reflections on Poetry, with a Special Focus on Male Homoerotic Poetry through the Ages: Part Two

A The Middle Ages and the Renaissance

i The Middle Ages. While this section is primarily devoted to bringing forward poetry from the late nineteenth to the early twenty-first century, I will begin with several paragraphs about the abundant poetry we have from the Middle Ages and the Renaissance speaking of male same-sex desire and love. I am fortunate to have in my

library, *Medieval Latin Poems of Male Love and Friendship*, containing 127 poems in the original Latin accompanied by Thomas Stehling's excellent translations. Some of the poems, especially those from the early Middle Ages, are satirical at the expense of homosexual men who are perceived to be effeminate; here it is effeminacy rather than male same-sex desire per se that is mocked. Others are not necessarily homosexual or even homoerotic in spirit but speak of an intense friendship which is likely to be perceived as at least erotically coloured by modern readers. One such poem is no. 25 from the *Anthologia Latina*; which dates from the early sixth century; its author is unknown:

Crispus has been taken away from me, my friends.
 If a price could possibly be paid for him,
 I would willingly give up half my years.
 My best part has now left me,
 Crispus, my fortress, my desire,
 My heart, my dearest: nothing without him,
 As my mind now feels, gives pleasure.
 Badly wasted and feeble I will live on:
 More than half of me has passed away.

I have followed Stehling's translation, making a few changes: I thought in particular that "dearest" comes closer to rendering the force of the Latin *deliciae* than "delight."

Much of the male homoerotic poetry from the Middle Ages was written by monks and clerics, who, of course, were committed through their vow of chastity to celibacy. The exclusively male environment in which they lived and moved for nearly their entire lives made them very susceptible to the homoerotic experience. In some of their poetry, they might denounce homosexuality, more specifically that of the paederastic kind, but, typically, they keenly felt within themselves the powerful attraction to handsome adolescent boys and young men. A good example is the poetry of the French cleric Hildebert of Lavardin, who was elected archbishop of Tours in 1125. In a lengthy poem (no. 66) entitled (in translation, "On the Wickedness of the Age," homosexuality, called the "plague of sodomy" (*sodomitica pestis*) is singled out, after a long catalogue of sins and vices common to the age, as an especially heinous violation of the divine order of things. However, in the following short poem (no. 67) he recounts with great empathy the Greek myth of Jupiter's –in Greek, Zeus'–abduction of Ganymede to become his beloved cup bearer and companion on Mount Olympus. The first two lines say it all:

Eyes, neck, cheeks, waves of blond hair —
 these kindled a blazing passion in Jupiter for his Ganymede. (my translation).

There is, however, none of this ambivalence in the paederastic poetry of Hilary the Englishman (twelfth century). The first stanza of his “To a Boy of Angers,” (no. 71) says it all:

Beautiful boy, unparalleled boy,
 I pray look kindly
 At this letter sent by your suitor,
 See, read, and follow what you have read. (Stehling's translation)

The first stanza of “To an English boy,” (no. 74) expresses the same sentiment:

Handsome boy, beauteous flower,
 Shining gem, I want you to know
 That your face's beauty
 For me was he torch of love. (Stehling's translation, with one change).

Finally, a lengthy (270 lines!) poem dated from the thirteenth century (no. 114), “A debate between Ganymede and Helen,” confirms the medieval preoccupation with paederasty and homosexuality in general. Helen (the famous Helen of Troy, of course), who argues the case for man-woman love, wins the debate—it could be no other in a poem which meant to circulate widely—as Ganymede is reduced to silence, and then gives his assent when Reason (*Ratio*) proclaims victory for the orthodox view. In conclusion, the poem's narrator, who has witnessed the debate in a dream vision, underlines the joy in heaven as Ganymede now marries Helen, and he ends with a prayer that “any one guilty of this sin may be converted.”

ii The Renaissance. Two giants of the Renaissance, Michelangelo and Shakespeare, wrote deeply personal poetry, mostly in sonnet form, celebrating their attraction to and love of young men. With both men, however, it is abundantly clear that they did so while eschewing any thought of sexual intimacy—each of them in his own way. Michelangelo wrote numerous sonnets and other short poems dedicated to Tommaso Cavalieri in which he spoke of his love of this young man. I'll give here a complete translation of one of his finest sonnets. I have followed the Italian text as provided by James M. Saslow in *The Poetry of Michelangelo* and used his excellent translation (p. 106) without any alteration, except in showing more clearly the sequence of two quatrains and two triplets typical of the so-called Petrarchan sonnet. *The Complete Poems and Selected Letters of Michelangelo*, translated by Creighton Gilbert and edited by Robert N. Linscott, especially its lengthy introduction, has also been very helpful to me.

In order to return to where it came from,
 the immortal form came down to your earthly prison
 like an angel so full of compassion
 that it heals every mind and honors the world.

This alone makes me burn and fall love in love,
 and not your mere external, tranquil face;
 for surely a love in which virtue dwells
 pins no strong hope on something that will fade.

For nought else happens to new and lofty things
 over which nature labors, and at whose birth
 heaven prepares its generosity;

nor does God, in his grace, show himself to me
 anywhere more than in some fair mortal veil;
 and that alone I love, since he is mirrored in it.

Michelangelo's love is Platonic love (named after the Greek philosopher, Plato, who first explored it at length in his two great dialogues on love, *Phaedrus* and *The Symposium*). It is not a diluted, weak form of erotic love, but a love which has all the intensity of eros but is treasured by the lover in its earthly form only as affording a glimpse of God in all his majesty and splendour. However, the all-important condition for this love to truly flourish and to be acceptable and honourable to God is that it must abstain from expression in carnal, sexual form; physical as opposed to soul eros is divinely ordained only for the man-woman love by which the human race procreates itself. The virtuously loving soul, even though it is still imprisoned in the body (cf. "earthly prison," *carcer terreno*) is able, by the grace of God (*suo grazio*, "by his grace"), to see a reflection of God "in some fair mortal veil," (*n alcun leggiadro e mortal velo*), which, is, of course, the beautiful face of the beloved person. In the period of the Renaissance this way of valorizing same-sex desire and love became very popular in cultured circles.

In Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, the poet's abstinence from sexual intimacy with his beloved young man (who is unnamed and no certain identification of him has been made) exists for a very different reason, one which is arrived at, as I see it, with humour and wit in the twentieth of the *Sonnets*.

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
 Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
 A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted

With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
 An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
 Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth,
 A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
 Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.

And for a woman wert thou first created;
 Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
 And by addition me of thee defeated,
 By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
 Mine be thy love and thy love's use their treasure.

I have followed the text as in the *Yale Shakespeare: The Complete Works*, p. 1294, except for adding a comma in line 7 and showing more clearly the sequence of octet, quatrain, and final rhyming couplet typical of the Shakespearean couplet. As the speaker would have us believe, the young man he is in love with is a whimsical creation of Nature: his beautiful face is a “woman's face,” and he has a “gentle woman's heart,” but he has none of many a woman's fickleness and falseness—a real touch of misogyny here! Normally, Nature would have created him a woman. However, at the last moment, Nature, in a fit of loving generosity (“fell a-doting”), equipped him with male genitalia so that a sexual relationship with him is now out of the question for the speaker—sexual explicitness is neatly circumvented, but this is the clear message of the euphemistic lines 11 and 12. Fitted as the young man is with a penis (“pricked thee out”: there is most certainly a sexual pun here), he should give sexual pleasure only to women. However, at the end the speaker hopes he will still have the young man's love, although the joy of sex (“thy love's use”) is reserved for women only; this will be “their treasure.” All this is at a far remove from Michelangelo's Platonic eros.

B Poetry from the Late Nineteenth to the Early Twenty-First Century: Constantine Cavafy-Stefan George-Federico García Lorca-Willem de Mérode-Hans Lodeizen-Several Canadian Poets, both Anglo- and Francophone.

I thought the late nineteenth century would be a fitting point to pick up the chronological thread for our journey through the poetry of male same-sex desire and love across the ages. A second scientific and technological revolution—coming after the

industrial revolution based on the steam-engine which started in Britain in the mid-eighteenth century—was beginning to gather momentum and was destined to transform the world of the twentieth century completely. On the social front, we find the small beginnings of a homosexual liberation movement in Germany, and all across the west the women's emancipation movement is gathering strength towards universal suffrage for both men and women in most countries by the early 1920's. Some of the poetry which starts to be written now has an avant-garde feel to it in its espousal of radical social causes or, very differently, in its adoption of novel literary techniques making for a new poetry which is radically different from the old; this is a far more esoteric poetry and both poet and readers like to view themselves as constituting a new elite giving direction to their culture and society.

Constantine Cavafy (1863-1933)

Together with George Seferis and Odysseus Elytos—both winners of the Nobel prize for literature—Constantine Cavafy is rightly considered as a one of the supreme Greek poets of the twentieth century. He was born in Greece but lived much of his life in the expatriate Greek community of Alexandria, Egypt. Cavafy was a bit of a late bloomer: he started to write poetry in the 1880's, but it was not until the 1910's that publication of his poetry started to gather momentum, and in any case his total output remained very small. The complete collection of his poetry I have, containing the Greek texts paired with translations, comes to only 211 pages.

Cavafy did not think of himself as a social radical but he must be considered revolutionary because of the utter frankness with which he brings his own homosexuality into his poetry. This frankness, matched with equal dignity, was unheard of in a major author of his age, who was fortunate to receive high acclaim, from both Greek and non-Greek, during his life-time. Some of his poetry is directly personal, with Cavafy speaking about himself. This is mostly poetry of recollection, of the way he was, admiring handsome young men and recalling encounters with others who shared his sexual orientation. I will give three of these poems in translation. His other poems, for which he became especially famous, are steeped in the worlds of Greco-Roman antiquity and of the Byzantine civilization which succeeded it. These tell a story as told by a narrator who, I think, gives voice to Cavafy's own sensibility, typically combining tones of empathy, irony, and even at times humour. Among the most admired of these poems is "The God Forsakes Antony." Many of these stories are cast as a monologue spoken by a person or persons (whether real or fictional) distinctly set in the distant past; here, too, we can detect Cavafy's unique sensibility shaping the

speaker's voice; perhaps the most famous of these is "Waiting for the Barbarians." Three, all short, of these poems in translation will follow the three personal poems.

The poetry is clear and luminous, never obscure or recondite. In this respect, Cavafy differs markedly from his two great successors, Seferis and Elytos, much of whose poetry showcases the avant-garde modernism of the twentieth century. His Greek—modern Greek, of course—combines the so-called *katharevousa* (the "pure language"), which harks back to classical Greek, and was the official, formal language of Greece until recently, with the *dêmotikê* (the "people's language"), which has now largely taken the place of the *katharevousa*. In this respect, too, he is different from Seferis and Elytos, whose poetry is almost completely oriented towards the "people's language." I have followed Cavafy's text as provided by *C.P. Cavafy, The Collected Poems*, edited by Anthony Hirt, with the superb translation by Evangelos Sachperoglou, who does full justice to Cavafy's exquisite Greek.

"At the Entrance to the Cafe"

My attention was directed, by something said beside me,
toward the entrance of the café.

And I saw the lovely body that appeared
as if created by Eros in his consummate experience—
fashioning its well proportioned limbs with joy;
raising a sculpted posture;
fashioning the face with deep emotion
and bestowing by the touch of his hands,
a feeling upon the brow, the eyes, and the lips,

Eros with a capital "E" is, of course, the god of Love. The Greek of this poem strikes me as being close to *katharevousa*. The same applies to the poems that follow. I think a Greek of the classical period would be able to understand it easily—an amazing testimony to the continuity of the Greek language of well over two and a half millennia of the written language. Only the modern pronunciation would sound strange to him or her. By contrast, to us Anglo-Saxon, the Old English of more than 1000 years ago, appears like a foreign language

"He Vows"

He vows, every so often, to start a better life.
But come the night with its own counsel,
its own compromises, its own promises;
but come the night with its own potent allure

of the body that desires and wants, he returns
once more, lost, to the same fateful pleasure.

“Portrait of a 23-Year-Old Man, Painted by a Friend of the Same Age, An Amateur Artist”

He finished the portrait yesterday at noon. And now
he examines it in detail. He painted him wearing
a grey unbuttoned coat, dark grey; without any
waistcoat or necktie; with a rose-pink shirt
partly undone so that a little could be glimpsed
of his beautiful chest, of his beautiful neck.

The right side of the forehead is for the most part
covered by his hair, his truly beautiful hair
(done in the fashion that he prefers this year).

The whole thing is pervaded by the hedonistic tone
he intended to convey in painting the eyes,
in painting the lips.... His mouth and his lips,
made for consummations of choice eroticism.

“The Tomb of Eurion”

In this most artfully ornate memorial—
entirely built of syenite stone,
covered with so many violets, so many lilies—
the handsome Eurion is laid to rest.

An Alexandrian youth, aged twenty-five.

On his father's side, of old Macedonian stock;
from Jewish magistrates, his mother's lineage.

He was a student of Aristocleitus in philosophy,
of Paros in rhetoric. The sacred scriptures
he studied in Thebes. He wrote a history
of the Arsinoïte nome. That will, at least, survive.

But we have lost the most precious of all—his living image,
which had the semblance of an Apollonian vision.

This poem recalls a genre of poetry very popular in Greco-Roman antiquity, namely the verse epitaph, a tomb inscription, sometimes elaborately worded, which paid tribute to the deceased person. Many of the verse epitaphs which have come down to us are purely fictional in that they did not serve as actual tomb inscriptions.

“Apollonian”: the god Apollo was always visualized and portrayed as a handsome young man.

Editor's notes: “syenite rock”: reddish granite rock from Syene (Aswan) in Egypt; “nome”: an administrative district in Egypt.

“Ionic”

Even though we have broken their statues,
 even though we drove them out of their temples,
 in no way did the gods die for all that.
 O land of Ionia, it is you they still love still,
 It is you their souls still remember.
 When upon you dawns an August morn,
 some vigour of their life pervades your atmosphere,
 and once in a while, an ethereal, youthful form,
 indistinct, in rapid strides
 passes above your hills.

“Ionia” corresponds to the coastal area of present-day Turkey along the coast of the Aegean Sea. For thousands of years, until the early twentieth century, it was heavily settled by Greeks. The poem probably refers to an imaginary war between two city-states during the archaic period (800-500 B.C.) before this region fell under Persian domination. The “we” represents the voice of victorious side which expelled the population from the vanquished city-state. The “ethereal, youthful form” is almost certainly that of the god Apollo.

“Before the Statue of Endymion”

Upon a white chariot drawn by four
 snow-white mules, adorned with silver ornaments,
 I arrive at Latmos from Miletus. I sailed
 in a purple trireme from Alexandria, in order to perform
 sacred rites—sacrifices and libations—in honour of
 Endymion.—
 Behold the statue! I now gaze in ecstasy
 upon Endymion's renowned beauty. My servants
 empty canisters of jasmine blossoms, and auspicious
 acclaim awakens the pleasures of ancient times.

The mythological Endymion was a young man renowned for his beauty. The Moon goddess fell in love with him and cast, with Zeus' permission, a perpetual sleep upon him so that his beauty might be preserved and she could visit him every night.

Stefan George (1868-1933)

Stefan George is rightly considered one of Germany's leading poets of the last decade of the nineteenth and the first one-third of the twentieth century. He published the first major collection of his poetry in 1890. His poetry shows the pervasive influence of the French Symbolists, especially Stéphane Mallarmé. For instance, in its description of city and countryside, it tends to avoid naturalism but develops through its imagery a sense of strangeness which at times verges on surrealism. The formality, too, of his poetic style, characterized by a slight archaism, a strong preference for terseness of expression, and idiosyncrasies of spelling (most notably, George does not capitalize nouns, as is the normal practice in German) accentuates these characteristics. Some of his poetry is obviously homoerotic, but although in his earlier years he fell in love with a few boys and young men, he almost certainly kept these attachments strictly non-sexual.

George saw the poet's mission as a prophetic one which was to be directed, above all, to a cultural elite, and saw himself as a mentor to poets, artists, and composers sympathetic to his outlook on art and life. He thus formed around himself a circle (*Kreis*), in which he assumed an increasingly magisterial role, of like-minded males. George was always a cosmopolitan who travelled a great deal and maintained close contacts with poets and other literary figures in several countries such as France, England, Italy, Belgium, and the Netherlands. As a result of the First World War and Germany's role in it—of which he had been, on the whole, highly critical—he began to see himself as a prophet of spiritual renewal to the entire German nation; this is reflected powerfully in his later poetry (e.g. in the collection *Das Neue Reich*); thus, not surprisingly, he earned acclaim from both the political right and the left. He was courted by the Nazis, but he kept his distance from them. He died during a final stay in Switzerland in December 1933.

To follow the German text, I have used the two-volume *Stefan George, Werke* published in 1958 by Helmut Küpper (formerly Georg Bondi) in Munich and Dusseldorf. I have made grateful use of the translations by Olga Marx and Ernst Morwitz in *The Works of Stefan George*, published in 1966 by AMS Press in New York, but have not hesitated to make many changes, often extensive ones, in order to stay closer to George's German. The four poems which follow, date from the 1890's and 1900's.

"The Wrestler"

His arm — amazement and wonder! —
 Rests on his right hip; the sunlight plays
 Across his strong body and on the laurel
 Around his temples. Slowly roll the hurrahs
 Through the packed rows — there he comes! —
 Along the expanse of the green-strewn street.
 The women tell their children they lift
 High to call out his name joyfully
 With palm fronds stretched towards him.
 There he goes, ample in his lion-like stride,
 and solemn. After many a year without fame,
 But now the glory of all the land, he does not see
 The cheering thousands, and not even once
 His parents looming proud amidst the throngs.

This is part of a sequence of poems entitled (in translation) "The Beloved of the People." Like the other poems, it has a setting suggestive of classical Greece.

"Antinous"

Your word of solace that in cool green or gently warm blue
 One should forget the town was, when you said it, weak,
 And now has proven false. Without understanding,
 I contemplate all these many woods, all the fields
 And all the waters whose chattering knows and asks.
 As my tears still fall, I wander on to the lakes
 Where new delightful scents (so you say)
 And shadowy places entice. Yet I much prefer
 Your torrid columns to raw-green tree trunks,
 For near them I know a smile more lovely
 Than all birds' voices, and words more fragrant
 Than the vaunted breath of trees — Antinous.

This poem is part of a series entitled, "*Poems of Praise for Young Men and Women of This Age.*" The persons addressed or spoken about in these poems have Greek or Roman names. Antinous (a Greek name) was a teenage boy and then a young man to whom the Roman emperor Hadrian (reigned from 117-138) was romantically attached and whom he had as his constant companion for several years. After Antinous' death by

drowning at the age of nineteen, he was officially declared a god. Numerous medallions and sculptures with his likeness have survived.

"The Elect"

They loudly salute you to fairer birth;
A halo transfigures in glory the dark.
What is won hard was for you destined early
the masters gave you the prize in song.

What honours and exalts you modestly took,
With lowered forehead but happily knowing
How everything is approached with respect—
Thus you engage to journey all through life.

With probing gaze, loving by yourself,
And with pure hands you just reach forward to seize
Absorbed in godly thought, most praise-worthily shy:
The kinglier instinct of the nobler beast.

What crowns you today becomes a thorny burden
To whoever lets it wither, who is careless of self.
Only revere, so you remain to what you are true
Then as you keep your self, young man, the wreath stays yours.

In this poem, a young man who is or will become an ideal member of George's *Kreis* is obviously addressed and lauded. Very tellingly, the next poem has the title (in translation) of "The Rejected."

"Maximin, Advent I"

You, child or friend to some,
In you I see the god
Whom I tremblingly hailed
Who must have all my prayers.

On the last day you came
When I with waiting sick
With entreating worn out
lost myself in the night.

On light beams to me known
Which through the darkness flowed

The point which made the seed
Burst at once into bloom.

This is part of a sequence of poems entitled, "Maximin," which are dedicated to the memory of Maximilian (familiarily "Maximin") Kronberger, whom George befriended and fell in love with in 1902 or 1903. He was devastated by Maximin's death from meningitis in 1904 at the age of sixteen, but eventually took great solace from his bestowal, in his mind as well as in his poetry, of godlike status on the boy. One is reminded of Hadrian's Antinous.

Hart Crane (1899-1933)

Hart Crane jumped to his death from a ship in April 1933 just before his 33th birthday, on his way from Vera Cruz, Mexico, to New York. He felt betrayed by friends such as Ivor Winters and Allen Tate, both poets and critics like himself, and learned that the large inheritance he had been expecting from his wealthy family had been sucked away by debt. During this darkest period of his life, which ultimately culminated in his suicide, he had sought emotional support during his stay in Mexico from what was probably his only romantic relationship in his life with a woman, Peggy Baird. Tragically, with one or two possible exceptions, his erotic interactions with men amounted only to drunken one-night stands. However, his essays (e.g. on Nietzsche) reveal a penetrating mind. After his death, his poetry finally received the acclaim it amply deserved, and he is considered now as one of the most gifted American poets of the first half of the twentieth century.

Most of his poetry is decidedly modernist, and therefore often difficult, but not, in my judgment, impenetrable, and indeed very rewarding to the reader who is ready to give it his or her full attention and at least a few rereadings. It conveys powerful thoughts and feeling, but often does so through knotty syntax and by means of unusual (e.g. archaic or Latinate) diction and clusters of complex imagery and metaphors exceptionally rich in associations. This is thought and emotion endeared in poetry very different in spirit and style from that of the great English romantics, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats.

I have selected three poems from *The Complete Poems and Selected Letters and Prose of Hart Crane*, edited by Brom Weber, published in 1966 by Liveright Publishing Corporation in New York.

"Legend"

As silent as a mirror is believed
Realities plunge in silence by ...

I am not ready for repentance;
 Nor to match regrets. For the moth
 Bends no more than the still
 Imploring flame. And tremorous
 In the white falling flakes
 Kisses are, —
 The only worth all granting.

It is to be learned —
 This cleaving and this burning,
 But only by the one who
 Spends out himself again.

Twice ad twice again
 (Again the smoking souvenir,
 Bleeding eidolon!) and yet again.
 Until the bright logic is won
 Unwhispering as a mirror
 Is believed.

Then, drop by caustic drop, a perfect cry
 Shall string some constant harmony, —
 Relentless caper for all those who step
 The legend of their youth into the noon.

This is one of one of Crane's earlier poems. It is a monologue of a young man about to face the world who is absorbed in intense thinking and feeling as he recalls, among others, a recently past sexual encounter. I am sure that "the smoking souvenir, /Bleeding eidolon!" suggests a smoked cigarette, one in fact of several in a row, butted out but still smoking a bit: it is now the "Bleeding eidolon" of what was originally the complete, unsmoked cigarette "eidolon," (a Greek word meaning "image," "representation," from which the word "idol is derived). The speaker's agitated thought-processes together with a recent series of sexual encounters are most fittingly rendered by this extended metaphor.

"Voyages, III"

Infinite consanguinity it bears —
 This tendered theme of you that light
 Retrieves from sea plains where the sky
 Resigns a breast that every wave enthrones;

While ribboned water lanes I wind
 Are laved and scattered with no stroke
 Wide from your side, whereto his hour
 The sea lifts, also, reliquary hands.

And so, admitted through black swollen gates
 That must arrest all distance otherwise, —
 Past swirling pillars and lithe pediments,
 Like wrestling there incessantly with light,
 Star kissing through wave unto
 Your body rocking!

And where death, if shed,
 Presumes no carnage, but this single change, —
 Upon the steep floor flung from dawn to dawn
 The silken transmemberment of song;

Permit me voyage, love, into your hands...

This poem, the third in a series entitled, "Voyages," is audacious both for the modernity of its style and its metaphoric rendering, in the second and at the beginning of the third stanza, of sexual intimacy between two men. A detailed analysis of all the imagery and metaphors would take pages, and therefore I won't attempt it. Suffice it to say that the speaker imagines himself and his lover swimming, or rather half-floating, in the sea, experiencing a union, both sensual and mystic, with sea and sky, and then embracing each other in sexual intimacy (oral sex, I think). Orgasm is like "death" in the momentary blanking out of consciousness, but with no "carnage," for this sexual encounter will be creatively transmuted into poetry.

"Episode of Hands"

The unexpected interest made him flush.
 Suddenly he seemed to forget the pain, —
 Consented, — and held out
 One finger from the others.

The gash was bleeding, and a gash of sun
 That glittered in and out among the wheels,
 Fell lightly, warmly, down into the wound.

And as the fingers of the factory owner's son,
 That knew a grip for books and tennis

As well as one for iron and leather,—
 As his taut, spare fingers wound the gauze
 Around the thick bed of the wound,
 His own hands seemed to him
 Like wings of butterflies
 Flickering in sunlight over summer fields.

The knots and notches—many in the wide
 Deep hand that lay in his,—seemed beautiful.
 They were like the marks of wild ponies' play, —
 Bunches of new green breaking a land turf.

And factory sounds and factory thoughts
 Were banished from him by that larger, quieter hand
 That lay in his with the sun upon it.
 And as the bandage knot was tightened
 The two men smiled into each other's eyes.

This poem is undated and was not published until 1948, but it obviously stems from Crane's days as a young man working in his father's candy factory near Cleveland, Ohio.

Federico García Lorca (1898-1936)

In his short life, Federico García Lorca established himself as the greatest poet and playwright of twentieth century Spain, the living embodiment of a remarkable intellectual, literary, and artistic revival and efflorescence in his country during his lifetime. He was born into a wealthy family, but his literary works breathe the spirit of social consciousness and inclusiveness, although he was never overtly political. His homosexuality, of which he became aware as a teenager, led to passionate relationships with a few men, including the renowned painter Salvador Dali. It was no secret to some that he was homosexual, but he never came out of the closet, so to speak, to reveal himself as a decidedly 'gay' man—averse, probably, to the glare of publicity and condemnation this would have created for him and interfered with his self-chosen mission as a poet and playwright who wished to direct his works to the entire nation. His homosexuality, however, was probably a crucial factor for his being arrested by a paramilitary squad in General Franco's insurgent army and summarily executed in August 1936, in the early months of the Spanish Civil War.

As a poet and playwright, Lorca is very much a modernist rather than a traditionalist, but there is a strong populist strain in his works, a sense of being

grounded across the whole breadth of Spanish society and culture; this makes the modernity of his poetry and drama not avant-garde of the elitist variety. This is most certainly true of his lengthy poem, "Ode to Walt Whitman," which he composed during an extended stay in New York and New York State in 1929-30. The male same-sex eroticism which is celebrated there is that of Whitman's "love of comrades," while vitriol is poured on the "faggots" (*maricas*) who make up the contemporary gay subcultures of New York and other major urban centres.

What follows is a translation of a number of stanzas at the beginning, in the middle, and at the end of this great "Ode." I am using the excellent translation by Carlos Bauer in *Franco García Lorca: Ode to Walt Whitman and Other Poems*, published in 1988 by City Light Books in San Francisco; this also contains the Spanish text. However, I have checked both this and the translation against the text in *Federico García Lorca: Obras Completas*, published in 1967 by Aguilar in Madrid, and have made some minor changes in the translation.

"Ode to Walt Whitman"

Along the East River and in the Bronx
 young men were singing, showing off their waists.
 With the wheel, the oil, the leather and the hammer,
 ninety thousand miners extracted the silver from rocks,
 and little boys were drawing stairs and perspectives.

But not one would sleep,
 not one wished to be a river,
 not one loved the great leaves,
 not one, the blue tongue of the beach.

Along the East River and in the Queensborough
 young men wrestled with industry,
 and Jews were selling to the faun of the river
 the rose of the circumcision,
 and the sky emptied out onto bridges and roofs
 herds of bison pushed along by the wind.

But not one would ever pause,
 not one wished to be a cloud,
 not one searched for the fern
 or the yellow wheel of the tambour.

.....

Not for one single moment, beautiful old Walt Whitman,
 have I ceased seeing your beard full of butterflies,
 your shoulders of corduroy worn thin by moonlight
 or your thighs of a virginal Apollo,
 or your voice like a column of ash;
 aged one, as beautiful as the mists,
 who wailed the same as a bird
 with its sex pierced by a needle.
 Enemy of the satyr,
 Enemy of the vine,
 and lover of bodies beneath coarse cloth.

Not for a single moment, my virile beauty,
 for on mountains of coal, on billboards and one railroads,
 you dreamed of being a river or sleeping like a river
 next to that comrade who placed in your breast
 the little pain of an unknowing leopard.

.....

Agony, mortal agony, dream, ferment and dream.
 That's the world,, friends, agony, mortal agony.
 The dead are decomposing beneath the clocks of the cities.
 The war passes us by, weeping, with a million grey rats,
 rich men give to their mistresses
 tiny, illuminated half-corpses,
 and Life is neither noble, nor good, nor sacred.

A man can, if he wishes, guide his desire
 over a vein of coral or a celestial nude;
 tomorrow, loves will become rocks, and Time,
 a breeze coming through the branches fast asleep.

That is why I never raise my voice, old Walt Whitman,
 against the little boy who inscribes
 a little girl's name deep into his pillow,
 nor against the young man who dresses up as a bride
 in the darkness of his clothes closet,
 nor against the lonesome men of the casinos
 who drink with disgust from the waters of prostitution,

nor against the men with callow gazes
 who love men but whose lips burn in silence.
 But, o yes, against you, faggots of the cities
 with your tumescent flesh and vile thoughts.
 Mothers of filth. Harpies. Unsleping Enemies
 of the Love that bestows crowns of joy.

Willem de Mérode (1887-1939)

Willen de Merode (*nom de plume* of Willem Eduard Keuning) is still considered by the Dutch as the outstanding Christian poet of the period between the First and the Second World War. In fact, he was a staunch adherent of orthodox Calvinist (*Gereformeerd*, “Reformed”) orthodoxy all his life, and this faith is reflected in much of his poetry. The Calvinist “pillar” has much shrunk over the past half century, and this, in addition to the very traditional style and manner of his poetry, means de Mérode is hardly read and his name elicits little or no recognition today. It is only the poetry in which he speaks of his love of teenage boys and young men for which he is at all remembered. This love, however, while certainly erotic in nature, is never expressed in very explicitly sexual terms, and it is virtually certain that this was also true of de Mérode's lifestyle: he was deeply in love with a number of boys and young men throughout his life, but he kept to his celibacy.

What was most probably the only occasion of a sexual act of his with another male, namely with sixteen-year old Okke, his pupil at the school where he taught, happened in 1924; as a result of which he was arrested, convicted, sentenced to an eight-month prison term (in the Netherlands at that time, the legal age of sexual consent for same-sex acts was 21). After he was released from prison, de Mérode supposedly became a recluse, but from what I have read this is an exaggeration: he continued to publish his poetry through Christian publishing houses—although the homoeroticism was pretty well gone now—kept in touch, mainly by mail, with fellow poets and other prominent figures in the Dutch literary and cultural world, and most significantly, he continued to cultivate close friendships with a few boys and young men, one of whom, Bram Corbijn, often accompanied him in his travels inside and outside the country. To crown it all, in 1936 de Mérode was knighted in the Order of Orange-Nassau for his signal contributions to Dutch literature (although this may have been in oversight of his 1924 conviction). In 1987 an official monument honouring him was unveiled in his home town of Uithuizermeeden in the province of Groningen, where he had taught for many years; the actual act of unveiling was done by Okke.

I have translated three poems taken from *Willem de Merode: Verzamelde Gedichten*, volume I, edited by Hans Werkman (who has also written a detailed and perceptive biography), published in 1987 by the Uitgeverij ("Publisher") de Prom in Baarn. De Mérode uses end-rhyme with which I have dispensed, in order to stay as closely as possible to the Dutch. With a few exceptions, I have kept to his punctuation. The first poem is the most traditional in style, especially in its diction and inflections, which would be considered dated by the standards of contemporary Dutch. The style of the following two poems, especially the third, has a somewhat more modern ring to it. These two are very representative of what I regard as the most original of de Mérode's homoerotic poetry, for they are sharply focused on, and deeply empathetic with, the life-experience and sensibility of the beloved, idealized boy.

"What Is There Between Us?"

What is there between us? The wide peace
 Of eventide; still affections
 Radiant as are the clear heavens;
 An intimacy of look and gesture;
 A giving without end, unaware,
 such as we quietly breathe and live;
 A longing that is always aching and fulfilled;
 An intermingling of each other's worlds,
 And seeing the airy soul aflame and glittering
 At the alighting of God's spark.

And there can never be a deeper love,
 The soul's homesickness for happiness never cured
 By the utter pleasure of heartfelt touching,
 The gentle blossoming of red and snow-white roses,
 And your kisses can never be more
 Than dew turned to vapour in God's sunshine.
 But this remains: your affections,
 The intimacy of your heart's good peace,
 And as dusk falls, radiant with your smile
 I rise up from your eventide into God's day.

"The Boy and the Wonder"

He is still young and his innocent eyes
 Sense the wonder great and very near.

His strong hands will be free to touch
 What everyone, unaware, passes by.

As sure as is his own gentle breathing,
 Which rises and falls and goes and comes,
 He knows that in the evening's bluish mists
 The long awaited wonder is disguising itself.

He hears in all people's words truth,
 Presses one of his hands longer than is needed,
 His eyes become a golden clearness:
 Does it know where the hidden wonder tarries?

He reads of it in stories and sagas,
 And each hero has the glimmer of wonder's light,
 And as his eyes wander through the room
 He feels himself deeply sad from being blessed.

But in his dreams, as his young senses
 Ache for love, though he doesn't know,
 And he awakening between the chaste linens
 Ashamed hides his cheeks which glow so hot,

He saw the wonder deep in dark eyes,
 Placed hand on hand in unbreakable bond,
 They both stood speechless, bent over,
 His young mouth reached for young mouth.

"The Birthday"

What can stir a boy's heart with sheer pleasure?
 Outside: to play like wild, and the booty
 Of sun-ripened, red-glowing fruit
 Of which he may freely pluck today.

At home: the table festive with white embroidered cloth;
 Silver, crystal, pastries! Glittering waves of light
 Keep his dizzying thoughts overwhelmed.
 Then his laugh, a gleaming fish, rings out.

Today he may have wine, taste misted-blue grapes,
 His gold-tipped cigarette smells sweet.

So happy he is that he must act silly.
His hands must dance, his feet shuffle.

The laughter of his blue eyes, radiantly tender,
Flies like a bird between two nests,
From father to mother, and at last
On his hands, white dove it is, alights.

Nighttime: lying long awake and thinking:
One year older! I am almost a man!
Tomorrow? Back to school and study...and then
he follows willingly sleep's gentle beckons.

The abruptly inserted bold metaphor “silver fish” and the equally bold and elaborately developed bird-metaphor in the fourth stanza strike me as typical of the modernist style and manner in poetry, something very uncommon in de Mérode.

Hans Lodeizen (1924-1950)

Despite his short life, Hans Lodeizen achieved a considerable output of highly original modernist-style poetry. He was born into a wealthy family and followed university studies focused on the law and then biology. He lived in the United States to pursue graduate studies in 1947-48. There he met and became a close friend of James Merrill, who was gay like himself and went on to become a leading poet of post-war America. In the fourth and in the final chapter of Merrill's memoir, *A Different Person*, there is a deeply touching account of the impact Lodeizen made on his American friend; equally moving, although with a touch of irony at the expense of the Swiss in the first, are the two poems Merrill wrote dedicated to the memory of Lodeizen in his 1959 collection, “The Country of a Thousand Years of Peace”; I came across them in his 1993 collection, *Selected Poems, 1946-1985*. After Lodeizen returned to the Netherlands, he worked (reluctantly) for a while in his father's firm. Tragically, he was diagnosed with leukemia, at that time a virtual death sentence, and died in a Swiss sanatorium shortly after his 26th birthday.

Lodeizen's poetry is often permeated with feelings and images of loss and futility, as though intuitive of his premature death. In sharp contrast de Mérode's, it is entirely a poetry of free verse without end-rhyme and other traditional structural devices such as capital letters and (nearly always) punctuation. Not surprisingly, therefore, his poetry came to be viewed later on as anticipating the radical modernism of the so-called *Vijftigers* (“Fiftiers”) of the 1950's.

I have translated three poems from Hans Lodeizen, *Gedichten*, published in 1980 (twelfth printing) by G.A van Oorschot in Amsterdam. The first two are from a sequence of poems entitled (in translation), "In a Few Hours," and the third from "Without Feet."

"Without Feet."

in order to make
some music I have
done so much
done and forgotten

in order to fructify
my desire I have
built so many cities
built and demolished—

in order to burn
my days in a blaze
of despair
I have been ill

there is a taste
of autumn in the trees
say the ancient
poets

a colour of hunger
is hanging up there
the houses bewail
the ladies

in a box of toy bricks
I live as a child sensing
fingers everywhere
darkness and kisses

this was common for me
this was for me
and common
when the evening was long

I can certainly say that
 we have done it
 in cities, in the countryside,
 along the woods, walking
 or leaning, superbly,
 when the evening was long

 we have whispered
 against the wind and we have
 tucked in the night with it
 we have been blessed for it
 at sunrise

I can certainly say that
 we have done it
 when the silence became greater
 and the evening was long...

listen:
 when I was still living
 with him and we made the world
 together, weaving and unraveling
 when I had his eye with me
 and his white hands
 then I blessed the snow
 and laughed in the rain.

When I spent the evenings
 in his room and walked around
 or sat down in his body, read a book
 or slept, when I knew the highway
 of his ear and sailed into the river
 of his eyes when I played
 with his hands and walked on his lips
 then I ran often into myself
 laughing or crying or saying things.
 but,
 with the coming of autumn he went away

now I myself no longer exist for I have gone with him
 I have given his hands a hand
 I have been trapped in his eyes
 I have been entangled in his ears
 I have lost the way in his body
 in his body drowned.

**Ten poems by Nine Canadian Poets: Frank Oliver Call-Douglas LePan-
 André Roy-Ian Young-Michael Lynch-Jean-Paul Daoust-N. Nigel
 Thomas-Gregory Scofield-Joel Gibb**

I had initially thought of closing this section with an American poet. My first choice was Allen Ginsberg, but more recently I was also looking at James Merrill, and Frank O'Hara (all of these were born in 1926). However, thanks to *Seminal*, a wonderful anthology of gay Canadian poets published in 2007, I also wanted to include a few of the latter. Since I did not wish to make an already very lengthy section even lengthier, I finally decided to lay aside the Americans in order to give more prominence to the Canadians. With one exception, all the poems are taken from *Seminal: The Anthology of Canada's Gay Male Poets*, edited by John Barton and Billeh Nickerson, and published in 2007 by Arsenal Pulp Press in Vancouver, the exception being a poem by Ian Young which is contained in *Year of the Quiet Sun*, the collection of his poetry he published in 1971. I had the pleasure of meeting both him and Michael Lynch during my Toronto years. Two Québécois poets are included in my choices, André Roy and Jean-Paul Daoust; for them I have reproduced, with the exception of one correction, the translations provided in the anthology, always checking them against the original French texts, for Roy, *Vies* ("Lives"), published in Montréal in 1998, and for Daoust, *Les Cendres Bleues* ("The Blue Ashes"), published in Trois Rivières in 1990. The year of publication is noted for each poem included in my selection.

Frank Oliver Call (1878-1956)

"White Hyacinth" (1944)

We put the dog-eared lesson-book away
 Pondering the classic story. Pale and dead
 Before our eyes young Hyacinthus lay
 Upon the Spartan shore. From stains of red

Beside the blue Aegean, star on star,
 White hyacinths sprang up to greet the dawn,
 Each leaf a cry of pain, re-echoing far
 A voice that mourned for beauty past and gone.
 You paused a second as you left the room,
 Bending a slender form above a bowl
 of white and blue where hyacinths were abloom.
 Once more the far Aegean seemed to roll
 On flower-clad shores, but brought no cry of pain.
 For Hyacinthus breathed to life again.

In Greek myth, Hyacinthus was an adolescent boy beloved of Apollo. Once, when they were playing together, a discus hurled by Apollo accidentally hit the boy's head so that he died. The god grieved bitterly, but then turned the dead boy into a flower named after him.

Douglas LePan (1914-98)

"A Nightpiece, of London in the Blackout" (1987)

A wash of greatcoats circling about the foot of Eros
 dethroned. Of nameless and almost nameless figures in the dusk,
 drawn from a dozen countries, but all homeless, solitary,
 adrift, uneasily on leave for a few brief hours or days
 from history and its iron formations—or else deserters from them.
 And a sombre sky, that's careless of the heart's elections
 but carelessly forgiving of every anonymous encounter,
 a sky quivering to a subtext hidden beneath the greatcoats,
 tissues and textures throbbing with their own imperatives
 (which might be gross or pure, promiscuous or crazed with love,
 or both), with a thousand different objects and inflections,
 that yet transmit a single impulse to the indulgent air,
 a deep pulse of loneliness and outright lust and longing—
 to share their nakedness with someone. Now! Tonight!

The poem's setting is Piccadilly Square with its famous statue of Eros.

André Roy (1944-)

"The Sexuality Professional (Close to Night)" (1998)

Sexes, decked out in all colours
 adorn the abundant skies
 that shift above us
 and still leave us unsatisfied.
 (Images in relief against the limpid air.)
 Multiple shapes slamming against my chest
 with force, going at it with such passion
 that we'd say they were in the way
 on a battlefield.

Examples of kindness
 and dreams of language,
 sexes know we like them large and gentle
 inside, outside, everywhere.
 Reality suspended beneath the clouds,
 reality just like eyes.
 Gauging the speed of the senses
 for many of them run across my belly.
 Sexes appear quasi-miraculous
 as if they had been born in spring.

Music awakening certain sorrows
 going back in history...
 We do not ask them to prove they exist
 even if sexes often act as if unknown
 to smugglers exiled
 in the night where we hide
 and that sustains us.
 Sadness will one day come down from the sky,
 and dwell among us for a long while.

.....
 We possess but one sex, the sole friend
 who tolerates us.
 ("Write about the science of life
 that awaits you each evening
 before vanishing.")
 ("Write about the weight of the firmament,
 the exhaustion of stars forced to shine.")

Your sex straining like those of others
 will converse with our gentle and difficult aims,
 it will shudder, a reality that dreams.

.....
 All is sex, all is miracle.
 Here is the light that guides us,
 witnessing our abandon
 to the natural goodness of the senses.
 Sexes full in a world ever so large
 that stretches every night.
 ("Write all the names,
 sew them on your skin.")
 The sky departs, returns, always ready
 to welcome the stars
 deserted by God.

Poetry's images modify
 those entering and exiting,
 the enterers and exiters of life.
 Night provides a structure
 preparing us for the earth's
 vertigos vanishing without end
 "Your sex grew with each new word,
 I will not forget it
 when I am ready to write."
 Sexes imagined everywhere,
 inside and outside us
 we possess them
 because they will possess us.

The translation is by Jonathan Kaplansky. I have excerpted six stanzas (the first three, the eighth stanza, and the final two stanzas) from this lengthy poem of fourteen stanzas; these six, I think, convey well the essence of the poem. However, I have changed the translation of line six in the final stanza because, as far as I can see, the existing one is inaccurate. The poem's title already hints that "sexes" must be understood as "sexuality" or "sexualities."

Ian Young (1945-)

"The Year of the Quiet Sun" (1971)

Mornings I have felt the lake lie still
 and the air break
 touching me
 And, many afternoons
 have sought you
 in the hollow, public tombs
 and shallow halls
 Evenings, I have walked through woodyards
 after rain
 At night in bookstalls
 and through lighted roads
 I hunted you
 with furtive longing.
 Evenings
 into mornings
 into afternoons
 until I find you,
 upon the beach in winter,
 gathering snow—
 And, good and evil knowing,
 I shall come to you
 (my seven senses)
 wide-eyed
 bloodthroated
 running.

"Rob Polishing His Motorbike" (1976)

He pulls his T-shirt over his back and head,
 folds it slowly in a wad and finishes the job with it.
 Sometimes he sees his own reflection in the black surfaces.
 Polishing smooth metal with delicate fingers,
 he is surprised at his own face: human, white, not normal.
 Something does not fit. Apart from his machine, he is no rider

but something individual. An intelligence. Someone.
 He throws his shirt onto a pile of spanners and mounts the cycle.
 Now he is just in jeans. Tonight he will wear leather and drive fast.
 Speed coddles him. "You don't have to do anything,"
 he says, "You're just there.
 If I get killed what will you write about me?"
 He was a white body, wearing black, or
 He died fast and took his time about it.

The style of these two poems is very typical of Ian Young's poetry in general as I know it, modernist certainly but not of the extremely avant-garde type and always of a finely honed lucidity.

Michael Lynch (1946-1991)

"Cry" (1989)

Morning through a city garden widens
 its swath. Shiny eyes of cinquefoil
 azure eyes of myositis, bruised lobelia
 refuse to blink. Intruders trapped in the cross-
 stare harden, crumble into fine
 dustings because our sympathies
 will not adapt to sun and cinquefoil: our world
 steel and concrete, oil and song.
 We hoist our lives high over the drone
 of traffic and screwing gulls, hoist bags
 of soil to terraces at the setbacks; set out
 cinquefoil, watch its leavings, count
 its days. Some days we doze in the sun
 and dream we too are cinquefoil or lobelia,
 blowing and blanching without demur.
 The pneumocystis breaks.
 We open our eyes to that skyline we incised
 and know as a jet cuts through cloud that
 cities are our gardens, with their stench
 and contagion and rage, our memory, our
 sepals that will not endure
 these waves of dying friends,
 without a cry.

“pneumocystis”: a lung tumour and symptom of AIDS. Michael Lynch made a major contribution to the growth of the AIDS movement in Canada. He himself died of complications of AIDS in 1991. As the editors note, “his poem ‘Cry’ is etched on the lead panel of The Aids Memorial in Toronto, which he also founded.”

Jean-Paul Daoust (1946)

“Blue Ashes” (1990)

.....

I learned what love is
 While the other children of my age
 Were learning to recite their lessons
 I was learning how to inflict pain
 At the alphabet age
 Caterpillars butterflies ants
 Grasshoppers give me juice or you're dead
 I made him suffer when I'd not show up
 When I told him never again
 When I'd run away for no reason
 Fear
 Of myself and others
 I'd run to the lake
 Screaming my terror
 My rage
 At him
 Sentenced to silence he watched me run off
 His big hands in tears splitting the wood
 But not as precisely as I chopped his heart
 A love story
 But I was only six and a half
 He was in his twenties
 I'll never forget his body
 Whenever I saw him
 His body's smell in the shed
 The sweaty wood
 That I never found elsewhere
 In the sterile air of the elementary school
 The nuns like wax statues

At times the stale air in the confessional
 Would hint at his perfume
 His shoulders as broad as church portals
 Where I loved to be
 The ritual of our caresses
 Always in a chiaroscuro setting
 The paintings of Caravaggio
 That I understood the minute I saw them
 Except it all took place in the rue Tully
 And the boulevard du Havre
 In Valleyfield
 Where the bay is the stage
 For the most beautiful sunsets in the world
 Clouds in a frenzy behind the belfries
 Of Notre Dame de Bellerive Church
 Tipped over the tables said the priest
 But the water of the lake
 Blessed by Satan
 Where I could plunge after lovemaking
 How could I purify myself
 At six and a half
 How could I purify myself in those waters
 Gothic cathedral mirror
 Condemned excommunicated
 I was preparing for my First Communion
 My heart full of you
 But my soul was very light
 It's a love story just a love story
 So banal
 How to make it believable I loved him but
 There is nothing to tell
 You try to understand you know afterwards
 It doesn't change much of anything

.....

The translation is by Daniel Sloate. "chiaroscuro": a combination of the Italian words meaning "bright" and "dark"; it refers to a technique in painting which achieves

striking effects through its vivid contrasting of light and dark; the Italian painter Caravaggio (1571-1610) was a master of chiaroscuro, in which he greatly influenced later masters such as Rembrandt. I have excerpted about two-thirds of the text of “Blue Ashes” provided in *Seminal*; this in turn is only a small portion of the complete poem, which in the original French runs to almost 31 pages. However, what I have reproduced conveys well the essence of the poem.

The memories which comprise “Blue Ashes” will probably strike many a reader as bizarre: an adult thinking back to his obsessive, tumultuous love affair as a six-and-a-half year old boy with an adult man in his twenties, a relationship of such audacity that it made the boy think of himself as a complete outlaw from conventional morality. However, I don't for one minute assume that this poem should be read literally as autobiographical. In other words, the poem's speaker is not Daoust but—just the speaker, a kind of Everyman. The boy is clearly the 'aggressor' in the relationship, so we can hardly speak of a typical case of paedophilia. As I reread the poem, I withheld moralizing judgment but simply tried to take in the boy's raw emotions as mentally reconstructed with equally raw immediacy by his older self. In his obsessive love, he reminds me a bit of Catherine in Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights*. The editors note that Daoust received the Governor General's Award for Poetry for *Les Cendres Bleues* in 1990.

H. Nigel Thomas (1947-)

“Nigger-Kike-Honky-Wop” (1999)

Dear Roger, you ask me to plunge
 into your loneliness,
 hoping I'd not know I'd be its fuel.
 But I do,
 and you explode with
 “Nègre! Nègre!”

You, who're charged to expand appetite for industry,
 must know that *kike* and *nègre*, wop and honky
 are cries from an agony
 few—I'd hoped you were one—can cure.

Now you circle a
 cluster of prepubescent men
 like a revolving door;
 they insult;
 but tonight you prefer their curses

to the indifference
you'd otherwise endure.

I included this short poem because of its frankly expressed spirit of social comment.

Brian Day (1962-)

"Vishnu Sleeping" (2000)

Having inhaled his dream of the world, the dreamer
is stretched on the back of the sea serpent
that floats on the ocean's eternal black.
One labouring day of the world has ended,
when he wakes tomorrow will be composed,
and now suspended in sleep he holds
all fates in the rise and fall of his chest.
And what could love be if it is not this:
to find the world for a moment condensed
to a body I could look at in peace forever,
to the face that contains the rest of my days,
and to touch his eyebrows, his breath on my hands.

Vishnu is the middle god in the Hindu triad of Brahma, the creator, Vishnu, the preserver and protector, and Shiva, the destroyer. The cosmic scenario in the first three lines draws on Hindu mythology.

Gregory Scofield (1966-)

"He is" (1997)

earthworm, caterpillar parting
my lips, he is
slug slipping between my teeth
and down, beating
moth wings, a flutter
inside my mouth
he is snail kissing dew
from the shell of my ears,
spider crawling breath tracks
down my neck and weaving

watersnake, he is
 swamp frog croaking my chest
 hopping from nipple to nipple,
 he is mouse

 on my belly running circles
 and circles, he is

 grouse building his nest
 from marsh grass and scent,

 weasel digging eggs
 between my legs,

 he is hungry, so hungry
 turtle he is

 slow, so slow
 nuzzling and nipping

 I crack
 beneath the weigh of him,

 he is mountain lion
 chewing bones, tasting marrow

 rain water
 trickling down my spine,

 he is spring bear
 ample and lean

 his berry tongue quick,
 sweet from the feasting.

As the editors note, Scofield is Métis. His poem speaks vividly of the aboriginal worldview in which the dichotomy of humans and non-human life is transcended.

C Concluding Remarks

As I look back on what I written in the past two sections, I am struck by how closely linked the universal and the particular are in poetry, also in the poetry of male same-sex desire and love: you cannot help but see the one without the other. We recognize the universality of the impulse to create song and poetry which touches all

cultures, past and present, but this goes hand in hand with particularity, namely the immense variety of forms in which the impulse manifests itself, ranging from the intricate rule-bound metrical patterns developed by the ancient Greeks to the free verse which has become the preferred medium for the art of poetry over the past century.

Universality and particularity also apply to same-sex desire and love, including its masculine forms. We see its universality in the fact that male homoeroticism and homosexuality cut across all cultures, past and present, but, if we observe carefully, we are at the same time struck by the particular, largely culture-bound forms it takes, ranging from the paederasty which predominated in the ancient Greco-Roman world to the androphilia—the desire and love binding together adult or near-adult males who are age-peers —which has become the norm in the west, and increasingly now also in non-western societies. Finally, we are equally struck by the immense range of erotic and sexual self-expression, ranging from the uninhibited sensuality we saw in many poets, both ancient and modern, to the sublimated homoeroticism of a Michelangelo, Shakespeare, and de Mérode.

Can we see in all of this, in sexuality and poetry alike, God's plenty, so to speak? I leave it up to each of you to answer this question for yourself.

PART 3

The Beginnings of it all in Holland

III.1 Two Early Memories

This may be my first distinct memory; I was four then. Sunlight glittering on the water. It's a warm summer's day. Here we are on a small boat on the river, eight of us, Opa and Oma, mom and dad, Gert, Lida, Boudewijn (Baldwin), and myself. There is a photo of us there. It must have been the summer of 1948 because Baldwin who is just beginning to stand up is the smallest; Annelies won't be born until the following year. The river must have been the Vecht flowing north of Zwolle and was great for swimming, as we began to do years later by the time my siblings and I had learned how to swim, and unlike the wider and deeper, and therefore more perilous IJssel, which flowed just south of the city and emptied into the big IJssel Lake to the west and branched off from the Rhine at Arnhem 50 km to the south.

The other event I recall vividly from the same year may have taken place earlier, although I think it was in the fall: my tonsillectomy—a nightmare. Unsuspecting as to what was awaiting me, I walked with dad to the nearby Catholic Hospital. Maybe we were going to visit a sick friend or family member there? Dad may have said—or rather, lied—something to this effect. But when after a bit of waiting in a large reception room, a nurse took me by the arm I knew something very unpleasant was about to happen to me, and she had to half-drag me. I was strapped into a high chair, a rubber bib was tied around my neck, and then a gas mask was placed over my mouth, and a few seconds later I was out. I vividly remember the sensation of floating in an almost pitch black darkness over row after row of dimly seen houses from which only a faint bluish light was emanating. When I woke up, my throat hurt awfully and with a shock I saw blood and little gobs of flesh on the bib in front of me. I was handed back to dad, who carried me back home on his shoulders. I remember that the healing of my throat took place rapidly, and in the meantime I was spoiled with soft boiled eggs and ice cream, seldom enjoyed luxuries both at that time. The trauma of this, in itself, minor surgery remained with me for a while. Anything that suggested to me it might be hospital type of place and anyone wearing a white jacket suggestive of a doctor's attire would throw me into a fright, and this happened when I went with mom into a barber's to get a haircut. I tore myself away and ran out. Mom, fortunately, did not press it, and I am sure this happened only once. I went with her for the same haircut a few weeks later, and then everything was OK

III. 2 *Die Grote Kast* (“That Great Big Closet”): Rozemarinstraat, No. 1 (1944-2005)



1 Rozemarinstraat, Zwolle – the new building (above, and now a college students’ residence) replaced Opa and Oma’s old home, but built in the same architectural style.

After my parents were married in 1943, they moved in immediately afterwards with my dad’s parents on the Rozemarinstraat, house no. 1, in Zwolle. It was the only house on that very short and very narrow street which ran between the Oude and the Nieuwe Straat in one of the oldest parts of the city. Although three years later mom and dad were able to move into their own home, Rozemarinstraat no. 1 continued as a kind of second home for me throughout the first fourteen years of my life. I have no distinct

recollection of it from my first two years, but my mind is flooded with later memories of it and of Opa and Oma living there. Mom hated it, calling it “die grote kast” (“that great big closet”: lots of space but without homey charm and few amenities), but for me it was a place for never-ending exploration and discovery and even of sensuous delight.

By Dutch standards it was not particularly ancient, built as it had been in the 1840's to serve as the rectory that went with the new Catholic Church of St. Michael which was being erected at the same time on the other side of the Rozemarinstraat, where it stretched along the street's entire length; but to me both it and the church seemed many centuries old. This church was, however, decommissioned, or rather deconsecrated, in 1893 when the congregation moved into the new St. Michael's Church which had been built on the nearby Roggenstraat in the then popular Gothic-Revival style, and this was the iconic church in my grandparents' neighbourhood I eventually got to know and love. This, too, I thought must be hundreds of years old. The former-rectory home of my grandparents was huge, for it stretched from one street corner along at least one-third of the street, and was followed then by a long wall that enclosed a large open space which served as a courtyard for both Rozemarinstraat, No.1, and a somewhat smaller house on the corner at the street's other end; however, this had its entrance on the Nieuw Straat, and so my grandparents' home stood where it was in sombre solitariness

Opa and Oma had moved there in 1939 at about the same time as the outbreak of World War II. They came and stayed there as tenants until Oma's death in 1967, renting the premises from the Weller family which occupied the house at the street's other end where the Wellers ran a large wholesale and retail business in sheet glass. My grandparents had at one time—for much of the 1920's—owned their home, but lost it when the bank which held their mortgage went under. Since then they had simply rented. This included a lengthy residence up to 1939, in the small rural village of 'sHeerenbroek close to Zwolle, where mom happened to obtain her first reasonably well-paying teaching position and, as she had room and board from my grandparents, got to meet her future husband. Opa had a business selling supplies for teachers and students to schools, including kindergartens, often making them to order according to his client's specifications; he also offered a bookbinding service. Dad had joined him in the business at the age of thirteen (which was then, in the 1930's, still the minimum legal age of leaving school permitted to children who were going to work in the family business), but successfully completed his secondary school education through taking night classes. When their house was seriously damaged by fire in 1939, my grandparents decided to move back to Zwolle.

Their new home offered more than ample space for the business, which took up all of the first floor, except for some years when dad's middle brother, uncle Lambert and his wife, aunt Rikje, had a small apartment for themselves there. One room on this floor I remember particularly well, for it held a massive paper and cardboard cutter—a contraption that much later on, when I had learned a bit about the French Revolution, I imagined could have functioned as a very efficient guillotine. On the second floor, there were two rooms used as workshops, but this floor was mainly residential. The third floor, right underneath the rafters of the roof, was used for storage, although for some time it had a small room used by my uncle and aunt as their bedroom.

The second floor had a sitting room, dining room, and guest bedroom overlooking the Rozemarinstraat; because the street was narrow and the now disused church building loomed high on the opposite side, these rooms were shrouded in perpetual gloom unless the electric lights were turned on. The gloomy aspect of the guest bedroom was heightened by the fact that the window there was barred by rails; I often slept there and could not help but wonder what purpose was served by those bars for the original occupants: were the priests, monks, and maybe even nuns who slept there to think of themselves as shut in, and therefore protected, by the Church? My grandparents' bedroom, fortunately for them, overlooked the courtyard, and thus was brightened up by the light of sun and sky. The original kitchen had been on the first floor, and eventually had enjoyed the amenity of a gas-lit stove, but when the gas connection became malfunctioned and even dangerous—there was an explosion once (fortunately, no one hurt and no serious damage)—the gas line was disconnected, and my grandparents made do with a tiny kitchen they improvised for themselves in the hallway at the top of the stairs leading to the second floor. It had a sink with a faucet for cold water—there was no boiler anywhere for hot water—while a buta gas (as they called it) canister provided the fuel for a small countertop range with three burners; in this kitchenette, all the same, however, Oma was able to perform miracles of tasty cooking. There was no bathroom anywhere, but there was a w.c. with a flush toilet—thank God!--on the first floor. It was long walk, though, to get there since it was located at the far end of the house right where the long wall overlooking the courtyard began.

When I was born on April 2, 1944, the Netherlands had been under the occupation of Nazi Germany for almost four years. It was a time of great hardship and vicious persecution, above all for the Jews, most of whom —100,000 of a total Jewish population of 140,000 —perished in the Holocaust. When the first major deportations of Jews started in the summer of 1942, they were given the impression by their persecutors that they would be resettled in eastern Europe; very few at that time could foresee the horror of what was awaiting them. One Jewish family that reported for deportation asked my grandparents if they could store their furniture in their home,

and so all of their belongings were deposited on the top floor. The family never came back; after the war, their nearest relatives who had survived collected what had been stored, but gave an antique violin which had belonged to and played by a woman in the murdered family to my mother, who was able to play it but only seldom did—from modesty, perhaps, or from the painful knowledge of what had happened to its original and almost certainly exquisitely proficient violinist?

My own immediately family did not fare too badly during the five years of Nazi Occupation. My dad served as a conscript private in the Dutch Army which, after five days of heavy fighting in May 1940, had to surrender to the overwhelming might of the German army. He was briefly held as a prisoner of war but in the following month was released, together with all the other men, as a goodwill gesture by the Führer, who anticipated that the defeated Dutch, as fellow Nordic-Aryans, would henceforth be cooperative and acquiesce in their incorporation into the Third Reich. In the spring of 1943, however, as the overwhelming majority of the Dutch had proven to be recalcitrant to German rule, the order went out that the released men should report for renewed incarceration. Like the vast majority, dad, of course, refused and therefore became liable to arrest, so for the remainder of the war he had to move around with great care, and spent much of it in hiding at his parents' home. Indeed, quite a few young men, either former prisoners of war like dad or those who had refused to report for compulsory labour in Germany, were in hiding there. It turned out to be an ideal place to hide because the Germans, whenever they were conducting their periodic searches and raids throughout entire neighbourhoods in order to arrest Jews, resistance fighters, former prisoners of war, and forced labour refuseniks, always bypassed the Rozemarinstraat, thinking it was not a residential street.

Mom and dad decided that she should go into the hospital when I was about to be born since nutritious food—above all, precious milk—was more readily available there, and so she did. Gerrit, who was born on April 15th, 1945, came into the world on the day of Zwolle's liberation by the Canadian army. He had to be delivered in the cellar of No. 1, Rozemarinstraat, since the Germans, as they retreated from the city, subjected it to a shelling. The shelling did not amount to much, but everyone kept inside for several hours; dad was able to go out and get a nearby doctor to assist in the delivery, and everything went well. A few days later, Herman, my dad's youngest brother and eighteen at the time, brought home two Canadian soldiers, Vincent and Leonard, to the Rozemarinstraat to use the w.c. there and meet the family. My parents decided that it would be splendidly appropriate that their names should be added to Gerrit's first name, the name of his maternal grandfather, and so he became Gerrit Vincent Leonard. He has told with great verve and detail the story of Zwolle's liberation in his recent, fact-based novel, *Sweet Bitter Spring*.

As I got older and I could go there by myself, having my own bike by the age of eight, my visits to the Rozemarinstraat became more frequent, sometimes staying with Opa and Oma for the entire weekend. Oma's great cooking by itself was a great attraction; she was a lot better at it than mom. It was typical Dutch-style cooking: potatoes, vegetables, and meat, the meat never in great quantities because it was expensive and these were the frugal fifties, but everything was always delicious. I loved the meatballs, which were frequently on the menu, and the scrumptious gravies that came with most meals. Oma generally kept to the Catholic habit of serving fish on Friday, and this, too, was always a special treat.

Opa and Oma were faithful church-goers in the good Reformed tradition, and, unlike my parents, would usually go twice on Sunday. If I was staying over, I would have to go with them, of course, but this was a small price to pay for an enjoyable weekend. In the afternoon, whether it was summer or winter, if the weather allowed it, I would go for a long walk with Opa. Gert, too, might be staying over, and so the three of us would take our walk through one or more of Zwolle's distinctly different neighbourhoods, such as the old *binnenstad* (inner city), on the one hand, and the much newer *Veerallee* district, which was built along the canal that linked Zwolle to the IJssel River, on the other. My love of walking which has continued until the present must stem from those memorable Sunday afternoon walks with Opa.

No. 1, Rozemarinstraat itself was a continual source of pleasure for me, with its long corridors and hallways and its numerous high-ceilinged rooms, each with its own character. The sitting room and dining room on the second floor might be gloomy without the lights turned on, but their furniture, not of the austere modern Scandinavian design which had become fashionable in the fifties, spoke of a bygone era, the late 19th and the early 20th century, which favoured a more opulent look. As with many families of the Reformed faith, there was a small organ there, played by both Opa and his three sons. Although Opa and Oma were not highly educated in a formal way, they both liked to read, and their bookcases held an impressive collection of books; I especially poring through the nature books with their beautiful, often in colour, photos. The most eye-catching item of furniture, which I still remember vividly, was an exquisitely carved small desk of mahogany wood which Uncle Herman had brought with him from his years of military service in Indonesia (still the Dutch East Indies then) right after the Second World War.

The guest bedroom on the second floor in which I always overnighted was memorable in its own way. Its window, as I already have mentioned, was barred with rails, and one of the walls was a large colour portrait of Queen Wilhelmina (after she

abdicated in 1948 and henceforth officially styled as princess Wilhelmina, usually referred to as “the old queen”) in all her royal regalia, marking the 40th anniversary of her accession to the Dutch throne. Occasionally, I would wake up in the middle of the night or very early in the morning when it was still dark. I had to pee and so I would deliberate with myself for some time, listening to the clock tick-tocking nearby in the hallway, whether I should make use of the chamber pot in my bedroom or screw up my courage and find my way through the dark down the long stairway to the first floor and then, not knowing where the light switches were, through the even darker and spookier long hallway to the w.c. I was proud that courage always won out.

It was also a pleasure to spend some time in the office or in one of the workrooms. Usually together with Gert, I might help out a bit with stuffing envelopes or pasting glue (but we were not allowed to fool around with the guillotine-like cutter on the first floor), and be rewarded with a few dimes for pocket money —no, we were certainly not exploited child labourers. The space on the third floor was huge, and spread out and kept on display there for interested clients were all sorts of paedagogic novelties such as abacuses, boxes of building blocks of all sizes, and large drawing boards which were destined for kindergartens; also bits of office furniture and gymnastic equipment. You could spend hours in exploration and enjoyment there. Two or three years before our immigration, Opa and Oma made the smart decision to convert the large workshop room at the end of the second floor to a new living room. What they got now was a bright, spacious sitting and dining room with walls all painted white and a large window from which there was a fine view right past the obstructing disused church into the Oude Straat and beyond.

Soon after Oma died in November 1967, Opa moved out to live with Oma's youngest (and unmarried) sister, aunt Dina, in the small town of Hasselt close to Zwolle. Opa had closed the business when we immigrated to Canada—he had reached the age of sixty-five of official retirement and had started to receive a government pension; everything connected with the business was then disposed of. After Opa moved to Hasselt, some of the furniture and other household goods, as we learned from dad, who had gone to Netherlands for the funeral and to help Opa to settle his affairs before he moved, were donated to the Salvation Army; the rest was carted to the dump. Nearly all of my grandparents' material goods were deemed too old-fashioned to be of use and interest to anyone. Dad saw to it that the fine delftware and china were saved for the three sons and daughters-in-law, while mom got Oma's jewelry, and the beautiful Indonesian mahogany desk went to Herman and his wife, aunt Truus. Opa gave to dad to pass along to me his gold watch which he received from Oma three years earlier as a gift to mark their 45th wedding anniversary. I am still its proud owner and

have kept it in good repair over the past nearly fifty years; this must most certainly remain a family heirloom.

No.1, Rozemarinstraat, was never rented out again. When I was in Zwolle in 1968, during my first visit to the Netherlands since the immigration, I saw it once more; on the outside it looked gloomier and more solitary than ever. The real shock, however, came when I discovered that the Church of St Michael on the Roggenstraat had been demolished a few years earlier and that the congregation, together with the church's ornate tomb of Thomas á Kempis, the author of the 15th century devotional classic, *The Imitation of Christ*, had been moved to a brand-new building on Zwolle's outskirts. In its place now was a parking lot serving a newly built department store at the back. That this magnificent church, which I believed went back to the Middle Ages (only later did I learn that, by Dutch standards, it was a late-nineteenth century newcomer), with its impressive Gothic exterior, including one of the tallest spires in Zwolle, and gleaming with gilt, silver, and well-polished fine wood, and with its expansive spaces punctuated by exquisite statues and stained-glass windows had been torn down, struck me as the ultimate sacrilege: how could what I assumed were devout Catholics have allowed this happen? Incongruously, the old church building on the Rozemarinstraat, long since abandoned and now completely lacking in any practical use—for some decades after 1893 it had served as a Catholic community centre—was still standing, looking more forlorn and sombre than ever.

I was back there in the *binnenstad* again fifteen years later, in 1983. Now it was the loss of No. 1, Rozemarinstraat, which I had to mourn: it had been demolished, perhaps recently, because some of the rubble was still there. Tears came briefly to my eyes as I took in this melancholy scene and a wave of nostalgia swept over me. I saw in both the Nieuwe and the Oude Straat whole rows of derelict- looking houses, obviously unoccupied, and with many of their windows boarded up awaiting the same fate.

I was back for the third time twenty-two years later, in 2005. There was a brand-new house now on the site of No. 1, Rozemarinstraat, but architecturally with its clean angular somewhat neoclassical lines it looked very much like my grandparents' home. I was even more pleased to learn later that it was a residence for students at a nearby, equally new post-secondary college. The whole neighbourhood had undergone a thoroughgoing *sanering*, a slum clearance: long rows of houses that had deteriorated into a slum-like condition and were beyond repair and renovation had been demolished and replaced by brand-new, fully modern dwellings, but these still preserved the basic architectural lines of the old. This creative blending of new and old; the best of the old subsumed in the new; the fusion of the traditional and the modern; the Dutch are very good at it.

III. 3 Our Little House at No. 62, Enkstraat (1946-1954)

In one major aspect, its grand spaciousness, Rozemarinstraat, No. 1 had it way over what we moved into in 1946: Enkstraat, no. 62, was, or rather was to become, unbelievably cramped for a family, which had by April 1951, when Sylvia was born one day after my birthday, six children. It was basically a ground-floor apartment; there was another apartment—with its own entrance—on the second floor. It was certainly small, with its small sitting room in the front and a somewhat larger dining room at the back, a kitchen, two smallish bedrooms, and a tiny yard at the far back. There was no bathroom, just a w.c. The kitchen was good-sized and had a gas-lit stove, but there was no boiler, so we had to make do with cold running water. The dining room served also as a bedroom for mom and dad, so it had a large collapsible bed. As in the Rozemarinstraat, there was no central heating, just a big coal stove in the sitting room; central heating was a luxury that most homes did not acquire until the 1960's, when the country began to exploit its huge resources of natural gas.



62 Enkstraat, Zwolle

We were living now in a relatively new neighbourhood, at least by Dutch standards. After Zwolle was linked into the country's growing railway network in the

1860's it quickly became a major hub through which all the trains to the northeastern provinces of Drenthe, Friesland, and Groningen had to pass. The railway station (a handsome building built in the popular neoclassical style which, although much expanded, still stands today) and the extensive railway yards became a major employer. Over the next several decades, therefore, a large new district arose to the east of the old city in order to house the new workers and their families and the large variety of services they needed. Its name, "Assendorp" (literally translated, "Ashes Village"), pointed to the fact that the coal which was burned to ashes, powered the trains' steam engines. Our stretch of the Enkstraat, I suspect, was built in late 1800's or early 1900's, and it linked the district's main street, the Assendorperstraat, with a handsome tree-lined square called, not surprisingly, the Assendorperplein ("Assendorp Square"). The Square's centre had a large gazebo, where many a concert was held during the summer months. Our home adjoined the Queen Wilhemina School, which had its entrance on the Square; here I was to attend kindergarten and grades two, three, and four of elementary school. All in all, it was a good neighbourhood in which to spend eight years of my childhood. Now, at least a century later, it looks decidedly old-fashioned and, in some places, even shabby, and my impression is—I saw it last in 2005 and 2006—it is home to many immigrant families.

I have, on the whole, very pleasant memories of my two years of kindergarten. *Kleuterschool* ("little kids' school"), normally for ages four through six, was pretty well standard already then for all children.. The teachers were all young women, mostly unmarried, I suspect; in the Netherlands at that time, married women, especially those with children, simply were not expected to work outside the home. In any case, we always addressed them as *juffrouw* ("miss") or *juf* for short, words which are no longer used, replaced as they have been by the now ubiquitous *mevrouw* ("mrs," "ms," and "madam"). It was a time of supervised play and even some learning, in that we were introduced to the alphabet and simple arithmetic. I liked the teachers, although some more than others, my favourites being *juffrouw* Joop and *juffrouw* Katrien. I still have a photo of myself sitting next to Gert at a children's table. The one negative memory I have is that at one time—at the age of five probably—quite falsely I thought, I was for scolded being naughty and, as punishment, had to endure the typical humiliation of having to stand in a corner facing the wall for half an hour or a little more; I remember my sobbing then for a few minutes—how they be so unfair and cruel?

For the first year of elementary school I went to the Da Costa School in the Pierik district. This was an even newer part of Zwolle, basically an eastern extension of the Assendorp, and built between the two World Wars. (Da Costa, I learned later, was a Dutch worthy who was instrumental in the revival of Calvinist orthodoxy in the previous century). It was a school that catered to the *Gereformeerden*, the families that

attended the “Reformed” churches of Calvinist orthodoxy. This was a strictly denominationally based school, unlike other Protestant-oriented schools, and received the same complete government-subsidy as all schools did which met the government-stipulated basic academic standards. It was not a happy year for me. First of all, I didn't like the long walk. Secondly, there was the nasty little dog along the way that came running and barking at me more than once; at one time, it even bit into my shoe—fortunately, nothing worse. I think it were these run-ins that inspired in me an enduring dislike and even fear of barking dogs, and I became a cat lover instead; only within the past few decades I have come to enjoy the warm sociability of most dogs.

Worst of all was my teacher, Mrs Koetsier. I learned easily and in this respect I had no trouble from her. However, I was left-handed, and she pressed me continually to write with my other hand. I tried but it was no use and I stubbornly resisted. Once when she caught me writing in the forbidden manner—she had sneaked up from behind me—she slapped me. What a monster! Dad had already had her as a teacher when he was a young boy, and already then, as he told me, she was known as *De Draak* (“The Dragon”). What was far worse was the way she picked on children who had difficulties with their learning. Once, when she was unhappy with the assignment a boy had handed in, she held it up high and tore it to pieces in front of the class. I must have told my parents about it—they also sensed my left-handedness was giving me trouble with the teacher—and they must have told his parents, whom they knew well, because the latter dropped in for the purpose of talking about what the teacher had done to their son. The upshot of it all was that before the end of the school year, together with the other boy, I was taken out of the Da Costa School and transferred to the Queen Wilhelmina School right next door.

The Queen Wilhelmina School was known as a “School with the Bible,” and served the entire Protestant community. Looking back, mom told us much later that when she started teaching there as a substitute teacher in 1953, she was told very bluntly by the principal, Mr IJsselstein, “Don't you ever lay a hand on these children”; in other words, any form of corporal punishment was strictly forbidden. This rule existed—it was hardly universal in Dutch schools at that time—because many of the children there came from a nearby orphanage or from foster homes. My years at this school were happy years. The only time it felt differently was when I was bullied for a while by a much older boy. One day, he tripped and pushed me and I fell with my head on the pavement and ended up with a bleeding cut. I went home immediately and mom took care of the wound. She must have gone to the principal because the bullying ended.

The school had a wing which served as a teacher's college. Here, of course, the students were much older, and they at times devised their own forms of mischief. The part of the school which adjoined our home was the gymnasium. Once, it must have been in the late afternoon of a weekday when we were all at home, we heard an immense roar; it sounded like an airplane coming down and about to crash on top of our home. I vividly remember mom, in a few seconds of sheer panic, hurriedly shepherding all the children quickly through the front hallway into the street. No plane in sight. The roaring continued for several more seconds, and then ended abruptly. What had happened? It turned out that a few male students in the college had managed to haul a large motor—probably a big motorcycle—into the gymnasium and there got it in going at full strength with deafening noise.

We younger ones, too, practiced our own mischief. It came nearly always with collective action: I myself together with other kids, sometimes including my older siblings, from the neighbourhood. The most common form, it took was a fairly innocuous one, that is, ringing door bells one after the other in neighbourhoods not our own. One time we did it along a number of streets in the old part of the city, but avoiding, of course, the Rozemarinstraat. We did one thing, though, that afterwards I felt deeply ashamed of: we walked into the Catholic Church on the Roggenstraat and dipped our hands into a font at the entrance to the sanctuary and splashed ourselves with consecrated water. If my parents had found out about this, I am sure I—I was the only one of the siblings participating in the mischief of that day—would have been severely punished, for my parents, as well as my grandparents, had a deep respect for the Catholic Church. They had Catholic friends and acquaintances. In the wartime period when food, especially nutritious food, was scarce, my grandparents could always rely on a Catholic family on a farm they knew well to supply them, at no cost or at a very reasonable price, with what they needed; this might even include the luxury of meat. Just before Sylvia was born at home, with a nurse practitioner present to assist in the delivery (this was already then a very common practice in the Netherlands), all us five children were sent across the street to stay for the day with the van der Meer family. They were Catholic, a lovely couple, older than my parents, for they had already adult children. One of them was a missionary, perhaps in Africa, for one day he came home to visit and brought along a few guests, distinguished looking black men, probably also missionaries—we had never seen black folks before and were amazed at the sight.

Our frequent ring leader in our escapades was the son of the owners of the butcher's shop on the corner of our street and the Assendorperstraat. (The shop was no longer there when I visited the Enkstraat in 2005, the first time since the immigration). I am not entirely sure now of his name, but it was a common, short, typically Dutch

name such as Jan, Koos, or Henk—it may very well have been the last. He loved to tell us risqué jokes and anecdotes, usually of the obscene type, and often at the expense of pious church-goers. They always featured a couple of boys carrying out all sorts of crazy mischief: their names were Sampie and Mosie. They strike me now as comic Jewish names, and so 'Henk' (or whatever his name was) and his family may very well have been Jewish.

Our most audacious act of mischief, and very dangerous to boot, however, did not involve 'Henk.' One day, accompanied by Gert, Lida, and Boudewijn, and a boy and a girl (her name, I remember, was Gea) from the Visser family across the street—the family belonged to the same Reformed congregation as ours — went to the railway yard, which was a huge, with a continual arrival and departure of passenger trains. Out of sheer curiosity, we began to wonder what would happen if we piled pebbles onto a pair of rails, and so we did. Looking back, I do not think we intended to cause a railway disaster in the form of a major derailment; we probably thought that the train—being close to the railway station and therefore not going fast—would simply grind to a halt. After a few minutes, though, we had second thoughts and kicked the pebbles off the rails as we saw a train approaching in the distance towards the railway station. We now positioned ourselves on the rails and continued standing there until the train was very close and then jumped off. Did we give a thought to the fright, even panic, we would be causing to the train's engineer? Probably, but we felt it was just a good joke.

Others, too, however, thought differently. A few people saw at a distance what was happening and notified a policeman, who went up to us, gave us a stern reprimand, and took our names and addresses. The same evening a policeman was at our door. He talked with our parents, claiming, among others, that the engineer had nearly suffered a heart attack out of sheer fright. Mom and dad, of course, were dismayed and scolded us severely, telling us that we, together with the Visser children, would have to spend an afternoon at the police station. And so we did on the next Saturday afternoon, when there were no classes. Our punishment consisted of having to write, many, many times over, something like, "We should never, never play on the train rails." Boudewijn was still in kindergarten, so they let him draw pictures. The Visser children were severely punished by their parents, but mom and dad felt we had been sufficiently disciplined and had learned our lesson for a lifetime. I myself was called into school principal's office to receive a scolding and my class received a warning from him that what we had done was very dangerous and must not happen again.

If at that time I had been living in Canada outside the restrictive confines of orthodox Calvinism, I am sure the movies would have played a major role in my

upbringing. As it was, I was to remain movie-illiterate well into adulthood. Calvinism fosters a culture of reading, as I saw from the habits of both parents and grandparents. My mother came from a 'light' as opposed to a 'heavy' Reformed milieu, and as she told me much later, was a fairly regular movie-goer in the 1930's, and knew, for instance, the movies with Greta Garbo well, but with her marriage into the Verstraete family and with her increasing responsibilities as wife and mother movie-going became a luxury of the past.

It was only twice, as far as I can remember, that I went to the movies in a commercial cinema in Zwolle. I have no recollection whatsoever of what the movies were all about, but I imagine they must have been edifying. However, one of the newsreels has remained with me: it showed film shots of the Korean War and of Queen Juliana's visit to the United States: the latter dates it to the year 1952. A community hall in the neighbourhood showed occasionally silent movies. These I took in eagerly, but they must have been rather forgettable, except for one heart-wringing movie that showed children lost in the woods and being pursued by villainous men, but eventually restored to their family. Even more unforgettable was the iconic figure of the awkward, but loveable tramp played, of course, by Charlie Chaplin.

I, too, embraced the reading culture. During my Enkstraat years I could not have as yet have a card which would give me borrowing privileges at Zwolle's main public library. I made do, therefore, the resources of the family. I have already mentioned my love of my grandparents' beautifully illustrated books of nature. My parents had a small encyclopedia, which I liked to dip into for interesting nuggets of history and geography. They subscribed to Zwolle's daily newspaper; I still remember the front page headline in early March of 1953 reporting that Stalin had died. They also subscribed to *De Spiegel* ("The Mirror"), a weekly photo-magazine, like *Life* or *Look*, which had most of its readers in the Reformed community. I remember vividly the photos it carried, in June of the same year, of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth.

I did not at all like the literature we read at school; it was all for children from the ages of six to twelve. I was also very picky as to the books I wanted as gifts. I remember, with a sense of shame now, that when Opa and Oma presented me with the children's classic *Heidi* for my ninth or tenth birthday, I exclaimed with indignation, "It's a girl's book." My parents were terribly embarrassed but managed to coax me into accepting the book with a weak thank-you. I did page through it in order to get the drift of the story, but never read it from cover to cover.

This 'no girls please' exclamation of mine reminds me of a different episode in my life during the Enkstraat years. Already as a young boy, Gert showed artistic talent,

and so my parents enrolled him in a prestigious local art school for children, of which the well-known artist Stien Eelsingh — she was, in fact, one of the most highly regarded of female Dutch artists of the time—was the director. But Gert didn't like it all and after one session, refused to go there anymore: “all those girls.” Mom and dad had paid good money for him, which they didn't want to let go to waste. So, I became perforce the substitute. I was indeed the only boy, but despite this and my lack of artistic talent—at least in the plastic arts—I enjoyed the sessions immensely. The school's location was the top floor of the Hopmanshuis, the handsome although now somewhat shabby-looking sixteenth-century building in the *binnenstad* which, ages ago, had housed Zwolle's civic guard; I could not help but being enveloped, in a most pleasurable way, by its rich historic aura. For a while, together with two girls, I worked on a huge [painting and collage which depicted a king and queen in all their medieval finery, and prided myself on my contribution.

I do not remember being a regular listener of the radio during those years. However, like all of the Dutch, I was gripped by its coverage of the terrible flood that devastated the southwestern part of the Netherlands in early February of 1953. For the rest, the music played on the radio at that time did not appeal much to me; I liked some of the classical music, but most of the Dutch popular music of that time, directed as it was to adult tastes, I found corny, even stupid at times (the title of one song, in translation “Coffee, coffee, a d'licious cuppa coffee”); the American songs and music I liked much better. The revolution of Rock and Elvis was still to come.

Aristocratic families in eighteenth century England used to send their young (still unmarried) sons to Europe for what became the proverbial Grand Tour in order that these might imbibe the very best of High Culture. In the following century wealthy American families followed suit. Given my age and the limited finances of my large family, the luxury of exploring the cultural wonders of Europe outside the Netherlands could not be mine during the years of my childhood. It was not until I was well into adulthood in Canada that I could start, in a very piece-meal fashion, on that glorious journey. However, my own country I got to know quite well indeed.

During the years of the late forties and early fifties, when the family business was booming, my dad had his own car, and with this he travelled all around the country, even into Belgium, as the company's sales representative to meet current and prospective clients. The car was also for own his own and our family's use to make the occasional day-trip. With very few exceptions, we did not stray too far from home; we would mainly tour the beautiful countryside sprinkled with picturesque towns around Zwolle—I remember vaguely an excursion to the IJssel Lake and the historical fishing town of Elburg. I remember more distinctly dad's getting a reprimand plus a ticket from

a forester (or a police man?) for digging up a small evergreen tree for planting in our own tiny backyard.

The car was a small English-made two-door Morris Minor. It not was only really too small for our family but it was also shoddily made: once, while Dad was driving alone in the car, the door on the passenger dropped out, just like that. Mom would side beside dad, with the youngest —it was Annelies for almost two years —on her lap; the rest would be packed like sardines on the backseat. No seatbelts then! Things would get pretty noisy and rambunctious there, and when Lida at one time was the worst culprit, dad took her out of the car and said in mock-anger he would drive on without her. However, as all of us wailed with sibling solidarity, “Oh please, dad, don't,” he relented and all of us behaved as well as we could for the rest of the trip.

I remember vaguely two trips I made with mom and dad in 1949. The first was to attend the wedding of his brother Lambert and aunt Rikje in her hometown of Dieren, about forty kilometers south of Zwolle on the IJssel River; I am quite sure we drove there. The other wedding, that of mom's youngest sister, aunt Nel, and uncle Henk, took place at a much greater distance from Zwolle in the west of the country, perhaps in Haarlem. I was the only child, the oldest, who went with them. We may have driven there—otherwise we would have taken the train—but I have no clear recollection.

My really big trip, though, during the Enkstraat years I took with Gert by train to Rotterdam just before New Year's Eve in 1950; I was six, Gert five. We were accompanied by and were under the watchful eyes of uncle Herman, dad's youngest brother, his fiancée, aunt Truus, and aunt Dina, Oma's youngest (and unmarried) sister. We stayed all there for a few days with aunt Plug, Truus's widowed mother. (Plug was actually the family name, her late husbands' name, but we children always called her that). Aunt Plug had a large apartment in an older part of the Rotterdam that had escaped the heavy German bombardment in May 1940, which had destroyed much of the central city. Gert and I got to sleep together in an alcove bed.

Those were glorious, memorable days. Together with Herman and Truus, and occasionally accompanied by Aunt Dina as well, we saw at close hand the rebuilding of the city still in progress. Herman and Truus took us to a cinema to see Walt Disney's “Bambi” —what a wondrous experience that was!—and finally, on New Year's Eve we were allowed to stay up past midnight as the New Year's Eve festivities reached their crescendo with fireworks, firecrackers, and the tooting horns of ships in the harbour. All of us even went outside for a while, and Gert and I stared with amazement at the intoxicated revelers staggering into and out of the bars.

Two serious-comic incidents have always remained with me from those days. All five of us were going to cross the great river, the Nieuwe Waterweg, which bisected the city, by using the newly built and opened tunnel, into which we had to descend standing a long escalator. Poor Aunt Dina just didn't dare to step onto it, no matter how hard Truus and Herman tried to coax her, even joined for a while by a friendly police officer. Finally, they gave up, and we all went back. The second happened one evening when after dinner, aunt Dina began to lament, even sobbing at times, the dismal way she was treated by some of her older siblings. Gert and I listened with wide open ears. Later, in bed, Gert and I decided that those mean folks would have to be severely punished, and we would exact the punishment by gouging out their eyes; they would make wonderful marbles to play with. I have often thought back to those sadistic fantasies two young boys, perhaps like all children, were capable of.

Finally, there were the memorable bus excursions put on by a community organization, REA (I still don't know what the acronym stands for). They were for both adults and older children. I believe I went by myself, with acquaintances of mom and dad keeping an eye on me. I would board one of the buses early in the morning—it must have been during the summer vacation—provided with a lunch of cheese and fried eggs sandwiches and an apple. I distinctly remember three trips, all of which involved a considerable distance. Amsterdam treated us to Artis (short for the Latin *Natura Artis Magistra*, “Nature is the Mistress of Art”), the country's largest zoo, and to the Rijksmuseum with its impressive collection of Dutch masters such as Rembrandt and Vermeer. Another trip took us to Nijmegen and its surroundings. We visited the Canadian military cemetery at Groesbeek. The sight of the thousands of gravesites where Canadian soldiers who had fought and died for the liberation of the Netherlands were buried made a deep impression on me. Later we inspected in the heart of Nijmegen the ruins of Charlemagne's hunting lodge and visited the grounds of the Holy Land Foundation with its buildings which recreated many of the biblical sites of the land of Israel. Finally, there was the trip to a huge amusement park, the Elfteling, in the province of North Brabant, with its Ferris wheel and numerous other rides, and its colourful recreations of scenes from fairytale and legend. On the bus, people would often break into a cheerful song which went something like this (freely translated), “Go with the Rea, Rea to see new places and get a nice tan on your faces.”

The most impressive building in the Assendorp district, near the intersection of the Enkstraat and the Assendorperstraat was the monastery of the Dominican Order, which must have been built around the turn of the century. Adjoining it to the west was a beautiful church, about the same size as the church on the Roggenstraat, and also built in the Gothic-revival style; it served the brothers of the monastery as well as much of

Assendorp's Catholic community. Dad really got to know the monastery and the brothers. At one time when he gave one of the latter free materials for a big art and decoration project, the brothers wanted to pay him, but dad said the best way to pay him would be to give him a guided tour of the monastery, and so it happened. Dad's visit turned out to be a lengthy one, and he came home deeply impressed with the work being done by the brothers. Founded in the Middle Ages, the Dominican Order is especially dedicated to teaching. From dad's glowing account afterwards I gained, as much as a eight- or nine-year old could, a real respect not only for the Dominicans but for the Catholic Church, as a whole, and this stayed with me over the years. While I certainly have criticisms, I recognize that the Church has shaped Western Civilization more than any other single institution. As dad was to say years later to the elders of the Christian Reformed Church in Wallaceburg, that while we may be separated from the Church, she is still our Mother.

III. 4 Our House of Wide Open Fields and Skies at No. 95, Abel Tasmanstraat (1954-1958)

By the early summer of 1954 we had been for years on a waiting list for a larger home. Especially after the births of Annelies and Sylvia, Enkstraat no. 62 had become too cramped, but the waiting lists were long. A considerable part of the country's housing stock had been destroyed or severely damaged during the war and there had been virtually no construction then. These factors, coupled with the population explosion of the postwar years as the government was encouraging the growth of large families with its extremely generous baby bonuses, led to an acute shortage of subsidized rental housing. But early in July of that year my parents got the welcome word, and within a few weeks we were moved into our new home at no. 95, Abel Tasmanstraat.

The Abel Tasmanstraat and its immediate neighbourhood was a recently built east extension of a neighbourhood built in the interwar years which had all its streets named after Dutch explorers (Abel Tasman, after whom the Australian island of Tasmania is named, being one of them) and naval heroes. It ran parallel to the Pierik, the east extension of the Assendorp district, and faced it from the north. Between the two neighbourhoods was a wide swath—it must have been at least a kilometre—of fields and meadow bisected by the Almelo-Zwolle canal; in later years, nearly all that expanse would be covered by new construction.

Ours was a corner-house, which gave us a front garden much larger, although still small by Canadian standards, than the postage-stamp sized ones of our neighbours.

The jewel of our new home was the large living room at the corner with large windows facing west and south. The view west was of the wide expanse of open land and the Pierik district's houses, buildings, and church spires in the far distance. It was indeed a view of wide open fields and skies, very different from the almost perpetual gloom created by the cramped quarters and surroundings of our past home. There was the customary separate w.c. The kitchen was tiny and its location was bafflingly inconvenient in that it was separated from the dining room by a hallway and the living room. However, there was a boiler for hot water as well as a bathroom. The latter, to be sure, was minuscule and had only an elevated small basin with a wide ledge where one had to sit and splash oneself with the water coming out of the faucets and shower fixture. Still no central heating; the heating came, once more, from a large coal stove in the sitting room, so we had to make do again with hot water bottles to warm our beds in the winter, and a small kerosene stove was kept in the kitchen. Finally, however, we had the three separate bedrooms our large family needed.



95 Abel Tasmanstraat, Zwolle

Later we discovered that the quality of the construction was less than perfect, in fact borderline shoddy—this was typical of many of the homes in the neighbourhood. There was occasional leakage in the form of dampness on the west and south walls of the living room whenever it was buffeted by rain and wind. There was the also the problem of the occasional sewer back-up, which would create a malodorous smell in the dining room. These problems were never adequately fixed, so later, in Canada we could not help but wonder how the new tenants were managing.

Now we had nature— wide open fields stretching to a wide canal under wide open skies—right in front of our home. The canal, which was as wide as a good-sized river, was a great place for fishing, from small stickle basses to big, fat eels; all these meant not so much for the dinner-table but simply for the adventure of catching fish. The fishes were usually tossed back, although the enormous eel we once caught was so big it had to be shown off, so we were permitted to let it swim for a while in the bathroom tub. The field was also great for playing soccer, although it could also be safely played on the street given the scarcity of motorized traffic. I did not care very much for team sports, but enjoyed badminton, which was played without a net either on the street or on the field. Neither I nor my siblings, nor, I think, most of the kids in our neighbourhood, belonged to a sports club. There were plenty of clubs, but just about all of them had their games on Sunday, which was a no-no for families of the strict Reformed persuasion: we were expected to keep the Sabbath-day holy. Catholic kids had it better: after you went to Mass Sunday morning, the rest of the day was yours, whether young or old, to enjoy as you pleased.

In the summer of 1955 the big field right in front of our house also was the location for young Gert's first entrepreneurial venture, namely an open cookhouse, where he prepared and sold pancakes for five guilder cents a piece. The cooking was improvised with marvelous simplicity: he dug a hole in the ground, lit a fire, and then over this he held the frying pan which he had borrowed from our kitchen; I don't remember if he used a grill on which the pan could be placed. By this time, he had already thoroughly mixed the batter in a large bowl, and so the pancakes kept on coming. They were surprisingly tasty, and thanks to the rock-bottom price he charged, even the smallest kid could enjoy the treat; even many an adult could not resist. What he did was, I am sure, in violation of some local bylaw—you could expect that from Dutch bureaucracy—but Gert's 'business' was left undisturbed. A policeman came by, stopped, asked a few kind questions, enjoyed a free pancake, and then went on his way. Gert's entrepreneurship also extended to the theatre as he started to put on puppet shows for the small children in our neighbourhood; for his performances, he used the shed at the back of the house; it was amazing what he could improvise with old draperies and boxes and pieces of cardboard. Gert had, already then, a real knack for getting along with small kids and keeping them entertained. We, his other siblings, at least the older ones, would sometimes tease him about it.

I already mentioned, with reference to Gert and myself, the propensity of children's imagination to cruelty. There was indeed also an element of it in the play of all of us, although here it can be better designated with the German word *Schadenfreude*, the pleasure derived from contemplating another person's misfortune. The

Schadenfreude practiced to varying degree by me and my siblings was at the expense of persons, whether family, friend, or just an acquaintance, who suffered from some sort of physical or mental handicap, and was often enacted through mimicry. Already in the Enkstraat we sometimes made fun of an elderly lady who suffered from a bad limp. Towards some extenuation of our guilt, I must mention that even without her limp she would have been the butt of our ridicule: she was an inveterate gossip who always left her front door wide open so that even when she was in the kitchen at the back of the hallway she could see when there were a few women, including perhaps mom, on the sidewalk on the other side of the street talking with each other; she then would have to join them, and as quickly as possible she would hobble down the hallway—and could be seen from afar doing so. To our unfailing amusement, Lida was the consummate mimic of her fast-paced limping. Yes, it was cruel, but she did it out of the old lady's sight and also made sure that my mom or any other adult would not see it.

Later in the Abel Tasmanstraat we fixed upon a woman who lived with her husband and children at the other corner house in our block. She suffered from a nervous tic which caused her head to jerk sharply sideways toward her left shoulder and this movement was accompanied by a twisting downwards of her mouth in the same direction. Here Lida again played the mimic. The lady's husband was also a figure of fun for us. He and his family belonged to the same Reformed congregation. When he was elected as elder his piety became truly theatrical: every Sunday morning and evening you could watch him walking with his family to church, carrying, very ostentatiously, his bible, dressed in a newly purchased black jacket and grey-and-black pants—really an undertaker's uniform, but it was expressive of the solemnity with which he obviously regarded his ecclesiastical office. There was also a middle-aged lady whom we called *de bosduvel*, “the bush-devil.” By current Dutch standards, she was indeed a wild looking and acting woman, riding on her noisy motorized bike, wearing her big leather coat, her long grey-black hair festooned with little curls streaming behind her as she delivered women's magazines to subscribers all over the neighbourhood.

Finally, there was poor aunt Rikje, uncle Lambert's wife. She was obviously suffering from a form of paranoid schizophrenia, for which, I guess, at the time, there was little medical help. She suspected her neighbours of entering her house and reading her mail and filching her milk and dancing on the coal bin outside—and said so. Windows were often tightly shuttered and curtained throughout the day. Worse, she began to imagine that our family and Opa and Oma were beset by “an evil spirit.” She would drop in person to issue her warning, or, as with Opa and Oma, leave a note to this effect. Once, standing in the hallway just outside the living room, Lida and I—I must have been ten or eleven, two years older than Lida—heard what she was telling mom and dad. We

told the other brothers and sisters, and subsequently, with great hilarity, the story of our nutty aunt was spread around the neighbourhood. Here young Annelies became very adept at the mimicry. Opa and Oma finally had the good sense and compassion to contact Rikje's pastor; I understood he talked with Rikje and it seemed to have helped a little.

With the move to the Abel Tasmanstraat it was back to a school of the strict Reformed persuasion, namely the Elout van Souterwoude School, which was only a short walk from where we lived, and in late of August 1954 I entered grade five there and was to remain there until I completed grade six almost two years later. I have good memories of those two years, the only bad memory being a painful incident between me and my grade five teacher, Mr Pleijsant. It took place on Good Friday (Good Friday is not a holiday in the Netherlands; instead, Easter Monday is). We started that day with a hymn to be followed by the usual Bible lesson. The hymn chosen by the teacher was, not surprisingly, a mournful one commemorating Jesus' crucifixion and death, and I sang along with the others. Mr Pleijsant thought he detected a smile on my face and was outraged. He ordered me to leave the classroom into the hallway, and after few seconds he came out and chastised me for being so disrespectful, and even slapped me once in the face. I was totally bewildered: to be quite honest, I did not feel particularly sombre when the hymn was sung but could not understand how that would register in a smile on my face; the teacher must have imagined it. I was allowed back to my seat and sat there for the rest of morning, humiliated, especially since I got sour looks and even a mumbled expression of disapproval for my alleged impiety (blasphemy even?) from a few fellow pupils.

It became obvious the next day that Mr Pleijsant realized he had made a terrible mistake because he started to act in almost exaggeratedly nice manner towards me: it was his way of saying he was sorry. It was also easy to forgive him because I knew that he, together with his colleague, Mr Zweers, the principal and grade six teacher, had been active in the resistance during the war, and had risked life and limb in hiding and protecting Jewish families; Mr Zweers, in fact, had been arrested at one point and condemned to death; fortunately, at the last moment, this sentence was commuted to imprisonment in a German labour camp. The stress of those hard years perhaps helped to explain Mr Pleijsant's fits of temper in the classroom.

Academically, one of the most enjoyable experiences I had during those two years, in grade six to be exact, was to be introduced to the French language. Its formal study was not to start until the next year, but, together with a few other students, I received, for a small fee, preliminary tutoring from Mr Pleijsant. I took extremely well to French, which the Dutch in general still consider a difficult language. These

introductory lessons were my first steps on the road of my life-long love of languages and their literatures.

You could see during the Abel Tasmanstraat years of my family that the country was moving, albeit very gradually, towards economic prosperity. Horse-drawn began to disappear from the streets and roads, replaced by motorized vehicles, and more family cars were to be seen, although, together with televisions and household appliances such as washing machines and refrigerators, they remained a luxury until well into the sixties. Only a short walk away, a brand-new large covered swimming pool was opened; by this time, I had already learned to swim in the even larger, but open air facility a long walk away.

Each late summer Zwolle had its *kermis*, its annual fair, on the *Rode Torenplein* (“Red Tower Square”: the name had, for me, a nice Russian ring to it) in the *binnenstad*. The circus also came to Zwolle once a year and was set up on the same large open space where the new building with the covered swimming pool was located. It was an old fashioned circus with its usual share of trained horses, elephants, and lions. It was, however, entertainment strictly forbidden to the Reformed folk, and I never got to take in an authentic circus performance. One year—I must have been eleven or twelve years old—a big tent was erected in the same location to house a performance of the opera, “The Pearl Fishers,” and I managed to sneak in for free. I could only think at the same time that it was different, even colourful, but it was not enough to make me a fan of opera. Far more thrilling, as we approached the late fifties, was the influx of the new song and music from America: Rock-and-Roll, Elvis, Presley, The Everly Brothers —I was also charmed by Pat Boone's melodic crooning —although the mainstream Dutch broadcasting companies, whether confessional (Protestant or Catholic) or non-confessional (liberal or socialist) still gave it an only meager portion of their airtime. Music also came to our home thanks to the beautiful large Hoffman & Kühne piano my parents bought. Lida learned to play it well thanks largely to the new Klavarscribo system of musical notation she followed. I only made a start, and never pursued it even after we took our piano with us to Canada. I've always regretted that I never gave myself the time.

My love of reading continued unabated during these years, and its scope was continually widening. The literature we read in grades five and six was, on the whole, insipid, but the school had a small lending library. I liked stories of adventure, and so I took to a series of graphic books that told the story, set in an specified kingdom of centuries ago, of the fortunes, both good and bad, of an affable baker and his shrewish, domineering wife who ran a bakery called (in translation), “In the Sweet Sugar Fritter” (*In de Zoete Suikerbol*). I also enjoyed stories such as *Dik Trom* and *Jaap and His Friends*,

where the protagonist was usually a boy who constantly got himself into mischief; one of favourite episodes came where the bad boy released a frog in the classroom close to the female teacher, who screamed with fright and jumped on a chair and looked down tremblingly at the creature squatting below; the farcical element of the story was heightened with a vivid drawing showing the woman in her unfortunate plight. By today's standards, of course, it was highly sexist. I also remember Mr Pleijsant reading stories to his class that were filled with suspense and excitement; one was even set in the gangster land of Chicago, I continued to dip into the my parents' library and took great pleasure in a book dad had bought recently, *Sagas and Legends of Overijssel* (dad gave it to me many years ago, together with all his books on Zwolle and our province); it was full of tales of war, murder, shipwreck and, above all, ghosts; some of these gripping stories went back at least a thousand years in the history of Overijssel.

When I turned twelve, I finally got a library card for Zwolle's public library and made frequent trips there on my bicycle now that I had access to a much wider range of reading fare, including such classics as *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Three Musketeers*, *Treasure Island*, and the science fiction of Jules Verne. Needless to say, none of these were on the reading lists for my two years in high school, where there was hardly any emphasis on literature as opposed to grammar and spelling. By way of contrast, my school years in Canada were to open up even more treasures for me.

Secondary school in Zwolle, the David Wijnbeek School, where I spent two years, was a bit of a disappointment to me. It was located in a shockingly derelict building, little more than a firetrap, located in an equally decrepit alley called, incongruously, De Goudsteeg ("The Gold Alley"), in one of the oldest parts of the *binnenstad*. I learned decades later it was demolished in 1973. It actually did have an interesting history: built as it was in 1500, it was for many years the *Domus Pauperum*, "The Home of the Poor," a residence for poor students who attended Zwolle's famous Latin school, which was founded in the late fourteenth century and became one of the most respected schools of its kind in northern Europe. Fortunately, while the Wijnbeek School was beyond saving, nearly all of the other buildings in the Latin school complex were beautifully restored.

What I remember most distinctly about the David Wijnbeek School was the unruly atmosphere of many of its classes. Some teachers just couldn't keep order and were mercilessly bullied by the students, both male and female, who typically dominated the classes. All of us were in the years when the hormones of our puberty were beginning to kick in, and so we were nor particularly amenable to order and discipline. I myself felt especially sorry for one of the teachers, Mr Pilon, who was basically a kind, gentle man who was totally unsuited for teaching students of this age-

group—dad told me Mr Pilon had already taught him at the same school a quarter of a century ago and that his troubles were no different then. Mr Pilon would sometimes bring his violin to the class and play it for a while; some, like myself, appreciated it, but others would snigger. When the classroom spun completely out of control, Mr Pilon would run to the principal to restore order. This Mr Hempenius accomplished most quickly with his drill sergeant's manner. On the other hand, Mr van Gelder, who taught French, and the teacher of English, Mr den Hollander, were able to combine charm and personality with firmness, and their classes were a pleasure to be in.

The David Wijnbeek School was of the MULO type: its four grades prepared the students, who would normally graduate at the age of sixteen, to enter the work force, mostly white collar jobs. Students deemed more suitable for blue collar jobs were steered to the trade schools. Until the late sixties, post-secondary schooling in the Netherlands was highly streamed: there were the elite high schools, the gymnasium, lyceum, and HBS, which had six grades, and prepared their students for university; the gymnasium and lyceum emphasized the classical languages, Latin and ancient Greek (in addition to the standard triad of English, French, and German); the HBS was more oriented towards mathematics and the natural sciences. There were other elite secondary schools as well, business- or technically-oriented. Once you were in a non-university stream, transfer to a university stream was virtually impossible. This was the educational system which was universal in Europe at that time. I suspect it was my very modest grade six grade in arithmetic that led to my being placed in the MULO-stream.

The subjects I enjoyed most in the MULO were English and French, and here my grades were excellent. I continued to struggle in mathematics. For a while this was for the reason that I could barely make out what the teacher wrote on the blackboard. Eye-classes fixed that problem, and I started to do well in geometry, but algebra remained problematic. Looking back at my continuing good showing in all branches of mathematics in Canadian high school, I think it is fair to conclude that it was the less than stellar quality of the teaching of mathematics during my two years at the MULO which was at least partially responsible for my poor performance there. In Canada, on the other hand—with really only one exception—my teachers of math (and science, too) were exemplarily knowledgeable and taught with enthusiasm. My performance in German—supposedly by far the easiest of all foreign languages for the Dutch—was mediocre, just at the bare pass level. It had to do in part with the still highly inflected nature of modern German, which I had no patience with: Dutch no longer had the noun-cases and made do with two, rather than three, definite articles, and the the subjunctive mood of the verb was rapidly becoming non-existent—why all this useless grammar in German? Old fashioned, too, were the texts we were still using, published

as they were around the turn of the century and thus, for instance, still speaking of coaches and horses rather than cars. Finally, there was Mr Hempenius instructing the language in his familiar drill sergeant's manner, so unlike the teaching of Mr den Hollander and Mr van Gelder. It was not until my university years in Canada that I began truly to appreciate the German language for its great literature.

After a number of years of prosperity, Opa's business began to decline. Dad blamed this on the now far stiffer competition from much larger companies, high taxes, and bureaucratic overregulation of small business; for instance, according to him, as he told me much later in Canada, if a business wanted to branch out into a new area, it was necessary that the person who would take charge of this initiative—and this would be my dad in Opa's business—should obtain the necessary diploma in order to demonstrate his (or her) competence; only if this happened, would the necessary license be issued by the authorities. This, of course, would amount to a major hardship of time spent away from work for a small business. It was this unhappy situation that led to the beginning of thinking about immigration in the minds of both my parents.

The car was no longer affordable, and so my dad now had a scooter for his travels as sales representative, and this travel was now confined to a much shorter radius of territory. However, this was a veritable bonus for me. I don't remember ever accompanying dad when he travelled by car, but now I became his frequent companion sitting behind him on the rear seat—warmly dressed like dad, but no safety helmet for either of us; after all, this was Holland in the 1950's, and even now you don't see many Dutch cyclists of all ages wearing this sort of protection, which, of course, has become mandatory in Canada.

Even more now than when sitting in a car I got to see and appreciate the beautiful surroundings of Zwolle, the picturesque historic towns, the polders, the meadows, the farmlands and woodlands. I remember riding on a dyke road and looking across the low-lying meadows to the IJssel Lake in the far distance shrouded in haze. It must have been on a fall or spring afternoon when I was at the MULO with the afternoon off from classes. I also remember riding past Vilsteren Castle, which dated from the fifteen century; in its day it must have been a formidable fortress, but now centuries later, and with the usual alternations, renovations, and expansions these buildings go through over time, it looked serene and had the air of an eighteenth century chateau. Lots of bicycling on my own or with fellow cyclists complemented these travels. One beautiful spring morning, when I and the rest of my class companions were done with a medical check-up at a clinic, we decided to go AWOL and bicycle all the way to the Lemelerberg, which has the distinction of being the highest hill of Overijssel (80 metres or so above sea-level)—the Dutch call their hills,

bergen, “mountains.” It was a glorious day of biking and making it all the way to the top. For all of us, the big surprise the next day was that we were not questioned about this excursion.



*All of us six siblings at Opa and Oma's Philipsberg cottage in the summer of 1952
(I am standing next to Opa and holding his cane)*

For many summers, my grandparents had been renting a cottage at a resort called the Philipsberg, about 25 kilometres to the south across the IJssel River from Zwolle. The resort was in the Veluwe, a far-stretching region of hills, pine forests, and heath fields unique, for its expanse, in the Netherlands. If you travelled by bus, you would get off at the base of the Philipsberg; from there it was a steep uphill walk along a gravel road to the resort. Cycling was also an option, at least if the weather was right; it was a ride of less than one-and-a-half hours from Zwolle. We loved to join opa and oma in their *heidestulpje*, their “heathland cottage.” The cottage was delightfully primitive: water from a pump, no electricity—just picturesque kerosene lamps—and the only telephone was located in the resort's tea-house. For two weeks over two or three summers, mom and dad rented our own family cottage, the *zonnestulpje*, the “sun cottage.” I remember that for one of these stays, we were completely rained out, and a few of us had to go back to Zwolle to get our rain gear. But we, young and old, rain or shine, always managed to amuse ourselves, delighting in our ‘roughing’ it with our limited amenities and in the, for us, almost exotic landscape.

Less than a year before the immigration, in the summer of 1957, I was finally able to meet and get to a number of my relatives on mom's side of the family. I took the train to Gouda, and stayed for a few with days with Opa and mom van Dam. I remember them as being very hospitable although very quiet. Mom had a deep affection for her dad; however, she was only four when her mother died of pneumonia; her father remarried a few years later, but she was never close to her stepmother. The grandparents still had Kees, their youngest, unmarried son, and mom's half-brother living at home. He really took me around. I got to meet my uncles Koos and Gerrit, mom's brothers, and their wives, aunts Annie and Agaath. We visited Gouda's famous cheese market and its magnificent city hall built in the late fifteenth century in then still popular Gothic style, and I got to taste Gouda's almost equally well-known *stroopwafels* "syrup waffles." He also took me to see a Hollywood movie, "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers": I must admit I thought the story was completely silly, including the singing and the dancing, and since then, with very few exceptions, I have never cared for musicals. Then it was on to Dordrecht, the home of mom's oldest brother, uncle Dirk and his wife, aunt Jeanne, and their son Gé and daughter Nellie; from all of them I received warm hospitality. Uncle Dirk was the vice-president of a small oil company, and it was obvious the family was well-to-do. Gé was a few years older than I and already well advanced in high school, so I felt especially close to Nellie, who was exactly my age and a bit of a tomboy. I flew a kite and played with badminton with her. On the next to last day, we took a grand tour of the province of South Holland in the commodious family car; it included Rotterdam and The Hague together with its seaside resort of Scheveningen, and for the first time in my life I saw the North Sea.

I started catechism, instruction in the Bible and the teachings of the Reformed Churches, in the fall of 1957. There was no Sunday school, so children went to church with their parents, forced to sit through the entire service, which was, typically, very long because of the duration of the sermon. Normally, this came to 45 minutes, and when it was extra long it might be close to an hour; if, in addition, the sacrament of baptism or the Lord's Supper (the latter was celebrated only four times a year) was administered, the service might last over two hours. When we lived in the Enkstraat we went to the Zuiderkerk ("South Church"), which was also the church of opa and oma, and with the move to the Abel Tasmanstraat, the Oosterkerk ("East Church") became our place of worship. The congregations of both churches were housed, by Dutch standards, in relatively new buildings dating from the late nineteenth century, although the architecture of the Oosterkerk displayed a unique mixture of tradition and modernity that caused it to be officially designated as a protected Heritage church, and so it would escape the fate of the Catholic church on the Roggenstraat I admired so much. There was a third church which belonged to the so-called (in translation),

“Separated Reformed Churches of the Netherlands,” which resulted from a doctrinal dispute in 1944, but we never went there.

Fortunately, my parents felt once to church on Sunday was enough—here the preference of mom who did not come from an orthodox Calvinist background was evident—and sometimes with a bit of wheedling or a faked cold, we could get even out of that. My favourite minister was the Rev. Kuyper because he read his sermons verbatim from a prepared text at a very fast pace, so his sermon usually last for only half an hour. It was our good fortune, too, that he preached mainly in the Oosterkerk. (He was also the pastor who conducted my catechism class.) The boredom of sitting through a long sermon was alleviated somewhat by sucking on one or two peppermints (*pepermuntjes*) distributed by mom to everyone in the family; this, in fact, was a habit indulged in by nearly all families who were sitting through the sermon, including Opa and Oma. I would always wait with baited breath for a hint in the minister's words that he was approaching the end of his sermon, and would be terribly disappointed if the hint was false, and the “amen,” the blessed word of release, had not been spoken.

It will be obvious that church and religion were, for me, largely a matter of habit, something that was expected of you and of everyone else in the family, and you were not enough of a rebel to argue with it. When I look back to those years, I do recognize there were at times stirrings of a deeper insight within myself but that these as yet inchoate epiphanies had very little to do with church and organized religion.

During the last year before my immigration, it was clear that the *Sturm und Drang* of puberty was taking hold of me, although I would have been hard pressed then to provide an articulate description, let alone an explanation, of it. I had a sudden major spur of growth, although, unlike my two younger brothers, I was to remain stuck at 1.78 metres. I was puzzled by frequent erections, although the sensation was delicious and I was, at least at the beginning, acutely embarrassed by wet dreams. I was dismayed by what I felt was the ugliness of the growth of hair in the groin area and for a while hacked fanatically at it with a pair of scissors. Just before I turned fourteen, in response to a question of mine, dad told me the 'facts of life,' just the basic biological stuff, in a hurried, almost embarrassed manner, without any moral lecture, too. I was mildly grateful, but soon after settling down in Wallaceburg, I turned to the *Encyclopedia Britannica* for more information.

With all this, came moodiness, a newfound urge to rebel, and outbursts of temper. The last were not completely foreign to me. I remember two outbursts of years earlier which certainly did not show my better self. Just before I started grade one my parents presented me with a pen and pencil set. (The pen was not of the ballpoint type,

which at that time, I think, was hardly available and had perhaps not even been invented, but had a metal nib which you had to dip into ink; at school, therefore, each desk came with a small inkwell). It obviously came from the school supplies of the family business. I thought it looked very cheap and loudly said so and flung it away on the kitchen table. Far worse, came one or two years later. With young Boudewijn, I had gone to the open fields not too far from where we lived in order to collect tadpoles swimming in the numerous ditches there; we kept them in a large glass jar filled with water. Boudewijn accidentally upset the jar and nearly all the tadpoles now were gone. I was furious at him, punched him and pulled his hair. He ran home and told mom, who gave me a vigorous scolding. In time, I became deeply ashamed and years later, when we were already living in Canada, I asked for Baldwin's forgiveness, and thank God, he gave it to me.

My rebelliousness I took out primarily on mom and dad, especially my dad. More than once, I used obscene language at the dinner table, which would infuriate dad, and he would order me from the room and I would leave with a mumbled parting shot at him. It is good to remember, though, that the conflict never lasted; deep down I knew I had a great affection for a dad who would buy me and my brothers and sisters ice cream cones and tasty snacks of croquettes, and would take me with him on his scooter. One incident showed the affection was mutual: I sneaked into mom and dad's bedroom once—it must have been around the same time as when he told me the 'facts of life'—and tried on one of my dad's neckties hanging in the closet. Dad suddenly entered the room; I was embarrassed, but he just silently hugged me.

Looking back to these years almost sixty years ago now, I believe I had already some intimation that my sexual orientation was different. I was not in least bit interested in girls by way of erotic attraction, and felt a vague, as yet quite undefined attraction to boys of my age or a bit older. It may have started already with my friendship with Hans, a classmate of mine in grade six. He had a flamboyant manner and always was spiffily dressed, usually with shirt and tie. Once, at the dinner table at our place — mom had allowed me to invite him — he emphatically pronounced himself to be a *fatje*, a “dandy,” to the great amusement of all of us. I can only speculate what might have become of our friendship in later years. One spring or early summer day, however, Mr Zweers told the class that Hans's father had died unexpectedly and that he and his mother would be moving away immediately to Apeldoorn. This was, unfortunately by Dutch standards, not close to Zwolle. I never saw or heard from Hans again. I also remember my attraction to two boys in my second year at the MULO, a second Hans, whose dad owned a large men's clothing store, and, above all, Wim, whom I recall as especially good-looking, and who, I think, may have been a year older, perhaps because he had failed a grade. His expensive clothes showed he came

from a wealthy family; he was also well supplied with cigarettes; he sat right behind me, and I was always happy to sneak to him on a scrap of paper the correct answer on a test in return for a cigarette. Finally, during my fourteenth year I belonged to a boys club, *Animo* (Latin for "With Spirit") — it was run under the auspices of the Reformed Churches — where I enjoyed hanging around with the boys I found particularly attractive and smoking the occasional cigarette with them.

The greatest trauma for me, and for the entire family, during all these years of childhood in the Netherlands was mom's physical and nervous collapse in March 1956. It may have been precipitated by the hustle and bustle created by the visit, just before this, of mom's half-sister, aunt Janny, and Uncle Jack, who had immigrated to Canada shortly after the war and were now doing their round of visiting family. However, the root- cause, sheer overwork, had been festering for months. A few years earlier mom had gone back to teaching; she was a natural teacher and loved her profession, but marriage and a growing family had kept her away from it for years. The money she earned was also welcome to our large family; it had, among others, financed the acquisition of our beautiful piano. Mom worked only as a substitute, so at the beginning she had plenty of periods when she was off work. She did several stints at the Queen Wilhelmina School, where Boudewijn had the pleasure of having her as his teacher for a while (he did complain, though, that mom was stricter with him than with all her other pupils). Her final stint was at the same school in 's Heerenbroek where she had taught in the late thirties. However, because of the prolonged illness of the teacher she replaced, this morphed into a long-term position lasting through the fall and the winter. The winter of 1955-56, was unusually severe with long cold spells and heavy snow falls. Public transportation to 's Heerenbroek did not work out with her teaching schedule, and so mom was forced to bicycle Monday through Saturday (classes then also met on Saturday mornings) to school. It was a trip of one hour each way, sometimes through bitter cold and along still snow-covered streets and roads. A cleaning lady who came in once or twice a week, a newly purchased washing machine, and dad, too, whenever he was not on the road, helped out, but it was far from enough, and so the physical and nervous exhaustion leading to a complete collapse was inevitable

The five weeks when mom was completely confined to bed were frightening for all of us: would mom ever be able to get up, let alone recover her health? A community nurse came in every day to help out and look after us most days when dad was not at home. After school hours I would sometimes, when dad was not as yet around, sit by mom in her bedroom. She would just be lying there, her eyes most of the time closed as though she was unconscious. She would sometimes panic and call for dad when he was not at home. I would call Opa then—fortunately, we had a telephone—and he would come and reassure her. Finally, however, Dr Huetingh, our family doctor,

forced mom to sit up and get of out bed, and so a recovery of sorts started, but for the rest of her life mom would be scarred both physically and psychologically by her ordeal.

It was all the more surprising, therefore, that mom joined dad in the talk in the following year about immigration to Canada. I suspect that since she would not be able to return to teaching, she felt she might just as well make a completely new start in her life and that of her family. It certainly took a lot of courage. Both mom and dad were convinced that much better opportunities were awaiting dad in small-business-friendly Canada and that their children, too, would get much farther ahead. The two had already considered immigration, to either the U.S. or Canada, in the early fifties, but had decided against it then because dad did not want to abandon Opa in the family business. However, when it became clear that when Opa turned 65 in 1958, he would get a decent government pension and would be able then to close the business, everything changed: enquiries were made, and the decision was made to immigrate to Canada, where the Christian Reformed Church, the Canadian sister church of the Reformed Churches of the Netherlands, would be willing to sponsor our family for one year, a crucial requirement laid down by the Canadian government for prospective immigrant families of modest financial means. Mom and dad were given the choice between two CRC congregations in the province of Ontario, Guelph and Wallaceburg, to sponsor us, and chose the latter, having been advised, somewhat misleadingly, that housing in a small town would be much less expensive for a large family than in a sizable city. Dad told me many years later that Guelph would have been the better choice, given his education, work experience, and his ambition to start a new business.

In March and April 1958, things began to move quickly. We were called to the Canadian Embassy in The Hague, where of all of us received a medical examination and mom and dad were interviewed in our presence by the Canadian immigration authorities. I was impressed with my parents' English; it was only their school English, but they understood what was said to them and managed to make themselves understood. The Cold War was at its height, so dad had to give his word he was not a communist. Soon thereafter we received word that we had been approved, and now the final arrangements could be made for our departure for Canada: we would board the *Waterman*—the Dutch name, as I learned later, for the constellation *Aquarius*—in Rotterdam on May 31. The ship would take us to Montreal; from thereon it was travel by train to our final destination.

What were my feelings during these final months before our departure, especially after we had been cleared by the Canadian Embassy and knew we were scheduled to sail on the last day of May? Excitement, certainly, over the grand voyage

of a life-time that was awaiting me, but beyond this I had only a nebulous idea of what would come afterwards. I had seen many photos of Canada—the Rockies, grain silos on the Prairies, the skylines of Toronto and Montreal, old Québec, and even an aerial photograph of the historic little town of Annapolis Royal in the province of Nova Scotia — but I knew Wallaceburg was not close to any of these. Uncertainty, therefore, was mingled in with the excitement. However, I remember clearly there was no foreboding or reluctance to leave Holland for good on my part: my future in a big, new country was beckoning.



The whole family, six kids, mom and dad, Opa and Oma, in front of our Abel Tasmanstraat home just before our immigration (I am in back row – far right)

III. 5 Zwolle, Rozemarinstraat, No.1, late Friday evening, May 30,1958

We are spending the last night before our departure for Rotterdam tomorrow morning sleeping on air mattresses at Rozemarinstraat, No 1. Two days ago a truck came to pack up all our furniture and other important belongings at our home on the Abel Tasmanstraat; we slept our last night there on these same mattresses. Yesterday we said goodbye to our friends and neighbours and left for the Rozemarinstraat. Only Opa is staying here now. Oma is staying at the cottage, and last Saturday we went to say goodbye to her. It was a beautiful warm sunny day, and I could not help but wonder if we were seeing the Philipsberg for the last time. As she is always, Oma was

calm in the goodbyes; she just is not the type to show great emotion very openly—no tears certainly—but if you look closely you could read it on her face. Three days ago I attended my final class at the David Wijnbeek School. Mr Hempenius gave me a letter written and signed by him as the “schoolmaster” stating that I had almost completed the second year of what he called a “grammar school.” I could not help but feel a bit sad that it was goodbye to the old familiar setting which, despite its decrepit state, I had grown fond of, and even sadder were my farewells to my class-mates, a few of whom, Hans, Wim, and Truusje (a real shit-disturber she could be in class!) will always stand out in my mind. As a farewell gift I was presented with the book *Ben-Hur*. I am truly touched by this. I have already paged through a bit of it and can see it is a great story. I will eagerly read it from cover to cover, and I will always treasure it.

The last week has been full of emotion, and I am both tired and sleepy now. Tomorrow the journey of a life-time begins.

