

A Pictorial Memoir  
by  
Ian A. Brown

FINDING  
THE WAY  
HOME



for Annie, Ben and Jasmine

# Family History

## Growing up in Edinburgh

1946-1960



Well, all stories have to start somewhere, so we're going to start with this guy. This is Reuben Eastwood, patriarch of the Eastwood branch of my mother's family. His father started an iron foundry in Derby in the Industrial Revolution in the 19<sup>th</sup>. Century.



Reuben married Sarah, the half-sister of this man, Lord Roe, Mayor of Derby and an M.P. They had 7 children, one of whom was Thomas Eastwood, my mother's father.



This is Thomas and his first wife Marie with their three children, Mollie, Victor and Pat. Mum described her father as 'a failed businessman' who played a lot of golf, and only ever spoke directly to her once, on which occasion he informed her that all she need be concerned with was becoming a good wife and a good mother.



This is the Reverend Downie Brown, my grandfather on my father's side, with his first wife, Elizabeth, and their first born, Doris. This picture was taken in 1898.



My father is top right. In front of him is Doris. Front left is Eric and the baby is Gordon (later to become a psychiatrist)

A picture of my grandfather on his horse & my father on his hobby horse, in Lucknow.



Both Marie Eastwood and Elizabeth Brown died at an early age, and both my Grandfathers remarried. Thomas Eastwood's second wife was named Esther. They had 4 children, the youngest of which was Katherine, my mother.



This is a photo of Katherine Lawson, Esther's mother. She was brought up in Lake Geneva, Wi. USA My mother was told that she closely resembled her grandmother.

My father was brought up in Edinburgh. He went to Sandhurst in 1917 and just missed fighting in WWI. He told me that he and other young officers were very disappointed that the war ended before they had a chance to participate.

My father told me that he had a happy childhood up until his mother Elizabeth died. Apparently, the second wife, known as 'the mater' was not liked.

My mother did not have a happy childhood. Her eldest sister, Adelaide, had to look after her epileptic brother, William, and eventually had a breakdown and was institutionalized as 'a schizophrenic' in her twenties.

She was born in 1910 and brought up at Seathorn, Shardelves Road, Seacroft, Skegness. My mother studied piano at the Royal Academy of Music for a while and then went to Germany where she became the Governess for Lucie, the daughter of a rich aristocratic family in Essen. She met my father through a dating agency (yes!) and they got married in 1937.



Alexander Douglas Brown and Katherine Marion Eastwood



Grandfather, the Mater, Margaret, her husband, and cousin Elizabeth at my Mum and Dad's wedding.



My mother and father then went to India. My mum gave birth to a boy, Eric, in Lucknow in 1938. He died a year later of a tropical disease.



In 1940, my mother gave birth to my sister, Joy, again in Lucknow. In 1941, she gave birth to Andrew, but he too died of a tropical disease in his infancy.

1943, my brother Robin was born. It was the middle of WW2, and my mother had been ordered to go back to Britain. She gave birth to Robin in South Africa. Eventually she made it back to the U.K. after a traumatic sea voyage, in which the ship ahead of hers in the convoy, and the one behind, were both sunk by German U boats.

My father was a Major at this time and was about to be promoted to Colonel and posted to Burma when he fell sick with dysentery and black-water fever. He was told by Army doctors that he must return to Britain. He was very unhappy about this but had to follow orders.

Further mishaps took place. He was posted to Northern Ireland, and while there, he fell off the back of a tractor and broke his back.



When the war ended on May 7<sup>th</sup>. 1945, my parents bought a house at 30 Kingsburgh Road. The next year, on Nov. 22<sup>nd</sup>, I was born in Edinburgh.

Robin and I were christened at St. Margaret's Chapel in Edinburgh Castle



February 10, 1947

Major and Mrs. A. D. Brown with their 4-year-old son, Robin Alexander and baby daughter, Joy, after the children were christened at St. Margaret's Chapel, Edinburgh Castle. The boy was born in South Africa and his christening was conducted as he could travel to Edinburgh.

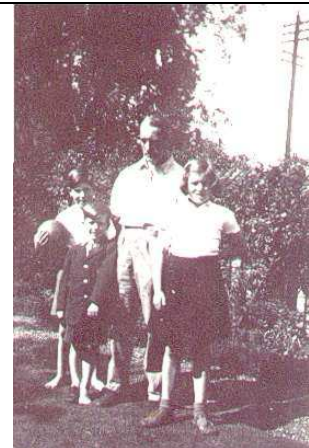
After a couple of short-term jobs, my father got a job as a community liaison officer with the Scottish Council of Social Service. He was away a lot, opening Community Halls & the suchlike. This is Joy saying goodbye to him.



I used to stand at the bottom of the road, waiting for him, when I knew he was on his way back home.



When I was a toddler, we visited my grandmother's house in Hoylake. I remember the red brick sidewalks and the Lifeboat station. These pictures show the front of Grandsie's house, the lifeboat station and the beach.



My father and mother did not have a good marriage. My father took his frustrations out on both my mother and my brother. Robin had been born with a club foot and needed special medical treatment. When I was little, I was teased a lot by Robin but as I grew older, I felt sorry for the way he was treated by my father.

These family portraits are the only two that exist as far as I know. They were both taken outside. I have happier memories of being outside with my family than of the habitual tensions within.



Here are some pictures of me around the age of 4-7



It took 40 years for these to come back into fashion

I was lucky. I was healthy and loved being active.



I seldom saw much of my sister Joy, who was 6 years older than me.



At this age, there was more of a balance between Robin and I, and we had some good times.



Robin & I at the outdoor swimming pool at Hoylake.

It was around that time that Grandsie's American relatives, came to visit. This is a picture of Grandsie, her brother Andrew, and her sister Grace taken around 1952.



Two and a half proud Yankees. The half is Grandsie who, like me was a kind of chameleon - a mid-atlantic sort of person.



lan Grace Grandsie Robin Andrew Annie ?

I was fascinated with both Andrew and Grace. Uncle Andrew lived in San Francisco and told wonderful folksy stories. Aunt Grace played bridge with my mother and grandmother, and slipped me her winnings. When she became too feeble, my mother invited Grandsie to stay with us in Edinburgh.



The happiest times by far were 2 or 3 summers when we went to Dirleton, on the coast, close to Edinburgh. We loaded up the old Vauxhall with tents and 'pallyasses', and set off. My father would give us enormous 'gob-stoppers' to keep us quiet. If we behaved well, my father would buy us all a strawberry ice-cream at the Santa Lucia restaurant in Mussleburgh.



Joy was invited down to London to attend a ceremony for recipients of the Victoria Cross. My Uncle Arth (Doris's husband) was a celebrated V.C.

Here are two pictures of Joy on that visit:



And a better look at Joy @ the age of 12.



A picture of Joy & I, Grandsie, my mother & Grace



And one of Robin & I, with Grandsie & her sister & brother.  
(P.S. Grandsie didn't smile much, except after a sherry or 2).



Grandsie died shortly after this picture was taken – in 1954.

Summer vacations came and went. One glorious summer we had a caravan for our holiday in Direlton.



For a moment in time, everybody relaxed. It was amazing. We almost look like a 'normal' family.

Winters came and went. I went sledding – by myself .... and sometimes with Robin. Here he is wearing his Edinburgh Academy cap:



Sometimes I played with a girl called Pam Boyd from just up the road. Little did I know ...

Summers came and went and I approached puberty. Like Robin, I was going to the Edinburgh Academy. I was not doing very well in class, but I was good at sports and music. Joy was studying violin with Dr. Mamie Waddell, and when I was about 8, my mother got me to start taking cello lessons with Dr. Ruth Waddell (Mamie's sister). By the age of 11, I was getting pretty good.



A portrait of Joy, Robin and I:



From about the age of 7 on, I had been attending The Edinburgh Academy on Henderson Row. Two of my best friends there were Colin Crabbie and Anthony Ferguson. Colin's father was a judge and Anthony's father was an architect. Colin was extraverted & feisty, Anthony was sensitive & quiet.

← was to play golf



but what I loved more than anything

Colin & I went camping and Anthony & I went to the Monsigneur News Theatre on Princess Street & watched Bugs Bunny and Sylvester cartoons. Around the age of 10, they both started talking about going to boarding school. I couldn't understand why they would want to leave The Edinburgh Academy.

The Edinburgh Academy (a bit before my time)



I played on both the rugby and cricket teams and my father used to come and watch me play. That felt good. One day my mother started talking about the possibility of my going to either Sedbergh (the boarding school Colin was going to) or Glenalmond (the school Anthony was going to). Both places offered a music scholarship and my mother wanted me to apply. I didn't want to leave The Edinburgh Academy. My father didn't seem to agree with the idea either; I heard him arguing with my mother saying "the boy's happy where he is."

# Sedbergh School 1960-65



In the spring of 1960, I was awarded a major music scholarship to Sedbergh School. The decision was made. I would attend the boarding school in the Fall.

## EDINBURGH ACADEMY SCHOOL REPORT: JULY 1960 CLASS IIIA

Class Master: 'In spite of a lowly position in class he has worked well and achieved his immediate ambitions. He has been a great asset to the school orchestra and will be much missed. I wish him well in his new sphere.'  
Rector: 'A fine musician. A promising athlete and a good citizen – we shall miss him a lot. He will not find the academic ladder easy to climb - he must be prepared for a hard, continuous struggle. I wish him success in it.'

Picture of Anthony and I at a formal dance. Time to say a sad farewell to my Edinburgh friends.



A hiking expedition to the Cairngorms shortly before I went to Sedbergh:



(Opening paragraph of Chap. 2 of Chameleon.)

Standing outside the low gray-stone building called Powell House, my father gave me a 'Soldier's Farewell' – the first of several he was to give me over the next fifteen or so years. It had taken us most of the day to drive to the village of Sedbergh: through the beautiful gentle border country; over the rugged and remote Shap summit; and then, by degrees, from the bleak yet magnificent country of Westmoreland, to the rolling hills and dales of West Yorkshire. This was a country of gray skies and somber hills and wild peat and bracken moors, the setting for Wuthering Heights.

I felt as desolate as the land we'd been through.

My father held out his hand:

"Well, good luck. Your mother and I expect great things of you. Work your hardest and keep your nose clean. You're on your own now. Goodbye."

And with that my father turned on his heel and limped off stiffly to where the car was standing. As he drove off, I wished that he could have hugged me, or maybe just put his hand on my shoulder, or something.



It was September 1960 and I had been uprooted from family and community and transplanted to a beautiful but unknown landscape.

And in this alien land was a small town named Sedbergh which is Viking for 'flat-topped hill'. And in this small town was a school that had a reputation for being tough.



This is the school crest:  
The motto was 'Dura Virum Nutrix' which is Latin for 'A hard nurse of men'. (yikes! ... I can hardly wait!)



The school had 7 Residential Houses. Powell House (in this picture) became my home for the next 5 years.



The surrounding moors and hills were bleak but human life was buzzing in and around Powell House. I felt very lonely at first but slowly I gained

acceptance.

Every morning we had to get up at 7 a.m. in our unheated dormitories, go downstairs and plunge into a cold bath (up to our neck). There was no need for a teacher to supervise because the obedience codes were maintained & regulated by the prefects and senior boys.

Chapter 1: The story begins with a 12 year old at school in Edinburgh. His voice is one of a conscientious but emotionally torn boy. His family is destructive, and perhaps because of that, he is banished, 'for his own good', to a boarding school in Cumbria.

Chapter 2: The young boy arrives at Sedbergh, feeling like he's being abandoned. Although lonely and totally out of place at first, he starts to adapt, thanks mainly to the saving grace of music and sports.

Chapter 3: During a period of unpopularity, he gets support from a boy named David Lungley. There is a major incident in which another boy becomes the focus of a vicious bullying campaign.

Chapter 4: While trying to adapt to his new life, Ian evolves a protective identity by wearing a kilt and taking on the nickname 'Jock'. In another adaptation, he finds that he gains acceptance through 'playing the fool'. He discovers he has 'Monty Pythonesque' talents. Meanwhile, he becomes curious about Canada due to (a) hearing from Pam, a childhood friend whose family emigrated there, (b) his sister Joy's marriage to Jim, a Canadian philosopher.

(from 'Chapter Outline' to Chameleon – A Memoir by IAB)

A last look at the innocent boy who had left Edinburgh.



It was tough at Sedbergh, but not as tough as living with some of the abuses that had occurred regularly in my family.

Gradually, I began to accept the richness of experience this institution had to offer – despite its spartan ideology

Returning to Sedbergh in May, after the Easter holidays, was to be witness to a striking transformation. Gone were the predominant brown and gray colors. Gone, too, the wind torn starkness.

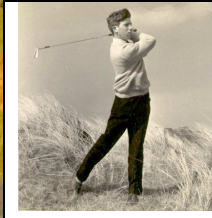
The Lent term was aptly named. Not only had we paid penance with the toil and pain of running, but so too had the surrounding countryside paid alms to the ruthless God of Winter. Now all was soft and welcoming: a green garden of delights with blossoming foliage, fells awakening with fern and moss and heather, a spring sun and daffodils softening the gray-stone buildings with pale yellow light.

Near the Chapel, the rhododendron bushes were giving their first hint of pink and red magnificence, and in the garden of Powell House, Mr. Begley's roses were responding to the first signs of summer.

(from Chameleon, p. 28)



The summer term at Sedbergh was more benign. We played cricket and roamed the fells. When I returned to Edinburgh for the summer holidays, I played golf and in the summer of 1962, I met Jim, my sister's fiancé.



Joy & Jim's wedding day, London, December, 1962.



At Sedbergh, life was very structured. In sports, I played rugby, cricket, squash, fives, and did the various cross-country runs that were compulsory for everyone. In music, I played in the school orchestra, in various House and school competitions, and sang in the chapel choir. Once in a while, I escaped to the outside world for some special event. On one occasion, the Canadian wife of my French teacher, 'Horsey' Gairdner, took me to see the great cellist Mstislav Rostropovich & Benjamin Britten. She introduced me to them.



They both wrote me a message:

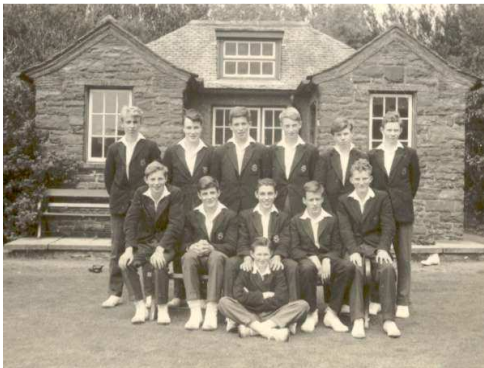


Suggestion: use 'zoom' tool, e.g. 500% & you will see the messages, one of them in Russian. Check it out

In 1962, I was on the Colts Rugby XV:



And the Colts Cricket Team:



Life at Sedbergh became easier when we made it out of the spartan Day- room into a study. I shared my first study with David Lungley, Mark Hudson, John Spedding and Iain Bilsland ... & The Beatles.



For a while, there were lots of laughs, especially after O level exams.







Mark and I were good friends, and he invited me to stay at his home several times. His parents were very rich, and I felt a bit out of place. I was polite with the parents & played the fool with Mark



→ like in this picture ↑, or even this next one →



The fact is that I very very nearly went into the Army. Under pressure from my father, I applied to Sandhurst & was accepted. Just in time, I realized it was not what I wanted. Needless to say, my father was horrified &



not at all happy with my decision.

My closest friends came to be David Lungley & John Aitken. David's father was a tea-planter in Kenya and John's father had worked for Shell Oil in Borneo. I suppose we were all 'colonials'. During the Easter vacation of 1964. We stayed in this wonderful old gypsy caravan in the Lake District & went hiking & climbing every day.



Despite my decision about the Army, I did enjoy being head of the Mountain Rescue Unit in the C.C.F. We learned practical skills of how to bring an injured body down a rock face in a stretcher.



Psychological

Test

(Q) Do you see this picture as sexist? Why / why not?

(A) .....  
(clip & send)



'Keep on smiling' ... isn't that what the song says? Isn't that what my culture had taught me ... DO NOT display negative feelings.

I think I was always happiest as a go-with-the-flow anarchist. I could never stand to be 'one of the sheep'.



Colin and I playing golf at Murray-field golf course



Unfortunately, there was not much opportunity for drama at Sedbergh, but I managed to be a policeman in a town production of 'The Pirates of Penzance'. Here with David Roberts.



Peter Maingay & I washing dishes beside the

caravan in Lake District. Believe it or not, Joan (Robertson) thinks she met this guy in Borneo about 5 years later.

One final army camp in Germany with Mark & Peter Wolf. (I did not have to go to this camp, but frankly, it beat being at 'home' in Edinburgh).



One final team photo. Sedbergh 1<sup>st</sup>. XV, 1965



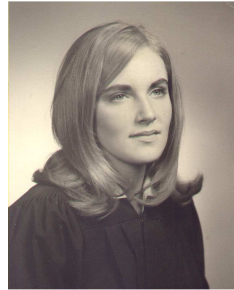
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If you look closely (just use 'zoom' tool or 'copy' and 'paste' image onto separate page & expand), my name in on the 1965-1966 team. The captain that year was John Spencer who went on to Captain the English Rugby Team for many years.



And one final Powell House formal picture: 07/65

I left Sedbergh in December, 1965. In the Spring of 1966, I heard that I had been awarded a scholarship to university in Canada. This meant that after 5 years of letters, Pam and I would finally get together. This is Pam.



My sister Joy and her husband Jim were also planning to move to Canada. My brother Robin had just got married to Avril. Here is their wedding portrait:



Before I went to Canada, I hitch-hiked around Europe with David. We set off with £30 each; 🎵



'There'll be Bluebirds Over The White Cliffs of Dover, Tomorrow Just You Wait & See'



At youth hostel in France



Still playing the fool



David in Rome coliseum



Arriving in Igoumenitsa, Greece followed by 3 days on the beach



The only way to travel in Yugoslavia.

We spent night in Belgrade Railway Station along with many homeless people. More adventures, then back to U.K.

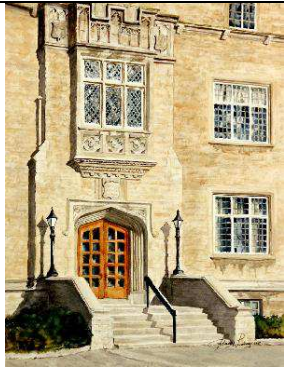
Last minute packing and then my parents drive me to Glasgow and say goodbye to me at Clydeside as I board the Empress of Canada. A new chapter begins:

As we waited to set off, a man in a crumpled blue suit touched me on the arm, and said, "are you emigrating too, son?" "No, I replied. "I'm going to University there - for three years." "Well, you're going to the right place, son. We're awa tae Edmonton. Aye, that's the place tae be. You can have a decent life there. There's nae jobs here. Aye, you're going tae the right place. The 'Land of Opportunity' they call it, and that's what it is."

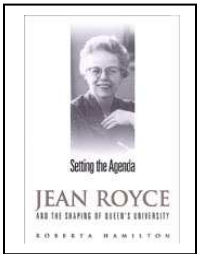
The tender started moving, and suddenly the man in the blue suit began waving furiously. All around me was a forest of waving hands. On the dockside, a lone piper began to play a lament. I looked to where my parents had been standing. To my surprise, they were still there. Solid, unmoving, separate - they could have been standing at attention. And yet, there was a vulnerability about them. As they began to recede into the distance, they seemed to transform themselves in my eyes from omnipotent beings into an elderly couple, somehow fragile in their stiffness and aloneness. An old man and an old woman standing alone on the quay, saying goodbye to the last of their three children.

Finally they were out of sight. I turned to my companion, the man in the blue suit. I wanted to ask him about Edmonton. I quickly turned back again. He was gazing out across the water and weeping quietly. (from Chameleon, p. 160)

# Kingston, Ontario Canada



'It took about two weeks for me to fully come down to earth. What brought me down with a thud was a meeting with Jean Royce, the steely Registrar of Queen's University.  
 "Welcome to Queens and Kingston. It's always nice for us to meet another Draper's scholar from the Old Country. Now, let me just find your file."  
 We were in her air-conditioned office in the central Administration building. Although I had been in Kingston for a while, this was my first official greeting to Queen's University. Ms. Royce surveyed my file through her steel-rimmed glasses. Her grim face became grimmer.  
 "Oh dear, well I don't know I'm sure. You only have a 'D' and an 'E' grade at A level. With only two A levels and these low grades, I'm frankly surprised you were accepted."  
 I sat there flabbergasted. What was she trying to say? Had I just come over three thousand miles to be told that there had been a mistake? Didn't she realise I had come to this country in pursuit of two great quests? One to get a University degree, and two, to finally meet Pam, the woman of my dreams, after six years of writing to her. Now this wiry, grey-haired, old woman was telling me to go home? Or was she? It seemed like a conspiracy of enormous proportions.'  
 (from Chameleon, pp. 162-163)



There she is. She nearly set **my** agenda: a trip back to the U.K.

These were the first students I met at Queen's. Members of the International Club.



Maybe Ms. Royce should have set my agenda!  
 Then it was time to take part in the initiations.



I had to pretend I was a Scotsman. Hey, wait a minute ... oh well (sigh) it IS a different culture ... adapt lan, be a chameleon, be a clown, play the fool, keep on smiling. Where are the lumber – jacks? That's what I want to know.



And these young lads were my next door neighbors in the hall of residence. They liked my accent. 'Pip pop, good show old man, eh what', they would say. Keep smiling, maybe it's just Ontario that's like this.

At least they knew I had a Canadian girl-friend:



When in doubt, keep to what you know:



FIRSTS  
 Alan Blair, Bob Coleman, Steve Macdonald, Christian Denny, Michael ...  
Photo: Queen's University Archives

I played rugby, tried to make sense of my courses and prepared for the big trip out west at Xmas to see Pam.



And here we are: Pam and I at her parent's house in Edmonton. We had a good time but alas, dear reader, I returned to Kingston, still 'virgina intacta'

(the sad tale is recounted in Chameleon, p. 175-176)

By the end of my first year at Queen's U., I was finding it harder & harder to keep on smiling. What was I doing becoming a slave to my mind? What about 'carpe diem' & gathering rosbuds ... hmm ... maybe a beard will help.



But, as it turned out, all was not lost. I had been accepted as a Guide at the British Pavilion at Expo' 67 in Montreal. Goodbye dreary old, Empire Loyalist Kingston. and 'HELLO' Montreal et La Belle Province.



I moved into an apartment on Blvd. de Maisonneuve, rented a piano, put Renoir posters on the walls, and had a ready supply of Labatts 50, and Mateus Rosé. Lights, action ...





I know, I know ... believe it or not, nothing happened

I enrolled in a course at The School of Modern Photography on Bleury



← This is Jerry Lach, a fellow guide who was fast becoming a friend. I took one of him & he took one of me.



The atmosphere at Expo was frantic. We – the guides & hostesses needed a retreat, so we rented a cottage in Rawdon, north of Montreal. It was perfect. We could swim, boat & catch our breath. Unfortunately, the Ontario Pavilion guys'n gals thought we were so groovy that they rented a cottage next to ours. Just the old Brit exclusiveness vs. the young Canuck intrusiveness



In the evenings we would sit around the fireplace with a beer, & chat & listen to music. In



addition to Jerry, I was making friends with someone called Ian Anderson. He's the guy on the left.

(I know it's not a great picture ...)

Then one day, the impossible happened; **I lost my virginity** (to another virgin). With my new found confidence, the floodgates opened, so to speak. One day I met the woman of my dreams. Her name was Muriel. The following account is from Chameleon, p. 186. See Muriel below:

I was on duty in the three-screen area of the Pavilion. The place wasn't as crowded as usual. I suddenly noticed a stunning woman enter. She looked like she'd walked straight out of the pages of Vogue magazine. She was tall, slim and impeccably turned out in a red and white striped dress with a high hemline and low neck line. Her face and legs were tanned and flawless. At the end of the presentation, I did my usual 'move to the left, please, allez à la gauche s'il vous plaît.' Then this incredible woman comes up to me so that she is quite close, looks me coolly in the eyes and says, 'do you mind if I stay and see it though again.' I muttered 'of course not,' and in a daze started trying to interpret what was going on. The next five minutes were an age of indecision. Had she come on to me? Surely she had. Why else would she want to see this crummy film twice? No one else did. And the way she had said it. But then that was crazy. Why would a woman, a mature sexy woman, who you would normally see with a rich man in his thirties or forties, why would a woman like that be even remotely interested in someone like me? I didn't know. I couldn't figure it out.

The movie ended, and almost reluctantly (or so it seemed) this fantastic woman, this sex-goddess moved out of the room. I stood there paralysed. And then a crystal clear realisation came upon me. If I didn't go after that woman, I would never be able to live with myself. It would be the ultimate cop-out, the most despicable act of cowardice. I knew what I had to do.

I went tearing off in hot pursuit. I couldn't see her in the Industrial Britain exhibit. She didn't seem to be in the Culture and The Arts room with the tall sculptures. Damn! Where was she? Finally I caught up with her just as she was going through the turnstiles.

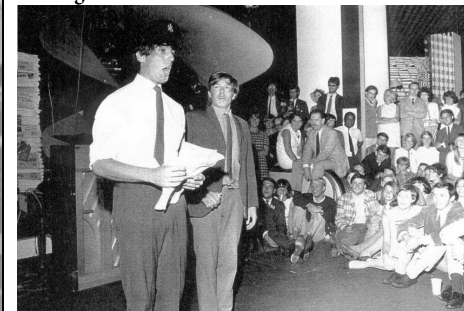
She didn't seem to show any great surprise at my inept performance. And when I breathlessly asked her to meet me at 'Le Bistro' for a drink, to my astonishment she agreed.



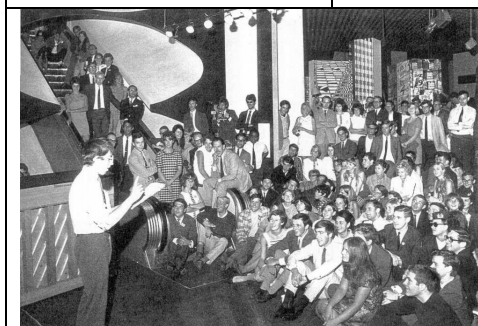
Meanwhile, back at the Brit. Pav., life was becoming Monty Pythonesque. Humorous situations abounded. Ian Anderson and I began putting sketches together for a Revue, and I got a band together for the music part. Here are 2 pics of Ian and I at a party / rehearsal.



Eventually we put on our production and invited guides & hostesses from other Pavilions:



We were quite juiced for the performance.



For the record, the girl that I lost my virginity with (to?), is in the audience – short dark hair, wearing a polka dot dress, slightly right of centre in the 3<sup>rd</sup>. row back. Her name was Val. (for all the Waldo lovers, get your zoom tool out and become a voyeur).

Expo '67 was a blast. Just before I had to return to Queen's, my old Sedbergh friend, Dave Roberts, turned up. His presence was like a litmus test of how much I'd begun to change. On the one hand, the Canadians were still **too** Canadian. But the Brits were becoming **too** British. I found Dave to be **too** hearty, **too** 'colonial' in attitude. Meanwhile, I was becoming **too** confused - a chameleon of changing color, uncertain about my cultural & class identity.



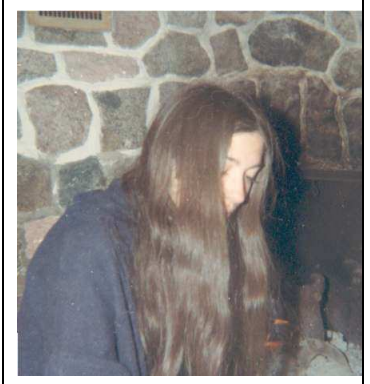
Queen's 2<sup>nd</sup>. year. I had narrowed my 'major' to Sociology & English Lit. so most of my courses were in these 2 subjects. Meanwhile, I couldn't wait to get out of residence & into my own place. I had met another Draper's scholar from the U.K. and we decided to rent a house on Wolfe Island, reachable by ferry from Kingston. His name was Mark Elliott.



Then one day, I met Lesley. Nothing would ever be the same. She was like a magical sprite. Here is an extract from my diary:

'Lesley seems to like me. Today she handed me an envelope & told me not to open it until I got home. It was a poem that made reference to a meeting we'd had the week before.

'Eyes join hands across the table  
And tie knots in our vision  
Embarrassed, they let go  
A filled ashtray of burned moments  
Is an easier subject'



I was beginning to rebel against my privileged background, but I continued to play rugby for a second year.



### RUGGER FIRSTS

FIRST ROW: George Nicholson, Larry McCurdy, Bob Common, Capt. Eric Daly.  
SECOND ROW: Allan Jeffrey, Lorne Macaulaim.  
THIRD ROW: Richard Thomas, Ian Brown, Greg Mark, Peter Barker, Chip Drury, John Ross.  
FOURTH ROW: Colin Reid, Coach, Mike Dallock, Andy Page, Rick Coult, Brian Currah.



I bought a car – appropriately an Austin Healy 'Sprite', but this didn't help when the weather got really cold and the ferry started having trouble getting through the Lake Ontario ice.

Mark and I realized that unfortunately, we'd have to move back to the mainland.



Lesley lived in Ottawa, which was convenient as I had planned to spend Xmas with Joy and Jim and his parents, who also lived in Ottawa. Here are some pictures of Joy and Jim, and me and my 'Sprite'.

Life was good. I was in love, I had money, clothes from Montreal's 'Le Chateau', and I had a sexy little car to take Lesley and I up to Camp Fortune for skiing.



I entered the new year, 1968, full of anticipation. Lesley & I were special – everyone said so.

This is the Valentine card she sent me in February.

One day, I met someone called Frank Wheeler. The following is an account of how we met: (extract from Chameleon, p. 212-213)

Feb. 15<sup>th</sup>. 1968

Today, I met someone who I think I could become good friends with. I was in the Student Union common room playing the grand piano, usual combination of blues and free-flow improvisation. After a while, I became aware of a hippie-looking guy with a beard and very long hair. He was in an armchair apparently listening to me play. When I finished, he came over and said something like, 'hey, man, that was far-out music'. We talked for a while and then he sat down and began to play some boogie and then switched to Chopin. In no time we had a mutual admiration society going.

Afterwards, I asked him back to my room where I played him 'Jacques Loussier at the Champs Elysées'. His comment, after listening to one side was, 'that dude blows my mind'. It was a fantastic meeting. We talked and talked and talked. I really like him.

Frank was in the process of dropping out. He was deep into a hippy/musician life-style. This is one of only 2 pictures that I have of him:



He's the dude on the far right. If you want a good look at him, do the usual with the zoom tool or copy/paste/expand. Low tech. solution for hard copy? A magnifying glass (if they still exist)

I was beginning to see other sides of Lesley. For instance, I drove her to Montreal to meet my old Expo '67 friends at a party. She spent most of the time circulating with her address book in hand. Then, later, she announced to me that she had been offered a 'ride' back to Kingston in a plane piloted by Bob Jordan, the most unscrupulous of all the guides. That wasn't intrusive – it was outrageous.

But it was 1968. The value systems that I knew about didn't seem to apply any more. I was beginning to feel that I had little, if any control in my relationships with women. In any event, back in Kingston, Lesley and I picked up from where we had left off. We went to the Arts Formal and here are some pictures from that event.



Did I say that Lesley liked to pose? The pic on the right → → → made the Queens 1968 Yearbook.



It was at this Formal that I met the University chaplain, Padre Laverty. He seemed concerned that perhaps I was partying too much. In the course of our brief conversation, he told me about 'Operation Crossroads Africa'.



Grant Hall where the Arts Formal took place.

(extract of conversation with Padre Laverty, from Chameleon, p. 222)

"Well I'm glad I bumped into you, Ian, because I've been meaning to tell you about Crossroads."

"I'm sorry, what's Crossroads?" I asked blankly.

"Crossroads Africa is a church-funded organisation that sends young College students such as yourself to African countries so that they can work with the young people there on projects such as digging trenches, constructing buildings, etcetera."

I made a sudden connection and with it came a spark of interest.

"Do they send people to Kenya?" I asked, thinking of David Lungley, who had visited his parents in Kenya the previous summer.

"Oh, I would imagine so." The Padre spied Lesley returning.

"Anyway, you're the kind of young man we're looking for. If you're interested, please drop into my office sometime next week and I'll give you more information and an application form."

"I don't like that man," said Lesley as she linked her arm with mine.

"Neither do I," I agreed. "He doesn't exactly strike me as a very spiritual person."

"What did he want anyway?" inquired Lesley as she put her arm round my waist and led me towards the dance floor.

"Oh, he suggested that I go to Africa for the summer on something called Crossroads Africa."

"Well I'm not sure I like that, my darling." Lesley pouted and threw a side-long glance at me. If I'm in Montreal and you're in Africa, we'd have a whole summer without each other."

And then it was time to dance. For what must have been a couple of hours, we danced and danced and danced. It was the final fling, a dance of wild abandon, and letting go, and merging as one.

Despite not liking him, the Padre's comments had struck home. Quite apart from wanting to visit Africa anyway, I ('I' meaning the stoical Sedbergh schoolboy) was beginning to feel like I had been a bit of a playboy. It was time to repent, so to speak, and go and help others somewhere. Lesley had been working 'her' (i.e. my) contacts in Montreal and had decided she was going to work at Terre Des Hommes, on the old Expo site. We were so tight, I reasoned, that a couple of months apart wouldn't hurt.

I applied to 'Crossroads' and was granted my wish of going to Kenya. Now, I had to get a job as soon as the semester ended, and make enough money to cover the air-fare. Lesley asked me for Ian Anderson's address (he was spending a year at Sussex University). I thought nothing more of it. Just Lesley being Lesley. I trusted her. I had been jealous, but I was sure nothing had come of her flirt with Bob Jordan.

After my exams, I moved to Toronto to find a job. I did several odd jobs and scraped together just enough money for the air-fare. The Toronto Sun ran an article on me and 3 other Crossroaders. They're smilin' ... I ain't. The Good Boy & The Rebel don't git along too well together:

### 5 in Metro find summer jobs--helping out in Africa



CHERRY ELLIOTT



BARBARA KEY

Can't find summer work? There's plenty to do in Africa, as five Metro young people are about to discover. They are taking part in Operation Crossroads Africa. The program was founded about 10 years ago by Canadian, U.S. and African religious and educational institutions with interests in Africa. Its aim: to get white and black working together to develop Africa. After a week of training, starting June 25 at

the University of Western Ontario, the volunteers will fly to Africa for two months of volunteer labor. Altogether 100 people from the U.S. and Canada will take part. Ian Brown, 21, will head for Kenya, where he will help build a high school laboratory and library at a small town. "Last summer," he says, "I had the greatest time of my life working in the British pavilion at Expo. So this year I decided to do something for others."

Cherry Ann Elliott, 20, will be working at a youth centre in the Ivory Coast, where she'll be practicing her French. Betty Flewes, 21, and William Gray, 21, are going to Liberia for sanitation work. They're digging wells, mending roads and planting trees. Each participant has to pay \$200 to help cover the cost of the trip.



IAN BROWN



BETTY FLEWES

At our Orientation prior to leaving:



We had to change planes in London, and there was a 2 hour stopover. I had made the mistake of suggesting to both my mother, and David Lungley and John Aitken (who were both students at Reading), that they meet me at the airport. It was terrible. My mother sitting at one end (with my Uncle Arth and Aunt Doris), and Dave and John at the other end.

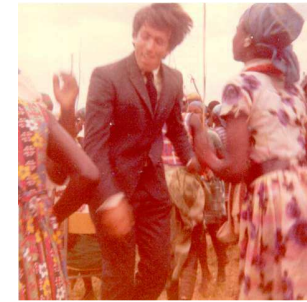
My time in Kenya started off O.K. I taught English and worked on construction of the physics building. We were truly 'in the sticks', a place called Tarangan'ya, in south-west Kenya, on the border with Tanzania.

Another motive for going to Africa was the sociological perspective. I was building up ammunition to take on my father's racist views at some later date.

In terms of cultural identity, it was a joke. I was an English-Canadian halfbreed, with a party consisting of 1 full-blooded Canuck, 7 white Americans, and 1 Afro-American, in a community of full-blooded black Africans. My first mistake was to assume the locals hated the British. They didn't. Instead when they found out where I was from, they insisted that I give a speech at an upcoming ceremony. Nonetheless, the first minute of the speech was extremely apologetic.



I had some good times (here dancing with a Kuria woman):



However, I made up for my groveling by promoting coca-cola to the locals (not true: the other way round, if anything!)

But mostly I was fretting because I hadn't received even one letter from Lesley.

The cigarette says more than the smile:



(from Chameleon, p. 220)

'I wrote several letters, but each time, no reply. Day after day, mail would arrive and the members of the group would get all excited to receive stuff. Naturally. Everyone was homesick. As time went by, I felt worse & worse at not hearing from Lesley. I felt utterly confused.

I needed an anchor. I don't know whether it was my love for her, or my need, but it hurt so much when she didn't write. Every day, the hurt got driven a little deeper. I became really depressed.

Things were becoming increasingly complicated in my life. It's hard to explain. It was like a mirror cracking. I wasn't sure of anything anymore. In my head, I felt I was getting stronger and clearer, but in my heart or my soul, it was like the stresses were enormous, they were pulling me apart. I didn't know where I belonged or who I was anymore.'

Back in Canada, I returned to Kingston for the start of my 3<sup>rd</sup> year at Queens. When I finally met Lesley, she informed me that she had been involved with someone over the summer and that was why she hadn't written. It was only later that she told me that the 'someone' was my 'friend' Ian Anderson. I was devastated. Then I broke my wrist playing rugby and was in a cast for 2 months.

I began to yearn to get out of Kingston. Academically, I was doing really well and I considered applying for a Masters program in Sociology. I put in some applications and eventually, much to my shock, I was accepted by the London School of Economics. I didn't really want to go back to Britain, but I felt I couldn't turn this offer down, so in the summer of 1969, I said good-bye to Queen's & headed for 'the old country'.

Just before I left, I stayed with my friend Frank at his parents' house in Goderich. Here is the only picture I have of Frank:



Extract from Chameleon describing last days in Canada, p. 264

In the last few days before I left, both Joy and Jim, and Frank came down to Kingston to see me off. There was little to say. My mind had already flown ahead to London. It was an emotional wrench to say goodbye, but the excitement of going to L.S.E. seemed to outweigh everything.

On my last day in Kingston, I went to West Street to say goodbye to Lesley. In my diary, I wrote only two lines to describe the farewell:

*'as meaningless as the moth  
I just took the life of'*

The next day, July 4<sup>th</sup>.1969, I took the bus to Toronto and boarded an Air Canada plane to London. My three years as a student at Queens University, and my youth, were over. I went, or returned (I didn't know which), as a confused young man, a mish-mash of conflicting attitudes, values, and beliefs.

Everything was shifting. A chameleon who doesn't know how to adapt to its environment any more has lost whatever protection it had.

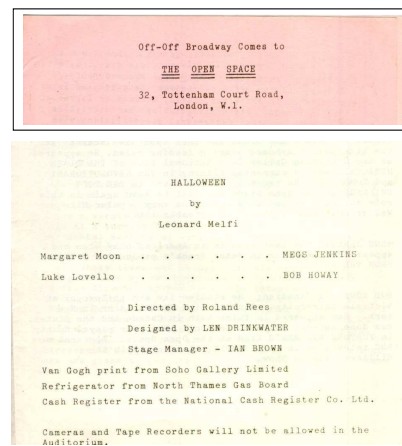
How had I changed in the years since Sedbergh?

- Being trained in Sociology had sharpened my perceptions of how society worked, and the relationship between the individual & society.
- Being on my own for three years in Canada had toughened me and made me more independent. I now had more of my own personal experience of injustice and inequality.
- My 'roots' in the U.K. had almost been completely pulled up.
- I'd experienced emotional pain with women & had become much more aware of how both genders manipulated power for their own ends in the 'the battle of the sexes' – a battle that was rapidly becoming a full-scale war in the 60's.
- In brief: my intellect ↑, my sense of humor ↓, my trust in others ↓, my overall health ↓, my moral & political zeal ↑, my sense of direction ↑.

# LONDON 1969-72



Program from The Open Space, Aug. 1969



I had very little money – no scholarship, no bursary, and no support from my parents. I had to subsidize my studies with teaching on the side. I taught ESL to a Japanese diplomat, and special ed. in a tough area called Kensal Rise.

Notting Hill was the center of the counter culture (the home of Jimmi Hendrix at that very time), & L.S.E. was the center of political ferment – or at least it had been a year before when there were riots there and in Berkeley; in Paris there had even been an insurgency. But I soon found that the academic approach at L.S.E. was anything but radical or innovative.

The thing was I didn't even know if I wanted to be there in the first place. I began to feel like Faust (or Robert Johnson at the Crossroads) ... selling my soul for knowledge.



London with all its craziness and confusion. I moved into a flat in Notting Hill with 2 friends from Expo 67, Jerry & Mary. Jerry was theatre manager at The Open Space.

He got me a job as stage manager in a play called 'Halloween'. The program is to the right:



We lived in a flat at 43 Lonsdale Road just like the red building on the left, although sometimes, depending on my state of mind, it looked more like the scene on the right.



Every day, I took the tube to Holborn, and walked a few blocks to the nondescript building that housed L.S.E.



### What were my academic interests at this point? (Extract from Chameleon, p. 271)

'I was interested in all aspects of education, especially the epistemological, psychological, and sociological aspects. What is knowledge? How do we arrive at knowledge? What is the role of reasoning and logic? What is the role of creative intuition? In the realm of knowledge, what is possible, what is probable, and what is certain? How do skepticism and faith relate to knowing? What is beyond reason? What does that mean? How do we learn? How are we taught? What is the difference between instruction and education? Where might each be appropriate / inappropriate? How do schools foster creativity? How do schools block and suppress creativity? What schools recognize the need to encourage curiosity and creativity? How does education differ from one culture to another? How has it differed throughout history? etc. etc.'

### The problem was that I was interested in much more than that. For example:

To what extent was social change deterministic as opposed to voluntaristic? Were there, for example, rhythms or cycles in social phenomena? How could one differentiate between linear trends, cyclical trends, and change that seemed completely arbitrary or due only to voluntary initiative (e.g. 'the great man' theory of history)?

I was very interested in the work of a Dr. Hans Jenny, a Swiss natural scientist. Just before I arrived in London, there had been a series of lectures at the Institute of Contemporary Arts called the 'Vibrating World Lectures'.



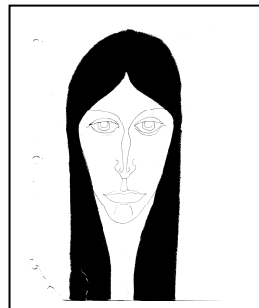
My mind was literally exploding with ideas. There was a good side to that – I was stimulating, and there was a bad side – I was over-stimulated. I was trying to take it ALL in.

**The problem was that I was interested in much more than just sociology & education.** I was also interested in art, and theatre & literature, and politics.

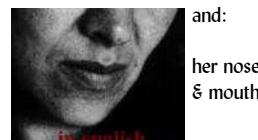
And then I met Ellie – and she had the most brilliant mind of anyone I ever met. She had also gone to Queen's and she was in London to study Film-making. Ellie and I got involved intellectually and sexually immediately. Emotional involvement followed and like the intellectual stuff was both complex and full of friction. **The problem was that we were both too full of ideas.**

The sex, on the other hand ....

This is not how Ellie looked but it is how I saw her at the time:



from ellie's web-site: her hand



and:  
her nose & mouth

Jenny had originated a field of research called 'Cymatics', or the study of vibrations. Axiomatic to Jenny's theories, was the notion that periodicity ("a tendency to recur at regular intervals") is an essential and pervasive characteristic of the living and inanimate world. In other words, everything has rhythm.

It's hard to answer the question why did I finally decide to go to L.S.E. Ambition and gaining recognition were certainly part of it. 'Only one year', I said to myself, 'just hang in there for one more year and you'll have your ticket to security and freedom.' I needed to prove to my parents, my friends and myself that I could do it.

If anyone asked me what I was going to do after getting a Masters, I replied that my eventual goal was to work for UNESCO. For me, this organization represented several of the things in which I most strongly believed; international development and reform in education, support for cultural initiatives, social action through cooperation rather than conflict - this last one, in particular, I wanted.'



The story of Ellie and I, and the saga of L.S.E. is described in excruciating detail in Chameleon. Suffice it to say here that our relationship & my association with L.S.E. broke down at the same time in the spring of 1970.

I also broke down, but tried to escape my pain by going to Morocco with Mark, my old Wolfe Island partner, and his girl-friend, Ruth. In the picture below, she is wearing the suede leather clothes that she and Mark learned to make from 2 California hippies. In turn, Mark taught me, and later, Jerry. Later Mark met Barbi Shepherd.

Extract from Chameleon, p. 312

Flying through a nightmare to Switzerland. A blur of events, a time warp. Spiraling through a black hole, unseen, unreal in all aspects but the inner horror. screaming across a bridge of despair, like in Münch's painting.

What is 'a breakdown'? Is it panic? Hysteria? Withdrawal? Tears? Screams? Is it exploding anger? Depression? Collapsing identity? Annihilation of the ego? Raw vulnerability? Or is it, a disintegration of the thinking process? A breaking loose of the feeling process? An emergency of the spiritual process, rich with potential? Are delusions, voices in the head? Are they necessary conditions? Is 'a breakdown' breakthrough? Breakthrough to the light? Breaking through encrusted patterns and petrified routines? Breaking through layers of maya?

Standing paralyzed in the middle of Victoria station, like a motionless bird poised for a long flight through the dark night. The real flight was not to Switzerland and Morocco, but through a nightmare of uncharted states of consciousness. It was a flight that continued long after I got back from Morocco.

One of these states involved becoming reduced to being a passive receptor, as opposed to an actor. The barriers and defenses, both emotional and cognitive, that normally filter out unwanted stimuli, collapsed. What then took place was the phenomenon of 'flooding', a heightened awareness of sound and light and feeling due to extreme sensitization of the nerves. The flooding by intense sensory input and an unrestrained flow of ideas became too much, and there was a need to escape, insulate, withdraw.

Like a white star collapsing into a black hole, my sense of who I was, my underlying matrix of identity, went through a process of splintering, fracturing, disintegrating. I was left aware of many 'I's', and no 'I's', a quivering jellyfish of vulnerability, unable to move myself back to the safety of the all-embracing, amniotic universe. Whatever identity I was aware of seemed to be a negative mass of ingested shame and feelings of utter failure.

Little Bo Peep. Lost her sheep. Lost her way. Lost her marbles. Lost her wits. But like the sheep, not really lost - just overwhelmed, exhausted, disoriented.



... and in a lot of pain, despite the smile. I didn't want weed playing with my mind but I tried to kill the feelings with cheap red wine:



Oh how images can lie! Mark was smoking dope, had a car and girl-friend & lots of cash. I was working as a dishwasher in a hotel in Davos and was broke ... ↗

We went through Spain & then took the boat to Morocco. We finished up in a place called Diabet on the coast – white sand dunes, cheap accommodation, hippies & drugs everywhere. It was supposed to be paradise. For me, it was hell.

I left Mark and Ruth, went to Casablanca, pawned my guitar to pay for a boat ticket & got a boat back to Britain.

Fate plays strange tricks. On the boat, I bumped into my Uncle Arth and Aunt Doris who were returning from their annual pilgrimage to their son Ian's grave in Italy. Ian Cumming had gone to Sandhurst during the Second World War, and upon graduating, had been posted to Monte Casino as a Second Lieutenant. He was killed a few days after arriving.

We said hello and then I hid for the rest of the journey. The shame was too great. They must have told my parents about our encounter on their return to Edinburgh because a short while later I received a postcard from my father that was so harsh that I severed ties with him until 1976 (when he died).

The text of my father's card:

'Thank-you for your card and letter. Most thoughtful of you to remember such an insignificant occasion. We drove down to Peebles, had a splendid lunch, then sat in the sun overlooking the Tweed. Also had a very happy family celebration.

It is most agreeable, especially for me now that I am in bonus time, to be surrounded by brothers and sisters, their children and grandchildren, all so happy, contented, and prosperous. I share their pride and happiness and revel in the laughter and gaiety of youth - a real tonic.

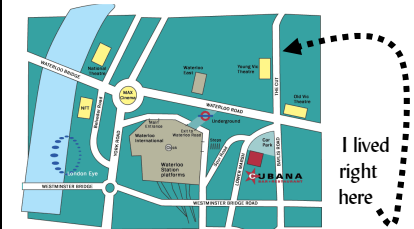
We miss, on these occasions, the gay and gallant boy who lays at Casino. I like to think that we never consciously let the side down. (my emphasis) The weather here has turned cool again but we get the odd spot of sunshine.

Back in London, I needed a place to stay. I looked in 'The New Statesman' & saw an ad. for a house to share on the south bank of the Thames.

Extract from Chameleon, pp. 325-326

At the beginning of May, I moved into a large flat at 35 The Cut. This street connected Waterloo Bridge Road with Blackfriars Bridge Road. The street was famous for, amongst other things, being the address of The Old Vic Theatre. I had found the flat through an ad in the New Statesman. The flat was occupied by two female social workers, a Mary Herron, somebody called Val, and a Canadian guy named Jack. I got the flat after being interviewed by Mary and Jack.

I felt grateful and excited. Finally I had a room of my own. And I liked the concept - my own private space combined with shared common quarters like kitchen and bathroom. Not only that; looking in The New Statesman had been a brainwave. It had put me in touch with like-minded people, working people (not hippies or students), people my age who had leftist leanings and who were on the fringe of the 'alternative culture'. The rent was cheap, less than £4 a week, plus 5 shillings for gas and £1 a week for food. Even the location was good - on the south bank of the Thames, separated from painful memories and linked to the world of theatre, and possibly my future path.



And I needed to get a job. One of my new flat-mates, Stuart Varney, told me about an agency called Rent-A-Staff that employed casual labor. The two of us signed up. Rent-A-Staff had a monopoly on the dirtiest, most soul-destroying work in all of London. That was O.K. by me. Following the set-back to my grander ambitions, I wanted to see life from the other side. I wanted to see just how oppressive work conditions could be.



This shows quite well what the outside & inside of the fur warehouse looked like – pretty much unchanged since Victorian times.



At least, that was before the Reichmann Brothers (of Canada) got in there and turned the warehouses into chic townhouses. The smell, the smell! 100's & 1000's of animal furs with a stench you could never forget.



Extract from Chameleon, p. 334

Entering another world, another time. The global village of Notting Hill, the radical chic microcosm of The Open Space, the ivory tower central nervous system of L.S.E., the gasworks urban blight of Kensal Rise, the arterial noise of The Cut, and now another chamber of London's organism to traverse, to explore, to be engulfed by.

West Thames Street. The world of Victorian dockland. Jack the Ripper territory. Narrow empty streets, hemmed in by hulking red-brick warehouses pitted with grimy broken window-panes. A world, seemingly forsaken, awaiting only the execution of the wrecker's ball.

The sign said, 'Anning, Chadwick & Kiver'. The first impression I received as I entered the building was of an unbearable stench that made me want to throw up. Someone at Rentastaff had told me that Anning, Chadwick & Kiver was a fur warehouse, so I figured the smell might have something to do with the curing process. This turned out to be the case. As I was led to my workplace, I was taken through a large room where the curing of the skins took place. The smell was so overpowering that I had to hold my breath. There were quite a number of workers and as I looked around I realized they were all women. For the first time in my life I became the object of catcalls.

"Allo darlin', comin' to work with us, are you then? Goin' to get the fur flyin', is that it? You can get my fur flyin' anytime, darlin'."

White-faced, sallow complexions, hollow-eyed, curlers-in-hair Cockney ladies. The genuine East-end article. Desensitized, and yet still alive and perky in their resilient beings.

Leaving them behind, I was taken into a room full of already cured furs.

"Your job, until the Persian Lamb show next week, is to take the staples out of all these price-tags. This is all you'll need."

And with that, I was handed a long-handled screw-driver and shown a corner of the room that contained stack upon stack of Persian Lamb skins.

For the rest of the week, that was my job - for nine hours a day, 'de-stapling' furs with my screw-driver.

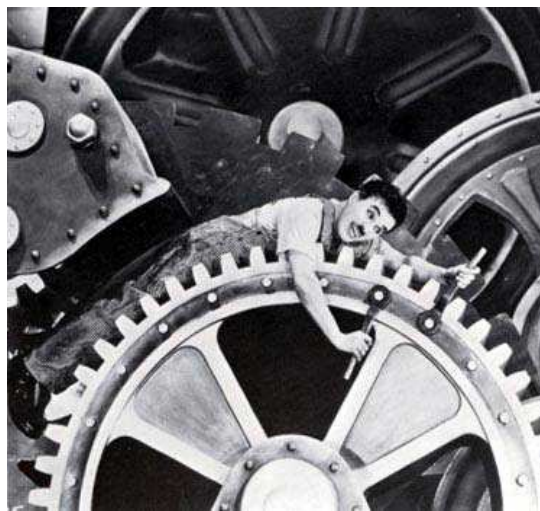
Extract from Chameleon, p. 348)

On my return to London, I needed to get back to earning some money as soon as possible. I went off to the Rentastaff office and they told me I could start working right away at the Bass Charrington Bottling Depot on Sugar House Lane, in East London. The next morning, I got up at 6.30 a.m., had a bite to eat and took the tube from Waterloo on the northern line, changing at Embankment to the District Line, 15 stops east to Plaistow. It was mid April and although warmer than Edinburgh it was still nippy. As I walked towards my destination, I could see the West Ham Football Stadium in the distance.

This part of London seemed to be a desolate industrial wasteland, full of belching factories and low, featureless warehouses. I could not see any residential housing or shops. The thing I was most aware of that first morning was an overwhelming, nauseous stench in the air. I later found out that the smell was coming from a glue factory where animal parts of one kind or another were 'melted down'. An animal Auschwitz – somehow fitting in view of the saying that 'fear is the glue that holds us together'.

Inside the bottling depot, I was shown where the punch clock was and my duties were explained to me by the West Indian foreman.

I had to stand at the end of a conveyor belt for eight hours a day, remove bottles of wine and put them in cartons, which in turn I had to put on pallets. I soon discovered that, like Charlie Chaplin in 'Modern Times', I became part of the machinery.



I could not leave my post for any reason (even a pee) because if I did, the bottles would jam up against the guard rail and chaos would result.

It was demeaning, soul-destroying work, even worse than my previous job for Rentastaff of 'de-stapling' price tickets from furs. As I worked, I looked around. Despite the presence of the foreman, a couple of workers were sitting, back against a pile of cartons on a pallet drinking from a bottle of house wine. I noticed that I was one of only two or three white workers, the others being mostly Pakistani. My wage for the forty hour week was £18 which translated into nine shillings or 45 newpence an hour. There was nowhere to escape at a job like this, nowhere except into your mind. Given my state of mind, this was no escape at all. If schizophrenia means 'split mind', then I was truly schizophrenic. The biggest and most agonizing split was between whether I should be in Britain or in Canada. The one identity that I could assume that made any sense to others or myself was that of 'the writer'. "I'm working here to gain experience, so that I can understand more about how society works, so that I can see the other side of life for a while." The trouble was that my 'writing' was much more pre-occupied with the past than the here and now. So in reality, I was not devising plots and refining characters as I hauled bottles off the line. Instead I was obsessively agonizing over who I was and where I should be and what I should be doing.

Over 4 years, I had changed. This is a picture taken for the Youth Hostel Association in 1966:



And this is also a picture taken for the Y.H.A. a day or 2 after I quit L.S.E. When I look at the 2 pictures, what do they say as to what had changed & what hadn't?



What had changed?

- Immersion in a completely different (a) culture (b) social & economic class
- Immersion in a completely different way of seeing and understanding the world
- Relationships with women that brought intense pleasure, pain and confusion
- Loss of a tight-knit community
- Experience and increased understanding of different kinds of deprivation that heightened a sense of the need for social change
- An acceptance of the axiom that change rarely comes without struggle; an increasing commitment to being part of that struggle
- A huge loss of innocence & with it the demise of the clown & unconditional trust.
- An uncomfortable acceptance of relative values, e.g. in dire circumstances it may be necessary to lie or at least conceal the truth
- An increasing ability to use critical judgment to differentiate between various degrees of worth and quality in products, processes and people
- A shift from heart / soul to mind; a shift from right brain to left brain

What had not changed?

- Love & compassion
- My inner spirit and soul
- Overconscientiousness
- Underlying vulnerability
- A tendency to be holistic to the detriment of being single-minded
- Certain parental injunctions such as:
  - (a) 'in life you have to prove yourself over & over again' (father), and
  - (b) 'have as many strings to your bow as possible' (mother)
- Tenacious self-will & discipline
- Stubborn independence



This is how I saw myself on a day-day basis in London ... kind of like the guy above right (without the smile).



But this is usually how I felt inside ... kind of like the guy above right (again - without the smile)



On occasion, I wondered if I was a bad person, perhaps really bad, like this fellow.



It became hard to remember that under the masks of pain and anger, this is really who I was.



Then, one day I got a call from someone I had met on the train while going out to meet Mark in Switzerland. Her name was Françoise. She came from a town near Lyons in France & was in the U.K. on a work permit. Again, the long story is in Chameleon. The short story is that we became involved & she move into our flat. ➔



Françoise, like me, had been in crisis. We understood each other. We supported each other. Life became sweeter with her around.

Meanwhile, Stuart and I both wanted a quiet place in which we could write. I found out about a cottage in Devon that we could rent very cheaply and go to whenever we had a break in work from Rent-A-Staff and had saved enough.



The pub & church in Bradworthy. Our cottage was just down the street on the way out of town. We rented half of a house belonging to a jolly farmer & his wife. They had a small herd of cows, about which the farmer would philosophize.



At Christmas, 1970, Stuart, Françoise, Jerry and his girlfriend Liz, stayed at the cottage in Devon. It was a happy time – one of the best Christmases I have ever had.



Jerry & Stewart were 2 men with whom there were no ♂ - ♀ games. I trusted them completely.



Going counter-clockwise, this is Liz, Jerry, Françoise and Stewart Varney, my Rent-A-Staff mate, & future host of CNN's 'Moneyline'

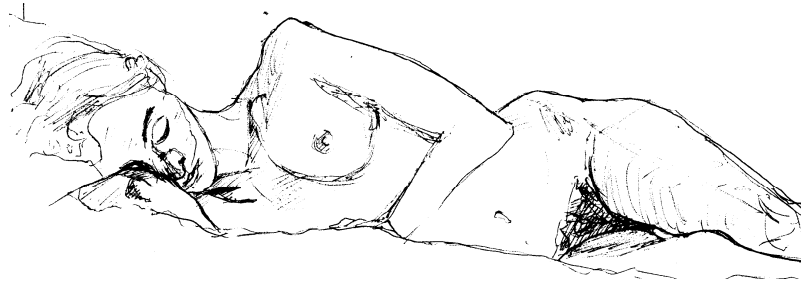
(hey .. he married a rich American woman in Nepal )



Francoise had done nothing but low-paying jobs, but she had real ability as an artist. We used to do pictures together. Here is a quick sketch she did of me:



And a couple I did of her:



But much as I grew to love Francoise, I could not shake the feeling that I had to return to Canada. I started looking for ways that this could happen. The man who had been the most supportive in my life, and who had become a father figure, was Hamish Blair-Cunynghame, Chairman of the Governors of Sedbergh School. I decided to write to him about what had happened at L.S.E., and then request a meeting with him. The following is an extract from *Chameleon* about that meeting:

Extract from *Chameleon*, p. 329

"Perhaps this would be a good time for you to tell me what happened at L.S.E. and what you've been doing since." Blair-Cunynghame took off his glasses and leaned forward. "As briefly and clearly as you can," he added.

It was when I was explaining how inflexible I felt L.S.E. was that he interrupted me.

"You know, you can't always blame the institution. You have to take responsibility for your choices."

"I *am* taking responsibility for my choices," I said, resenting the interruption. "I haven't asked my parents for a cent. I don't owe the government anything. Since I left L.S.E., I haven't gone running to anyone for help. I've tried to cope with the situation on my own." I could feel my anger rising up. I was tired of being told that 'the institution' was O.K. and that I wasn't. It was like what Ken Kesey said in 'One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest', or C. Wright Mills in *The Power Elite*.

"Listen, Ian. I understand that you've gone through a difficult time. You're feeling things out, and that's alright. It's even alright to rebel and 'drop out' for a while. But then, you have to put your life back together again, and seek your place in society."

That's what I'm trying to do." What was the man talking about!? I had applied to B.B.C., Bushnell, even L.A.M.D.A.

"But you seem so angry. What happened to your sense of humor?"

Yes, that's what he'd liked so much in me before, my 'sense of humor'. I was the jolly court-jester. I was Peter Sellars and Spike Milligan rolled into one.

"How can I keep my sense of humor when my father is enraged about the whites losing control to the blacks in Rhodesia? How can I keep my sense of humor when I open the newspaper and read about the Biafran war, the My Lai massacre, the Ohio State and Kent State shootings? They were just students like me - following their conscience. Someone's at fault there. Someone's to blame."

"There are good people, and not so good people in every strata of society. You have to sort out the chaff from the wheat." Blair-Cunynghame sounded earnest now. He had lost his coolness.

(continued on next page)



(continued from previous page)

"It seems to me that sometimes whole groups of people act in a certain way. I searched for 'good people' at L.S.E. but in the end it seemed as if there was a general reluctance to support and encourage my ideas because they just didn't fit in - they were outside the mainstream."

"I understand that your hopes were dashed. But you have to move past that. Past your anger and bitterness."

"I'm trying to be true to my conscience. I'm trying to sort out right from wrong. I mean, look at all those people out there, demonstrating for what they believe. I don't just want to follow the herd ... but then sometimes I feel guilty. Why am I not out there? I mean, if you really believe in what you're doing, you should be prepared to back up your beliefs with action."

"What kind of action? How far would you be prepared to go?" I could feel that Blair-Cunynghame had drawn back into himself again.

"Well, do whatever it takes to be heard. People don't listen unless you make enough noise. Beat drums, march in the streets, do 'sit-ins', throw rocks if you have to ..."

"Throw rocks?" His tone of voice hardened.

"If that's the only way to attract people's attention, to show what you feel."

Well, there are a few things that you and I have disagreed about. Would you throw rocks at my window to make your point?"

"If I had to ..."

In my mind I felt clear. In my stomach I felt sick. I knew I had gone too far. Rightly or wrongly, I had tagged him as a member of 'The Power Elite', and thus as 'part of The Problem', namely the evils of Capitalism.

And for his part, he saw me as a turncoat; I had been reared to join his class. He had taken a personal interest in me. He had encouraged me, supported me, listened to me. He had even suggested that I join one of the companies of which he was Chairman, B.O.A.C. or The Royal Bank of Scotland. He had been like a father to me. But now I had challenged him one too many times.

"Well, I have to get ready for my dinner appointment. I'm afraid I cannot give you a reference at this time, but I wish you well in your searching."

As I heard his door close, I knew that I would probably never see him again. I never did.



Sir Hamish Blair-Cunynghame

In the summer of 1971, I went to Aix-en-Provence in the south of France. Françoise and I stayed there. Even though we were sexually involved, we had separate rooms so that I could do my writing and she could do her art work. I knew I had to return to Canada. I had severed the umbilical cord when I quit L.S.E. – if not before. I just couldn't adapt to living this new radical lifestyle in the U.K.

But I also felt that Françoise and I were not strong enough as a couple to merit the two of us going to Canada. I had to go alone but I was distressed at the thought of leaving this woman who had given me her love and support. Maybe that's the other reason that we had separate rooms – not just in Aix but at The Cut as well.

I knew I had to return to Canada but I didn't know how or when. Those questions were answered when Carlos Basanta came to London from Montreal – towards the end of the year. Joy and Jim were getting divorced and Carlos was Joy's lover. He was an immigrant to Canada from Spain. Carlos wanted to do big street murals in Montreal and he needed a partner, preferably one who spoke better English than he did. I fit the bill.

I needed something more than just my own will to get me back to Canada, and Carlos fit my bill.

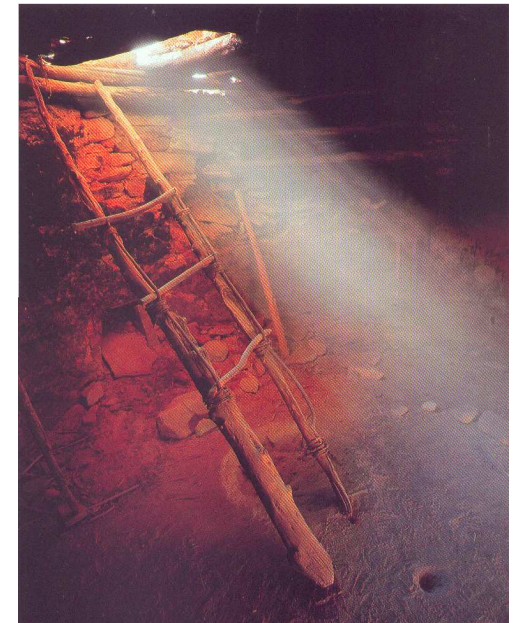
For the last year that I was in London, I lived at 35 The Cut, continued to share my emotional and sexual life with Françoise, and worked at 2 jobs. One was as a box-office assistant at The Young Vic and the other was as a dishwasher in a gay restaurant in which Mary (from Notting Hill) worked as a cook.

Extract from Chameleon, p. 389:

29/4/72 'I've decided I want to return without anything. I've sold my suit for £17. I've given things away. I'm packing all my books in my trunk and I'll ask Robin if he can arrange to have them sent to Edinburgh. I'm going to Canada as an immigrant. I want to start from scratch.'

14/5/72 'My last night in London. Spent night with Françoise. Jerry picked me up at 7

a.m. the next morning. As I creep out, I know that my sweet Françoise is only pretending to be asleep. At Heathrow, at the Air Canada counter, they hand back the return portion of my London – Montreal ticket. I pause a moment, eyeing the waste paper container nearby. Then I put it inside my passport and head towards the departure lounge.'



# Montreal

## 1972-1978

I was met at the airport by Joy and Carlos. By the end of the day, Carlos and I had moved into one floor of a house on Sherbrooke near Papineau. Neither of us had any possessions and we slept on the floor for the first few days until we got some mattresses from the thrift store. Here is Carlos:



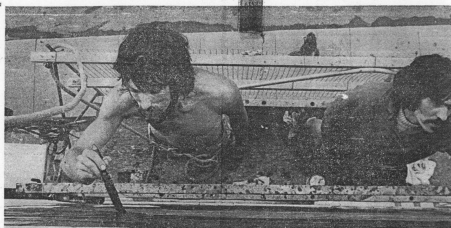
Carlos and Joy were no longer having an affair, but were still friends. At first, the 3 of us were close. Joy was able to help out with her car and we made a couple of trips to the beach over the summer.



However, there wasn't much time for sun-bathing. Neither of us had any savings & so we had to find work in order to survive. Every day we roamed the streets of downtown Montreal looking for suitable walls for murals. We very nearly landed a contract to paint one side of the Playboy Club. The deal had been O.K'd at the local level for \$15,000 but later fell through. However, we got permission to do a large mural on a building on Crescent & De Maisonneuve

### What are they up to?

San Brown and Carlos Rosetta (right) are social activists. They believe in taking art to the people. In their view, the poster is a key element in revolutionary Montreal. San is a former sociology student and Carlos has a degree in anthropology. Does that give you any ideas on their subject matter? See photo and story on page A-1.



### Weather takes a dive

### Winter job projects under way



← We even made it into the paper. Physically, I was lean and fit. I had started doing yoga as described in this extract from Phoenix, p. 10

'I was keeping to a meditation schedule and although I found this unflinchingly calming for the mind, I knew that my body needed something more. One day Carlos and I were talking about different ways to exercise and he told me that he did hatha yoga, although not on a regular basis. I asked him to show me a few positions. As a result of his demonstration and explanation, I began doing five basic positions or *asanas* before my meditation; these were *uddiyana*, *paschimottan-asana*, *bhujangasana*, *sarvangasana* and *dhanurasana*. I also began to understand the significance of deep breathing and I added this to my routine which had now grown to 4 interconnected activities: (1) initially, laying flat on my stomach and writing in my diary whatever seemed to need to come out, i.e. thoughts, feelings, questions, narration of events, lists of things to do, etc. (2) laying on my back on the floor and doing deep breathing in combination with tensing and relaxation of all the sets of muscles; meanwhile, maintaining body consciousness with my mind, (3) doing the *asanas*, (4) getting into a cross legged position with my back to a wall and engaging in transcendental meditation.

I found that the bareness of our flat and the lack of material possessions including a phone and a TV helped me focus on the importance of building a habit out of this routine.'

But by the end of the summer, it was time to move on and do my own thing. I moved out and found a room overlooking Carré St. Louis. I felt I had made the right decision in coming back to Canada but I missed Francoise terribly. We both felt heartache from the wrenching apart.

(Extract from Phoenix, p. 18)

Extract from Letter from Francoise: 18/8/72

*"I've got a job at 'The Dirtiest Show In Town' doing the lights (at Duchess theatre, £16 / week; 2 hours / 6 evenings a week. Got job through Maureen ... whatever happens, you know I'll always be with you."*

I was beginning to have to differentiate between different types of women. For example, I had experienced real differences between North American and European women. I was also seeing (although not yet able to conceptualize) that the Women's Movement was coalescing into two camps; one camp I wholeheartedly supported – namely women who wanted social change (including radical social change) so that there could be true equality between the genders. The other camp was beginning to manufacture a kind of reverse sexism based on notions of 'special rights' and 'entitlement'.

For example, Ellie felt she had the 'right' to have a baby by me without consultation. She further felt she had the right to give birth to and raise this child with no participation from me whatsoever. Apparently, I had no rights at all. For her part, Lesley felt that as an 'ardent feminist', she could berate the infidelity of a lover (to his wife!) while not once apologizing or showing regret for having an affair with a friend of mine behind my back. In their minds, the existence of Patriarchy and historical oppression of women justified a 'carte blanche' with respect to moral obligations to men.

My relationship with Francoise had been different. If there had been betrayal, it came from me and my decision to return to Canada on my own. I had not betrayed her in terms of a relationship with another woman, but I had reneged on my commitment to our relationship.

While continuing to do meditation and yoga, I started writing again in my room. Here are some pictures from that time:



On balcony outside my room overlooking the Carré.



Overcoming obstacles in the urban forest.

Doing asanas:



And bliss consciousness after:



Extract from Phoenix, p. 19

'I had *wanted* to start over in Canada without money or possessions. I had a Bugger All in Sociology – that was true, but other than that, I felt like I was starting from scratch. I wanted to rise like a phoenix from the ashes of my failures in London – I wanted to rise on my own merits and on my own resources, not because of privilege or unfair advantage. I wanted to *know* what it was like to experience extreme deprivation. I had been under the scaffold and I was still there. I needed to see clearly where, when, and how I wanted to climb.

My new home, my room on Carre St. Louis, was on the top floor and looked out onto the Square. I was back to living *par secul*. In some ways it was like picking up from where I had left off in my monastic cell on Montreal Street in Kingston, three years previous. Sometimes, I felt as if the intervening years in London were a figment of my imagination, or the lingering memory of a nightmare.'

At that time, I was devouring the books of Carlos Castaneda. The theme of the white westernized anthropologist learning how to be a hunter, a warrior and a man of knowledge from an Indian shaman, Don Juan, was irresistible. I wanted to adopt a perception of the world that would allow me to differentiate between friend and foe. I wanted to become less vulnerable. I had to fend for myself in the urban jungle.

Extract from Phoenix, p. 20

*'Most people move from act to act without any struggle or thought. A hunter, on the contrary, assesses every act; and since he has an intimate knowledge of his death, he proceeds judiciously as if every act were his last battle. A warrior is an impeccable hunter that hunts power. If he succeeds in his hunting, he can be a man of knowledge ... the mood of a warrior calls for control over himself and at the same time, it calls for abandoning himself.*

*To look at a rock is doing, but to see it is not-doing. 'Truth' doesn't matter. If things are said to be true, a warrior would act in order to be doing. If things are said to be untrue, he still would act in order to be not-doing. It is not a matter of understanding but of mastery. Seeing, of course, is the final accomplishment of a **man of knowledge**, and seeing is attained only when one has stopped the world through the techniques of not-doing.*

*Instead of telling yourself 'the truth', that you are ugly and rotten and inadequate, tell yourself that you are the complete opposite, knowing that you are lying; this may hook you to another doing, and then you may realize that both doings are lies, and that to hinge yourself to either one is a waste of time, because the only thing that is real is the being in you that is going to die. To arrive at that being is the not-doing of the self. A warrior is not a clown, at the mercy of other people. A warrior is like a pirate that has no qualms in taking and using anything he wants, except that the warrior doesn't mind or he doesn't feel insulted when he is used and taken himself. I didn't know how to balance self control and self abandonment.'*

\* \* \*

I wanted to be a warrior and a man of knowledge. I was beginning to see how the skills of a hunter were also necessary for survival in the concrete jungle. I had let myself be taken for granted. I did explain everything. I did take myself too seriously. I did worry. I did make myself too accessible. I didn't carefully assess each act as if it was my last. I didn't know the techniques of 'not-doing' that included lying to oneself. I had hidden behind the clown's mask, especially at Sedbergh. And I was not at all like a pirate. There was much to think about in Castaneda's ideas, much that seemed relevant, much to learn.

Gandhi had renounced his middle-class heritage, as had Che Guevara and Fidel Castro. They were my heroes now – the ones who had made a self-sacrificing total commitment. The Maoist idea of 'revolving labor', of academics and artists working in the fields and in the factories made sense to me. I viewed as suspect anyone who espoused the need for social change and yet felt they could do this without actually exiling themselves in the basement. How could they possibly know what it was like? My over-conscientiousness was leading me into an angry and zealous self-righteousness. If I had put my middle-class past on the phoenix alter of immolation, why couldn't they?



I didn't have a piano but my friends Jill & Roger from Expo lived only a few

doors away and I visited often and played theirs.

Extract from Phoenix, p. 21

I started working at the Montreal Piano Repair Shop on Drolet & Duluth. My boss was a rotund Slavic man named Louis Loveson. Louis liked spicy sausage, course humor and hunting excursions into the Laurentians. He was a skilled piano technician, and my original plan was to apprentice myself to him in order to learn about the material aspects of my chosen instrument. I was also looking for cheap ways to procure a piano for myself. Louis had told me from the start that it would probably be a short-term job so that he could catch up on work orders. In the month that I worked there, my job was to strip and sand piano casings all day. It was a filthy and unrewarding job that stripped yet another layer of my idealism.

At the end of November, I was laid off.

In mid-December, I started a proof-reading job at a company called Aquilla BST, in Place Victoria. About a week later, on Christmas eve, I became very ill. I had racking stomach pain, brown urine, and a very high fever. In the end. It was unbearable. I walked through a snow storm to the Royal Victoria Hospital. They admitted me, put me on morphine and the next thing I knew was that I woke up on a ward. They told me that there was something wrong with my kidney, that my temperature was close to 105 on admission, and that for a while, they had feared for my life. I had to stay there for 3 weeks.



I had every kind of test procedure, including sigmoidoscopies (if you don't know what that is, you don't want to know), kidney biopsies, bone-marrow biopsies, etc. etc. I meditated a lot, had an escapade with a nurse called Sue, and generally seemed to heal myself. I returned to my room, returned to Aquilla and finished up having an affair with a beautiful Italian-Canadian named Raphaela. In the picture ↵, that is her baby sister. not a daughter.



Then I started work at a vegetarian restaurant on Prince Arthur, 2 minutes from my room. It was a hippy gathering place and I had been hired as 'business manager' (of all things!) because I was a Scorpio. That was where I met Jennifer:

Extract from Phoenix, p. 35

The first thing I noticed about Jennifer was that in addition to wearing blue jeans, she wore work boots. She also smoked. She also had a kind of no-nonsense attitude that didn't seem middle-class. And, on top of all those proletarian attributes, she was the single mother of a 2 year-old child called Krista.

The attraction was not primarily physical. Jennifer looked a bit like Joni Mitchell; there was an avian alertness to the eyes, one that masked sensual or emotional nuance. From the waist up, she was graceful. Her breasts were pear-shaped, her arms and hands fine-boned and feminine.

From the waist down, her build was heavier (although not fat) – this along with her height gave an androgynous aspect to her appearance. With her jeans, work boots and tough attitude, she could have been one of those women who direct traffic on highway construction projects. Her mind was nimble and she spoke quickly with a high nasal quality in her voice. She told me she came from Moncton, New Brunswick and although I hadn't met many Maritimers, those that I had met seemed to have a down-to-earth quality like Jennifer.

After a while, we exchanged phone numbers. Jennifer was working at Classics Bookstore and when I told her I was reading Castaneda, she told me she could get me books for free. This was another thing in favor, given that ripping off large corporations was no longer on my list of ethical no-no's. I was grateful.

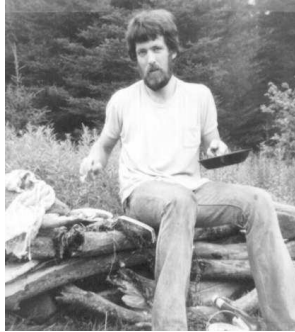
**THE PHOENIX IS A MYTHICAL BIRD THAT LIVES FOR 500 YEARS, BUILDS ITS OWN FUNERAL PYRE, IS CONSUMED BY THE FLAMES, THEN RISES ANEW FROM THE ASHES. THIS LEGEND SUPPOSEDLY SYMBOLIZES THE RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN, AS WELL AS IMMORTALITY, RESURRECTION, AND LIFE AFTER DEATH.**

Raphaella went off to Mexico and Jennifer and I started seeing more of each other. Jennifer had a toddler daughter, Krista - so at the same time that Jennifer and I started getting involved, I also began to see more and more of Krista (and her dog, Josh). Here is a picture of Jennifer one time we went camping:



And one of me, disturbingly

skinny, on the same occasion.



In September of 1973 I got a job as a Social Animator at Dawson College: Extract from Phoenix, p. 43

'On the 27<sup>th</sup>. September, I was interviewed at Dawson College by the Head of the Student Services Department, a tall effervescent chap with ginger hair named Stewart McLean. He told me that 400 people had applied for the job and I had done well to even get to the first interview. Later, he told me that I would be asked to attend a second interview with four or five students as the interviewers.

A week later, in a state of rising expectations, I went to my second interview. I was told there was a big problem with student apathy at Dawson College, and that Social Animators were being hired to get students involved, to make things happen, to 'animate' a stagnant environment. I had checked the word 'animate' in the dictionary and noted the definition 'breathe life into'.

The interview seemed to be going well. There were no men of the cloth in positions of power, I wasn't being asked why I was an agnostic. When they outlined what they were looking for, I told them about what Ed Berman had done with Inter-Action in London - and how his projects had been set up initially to combat apathy amongst street kids. In particular I 'sold' them on the idea of street theatre and how I felt it could work at Dawson. They seemed enthusiastic.

A few days later, I got a call from Stewart McLean informing me that I had got one of the two positions, the other one going to an American draft-resistor from Texas, named Roger Dillon. When he told me that the job paid \$100 a week, I almost flipped. \$100 a week! Wow.'

I worked at Dawson College from Sept. to May 1974, at which time I and a fellow Animator were laid off. During that time I organized various 'Happenings' including a ritual raising of the spirit of Sir William Dawson, a debate entitled 'Dawson Is An Open Prison'. I also formed a 'street theatre' group, and we did various performances with our mobile stage and piano around campus.

I moved from my room on Carre St. Louis into a two bedroom dilapidated bomb shelter on St. Dominique. Jennifer and I continued to see each other and our involvement with each other increased. Here is a picture of Jennifer and Krista taken during that winter & one of Krista and I playing together:



Certain key themes were unmistakably emerging in my life:

- (1) Education
- (2) Class politics
- (3) Gender politics
- (4) Music - learning and performing
- (5) Love of working/playing/learning with people of all ages, children & animals.

I was also clarifying who were, and were not my mentors:

'There are some people that while inspiring you, make you feel absolutely inadequate at the same time. One such person for me was Oscar Peterson. Whenever I started feeling that I was quite a good pianist, I would listen to Oscar and my ego would shrink to a singularity. I had the same feeling about Ed Berman.

Ed Berman was an American ex-patriate who came to London in the late sixties and starting from scratch, organized community projects that went on to be extremely successful. He named his organization Inter-Action and it grew quickly over a few years to include separate yet inter-related projects such as Dogg's Troupe (interactional street theatre), the Ambiance Lunch Hour Theatre, the Fun Art Bus (a double-decker bus that picked people up and entertained them with puppet shows during the ride), and the Video Van (a mobile unit equipped with video cameras that facilitated youth video production).

Ed Berman was my hero. He was my mentor. Whereas the Young Vic Theatre (where I had worked prior to coming back to Canada) purported to be for the young people in the community, in reality it was elitist and had finished up turning away local youth as being too rough and tough for the genteel theatre-going clients. Ed Berman, on the other hand, *had* empowered youth in lower income areas. He had facilitated both channels of information and expression at a community level. He had motivated and inspired and above all, he had succeeded in evolving a business model that worked. He was working *within* the system to find funding for his projects any way he could, in particular by tapping charitable organizations and municipal governments. In the sense of giving the tools of production to the dispossessed, he was a Marxist in my eyes. On the other hand, in his business capacity, he was a free enterpriser, a brash American go-getter who knew how to raise capital and where to apply it for social benefit.'

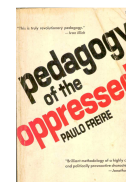
(Extract from Phoenix, p. 43)

Two more heroes were Paulo Freire, author of Pedagogy Of the Oppressed, and Jonathon Kozol, author of Death At An Early Age and Free Schools. Kozol came to speak at Dawson:

'Jonathon Kozol, the radical educator from Boston who had written Death At An Early Age, came to Dawson as a speaker. On one level, the experience was like a master class in how to animate. This guy was so incendiary, he vaporized any apathy within fifty feet of him. Kozol, a small, slight man, electrified the large audience. He spoke in a deep, resonant, but strangely hushed voice, as he mercilessly attacked the United States' public school system. His arguments were coherent and persuasive.

Like Hoch and Schechter in the debate, he said that there was little point tinkering with the educational system when the larger social system needed to be changed. He advocated setting up a parallel educational system based on 'free schools'. Such was the energy that was stirred up that by the end of the meeting there were calls from several speakers to 'DO SOMETHING' at Dawson. In the wake of Kozol's visit, a Radical Education Caucus was set up.' (Phoenix, p. 54)

I was deeply affected by Kozol. Like Freire, he became a role model and a mentor.





Meanwhile the news from Britain was not good – to put it mildly.  
Extract from Phoenix, p. 59; letter from Robin:

“After some investigation, I finally traced Francoise to 9 Clissold Road, Stoke Newington, N. 16. She, I am sad to say, has gone entirely to seed and looked an awful mess, totally negative, dirty, unkempt, and living in a large condemned house in a row of the same. They say variety is the spice of life, but I sometimes wonder what some individuals do to themselves in their search for their own particular brand of truth.”

“Dad is now in a really bad state with gangrene poisoning in his toes and spreading. He’s totally blind now and has no fire left. He sits there quietly and peacefully awaiting the inevitable. Mum is a marvel and although she broke her arm at Xmas in a fall on Blackford Hill, she is back driving the car and carting him to hospital (which they both attend daily).”

“In two weeks I will be flying back to South Africa to be with Lorna, an unmarried mother of a 5 year old.”

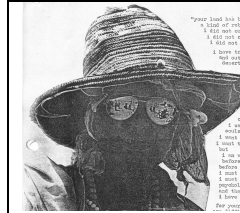
A while later, I received a letter from my mother in which she said: “Robin was sacked from his job in London. He badly needs dental treatment and has lost his spectacles. It would have been better for him to come home to Edinburgh for a while until he got himself sorted out.”



Going mad



Getting mad



Nomad

### Diary Entry: March, 1975

Big insight about the moral principles and perceptions that have evolved in my twenties and that now lie at the core of my being:

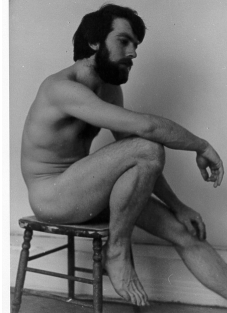
PERCEPTION: No-one will ever again be able to make me feel guilty about having some unfair advantage if I start from nothing, i.e. no friends, no job, no money.

PRINCIPLE: It is immoral to indulge want when there are other still in need.

Josh and I



From May 1974 (when I left the Dawson job) to September 1975, I collected U.I.C., worked at Krista's daycare, submitted 2 proposals to C.B.C. radio (no luck) & then tried nude modeling.



Extract from Phoenix, p. 79

‘I had to get my life on some kind of worthwhile track, at least before I turned 30. I was making progress. I knew I didn't want to be a community organizer (or social animator) because I didn't have the credibility to represent or fit into the target population. I had tried briefly to survive through freelance writing and had failed. All signs seemed to point to being a teacher. I reasoned that at least as a teacher, I could have legitimacy and credibility based solely on my skills. I could enter a meritocracy unsullied by racial, class or gender identity. I could make my classroom, MY classroom, into my own little universe. Wasn't it all about learning? Wasn't that what we were here for – to learn? Jennifer had told me that I was good at three things, these being looking after Krista, making love, and teaching ... in no particular order. ↗

### To teach or not to teach?



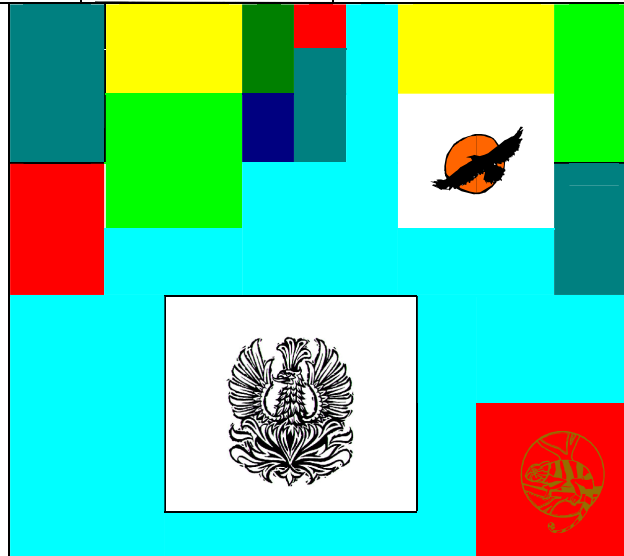
Extract from Phoenix, p. 80

Letter from Mum: 11/5/75: Extract

“Sorry I sounded so depressed when I was at Aunt Mollie's ... please don't worry about me, I usually manage to get on top of the depression in the end. Finding out that Daddy has an identical twin was a severe shock and has made me distrust the whole family. I feel that I have been surrounded by a conspiracy of silence.”

Three weeks after that, I was told by my sister that she had received a letter from our father, describing my mother as being “crazy”. It turned out that there had been a huge crisis in which my father had reacted to my mother's paranoid delusion and had moved out and stayed at his sister's house, (my Aunt Margaret).

When Margaret heard that my mother had talked of my father having a twin, she had said that my mother should “go to Craighouse (Edinburgh's main psychiatric institution). This was while my mother was seeking refuge with Aunt Mollie in Derby.’



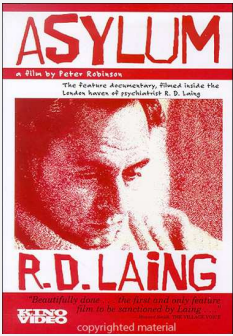
Extract from Phoenix, p. 82.

I had fallen to bits. It wasn't a dream or a nightmare. it was a reality. For better or worse, it had happened. Now, rather than feeling like a chameleon, I felt like a phoenix rising from the ashes. I had been reborn. I was being reborn. As the chameleon, I had been too adaptable, too yielding to the wills of others. Starting with the decision to not go into the Army, I had begun a long process of finding myself.

The phoenix was rising, seeking to become a sun eagle, confident, powerful, purposeful, fixed in its essential nature. Rather than frantically changing color so as to blend with my surroundings, I was going to determine who and what I was, where and how I wanted to fit in, as an existentialist choice rather than a reaction to circumstance.

Purification by fire, a painful and dangerous process, but one that ultimately dissolved fear and resurrected hope. It was as David Marvin said: “The genesis of reborn hope was in the fact that the worst that could happen had happened and I had nothing more to fear.”

David Marvin knew from experience what Evelyn Puxley pointed out in her book Poverty in Montreal: there was an undeniable connection between poverty and scarcity on the one hand, and material and psychological well-being on the other.



One day, my sister Joy gave me a copy of 'Ramparts' magazine that contained the most precise explanation of these connections that I had ever seen. The quotation comes from an article by the educator Edgar Friedenberg on R. D. Laing, entitled 'The Politics of Madness'.

"One of Laing's most evocative ideas is that scarcity lies at the root of human alienation. While Laing takes the idea from Sartre, who in turn elaborated it from Marxian sources, the kind of alienation that he emphasizes is quite different from the alienation Marx saw as a central condition of capitalism.

Laing is concerned with psychological alienation, which deprives people of the capacity to accept or even become aware of their own feelings and respond to their own needs. Marx referred to the alienation of the worker from the fruits of labor and the economic context in which he worked - his inability to control either his tools or his job, in neither of which he had any vested rights comparable to those of proprietorship. Both kinds of alienation proceed simultaneously in industrial societies and reinforce each other. Objective deprivation and economic insecurity create intense anxiety and lower self-esteem, making their victims unwilling or unable to take psychic risks, or tolerate their own or other persons' impulses towards growth, dissent or rebellion. Each individual's mounting sense of existential guilt and self-betrayal, makes him increasingly hostile towards signs of growth, honest feeling and self-realization in others.

This viciously circular relationship between economic and psychic insecurity is a central social fact; it is the source of the psychological and political oppression that, like air and water pollution, we have come to accept as the emblem of life in our time, our gray badge of endurance.

What seems to me to be implied inescapably by Laing's position, though he would surely reject this conclusion himself, if possible - is that **freedom & self-realization**



have always been and must remain, the concerns of an elite of some kind, self-defined by its very nature as an enemy of the people (my emphasis). If it is not to become merely another group, obsessed and corrupted by the demands of its own defense, then clearly it must be relatively invulnerable for reasons with which it need not concern itself too much from day to day. Wealth helps, but capitalism has done a superb job of defining wealth so that nobody ever seems sure he has enough and can keep it, especially in a state made fretful by an uneasy social conscience. The national conscience has enough to be fretful about, but humaneness derived from guilt, is about as trustworthy as chastity imposed by gonorrhoea. Neither is evidence of a change of heart.

If my reasoning is correct, demands for a just society, as social justice is now conceived, must continue to conflict very sharply with the demand for personal self-realization." (Ramparts, April 1974, vol. 12, no. 9, p. 21)

This quotation connected all the dots. So called 'Buddhist economics' made unlikely bedfellows of both the Sedbergh ethos and that of the counter-culture. But choosing scarcity was not the same as imposed scarcity, one that seemed inescapable. The man that climbed Everest and survived those hardships was treated by Society as a hero, whereas the person that had the courage and strength to survive the economic and psychological hardships of poverty day after day, month after month, was unseen and unappreciated. If his plight was made visible, as in the case of someone like David Marvin, you could be sure that the usual explanations would be trotted out - 'he was lazy', 'he was weak', 'he was an addict', along with the usual solutions of individual betterment. IF social justice was one's goal, then personal self-realization was not enough.'

(Extract from Phoenix, p. 83)

Out of all this ferment, two major events occurred:

- (1) In September of 1975, I enrolled in the Diploma of Education Program at McGill University
- (2) I joined a band.

The band was called 'The Steven Barry Blues Band'. What happened was this; I had put a card up on the notice board of The Yellow Door saying 'Good piano player looking for a conga player to improvise with'. A few days later, I got a call from a guy called Steven Barry suggesting that we meet. We did. I liked him. He suggested I come to a band practice. I did. It went well. Steven invited me to join the band and I did. Here is our band poster:



Chaim Tannenbaum IAB Gordon Adamson Andrew Cowan Steven Barry

§ a blow-up of the rather sinister-looking pianist. Hey man, I was just trying to look cool, you dig?



So my life suddenly became very structured as I became a full-time student by day and a gigging musician at night. Steven, Chaim and Andrew were already well-known on the Montreal music scene, and it didn't take long before our band started creating a stir.

## Barry Band impressive

By DANE LANZEN  
The bass player Barry is known for his work with the band Blues, and prior to that for his rocksteady bass in the late Back Door Blues Band. The bass player Barry is known for his work with the band Blues, and prior to that for his rocksteady bass in the late Back Door Blues Band. The bass player Barry is known for his work with the band Blues, and prior to that for his rocksteady bass in the late Back Door Blues Band. The bass player Barry is known for his work with the band Blues, and prior to that for his rocksteady bass in the late Back Door Blues Band.

## Stephen Barry band-pure blues

by Noel Meyer  
The Stephen Barry Band consists of Stephen Barry on drums, Gordon Adamson on guitar, Andrew Cowan on bass, and Steven Barry on piano. The band began the set with 'There's a Hole in the Harmonica'... The band rocked on from again, with a new rock/blues band called simply The Steven Barry Band. The band rocked on from again, with a new rock/blues band called simply The Steven Barry Band. The band rocked on from again, with a new rock/blues band called simply The Steven Barry Band.



Meanwhile, things were going O.K. at McGill. (Extract from Phoenix, p. 86)

'In my first semester, I was fortunate enough to get my practicum placement at the only Alternative School within the Protestant School Board system. The school, previously called 'The Alternative High School', had just been re-named by the student body as Moving In New Directions (MIND).

MIND was located in a building on Park Avenue near Mount Royal. The Principal was an attractive young woman called Michelle who flirted with me from the onset. The students were by and large the children of upper-income WASP and Jewish parents. Many of them were precociously intelligent and had been sent to MIND because they didn't fit in at their traditional high school. The atmosphere at the school was creatively chaotic reflecting a curious blend of 'student democracy' and the charismatic and matriarchal Michelle. In general, the school was about as far as you could get from my own schooling at Sedbergh. As such, it was a fascinating milieu to test out innovative ideas and methods and to further clarify my own educational philosophy.'

If I ever had any doubt, it soon became clear to me that I loved teaching. I didn't need or want to be 'cool'. This is a picture of me at MIND (try to disregard le sweaty armpit)



1975-76 was turning out to be as good as 1974-75 had been bad. One day, while the band was doing a gig at The Rainbow Bar and Grill, I had an extraordinary experience:

Extract from Phoenix, p. 90

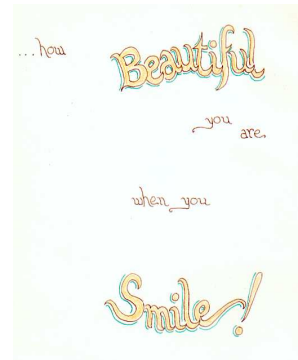
As I was playing, I became aware of someone leaning against the upright watching me intently. When I looked up to see who it was, I was faced with a brown-eyed woman in a black leather coat and a red scarf. Our eyes met, re-met, as some mysterious energy was created and transmitted. Ten minutes later, she was still there and the connection grew stronger. At the break, we talked. It turned out that her name was Ya-el and she had gone to school with Andrew and Chaim. She was a teacher and an artist, and on top of that, I soon discovered that she had an irresistible combination of empathy and black humor. For the first time in my life, I got an insight into the term 'love at first sight'.

We became lovers shortly after that gig. Ya-el lived in Outrement, not far from the location of MIND. We would get together at her neat, tasteful apartment after our respective teaching days. I was in heaven. Here was a woman who laughed at my jokes (and more importantly at me), who made me laugh with her razor wit, who I could talk education with, who loved my piano playing, who was a graphic artist of real ability, and whose eyes were laughing and sad and receptive and intelligent.

Yael and I had an affair for about 6 months at which time she moved to Toronto to do a Masters Degree at O.I.S.E. I only have 1 picture of her and it was taken in Kingston shortly before we ended our affair. We stayed friends.



Yael sent me several cards that show her artistic talents. Here is an example:



Maybe we were both clowns at heart.

I gave up Yael because I wanted & needed to stay emotionally loyal and attached to Jennifer. It was a very hard decision. And perhaps not the correct one. There was a very special 'chemistry' between Yael and I. She was and is a wonderful woman.

In the fall of 1976, I quit the band. There were several reasons, and they are explained in Phoenix. The simplest one to state here is that I was offered a full-time position teaching special education at Laval Catholic High School (L.C.H.S.) Even though my relationship with Jennifer continued its bumpy ride, I still lived in my own place on St. Dominique. I bought a car and commuted to Laval every day. I knew the job was going to be tough, and it was. I was determined to get the respect and trust of my students my way, and that didn't mean sending them to the Principal when they got out of line. The classroom rules evolved as we went along. They DID test my limits, I did get stressed and frustrated but eventually I did win their respect and trust. Some pictures from that year:

Some of the boys (see if you can spot the 2 Italian-Canadians):



And some of the girls:



Again ... there are 2 Italian-Canadians and 2 French-Canadians. Hazard a guess. I'll help you: The name of the momma striking the pose was Lucia.

One special ed. student was very special. His name was George. Here he is:



And here is some info. about him: (Extract from Phoenix, p. 99)

"There was one student who intrigued me. His name was George Villa. Although I never met them, I knew his parents were from Argentina. George appeared to have several learning disabilities. He couldn't read or write very well and showed disinterest in virtually all subjects and activities. He wasn't overtly disruptive but from time to time he would explode in verbal self-defense when the teasing got too much. And he was teased on a daily basis.

George wasn't shy and he didn't appear to be afraid. He was just different, uniquely different. George had one overriding passion that eclipsed everything else – and that was anything and everything to do with space exploration. His knowledge in this area was simply astounding. George knew the personal bios of all the Apollo astronauts. He knew technical details of the Apollo rockets. He knew the exact distance from the earth to the moon, and the nearest planets.

As with some of the other kids in my class, I suspected that there was an abusive family situation at home. I knew George was afraid of his father. As I started to get to know him, I felt that he needed to be sheltered, supported, validated.

If his wormhole vision into the infinities of space was a symptom of autism, so what? All I knew was that he shouldn't be robbed of his passion, and that his interests could and should be channeled in a constructive direction. Paulo Freire, my hero, had taught political awareness through reading and writing, and vice-versa. In turn, I was sure that George could be taught the 3 R's through his interest in space exploration.'

My sister Joy had come to see me many times when I was with the Band. She was supportive of my music but for one reason or another, we became distant.



These pictures were taken on Mont Royal on a beautiful but freezing day.



I wasn't rehired, more due to the recession I think than my job performance. So once again, it was unemployment time. I had arranged to visit my parents in Edinburgh. It had been over 6 years since I had last seen them. Because of the rift between my father and I, I had decided not to stay at my parents' house. I had accommodation in a residence at the University of Edinburgh. Here is an account of the situation when I arrived in the summer of 1977. (Extract from Phoenix, p. 137)

"On the plane from Mirabel, I experienced the same nausea that I remembered feeling in 1969. As we headed eastwards, my psyche screamed, 'you're going in the wrong direction ... you don't want to go back ... you want to go forward ... for God's sake, go WEST young man!' If only I could have rolled the date forward a month and be travelling across the prairies, expanding my horizons. I was willing myself into this nightmare. What lay ahead? I didn't dare think.

We land at Heathrow. No desire to talk, no desire to even take in my surroundings – blind and indifferent to this familiar reality. Driven by will-power, guided by tunnel vision. Victoria, King's Cross and straight onto the train. No desire to stay. No desire to hang around.

I begin to register some changes. Last time, in 1969, returning from Queen's University, I didn't know who or what I was, save a young man immersed in sociological theory. Now, I had a much better idea, a much firmer foundation. I was a teacher with a union card and brand new credit card in my pocket. And I was a Canadian, with a plaid lumberjacket from The Bay and mid-atlantic accent to boot. I was no longer squirming in my cultural skin – no longer the chameleon trying desperately to find a way to fit in. I had struggled through the conception and labor of being a Canadian immigrant and had finally emerged as an identifiable Canadian Citizen, with a Canadian passport to prove it. I was older, perhaps even a bit wiser. I felt as if I knew what it was 'to be myself' in this familiar yet alien environment. The acute contradictions, the seething rage were still there, but no longer bursting out everywhere.

"I am on a mission", I thought to myself as we passed through the midlands. I am calm. I am controlled. I am as well prepared as ever I could be for whatever lies ahead. We arrive in Edinburgh and I take a taxi straight to the Pollack Halls of Residence, tucked in under the Salisbury Crags and right next to the magnificent swimming pool that had been built for the 1970 Commonwealth games. I check into a small but comfortable and clean room on the top floor. I need to spend a night here to prepare myself.

The next day, under the leaden gray skies. I make the twenty minute walk along Grange Road towards Spottiswoode Street. Mum greets me at the door, her face innocent, crazy, anxiety-wild, and caring. "My boy ... my great big son!" she says, and we embrace. But I am only half-prepared for what greets me in the living-room.

If age now clearly reveals my mother's anxiety and shattered nerves, then the fixed mold of my father's face is a terrifying expression of bitterness, frustration and failure. No longer is there any semblance of disguise. His mouth pulled down, his nose bulbous and misshapen, the skin drawn taught back across the hollows of the skull, and the sightless eyes all but sealed by the ravages of glaucoma. He greets me warmly enough. I accept a beer and we make small talk. It is possible, even for me, in this context to find an hour or two's conventional material from the five or so years' experience that separates this visit from the last. And of course, now I have at least some respectability of being 'a teacher', and with it, a certain poise and confidence.

I don't feel anger towards my father, rather a sense of emotional inertness, save only a feeling of pathos and compassion as from one human being to another. There is the smell of death. My mother tells me that "Daddy is not eating anything ... he refuses to eat ... I don't know what to do." I ask whether the doctor has been brought in. "He won't see the doctor ... doesn't want to trouble him." At this point, I slowly begin to grasp the fact that I am going to have to take command of the situation.'

On 7/7/77 my father was admitted to hospital. His condition slowly worsened over the next 2 weeks.

Extract from Phoenix, p. 143:

Diary entry: Thursday, 21<sup>st</sup>. July, 1977

8.30 a.m. The hospital calls and says that Dad died in the early hours of the morning. I inform Mum and then go to the hospital, pick up Dad's case and walking stick. A Dr. Lowdon asks me if they can do a post-mortem, and I give them permission.

Back at the house, I take the envelope that Dad had instructed me to open in the event of his death. Inside are instructions to his bank manager and specific instructions with respect to cremation. He said he wanted the cheapest possible funeral – "incineration, no frills, no announcements, no relatives in attendance, no flowers."

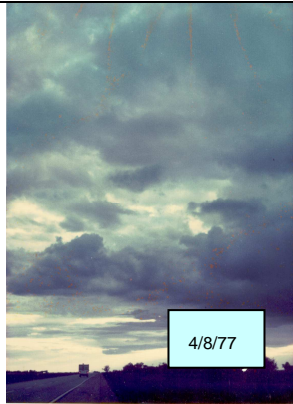


Extract from Phoenix, p. 143

The next day I went to the hospital and met with Dr. Lowdon in order to get the results of the post mortem. There were three basic causes of death; an ulcer in the gullet, cancer of the esophagus and a stroke - clot on the left side of the brain.

I flew back to Canada on the first of August, 1977

On my return to Montreal, I was picked up at the airport by my special ed. colleague from L.C.H.S., John Cassidy. We'd already made plans to drive out to Vancouver. I called Jennifer & she told me she was having an affair. Some of my bottled up feelings over my father's death and Jennifer's news were uplifted by a beautiful Prairie sky:



In Vancouver, John and I went our separate ways. I stayed with my friend Martin (we had met when I worked at Dawson College) and his wife Jina.



Martin was working at the Kettle Friendship Centre on Commercial. It was a drop-in centre for ex-psychiatric patients. Martin was like a brother. We had a lot in common. I had a really good time in Vancouver, including daily visits to Wreck Beach.



Just before I left, I played piano for a Revue put on by the Kettle Friendship people. This ex-'mental patient' did a great Elvis impersonation:



Leaving The Promised Land:



I had received letters from Jennifer while I was in Vancouver. They were caring and loving and made me want to return to her. We could – we **would** work things out. Extract from Phoenix, p. 150

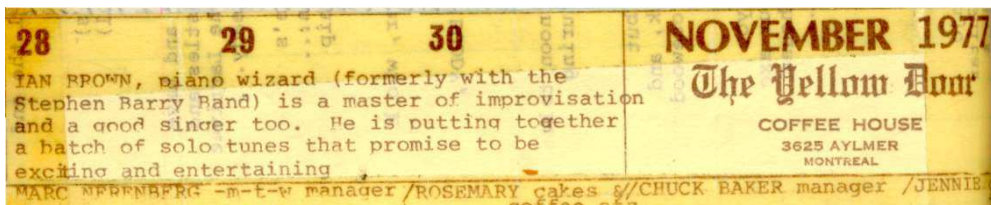
"I want and need your caring and I want to give you mine. In order to do that, I realize that you have to work through the negative things and I welcome it ... yes, goddam it ... I had an affair but it ended ... I couldn't give the feelings truly ... they're not mine to give to anyone but you. Jesus Christ, Ian, I love you ... let me love you."

When I got back to Montreal, Jennifer & I discovered that we wanted and needed to be together. After years of emotional commitment, Jennifer & I finally made the decision to live together. I moved into her place on St. André, although we still had our own rooms. Jennifer had a job as a social worker with the school board. I was eligible for U.I. benefits (once again), and decided to give private piano lessons, write and put together a repertoire as a solo performer.

J. outside our place on St. Andre:



My first solo gig was at The Yellow Door at the end of November. This ← was some advance publicity →



and some more →



Now that *is* an ego trip! Just wanted to have my name next to those Quebecois chansonnier legends.

Jennifer and I had a wonderful honeymoon period that lasted a couple of months, and then things started to get rocky again around Christmas. I received several letters that indicated that others were having their problems too: (from Phoenix, p. 160-161)

For example, Jerry:

"Our lives are in a total mess. Since being laid off at The Neptune, we've decided to move to Toronto, but I have little heart for it."

and Martin:

"Dearest Ian, In sadness I must report that Jina and I may be no more. She left me four days ago and I've heard nothing since ... I need you and my friends, I'm so alone here now and going nowhere... I loved her so much, I lost myself ... I feel incredible pain ... her other worlds (her job and her theatre activities) became more dominant."

And Robin:

"Mum came back from a visit to Uncle Dick looking perplexed and in a highly paranoid state. She has become so serious these days and so ultra-sensitive, she is becoming hell to live with. She feels that 'nobody loves me'. In one breath it's 'live your own life', and in the next, it's 'HELP! I want to be looked after'. She is on a real self-pity kick for which, sadly, I have no answer. She has, as ever, been drawing comparisons between us and Auntie Margaret and Uncle Dick's broods. I honestly feel she is due for a nervous breakdown."

I had come across a poem by Martin Buber that reflected a conclusion that I had reached a few years before. In the search for causalities, it all seemed to come down to Power & Love. Here is the poem.

Power and Love  
by Martin Buber

*Our hope is too new and too old  
I do not know what would remain to us  
Were love not transfigured power  
And power not straying love*

*Do not protest: "Let love alone rule!"  
Can you prove it true?  
But resolve: every morning*

*I shall concern myself anew about the boundary  
Between the love-deed-Yes and the power-deed-No  
And pressing forward honor reality*

*We cannot avoid  
Using power,  
Cannot escape the compulsion  
To afflict the world,  
So let us, cautious in diction  
And mighty in contradiction,  
Love powerfully*

Like Fischer's centripetal & centrifugal forces, 'power' & 'love', and the contradictions between them, were conceptual tools that could be applied to just about anything:

For example, gender politics: (Extract from Phoenix, p. 160)

"It had been 7 years since 'Love Story' had come out in 1970, but the famous promo slogan "love is never having to say you're sorry" had carved itself into both the popular consciousness. I liked the sentiment but totally disagreed with the principle. How could there be any kind of moral fairness without admission of faults and mistakes, without some kind of accountability? I didn't believe in punishment but I didn't understand, and couldn't accept a culture that had expunged notions of 'owing an explanation' or 'owing an apology' from its every day parlance. I had a growing sense that the women's movement had reached a point where 'entitlement' had come to mean never having to say you were sorry for anything. What I wasn't clear about was the following: to what extent did my consuming anger towards Lesley and Ellie over their betrayals and subsequent lack of contrition – to what extent did that anger poison my relationship with other women, like Jennifer.

I had long been tired of my obsessive need to justify and excuse women's actions. I had accepted that most cultures were patriarchal. I hated 'macho' behavior, whether that be John Wayne or Mick Jagger. I had settled on a rigid distinction with my parents in which my mother was 'The Victim' and my father was 'The Persecutor', and if anyone was 'The Rescuer', that was me.

But in my relationships with women, I had grown to feel like a victim. The ongoing misery of my twenties had resulted in a growing sense that injustice and deprivation did not just apply to others, it also applied to me. I had almost willed myself to become a victim with my over-conscientiousness. But the thing was that within 'the Victim' lurked a very nasty avenging angel ... within the sweetness that others liked, was a sourness that had become a bitterness that had become a poison that had become a venom that could, if necessity arose, be inflicted.'

At the beginning of 1978, Jennifer and I decided that we would make a move to B.C. together later in the year. Despite our ups and downs, living together had allowed Jennifer, Krista and I to feel more like a family. Now, staying together seemed like the right thing to do. Here is a picture of Krista and I from the summer of '77, before the move to St. André.



I continued to work on my singing and my repertoire and I had another gig at Rose's Cantina in Morin Heights. Slowly I was gaining a foothold as a solo performer.

Meanwhile, Jennifer and I bought an Econoline van in preparation for our move out West. In addition, I made plans to return to Edinburgh to see my mother.

Jennifer and I decided that we would leave Montreal at the end of August or beginning of September.



A glimpse of my beloved Mason & Rich upright which had been completely reconditioned a few years earlier at the Montreal Piano Repair Shop, where I had worked for a while. It had also been the piano that had been man-handled into U haul trucks for our Steven Barry band gigs. It wouldn't fit in the van & I couldn't afford to have it shipped out to B.C.

In May, I was offered a 3 month job at The Native Friendship Centre of Montreal by Margaret Horn – a fellow student of Jennifer's during the Social Work program at Dawson College (the same program at which → → →

coincidentally, my sister Joy had just started work as an instructor).

In August, I went to Edinburgh and stayed for two or three weeks with my mother. Meanwhile, Krista was doing her usual summer visit to her father, Ted's house, in Baton Rouge, and Jennifer was visiting Mexico with a friend. She wrote me a letter from Mexico City in which she said:

*"you are with me all the time, and my desire to be with you, stay with you through everything thrown in our path, grows stronger every minute ... I am writing really only to tell you how much you mean to me and how much I miss you. I can't wait to see you. I love you".*



Jennifer returned, we packed the van, said goodbye to friends, and one sunny day in September, in high spirits, we set off for B.C.

# White Rock B.C.

1978 - present

When we arrived in Vancouver, my friend Martin was about to leave for Eugene, Oregon, where he had been accepted into a Master's Program. I asked him if he could recommend somewhere outside Vancouver to find a place to live, as both Jennifer and I were tired of living in a big city. He mentioned two places; one was Deep Cove, the other was White Rock. The van was pointed south, so off we went to White Rock. Within a week, we had rented a house overlooking the ocean. This surely was The Promised Land.



Jennifer blissfully happy ...



Ian blissfully happy



And Krista was pretty happy too.



And then, as if that wasn't enough, after years of struggling to get jobs in Quebec, it took me only one week after we had moved into our house on Columbia Street, to get a job with Surrey Parks and Recreation as a Program Supervisor.

Here I am setting off for work in Cloverdale. Life was good and Jennifer and I were talking of having a baby. I was 31 years old. It was about time. I felt overdue.



However, inevitably reality had to hit sometime. By November, we were having our first taste of B.C.'s wet and gloomy winter. My job, although related to education, was not teaching per se, rather I was a low-level administrator. I felt frustrated and in December, I quit the job so that I could complete my play 'The Interview' and, once again, give piano lessons.

Meanwhile, Jennifer had been on U.I. benefits and had been taking her time about looking for work. She took up weaving and also became involved with the fledgling White Rock Women's Centre, which was close by on Marine Drive.

In the new year, 1979, Jennifer got a job as a social worker in Richmond. Krista had made new friends. Now I was the one at home and Jennifer and Krista were out for most of the day.

I had left my name and number at the local Community Education office, and had said that I was interested in teaching, even if it meant volunteering. One day, I got a call from somebody called Joan Robertson. She had set up an E.S.L. program in White Rock and it had grown rapidly. She had too many students and wondered if I could take some of them. I did - I took half of them & Joan and I taught in adjoining classrooms for the rest of the year.

I liked Joan and clearly she was a good teacher. You can tell from the expressions of the students in this end of year party that they were happy too:

That summer, both my mother and my sister came to visit White Rock. My mother stayed with Jennifer and I, and although these pictures on the beach look happy enough, there was enormous tension.



The dog's name was Tanya, & Jennifer had given her to me.



Poopie →

Joani ↗

At the end of the summer, Joan and I both taught in the V.C.C. Japanese schoolchildren program. Here's a picture of my class:



Right after this program ended, Jennifer announced that our relationship was over, and she moved out. Crisis time again! I don't handle break-ups very well, as is probably apparent by now.

I had so much invested in my relationship with Jennifer; e.g. making a relationship work and last; my relationship with Krista; the hope of having my own child, etc. When it was finally clear that it was all over, I went into an emotional tail-spin. However, I had to keep it together; I had applied for a job teaching A.B.E. at Capilano College, & to my surprise, I got the position. This meant driving the van to N. Van 3 times a week.

Around that time, two extraordinary coincidences took place. In the first, I was walking along Marine Drive one day when I bumped into 2 musicians I knew from Montreal. They were Janet Russell and Jamie Mackay. They had both been an integral part of the Yellow Door scene. We started dropping by each other's houses and before long Janet expressed an interest in the three of us performing.

The other coincidence was even more extraordinary. Joan invited me to a party in her attic apartment on Victoria. She had told me that a good friend of hers, Suzie Green, was coming. That only meant something to me when later at the party, the very familiar face of an old Queen's University friend, Suzie **Morris** appeared at the doorway. She was married to a lawyer named Ross Green, hence the name change. Joan (who came from Toronto) and Suzie had met in White Rock and had collaborated on some Orff dance/music presentations. Suzie connected various key people in my past. To start with, she was a dancer, and had studied dance in Kingston with Lesley. She also knew Frank well. Her best friend and flat-mate in Kingston had been Brenda Firestone who had also been my fellow sociology student at Queens. Then, as if that wasn't enough, Brenda then joined me in London to do a Masters degree at L.S.E. and it was Brenda who had introduced me to Ellie. Meanwhile, unbeknownst to me at that time, Suzie went to London while I was still there. Her companion was Barbi Shepherd. They both met Brenda, Mark – and for all I know, Ellie. It goes on and on. Later, Suzie taught dance to Annie and Ben for many years, Barbi (who had also settled in White Rock) became a friend, and ... but I'm getting ahead of myself!

Janet, Jamie and I called ourselves 'Saturday Alley', and we started performing in pubs around White Rock. This was a gig we did at Sawbucks.



After the incredible struggles of Montreal, suddenly my vistas were exploding in all directions. One day, Janet and Jamie invited me to a party. Later, while I was playing piano, someone started massaging my shoulders. That's how I met Chloe. I don't have a picture of Chloe from that time but what I can say about our relationship is this: we started an intense relationship in which I found Chloe to be vital, intelligent and caring. At the same time, my relationship with Joan began to become more intimate. I realized I needed to make a choice. I could not repeat what had happened in Montreal with Jennifer, Michou and later Ya-el.

Joan and I were exactly the same age. We were both committed teachers, we were both musicians (Joan played baroque flute very well), and we both had the same WASP baby-boomer past with points of convergence in terms of how we had rebelled against it.

I decided that I wanted to make an emotional commitment to Joan. I liked Chloe a lot and it was not easy telling her of my intentions. However, things were to become much more complex. On the 20<sup>th</sup>. February, 1980, Chloe told me that she was pregnant. Almost exactly 2 weeks later, Joan told me that she, too, was pregnant. Oh boy! Thank-you Lord ... I think.

I am tempted to indulge in black humor at this point, but seeing this book is being written to the 3 fruits of the loins (so to speak) I'd better restrain myself. Let me just say that once again I had to question who was authoring my life, me or someone else? I felt blessed. I was happy that Chloe decided to give birth but I felt I could not take financial responsibility for both children, and I told her so. However, I also made it clear that I hoped in the future, we could work out some kind of extended family.

Things just kept rolling along. On March 7<sup>th</sup>, our band 'Saturday Alley', and 2 other groups performed at The White Rock Playhouse. The evening was a great success and here is the review that came out in the local newspaper.



If you are interested in reading this, either get out the magnifying glass (hard copy) or use 'zoom' tool if on computer (500% works)

On Saturday  
October 18<sup>th</sup>.  
1980  
Jasmine  
was born



On Wednesday  
November 12<sup>th</sup>.  
1980  
Annie was born







I felt deeply in love with Joan and was very hopeful for the future.  
 Extract from letter from Joani - Jan. 1981:

"The part of your child that I've always valued and seen ever since I began to see who you were, is your loving child ... **you've kept that powerful and incredible ability to love ...** you haven't packaged it away up into Adult doses ... and then I began thinking of all the reasons and times when you could have done that (your father, women you've loved, friends who've left, politics/ideals that weren't allowed fulfillment or recognition ... **and your love is still so shining and strong and open, from your child ...** I cherish it more than I can express ..."

I love you and want to be with you for:

- your many parts which form a complex and changing pattern which I'm only beginning to see and understand
- for your emotional, spiritual, creative, political, intellectual, physical & sexual selves
- your commitment to honesty
- your deep essential goodness

Pretty nice stuff Joani ..... so why did we need so much counseling? But wait, it gets better ... listen to how you describe who YOU are:

Some things I am:

- Independent, strong-willed, proud, responsible
- basically like myself
- feel love and empathy for people
- receptive, have lots of energy
- resourceful, positive, brave
- can forgive and regenerate caring
- like to make connections between things, ideas, people see things work;
- loyal to the people I love

Holy Schlomoly ... it's all true, so ... so does that mean that I really **am** the bad guy after all? ..... aaaahhhhh!!!

Back to the babies (and the basics):

As we all know, yours truly and the Minka baby didn't see each other hardly at all for about 18 years ... and we ain't interested in the why's and wherefores here. But because of that thar fact, yours truly don't have hardly no pictures of the fair Jasmino.

On the other hand, I's got a whole heap on de Goopy. What to do? Well, I'll do my best, my darlings, that's all I can do.

Let us return to the action plot-line, so to speak. So joy and happiness on one level, but the same old shit on another. For example, a letter from my brother cast a shadow over an upcoming May visit to Edinburgh by Joan, I and Annie (Goopy):

"I got a call from our cousin Elizabeth yesterday. It appears that mum is in a highly excitable state at the moment and has fallen out with Auntie Doris (again) and has been ringing Auntie Margaret nightly and talking to her in highly charged tones, none of which she has understood. She (Elizabeth) wanted to know if I was aware of the situation and seemed surprised when I said I was. What she thought I could do about it I haven't a clue as it's been going on unbeknown to the Burchells for quite some time. I fear that the more we advance towards the 2<sup>nd</sup>. May and your arrival, the more excited Mum is going to become. If you do come and things get out of hand, you may be sure that on your call, I'll take the first plane to Turnhouse."

(Extract from Letter from Robin, 14/4/81)



Goopie loved Ma's breasty-poo but wasn't so crazy about the bottle ... (that came later)

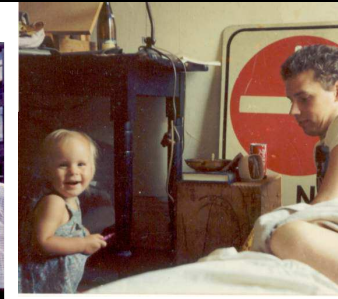
or second-hand smoke



She did, however, like music, something that hairy-face did quite well



& meeting cousins was cool



but that milk bar – mm, that was the place to be



of course this buffoon just does not get it ... (sigh)



anyway, I also got to meet both grandmas



"Gran tell him to put me **down**" ..... Jeez ..... then we met Uncle Robin & Claire

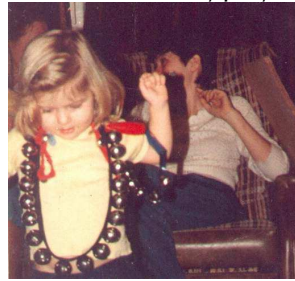


ε aunts ε baby-sitters ε ....



Meanwhile Minka was meeting all kinds of people and doing all kinds of exciting things and eventually, when Goopie and Minka were standing on their own two feet, they got together.

like at Annie's birthday party:



that's Mama Chloe in the armchair

And Minka rode a horse:



And Goopie rode a horse:



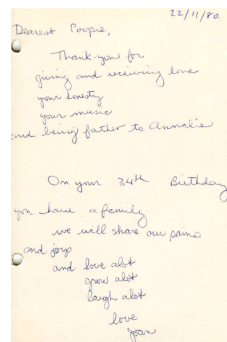
Just like Auntie Joy:



A link between Annie and Jasmine was Layla and her Mum, Barbi, who were friends with both Joan and Chloe:



And Poopie got wonderful cards from Joani:



ε for a while, life ran smooth as WD40 or KY jelly or eggnog. One thing was a constant though. Students loved Joan, ε students loved Ian.



When Joan ε Ian co-taught, they loved having the 2 of them together And despite their many fights, Joani ε Poopie never quit loving each other.

For my part, I had started doing Bioenergetic therapy with Ellen Sainsbury in North Vancouver. Over the years, her husband Tony became a good friend of mine.



Time went by. Annie got yet more proof to support her hypothesis her father was a total idiot – especially on Christmas day, for goodness sake! "Hey, like Dad, it's only got 3 parts you know: the body, the wheels ε the steering wheel. Hand it over - (sigh) I'LL do it."



I started working at Kwantlen College which was a whole lot closer to home than Capilano College. Joani started working at the Langley Community Music School. (LCMS) In the summer, we went camping ....



Annie still got Dad's second-hand smoke once in a while.

I finally finished my play 'The Interview' ε submitted it the Canadian Playwriting competition. It was awarded 'Honorable Mention ε Ranking Status'. Meanwhile, I continued to be very influenced by Jonathon Kozol's books on Education. Work was sporadic at Kwantlen so once again, I applied for a Masters Program – this time at SFU.



And again, it didn't work out, although I got a very nice letter from a man I respected greatly – Maurice Gibbons – the Godfather of 'Challenge Education'. ε ε ε see next page ... ε

30/9/81

Letter from Maurice Gibbons (Challenge Education Prof at S.F.U.)

"Dear Ian,  
I am looking forward to working with you on your Master's work. Your intelligence and manner are certainly beneficially influential in the class. I couldn't help but notice that although you could have dominated your working team, you did many things to invite their involvement and build their commitment as well as excitement. The sharing of ideas and negotiation was very effective. The whole team was skillful, but you seemed to play a special coordinating role very effectively, while I was eavesdropping. I look forward to a productive and pleasant relationship in class and on our other mutual graduate tasks."

And while we're on 'Education", some quotes from Kozol's book The Night Is Dark And I Am Far From Home:

'It was a time when all of us, teachers and pupils – for some reason that we never would be told – had been condemned to live in prison ... the U.S. educational system is an ice-cold and superb machine whose first goal is not to educate good people, but good citizens ... I am not in political or pedagogic opposition to the risk of adult imposition on a child's mind. I am in strongest possible opposition to the present social order of the U.S. and, for this reason only, to the lies which are inevitably purveyed by schools which stand in service to its flag and anthem.'

re liberal reform in schools:

'Indoctrination in nations dedicated to the idea of free conscience, must be far more subtle than in nations that are openly totalitarian ... people need to think themselves unmanaged, independent, free, if they are to be controlled with maximum success. Educators who devise the most intriguing methods of 'free learning' are today the most effective narcotizers that we have ... the deepest of all lies is our will not to respond to what we see before us ... it is not good enough to favor justice and feel compassion for the victims of the very system that sustains our privileged position. We must be able to disown and disavow that privileged position. If we cannot, we are not ethical men and women, and do not lead lives worth living.'

The big liberal experiment in Canada at that time was 'French Immersion'. With some misgivings we decided that we would enroll Annie in the program.

Time passed. Visits were made; to Britain, to Toronto, to the Gulf islands. Old friends were re-contacted.

Like Pam & her first born:



And David & Frances's family:



Then one day, as Annie was enjoying the the prime of her toddlerhood, a strange thing happened which no-one could have predicted, (least of all Joan & Ian)



'Hey, *moi* is old enough to talk, I'll tell you about it ➤



'Well, Mother, who was usually on the skinny side, became fatter and fatter ... & then I was told that there was going to be 'an addition'; "very nice", I said, "we could do with some more play area" ... but as it turned out, that's not at all what they meant ... aaaahhhhhh! What is ... that?'

ε 'purple haze'... On May 28<sup>th</sup>. 1984, Benjamin David Robertson Brown was born as a caucasian reincarnation of Jimi Hendrix ... with an erection, none-the-less.



"there must be some kind of way out of here"

Annie did eventually get over the shock, and accepted her brother gracefully. After all ...



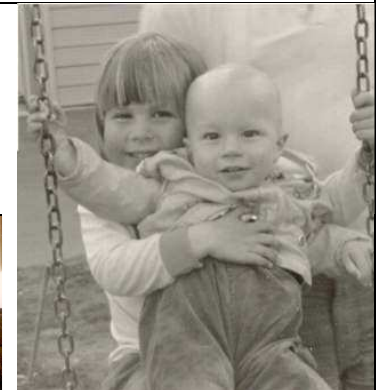
Someone to hold:



Someone to cuddle:



Someone to watch TV with



Someone to push on the swing:



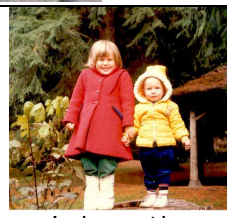
Someone to watch more TV with:



Give rides to:



Take baths with:



Look cute with:



Someone to grow up with, to laugh with, to love, cherish take care of, & occasionally ... to tease, tee-hee

**MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED,**  
**RED ROSE**

Robert Burns

O, my luvie is like a red, red  
rose,  
that's newly sprung in June.  
O, my love is like a melodie,  
that's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair thou art, my bonnie lass,  
so deep in luvie am I,  
And I will luvie thee still, my  
dear,  
till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my  
dear,  
and the rocks melt wi' the sun!  
And I will luvie thee still, my  
dear,  
while the sands of life shall run.

And fare the weel, my only  
luvie!  
And fare the weel awhile!  
And I will come again, my love.  
Tho it were ten thousand mile!



"Take this path children ... see how it leads you through the obstacles all the way to the Horizon. Be open. Be clear. Know what you want. Have a goal. Remember who you are. Take care of yourselves & those dear to you. Take this path my darlings and you won't go far wrong."

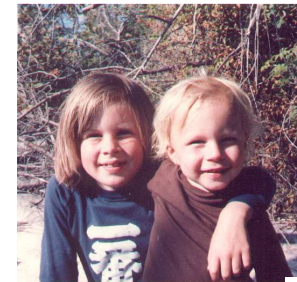


ON CHILDREN

You may give them your love but not  
your thoughts,  
For they have their own thoughts.  
You may house their bodies but not their souls,  
For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow,  
which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams  
You may strive to be like them, but seek not to  
make them like you.  
For life goes not backwards nor carries with  
yesterday.  
You are the bows from which your children as  
living arrows are sent forth.  
The archer sees the mark upon the path of the  
infinite, and He bends you with His might  
that His arrows may go swift and far.  
Let your bending in the Archer's hand be for  
gladness;  
For even as He loves the arrow that flies, so  
He loves also the bow that is stable.

KAVELI GIBRAN

Calligraphy by S.Witans.



Blue for water  
Brown for earth

**Live**  
**the**  
**contradiction**  
(k.d. laing)



The reality of the heart; the reality of the spirit & soul; the reality of Love. But, always lurking there in the background, the reality of Power, whoever might want to deny it, and however they might want to deny it.

Some thoughts on ♂ and ♀

Extract from Diary:

Things learned from Jennifer (meeting in Sept. 1981)

- “You were too flexible ... I couldn’t believe how much bullshit you put up with”
- “You put your power on a shelf because of me and my inadequacies”
- “You were always much more dynamic than me”
- “you should go back to the U.K. ... everyone I know is returning to their roots.”



Stop the train, I wanna get off, slow down and smell the flowers.



Note from Joan

What we have in common:

- Ian is fair, honest, perceptive a good listener & communicator
- Joan is helpful, understanding, honest, unselfish
- we both need to ‘loosen up’
- neither of us say ‘I’m scared, I want your love, I don’t want to be alone’
- we are both defensive and find it hard to admit when we are not being honest or fair
- we both felt unloved as a child and tried to win love by pleasing our parents
- we both felt anger towards our parents because of the lack of love
- neither of us were allowed expression of negative feelings as a child

Fred Hayward’s keynote speech to the National Congress for Men: “we must not reverse the women’s movement; we must accelerate it ... men’s liberation is not a backlash, for there is nothing about traditional sex roles that I want to go back to ... we must give full credence to the seriousness of women’s problems and be willing to work towards their solution, but if the others do not return the favor, it is they who are the sexist pigs. It is they who are reactionary. When I look at feminists today, I don’t want to call them names – I only want to call their bluff. No matter how much men bend over backwards to please women, they will be exploited for it all the more. there never was a feminine code of ethics equivalent to the masculine code of ethics (a.k.a. chivalry) that forces men to be fair and generous to women. Feminists can afford to be ruthlessly selfish without having to feel any pangs of conscience or moral constraints.”

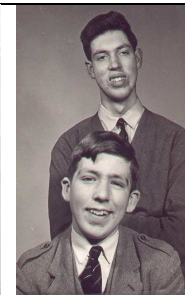
(IAB note: the recent emergence of 3<sup>rd</sup> wave feminists like Paglia, Sommers and Naomi Wolf has helped redress some of the excesses of the victim and nazi feminists of the 70’s – more on this later)

14/3/82: Letter from Joy

“Adolescence was a fight to emancipate myself from the pain and sadness and failure of family life (5-14) that I remember all too clearly. I knew instinctively that to survive at all, I had to kill of emotionally the demands that both mother and father made. From 5-13, I experienced depression, nightmares, parental breakup, and a terrible insecurity that this break away demanded.”

“I never worked so hard academically nor put so much energy into music and other activities. Every minute had to be filled so I would not sink back into depression.”

“I was a survivor for them (parents) of terrible hardship – death of 2 children, India, the War, separation, birth of Robin with a disability, Daddy nearly dying in ‘42, sent home to England ‘a failure’. I had to deal with loss of past hopes and failure. Robin had to bear the burden of being the failure, and of being horrible scapegoated – how he survived that is a miracle. You were invested with a terrible burden – a rebirth of their hopes and dreams. We all carry different scars.



Overview of the 80's:

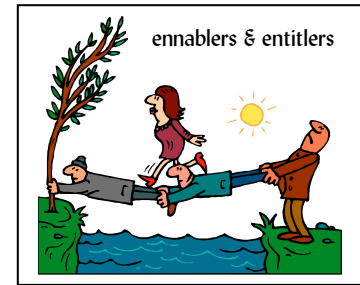
I had 3 major goals:

- (1) to be a good partner, (2) to be a good teacher, (3) to be a good father

By the mid 80's, I was in trouble. I felt that despite my best attempts, I could hardly claim to be 'a good partner' – why otherwise was there so much stress and strife? I knew I was a good teacher but again, intermittent contract work & no job security undermined that self-image. I felt I was a good father but felt extremely unsupported in this role. For example, in the periods that I was a full-time house-husband, I knew of no other fathers in this role. **Now**, you see men pushing their kids in strollers and changing them in the swimming pool dressing rooms – not then.

Gradually, the stress in my life was building to an intolerable level.

I had consciously put my writing and music activities in 4<sup>th</sup>. place, after the 3 major goals. However, I found time to write a second play, entitled 'White Rock', which I entered into the Canadian Playwriting Competition and which, like 'The Interview', received an 'Honorable Mention & Ranking Status'. This was a big boost, especially when it was produced at both the Waterfront Theatre in 1984 and by the White Rock Summer Theater in 1985. I used a 'nom de plume', 'Ian Eastwood', mainly because of the estrangement from my father and the identification with my mother's side of the family, the Eastwoods. Here are some reviews of the play:



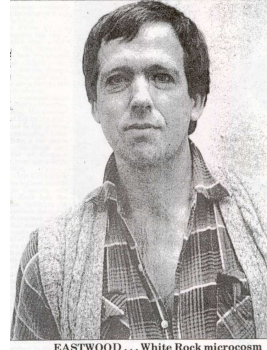
NEW PLAY CENTRE PRESENTS  
**WHITE ROCK** by Ian Eastwood

A WORK IN PROGRESS  
STATE OF THE ART \*\*\* WEEKEND THREE



Performed by Tom McBeath  
Directed by John Cooper  
Musician Ian Eastwood  
Technician Bruce Angus

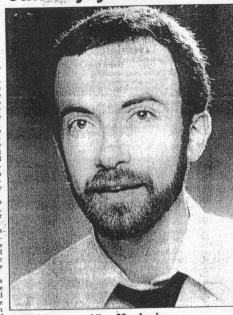
WATCH FOR: WAR BABY a new play by Margaret Hollingsworth Jan. 25 - Feb. 11/84  
AT THE WATERFRONT THEATRE, GRANVILLE ISLAND Call: 685-6228.



EASTWOOD... White Rock microcosm

**Anyone can enjoy White Rock**

You don't have to be a native of White Rock to appreciate Ian Eastwood's latest creation. In fact, it would be a pity if you were. Veronica, a woman who associates her past home in England with her present home in White Rock, is a character who dreams of making the world of real estate and real estate agents a better place. We saw one of the last few bastions that could offer a real "laid back" life in White Rock, and we saw it in the play "White Rock".



Alan MacInnis

More characters and more situations would be welcome. Personally, I would like to see the play updated, perhaps by including the recent developments in real estate and the economy. The production of this play is a commendable effort. The production of this play is a commendable effort. The production of this play is a commendable effort.

**WR playwright 'makes people think'**

The play was understood by all things that happened in WR in the past three years. Veronica, a woman who associates her past home in England with her present home in White Rock, is a character who dreams of making the world of real estate and real estate agents a better place. We saw one of the last few bastions that could offer a real "laid back" life in White Rock, and we saw it in the play "White Rock".

**WR playwright**

Veronica is someone who was not an immigrant from England, but an exile, who is not prepared to conform to the fact there is another sort of reality, besides a neat house and garden. Veronica is someone who was not an immigrant from England, but an exile, who is not prepared to conform to the fact there is another sort of reality, besides a neat house and garden.

In my role as father, I had looked for support with and from other men. I started up a group named 'Fathers Exchange Network', to provide information and support to fathers. I also joined a group in Burnaby called the Western Father's Rights Association.

I attended this group on a regular basis for a while and was horrified at the numbers of distressed men that I saw who said they had been abused by both their ex-partners and the legal system that recognized mother's rights but paid no attention to the rights of fathers.

I had 'lost' Krista when Jennifer and I broke up, in a situation where I had moral rights but no legal rights. I was determined that this would never happen again. The disparity between the rapidly expanding power of women and the sorry state of men created a contradiction and many potential sources of conflict. 'Victim feminism' put men in the role of 'the enemy'. At its worst, it coined phrases like 'all men are rapists'. A contemporary feminist like Naomi Wolf puts it like this: "**victim feminism** casts women as sexually pure & mystically nurturing and stresses the evil done to these 'good' women as a way to petition for their rights. By contrast **power feminism** sees women as human beings – sexual, individual, no better or worse than their male counterparts – and lays claim to equality simply because women are entitled to it."

Hallelujah!

On top of the stresses of partnership, child-rearing and work, there was the situation of my mother. I felt responsible, along with my brother and sister, for her welfare. This included looking at the possibility of her coming to Canada to live. And extract from a letter from David (28/4/85) puts some perspective on the situation:

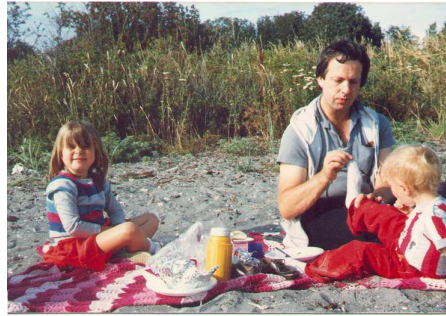
'I am very sorry that you have this dreadful dilemma, it must be very troubling. I can understand Joan's point of view, however, it does undoubtedly put a great strain on a marital relationship when a close relative is living with you. In fact, it is a well-known recipe for stress, as obviously you know. I am sure she is right to stand up for her point of view, in the long run, rather than suppress it. Your first duty must be to your family, this has always been the advice in these situations – anything else one can achieve is bonus.'

To tell you the truth, all the problems started with my son. No coincidence that he was dressed as a little devil that



Halloween. I mean, take this picture for example; this marks THE famous moment, captured on video forever, when, having been told by his father, in no uncertain terms, NOT to drop his porridge bowl on the floor, the little devil does exactly that. This picture is the exact frame taken from the video of THE moment before he lets ago.

man, I was always feeding him! ...



... seriously though, do you see the stress? (no, not him ... me!)

The biggest symptom of stress was insomnia. And with the increasing lack of sleep came fatigue and a sense of panic. How could I cope if I didn't get enough sleep? I saw the doctor and he prescribed both anti-depressants and a sleeping pill.

Then to complicate things further, a physiotherapist noticed that the trapezius muscle on my right side was withered. That raised the question of whether I might have muscular dystrophy like Robin and my father. I had a muscle biopsy which concluded that I did not have muscular dystrophy. But then I had nerve conductivity tests which showed that the 11<sup>th</sup>. cranial nerve (the one that enervates the trapezius muscle) was 'gone'.

This situation just served to heighten the stress load still further. Meanwhile, the debate about my mother's welfare continued:

4/5/86 Letter from Joy

"Dear Ian,

I am writing this after having spoken to you on the phone. I am struck by the fact that the emotional impact of our family experience generates such intense feeling and continues to open up old wounds, I think the hardest thing for both of us to accept is that our individual perceptions and emotional experiences may not be congruent. For my part, I have no positive recollections or positive feelings about growing up that are related to family. My mother was unable to give or nurture, or reinforce good feelings towards me – for very understandable reasons – her stresses, at the time, her lack of positive reinforcement, and her preoccupation with her own needs.

Sadly on both sides of the family, there is so much self destruct, and guilt, and anger. You can see that with both our parents and with the three of us. I would like to see a solution for our mother – both you and Robin have really tried to both protect her and offer solutions, but she has also played into the negation of a solution.

I don't have an answer, which is of no help to you. **And I don't share a sense of emotional commitment to family** - my own experience tells me, that our family has done more harm, and been more self-destructive than offered creative solutions.

Both you, Robin and I share dubious, insecure futures. You and Robin have serious health problems, and difficult family and economic situations. You are enormously creative and talented, and have two beautiful children, **but you are consumed with personal pain** – which you manage to channel creatively in your writing, music, and commitment to parenting your children.

I am willing to continue to dialogue, and work towards solutions, if we can at least accept our differences, our different understanding, and our different needs. Our family is self destructive historically, and for me that is a raw experience. I don't want to see you or Robin or myself sink further into a morass of either 'in-fighting', hate or despair – we will all be losers."



A picture of Joy from around this time

1986 turned out to be the year where everything came to a head. That's the year I turned 40. For over a year, I had been doing occasional work at Kwantlen, but mostly I had been house-parenting and once again (like in Montreal) putting a solo performer repertoire together.

In Montreal I had taken singing lessons from a wonderful person called Jane Ellison (a white, operatically-trained, New Yorker who looked like Janis Joplin, married to a black jazz trumpeter who was a friend of Dizzy Gillespie – how cool is that?!). In White Rock, I had started up lessons again with David Meek, also a very good teacher. I had already done a couple of gigs and they had gone well. One of the gigs had been at 'Charley Don't Surf' on Marine Drive. They set up another gig with me for Thanksgiving day weekend in October.

This gig turned out to be a really big deal for me because it was the first time that I felt something inside 'let go' and my voice/heart/soul poured out. I felt like a bird which had just been released from a cage, especially on Saturday. On Sunday, the 12<sup>th</sup>. October, I celebrated by taking an ultralight flight.



This is a picture taken just before we took off

One minute into our flight, the guy behind me says over the intercom, "wanna do some acrobatics?" ... before I have a chance to respond, he puts us into a barrel-roll. I experience complete disorientation as we turn upside down, then I feel a kind of huge electric shock sweeping up and down my body. I say, "I want to go back to the ground." He says (over the intercom): "I shouldn't have done that. Don't tell anyone down there. That's a move we use to get out of box canyons."

Joan took me and the kids home. I felt in a state of shock with an unsettling numbness in my right hand & leg and shortness of breath.

This event precipitated a complete nervous breakdown. I started having panic attacks, heart palpitations and agoraphobia on a regular basis. I lost my self-confidence and I lost my self-esteem. The ongoing experience, which lasted several months before any kind of turnaround, was so nightmarish and traumatic that I even started losing the will to live.

It was during this period that Veronica and Hughie became close friends. One day I said “maybe Joan and the kids would be better off without me”, and Veronica replied, “think of the pain that would cause your kids”. That was the best possible advice because when you are depressed or suicidal, the danger is that you are trapped by your own suffering, and cannot see beyond yourself, to others’ feelings.

This experience led to profound transformation. To begin with, I realized that there were 3 things that were missing in my life. They were GRATITUDE, HUMILITY & FORGIVENESS. I needed to be more aware of my blessings – what I had rather than what I was lacking. I needed to be more humble, i.e. less arrogant; this meant I needed to let go of the notion that I could solve any problem on my own. In turn this meant that I needed to accept that there were greater powers than my own individual ego. And I needed to stop being so judgmental in my head and open my heart to healing forgiveness. One day, out of nowhere, I had a deep experience of forgiving my father:

Extract from my diary: (29/10/86)

I had just been to a urologist. I'd had a painful test & on the way home, the pain put me in touch with my father's pain – his blindness, his sense of failure, etc. And suddenly tears flowed freely & these words flowed through my mind:

'Dad, you had so much pain. I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry. It broke you when I sided with Mum and didn't go into the Army. I was your hope. It broke you. Now I understand. Now I understand your anger and your rejection. I don't forgive your behavior, but I forgive you and I ask for your forgiveness. Wherever you are Dad, I hope you hear me. I'm so sorry. I love you. I'm sorry I didn't understand you better.

Does it always take 10 years to get around to grieving someone?

All I saw was the father that I'd finally grown strong enough to face, to struggle with, to strike down. I couldn't and didn't see the old man, bitter, broken, blind, ready and yet afraid of dying, trying to find an opportunity to show me that he loved me, that he'd always loved me. 'I was blind but now I see.' I'm sorry Dad. I love you. God bless you.'

In Memoriam  
Alexander Douglas Brown  
1900-1976



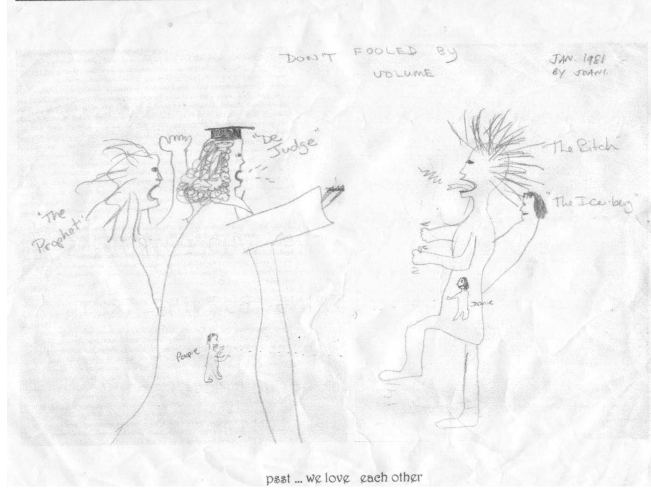
I had been doing therapy for years and I would continue to do so. I had changed my perception of therapy as being something to 'fix a sick mind' to something to 'facilitate continued growth'. I had learned that among my long-term issues were the following:

- never feeling good enough (self-doubt / inadequacy)
- having to justify the privileges of health, education, etc.
- oscillating between feeling vulnerable and feeling angry at being vulnerable
- not being accepting enough of my own feelings & perceptions
- pushing myself too hard (“you're a tiger for punishment”)
- processing emotions (e.g. anger) in my head, rather than expressing them directly
- being too demanding of others at times (i.e. making them feel inadequate)
- discounting anger from others at times
- not adequately seeing what others gave me
- having a tendency to hold grudges

Sometimes, the reality of things is seen very early on in a flash of insight. Joan had made a drawing depicting the two of us, and what happened in our interactions, way back in 1981.



“Don't be fooled by size or volume” (Jan. 1981) The Whole Truth & Nothing But The Truth by Jo



Two books that were recommended to me at this time really helped in the process of re-integration:

One was called Hope & Help For Your Nerves by an Australian doctor (an M.D. – not even a psychiatrist). It is the only book I have ever come across that explains in simple and reassuring terms what happens medically during extreme psychological states such as panic attacks, heart palpitations, agitated suicidal depression, and the ‘over the edge’ experience of nervous breakdown.

There is such a need for public education in the area of what mental illness is and is not, that I make a point of telling everyone (especially health professionals) about this book.

**FACTS:** (as presented in Dr. Claire Weeks's book)

- (1) Everyone has a nervous system (nerves + brain)
  - (2) Nervous system = sympathetic nervous system  
parasympathetic “ “
  - (3) Nerves under stress release certain chemicals which always act on the same organs & always produce the same results. When emotional (afraid, angry, excited, agitated, etc.), the sympathetic system dominates the parasympathetic system.
  - (4) Specifically, the sympathetic nerves release **adrenaline**
  - (5) The 3 pitfalls that produce nervous illness are:  
(a) sensitization, (b) bewilderment (c) fear
  - (6) There is 1<sup>st</sup>. fear and 2<sup>nd</sup> fear. The first is natural, the second is ‘fear of fear’ and sets off an adrenaline cycle that can fuel chronic anxiety, panic attacks, etc.
  - (7) The way to deal with nervous feelings (of whatever kind) is:  
(a) FACE, (b) ACCEPT, (c) FLOAT, (d) LET TIME PASS
- (N.B. if you want to know more than this, read the book)



The other book that helped me greatly was called Letters From A Scattered Brotherhood (ed. Mary Strong, Harper & Row, 1948)

Some extracts:

1. "Once there was a white bird with a blue bill and orange feet; it was neatly plumed and took joy in flying over waves. This bird was of the sea and lived in the far north certain seasons, and in flight took long journeys across continents to the cold again. When buffeted by winds, it followed its unerring instinct, rose high, straightened its wings and held to its course in safety, clear of all danger. It flew above contrary air currents, high and over great violences, held and protected by the instinct inherent in it.

So it is with the soul that is controlled by the self-conscious realization of its relation to the power of the Spirit in which it abides.

The symbol of the bird suspended in horizontal flight, high above the tumults, the challenging fears and unreasonable panics, applies to times like these. Dark thoughts try to reach up and drag the bird from the sky, for it is the constant conflict between the outer and inner you. Spread your wings to the upcurrent and rise high above, serene and confident in that power which holds you in that high altitude.

You have the choice of this clear high impersonal yet loving peace, or the storms of human existence. Spread your wings straight and catch the first morning breeze of divine promise and hope, and be lifted into that high place where freed from the clutching of circumstance you can with a great heart give strength and surcease to those you love, to the world.

2. Many have to go through suffering to be awakened, but that is the human way, not the divine way which is one of illumination when we seek and ask as if it were more important than anything else in life. Every experience changes us one way or another. When the spark is neglected it naturally grows duller and then untoward circumstances, personalities, difficulties, obstructions, steal us away into forgetfulness and we put the emphasis of our vitality, thought and enthusiasm upon outward events which seem so important at the moment. Where are the events of yesterday that engaged our time and minds out of all proportion to their importance?

Your first task is to blow upon your divine spark and each one is alone with himself in this regard. It isn't enough that we come together and receive strength, surcease and inspiration; the battle is alone with yourself in a material world.

3. Question Meditation:

"Have I this day realized who I am, where I am going, how much I walk alone, how much I walk not alone? How much have I listened? How much have I realized? Is my shield polished to hold off the poisoned arrows of life's dangers and alarms? Can I hold my soul within my soul? Can I be awake to the divine whisper or am I sound asleep? Am I strong, built on a foundation of silence? Am I myself, a son of God, one-pointed, using the wisdom, the knowledge and the inspiration vouchsafed me to live with my fellow men in the troublesome world of confusion, despair and baffling mysteries? Am I vigilant so that when false or sly emotion and sentimentalities sweep over me I can rise above them and see them revealed in all their dangers? What do I want, then? What is my journey? How far have I stepped this day, this hour?"

4. Meditation is a way of LISTENING to something larger than ourselves

Prayer is a way of TALKING to something larger than ourselves

Worship is a way of GIVING love to something larger than ourselves



'Le Bubbles'

Thanksgiving Day, 1987

reaching out  
sometimes I reach too far  
over-eager and over-conscientious  
I stretch out my fingertips  
trying desperately for contact  
some kind of contact

and if, for some reason  
at that moment  
the other person  
looks away  
or turns away  
I topple forward  
into the chasm  
of my fear

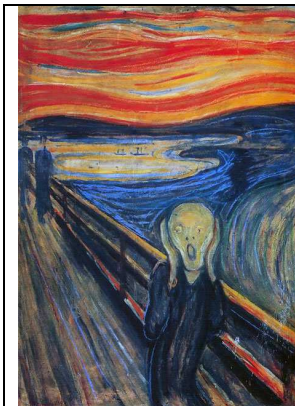
taking care of another  
sometimes

it was some years ago  
on Thanksgiving day  
that my life was turned upside down  
in an unbearable ultra-lightness of being  
my soul was ripped open and left gasping  
like a gutted fish

every year since at this time  
as the leaves wither and fall from the trees  
i re-enter that crisis  
and become gripped by a terror  
that leaves me mute and alone

if you want to be with me  
if that is truly what you want  
I need you to hold me  
hold me in your arms for a long time  
let me cry and show my fears  
like a baby



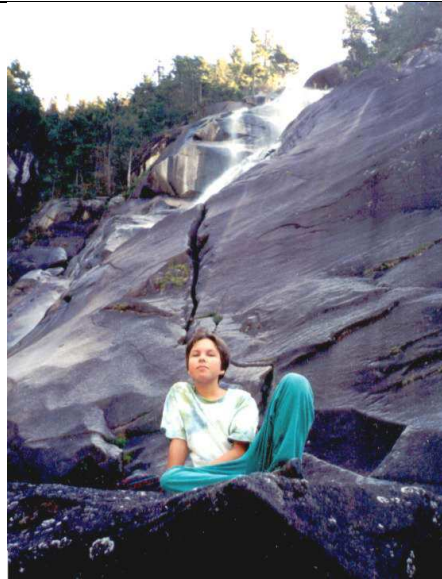


I care too much  
taking another into myself  
sometimes  
I take in too much  
and am flooded  
by their presence  
swept away  
I start drowning in the whirlpools  
of my abandoned self

and if this is too much to expect  
I understand  
perhaps, instead, you could just invite me in  
for a cup of tea  
and if this is too much to hope for  
at least  
try not to judge me  
trust me  
and know that I love you



1987 was a year of recovery. It was the year that I decided to go to Capilano College to do the 2 year Music Therapy Diploma. It was the year that Joan & I bought a flotation tank and installed it in the basement. It was the year that I did an Orff course with Barbi and went to Shannon Falls with Annie and Ben.



It was a year of support from family & friends. For example, here are letters to/from David:

Extract from letter to David – 7/12/87

"Fortunately, the experience has not been wholly negative. It has forced me to question things deeply – so much so that there's not much that I'm sure of anymore. I think the main insight from the experience has to do with FEAR and its antidote FAITH.

I feel my soul is going through an enormous upheaval. There is a quest going on that is, quite literally, vitally important. As yet, I can't say I have found the answers. I haven't, for example, become committed to a particular religion, or a definite structured conception of 'God'. One thing is for sure. I can never return to my old ways of seeing & doing things.

At present, I am doing a full-time 2 year program in 'Music Therapy'. Again, I am not totally clear where this will eventually lead. But I am clear that music has been a wholly good source for me throughout my life, and that my musical abilities have allowed me to be able to give something of significance to others in this area."

Extract from letter from David – 23/12/87

"It is an awful thing to lose one's self-confidence like that. I am sure the principal cause is a sense of not having any control over one's destiny – either because other people have the control over one, or because one doesn't have the means to control things, i.e. no money. This creates intolerable stress when imposed over a long period of time, and eventually one begins to seize up mentally.

Being out of work includes all of these ingredients, and I can see clearly how you have arrived at your present situation. It is very understandable, Ian, and I feel for you dreadfully, and wish I lived near enough to be of more physical help. I can also believe easily that the symptoms you describe, which are severe, can be entirely psycho-somatic ... I greatly admire the fact that you have been able to rationalize your situation mentally in spite of the emotional irrationality, and by doing so achieve some improvement. It is a courageous letter Ian."

Much has been written about the link between nervous breakdown and mystical experience. For example:

'In all traditional shamanic cultures, when the person gets called to be a shaman, they almost always look like they are having a nervous breakdown. Invariably the would-be shaman needs to descend to 'the underworld'. For the shaman, the underworld is a place of confronting the demonic, experiencing death, and going through insanity. It is the place where we meet the split-off parts of our own psyche that we have so disowned and are so afraid of that they appear to be evil.

The shaman's journey is deeply related to the archetype of 'the wounded healer'. The wounded healer is someone who is able to transform the darkness into light. Wrestling and confronting these seemingly darker forces has to do with gaining one's ego strength and owning one's intrinsic power. Through the 'breakdown', the shaman can welcome and embrace these seemingly adversarial forces as long lost parts of him/her self. This is true soul retrieval.' (Shamanism by Paul Levy)

The poet Sylvia Plath viewed her nervous breakdown as a shaman's dismemberment and rebirth to a higher and larger self through ritual death of the psyche and recovery.

Aspects of the transformation:

- loss of self-object boundaries
- feelings of unity
- sense of harmonious relationship to the divine
- euphoria
- sense of noesis (access to the hidden spiritual dimension)
- loss of ego functioning
- alterations of time and space perception
- a sense of lacking control
- a sense of rebirth

I experienced all of the above in the years of 1987 and 1988. I felt reborn, like an innocent child much of the time. I felt connected to people and to nature. It was like I had never really seen or smelt the extraordinary beauty of flowers and trees before. In the underground passage, I felt very vividly the forces of evil, and the need to hope and trust and believe that light and warmth could be rediscovered. I was both terrified by my shattered ego and comforted by the sense that there was a benign force that was much more powerful than my or anyone else's ego. There were many times that I cried a river, and more than a few times that I saw the cosmic joke and was transported into convulsions of gut-splitting laughter.

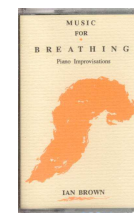
When I did the music therapy diploma, I felt in touch with deeper powers. I felt like a wounded healer who had survived an extraordinary experience and could now heal others.

1988, I started doing music therapy with ex-psychiatric patients at Murrayville Manor near Langley:



This is a few years later, but same deal

I also recorded a tape of Piano Improvisations in the Cap. College Studio entitled 'Music for Breathing'



I knew a poet in Vancouver called Al Todd who had suffered from schizophrenia for many years. We used to go for long walks at Jericho beach. Al would make sandwiches, and we would walk and talk, eat, have a smoke, & walk 'n talk some more.

This is Al & some of his drawings



& a sample of his poems which I greatly admired (& still do):

I Am Not A Razor

I am not a razor  
My mind is not  
Clear enough  
Nor sharp enough  
to define the edge  
of my understanding

I reach out but  
Walls of fire and  
Steel doors  
Trap me

Yet I feel that  
One day  
I shall escape  
to find a garden  
in full bloom  
old friends  
and fountains of  
healing light  
when will the lotus bloom?

28/12/82

Satan Defied (1)

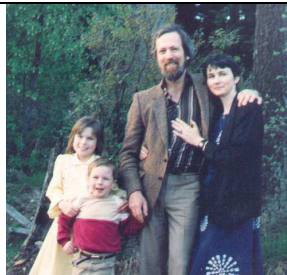
Satan has knives  
that cut my heart.  
He makes  
Incisions  
into my head  
my arms, my legs  
seeking my soul.  
He would like to  
drive me insane,

However,  
I have begun to  
defy him.

Now I walk gently –  
life after life on earth  
is a small price to pay for  
union with  
the one who created me.

30/5/83

I completed the Music Therapy Diploma in 1989. This is a picture taken on my graduation day. It was a happy day.



So I recovered, with a bit more gratitude, humility & ability to forgive than before.

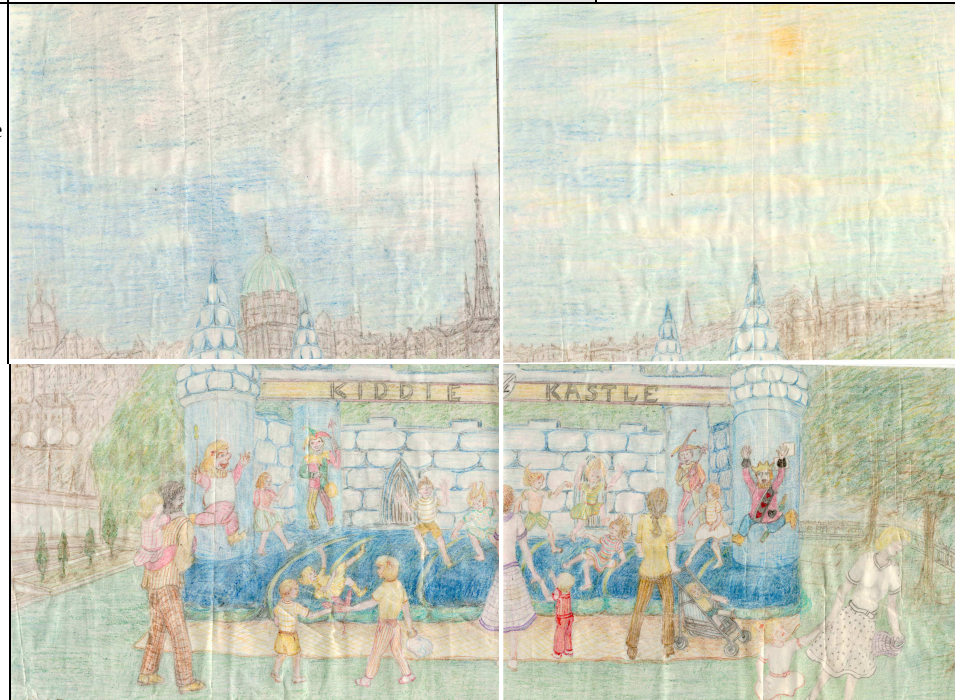
I was setting up as a music therapist when Kwantlen offers me a full-time job, with all the bells and whistles. It was a hard decision, but in the end I took the Kwantlen job and started figuring out other ways I could use music in ESL. However, I continued to keep a foot in the field of Music Therapy by working at Murrayville and then Peace Arch Hospital. At P.A.H. I worked in the palliative ward with dying patients and with stroke patients in long-term care. This was another opportunity to test out links between 'the language of music' and 'the music of language'.



In the summer of 1990, I made my yearly visit to see my Mother. My mother did have delusions. She also had a wonderful creative imagination and an astonishing memory.

For at least 10 years, she had been sketching. As time wore on, both the quality and the rate of production increased. My mother had got to the point, very understandably, where she wanted others to see, and hopefully appreciate her art.

I made it my goal on this visit to try to find people who might be interested. I saw a couple of art dealers and showed them samples of my mother's work. One of them said that I should contact someone called David Patterson at the Edinburgh Central Library.



Mr. Patterson did like Mum's drawings. He described her work as 'folk art' and a 'Pictorial Memoir of Street-Life in Edinburgh'.

He made an offer of holding an exhibition of her art the following year in 1991. Mum grumbled to me about how she thought her art should be shown at Southeby's but secretly, I think she was thrilled.

I think drawing & painting kept both my mum & Al Todd sane, just as a combination of teaching, writing & music have done that for me. They are enormously creative and therapeutic activities, as each of you know. I love drawing and would like to make more time for it. I also **loved** sculpting in clay but goodness knows if I'll ever get around to that!

For my mum, drawing was an exercise in depicting all she had seen, in her childhood, in her widowhood, in the neighborhood. It was also a way of combining images with the wise, wonderful, bizarre, & often surreal output of her mind. She would combine her word-associations with the drawings. I don't know if I have any good examples. Joy will however.



and even, on full moons, by the mysterious and somewhat sinister Bubbles:



& my music therapy friend Kevin



Everyone loved Auntie Ruth and she came out to White Rock a couple of times to see us:



We even got visits from Aunt Mary:



and Auntie Joy:



and 'Auntie' Dorothy ↓



and the clematis bloomed:



B. played baseball



Annie became Sophia Loren.



Dad taught yet more ESL at Kwantlen



Mum had her usual daily round of golf



& Dad said "well if you can do that, so can I ..."

And Joani was my squirrel:



& Grandma was my dear old Mum who badly needed hugs:



and for while, it seemed as if things had stabilized and the world was a cosy, warm, safe place ..... almost ↗

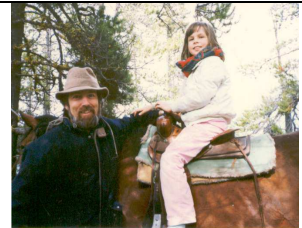


these 2 pictures are my favorites of Mum & I together  
(yeah, automatic delay feature)

enough to make a man ecstatic



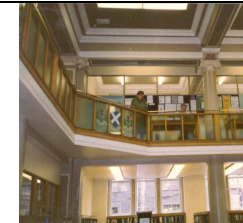
Part of it was post-underworld bliss; part of it was finally getting recognition for my teaching at KUC; and part of it was on the material level of suddenly having financial security and some disposable income. It meant that I could, for example, take Annie on a riding holiday



And we were able to afford a wonderful house-on-wheels which we named Beetho-van.



1991 – Mum’s exhibition



Here is a picture of Mum & I in the Ainsley Ainsley Grounds, her favorite place in all of Edinburgh.



Note to ADB – ‘sorry Dad .. this old nag is the zenith of my riding experience -but it was fun

Robin & I in London:



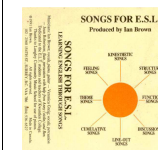
It was a big deal for all 4 of us to go over together. It required a lot of planning ahead of time. This included setting dates to stay with both David, and with Robin & Claire.

Letter from Mum: 10/2/92

This is to say how much I look forward to seeing you (all) here in April. I’m like an ‘athlete-in-training’, making every effort to be as mobile and fit as possible by the time you arrive and have just got a permit to go the Swimming Baths on other days than the once-a-week special sessions for the disabled. I can now manage to get in and out of the Baths without help by the attendants.

Letter from Robin: 3/3/92

Dear Ian, It’s great to know we’ll all be together again soon ... 6 weeks to go! ... Claire has duly noted all likes / dislikes food-wise and will ensure that Joan has her macrobiotic nosh, and bacon and eggs for you, not forgetting to delete broccoli from the shopping list for Benjamin. I know Mum will lay out the red carpet for you. She is in fine fettle and I really enjoyed my visit for the first time in a long time.



Before going to Edinburgh, I produced a tape, ‘Songs for ESL’, in collaboration with Veronica, Joan, Annie & Ben.

Pictures from a family trip to the U.K. in April, 1992

We spent time with my mum



We went to my old house:



We visited Sedbergh. On the left the Chapel & below Powell Hall:



Then we went south by train and stayed first with David's family in Bridgetown, Somerset. We had a great time including a 2-family jam session:



And then we stayed with Robin & Claire in London



In many ways it was a good trip, but there was a growing crisis between Joan and I over an issue concerning her mother and despite several attempts, the matter was not getting resolved. Later that summer, we made another family trip – this time to Oregon.

A separation between Joan and I looked like a growing possibility, however I loved our time in Oregon together. We slept in Beethovan, right beside the white sands of Nehalem, and within earshot of the Pacific surf. It was a very special time:

Annie was in high spirits both before & after plunging this knife into her leg:



In truth, the knife was somewhat shorter (but being a new Swiss Army knife, considerably sharper)



This picture is from before the Oregon trip but it is the last one I have of the four of us together and I like it very much. It brings back warm memories of all the camping trips we did together – and there were quite a few. However, we were there for the sunset. → →



The less said about the year 1993, the better. Joan and I started a temporary separation arrangement. I stayed at Tony's house and visited Lynn's cottage on Mayne Island. Joan stayed at Jack Kergan's house and visited Rose who had moved to Galiano. We both said that we had broken hearts.

The crazy schedule continued: me at Kwantlen, Joan at Langley Community Music School, and Annie and Ben doing hockey, dance, music, etc. activities on top of the regular school schedule.



Ben & I made a pilgrimage to the gravesite of Jimmi Hendrix outside Seattle.



I continued to teach full-time ESL at Kwantlen, and teach ....

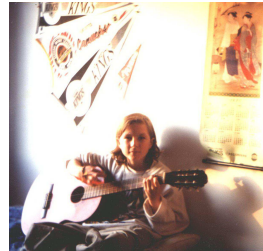


and teach:

Joan continued to teach at L.C.M.S. & was forever be hauling equipment & having to deal with parents on the phone. Here is a classic shot of Joani in her 'grey mare' persona.



Ben played hockey & guitar:



Annie played violin ..... and danced:



Annie danced a lot:



Annie, Ben & I would make trips to 'magic beach'

Ben started playing drums:



And then in June 1993, something very special happened. I went to the pound with Annie and Ben and returned with the one and only Rusty, aka Swuzzie, Fozzie, and many other aliases. I had had 2 previous dogs, Josh in Montreal and Tanya, when I was with Jennifer in White Rock. I loved so many things about having a dog, caring for them, being cared for by them, playing and being silly with them, & above all giving & getting unconditional loyalty.

So ... here's Rusty. Not one to get too excited, our Fozzy, but don't be fooled though, we soon found that Rusty brought a whole new meaning to the expression 'straining at the leash'.



Then, in September, Lynn called me and said there was a place called Comfort Cottage for rent on Mayne Island. I acted immediately. I went out to Mayne to see the place. One look was enough. I paid the first month's rent of \$290. Comfort Cottage →





I loved Comfort Cottage and everything about it. I loved getting on the ferry and drifting away from the smorgasbord of stressful situations (including the prospect of being taken to court by both Joan and Chloe). I loved the peace and quiet of Mayne island, the arbutus trees, the shoreline, the driftwood on the beach. And I loved the simplicity of lifestyle that required both hauling of water and chopping of wood. I decided to invite my friend Tony in on the arrangement and he supplied an old Citroen that we kept parked at the ferry. Most of all, I loved the freedom and independence. It was a very comforting cottage and a very healing place.



It was also a wonderful place for the kids and Rusty. On the one hand, it was a retreat, to get away from others; at other times, it was the perfect place to invite friends. Here is a picture of Annie & Layla.



And one of Annie, Ben and Layla in an arbutus tree:



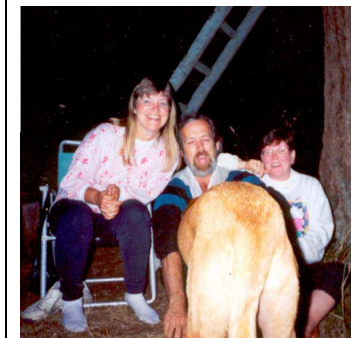
With the kids' help, I made a 'tree house' – actually a 2-level platform construction with ladders



Some of my happiest memories are from a weekend when Lynn & Morganna joined Tony and I.



Lynn & Morganna in tree house:



My feeling was 'this is what life is about' ... the warmth, trust, & loyalty of close friends ... I wasn't sure I could ever trust monogamous partnerships any more.

Meanwhile both Annie and Ben were having medical problems. Annie was diagnosed with Crohn's disease and Ben had a growth in one of his ears that had to be removed. It was really hard on both of them and they both courageously went through some tough times.

In July of 1994, Barbi told me that there was a house for sale on the Reserve. The timing was good. Joan and I had sadly decided to have a permanent separation and one of us needed to move out of Totem. I looked at the house and immediately felt that it was exactly what I needed. In August, I officially moved into 'The Ranch' at 15321 Upper Beach Road.



During that year of 1994, I also got involved with a group of Polish people. I had an affair with a woman called Barbara and then started seeing a woman called Anya. In what was perhaps a foolish move, I decided after a year of good times with Anya, to give partnerships one more go, and in October of 1996, Anya and I got married.

It didn't work out. Amongst other things, Anya could not accept that I was a 'package deal' with my kids. A year later we separated and a year after that I obtained a divorce.

Despite the fact that I had seen my mother almost every year since my father died, in August of 1996, I received scolding letters from both my brother & sister because I had said I might postpone my visit until the spring of 1997.

Extract from letter from Robin: 21/8/96

"I understand from Mum that you are getting married next month, and will not as a result be coming over to see her on your normal annual visit. Joy and I are very concerned about Mum's present condition and as you seem to be the only one of our family whom Mum really relates to, your proposed visit is all the more urgent and advisable. I appreciate you have commitments at your end but understand that Mum sent you sufficient funds for your airfare. It only takes a short while to fly over and would make the world of difference to our Mum." "My feeling on Mum's present situation is that she is putting out a desperate cry for help and you are the one she trusts the most to answer that cry. If she continues on her present course, I honestly feel that she will soon be hospitalized and not allowed home thereafter for her own safety and well-being." "Please respond. Regardless of any differences you might feel towards me, I humbly ask you as my brother to help our Mum before it is too late, Your loving brother, Robin

I went to visit my mother in November and again the following spring. She was 86 years old and at the point where she needed care. We had to find a nursing home.

She was also fixated on the possibility that Duncan & Andrew had not died. She wanted me to try to gain access to Official Secrets records that might now be in the public domain.



Tony remained a steadfast friend. This was taken at the cottage before I handed it over to Lynn. I couldn't afford it any more + the Ranch had become my retreat and comfort zone.

Stage by stage, I began to renovate the Ranch. First a new roof, then a new floor, then a skylight and french doors to make the place less gloomy. Then a woodstove, & so on.

I continued working full-time at Kwantlen. More students ... more 'hellos', more 'goodbyes' more parties, more knowledge & skill as far as being a teacher was concerned. I was fortunate to have 3 wonderful colleagues in the nineties; they were Jean Carter, Gerri Ormiston & Lorraine Dellamattia. Here's Lorraine & I ➔



The wonderful Jean Carter, Gerri Ormiston and I

Teaching made me happy:



It made me gay:



It was an honor (famous Chinese novelist Gu Hua was a student):



It was something from which I finally gained full recognition: Although I am still doing occasional workshops now (in 2005) at V.C.C., I quit full-time teaching at Kwantlen in 2001.

It was spontaneous:



It was tedious & formal (the million<sup>th</sup> visit to Victoria)



It was joyous:



from students ➔  
(and p.t.o.)

There is none like you,  
I can search all the  
teachers I know  
and find  
There is none like you!  
  
Your love flows like a  
river  
Your teaching comes from your hand  
Your heart is full of understanding  
! You are the best of them all!



And from fellow teachers:

**PARTS OF SPEECH**  
(as they pertain to Ian)

**NOUNS:** empathy, spirit, concern, trust, love, joy

**VERBS:** share, care, teach, reach, sing, play, listen, love

**ADJECTIVES:** creative, dedicated, innovative, caring, gentle, thoughtful, kind

**You're SPECIAL**

from Gerri Ormiston:

From Jean Carter: (1)

Dear, as you remember.....

The King George Highway class,  
No challenge at first  
The your wonderful efforts!  
... who sat on the radiator  
and slept most of the day  
... who had a gift for  
protection.

The look 1+2 party about the  
lighting stars on "Time to learn"  
... that are yours!

(3)

And on the Newton Campus I remember...  
the sharing times with about 2+3,  
Popping in's out, checking on words  
or grammar points  
... the gift of music that you gave  
to us all!  
The fun, the laughter,  
your ability to get students  
to express themselves in oral  
and written English.  
The wonderful difference you  
made in so many lives.

From Lorraine Della Mattia:

From the day I started at Havelton,  
I was impressed with your  
genuine concern for the students.  
You cared, you listened, you listened,  
You taught, you reached, you stayed,  
You loved, you shared, you shared,  
And generosity of spirit. Thanks  
for your dedication to the students.  
May your realize your dreams.

Lorraine

(2)

And on the Newton Campus I remember...  
the sharing times with about 2+3,  
Popping in's out, checking on words  
or grammar points  
... the gift of music that you gave  
to us all!  
The fun, the laughter,  
your ability to get students  
to express themselves in oral  
and written English.  
The wonderful difference you  
made in so many lives.

(4)

But as a colleague & friend,  
I wish we could discuss  
Your thoughtfulness & kindness,  
Your encouragement,  
Your reassurance,  
Your ability to know  
when all of the above are  
needed,  
You will not see some gaps  
in my memories as I  
expect you to fill them in.  
Thank you for your "I'm  
younger than I" is  
Every good wish,  
Love,  
Jean



Why am I showing you these?  
Because good teachers, of all professions, often give a life-time of quality service with little or no recognition. These tributes would never be seen or heard by anyone if I didn't bring them to the light of day. This book is a celebration of Life, your lives, the lives of people I care about – and that includes myself. I learned about self-love very late on.

I also got recognition as a music therapist. I was asked to give a workshop at the Canadian Association for Music Therapy, Annual National Conference, Calgary Convention Centre, May 1996. The title of the workshop was 'The Language of Music and The Music of Language'. Here is a copy of the program

Calgary Convention Centre, May 9-11, 1996

**The Language of Music and the Music of Language**

Ian Brown, BA, B.Ed.

This workshop will focus on ways in which spoken language and musical form/contents interact. Specifically, the presenter will draw from his experience with geriatric, psychiatric, palliative, stroke and immigrant populations. The workshop will be highly experiential and will involve exposure to different categories of songs (why, when and how to use them with different clients), song writing, chants etc.

Some musical techniques from the world of language teaching, with which music therapists may be unacquainted, will be introduced and explored. The role of verbal interaction, vis-a-vis non-verbal uses of music, will be explored, as it pertains to music groups (small and large) and one-to-one work (e.g. with brain-damaged, palliative, stroke, Alzheimer's, psychiatric, GLM clients).

And a reference from P.A.H.

South Coast Health Services  
Monday, October 25, 1999

To: Ian Brown

I have had the pleasure of hearing you over the past few years as both a music therapist and an orchestra conductor in our wonderful One-String line at Hots Arts Hospital.

In both capacities you have been able to draw out those capabilities who are no longer able to explore through conversation their feelings and needs and to help with the self-esteem and confidence of those who are being difficultly accepted by their life.

Personally, his skills as a vocalist, pianist and conductor are much sought after in our monthly parties. These evenings are always enjoyable, full of meaningful positivity, the experience of music, both old and new is priceless.

I am pleased to have been asked to write this letter of recommendation for you.

Shirley Davis-Thompson  
Executive Director  
Friday 3 October

JANE ASHE  
633 EAST 11TH STREET #12A  
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10009  
(212) 473-2816

July 26, 1991

Dear Ian:

Recently I attended a workshop led by Jonathan Fox. During which time he had us move to the most beautiful piano music my ears have ever heard; Music For Breathing, was the name of the tape.

I'm hoping that this tape and any others of it's kind could be ordered. Please send me a mail order form. Thank you.

Sincerely,  
Jane Ashe  
Jane Ashe

Dear Ian,

I'm just come back from Japan. My host there liked waltz music, a last year I gave her your tape. This year she made a present of telling me how much she has enjoyed it. I often use it in my workshops, and Maddy has a copy of her own, which she was to fall asleep to.

So your music is a big success! And thank you for it.

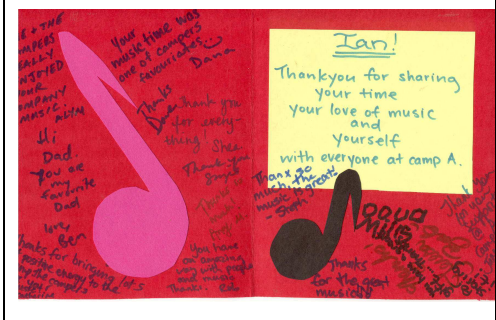
My best to you & Joan & the family,  
Jonathan



This is Jonathon with his wife Jo, & Joani, Ben and I. Jonathon is a Psychodrama guy and Jo is a music therapist. They live in New York and are good friends of Joans. I only met them once but I liked them both very much.

it's a small world ..

And finally, a card from Camp Alexandra campers:



So ... we are gradually approaching the point where I want to let the present take over. Between Chameleon, Phoenix, and this illustrated memoir, I think that's it for the autobiographical stuff. I feel satisfied. I have told my story, which is what I wanted and needed to do. Now, at nearly 60, I can look around with a sense of freedom and lightness; the albatross of the past doesn't weigh so heavily around my neck. It is a very exciting time and I feel very young and vital. How much writing and music over the next decade? I don't know, but there is further to travel on both those paths – that I do know. I feel utterly blessed ... primarily with extraordinary children who are now adults ... and 2 of them already 1/4 of a century!!

So, I am going to conclude with some of my blessings:

I am blessed by having spent nearly 14 years caring for, and being cared for by Rusty, my buddy, who is now approaching doggy heaven and who I will miss very much when he's gone, but will always love and treasure.



I am blessed to be father of Annie, Ben and Jasmine:



I am proud of, and blessed by my home which gradually got opened up, warmer, lighter, more colorful more functional and useful. Many, many thanks to Garry & Brad for all their help.

Some radical opening-up:



More opening:



And more:



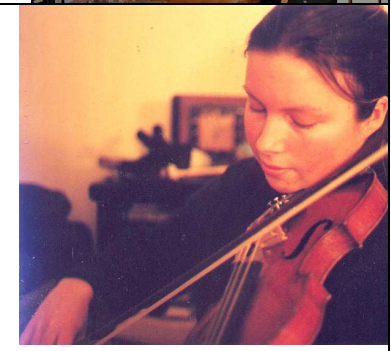
Until one day, Sun Eagle studio was born:



All sorts of great music started to take place:



Gradually Annie returned to playing violin & started making huge strides. As you said on my 59<sup>th</sup> birthday, "violinists are in demand". True, & good ones, even more so.



The words 'sun eagle' came from a profound experience while doing G.I.M. (Guided Imagery & Music) – Level I. I visualized I was an eagle, perhaps in Active Pass (between Mayne and Galiano), struggling with the violent up and down drafts. Then I rose above the air currents and was aware that with slow, steady and powerful strokes, I was flying directly towards the sun. I felt peaceful, serene. There was another part to the visualization but it does not, I don't believe, pertain to Suneagle Studio as such.

The eagle is also a symbol for the astrological sign of Scorpio, which I have in abundance (Sun, Moon, Ascendent, Mars, etc. etc.) The scorpion (base nature) stings vengefully when hurt, the lizard (or chameleon) tries to survive by adaptation (having many colors to his palette, or as my mother would say, 'strings to his bow'), and the eagle learns to say 'I care about what's important ... I just don't care about the shit anymore ... so I'll fly above it all.'

I have told Annie & Ben & Joan that when I die, I would like my body to be cremated, & for the ashes to be thrown into the winds of Active Pass from the public park on the Galiano cliffs, on a day when the sun is shining (sorry to be so demanding!)



Mythologically, an eagle represents:

- Swiftiness
- Courage
- Strength
- Wisdom
- Keen Vision

It's hard to not want to be like one. So, thank-you Annie, Ben and Jasmine – for your love, your support, but mostly for being who you are, three wonderful people. And thank-you Joani for so much. And thank-you Chloe for bringing Minka into the world and taking care of her so well. And thank-you all my special friends, David, Tony, Lynn, Jean, Barbi, Garry, Warren & others. It is heartening that there are such good people in the world.