

Indulging in a little hero worship

I've got it decided, I think. I know exactly what I want to do with myself. I just want to play shows with my outrageously famous friends and become popular by association. That's all. Maybe, if I so choose, I'll play music that inspires more fairy tale-thinking than the Obamas. Because that's certainly what my heroes were doing up there onstage at the Lorne Watson recital hall last Thursday night.

All of this comes as a concert-seat revelation, while gazing in teary-eyed awe at one of my favourite professors playing cello alongside the likes of the lyricist god, John K. Samson, and his equally intangible wife, Christine Fellows, to whom I dedicated a monumental part of my high school listening.

Imagine with me, if you will, that music you understood so well in your teen years.

You probably thought Whitesnake knew you better than anybody in the whole world, or somebody like that. I don't know. Did Robert Smith from the Cure get you crying streaky black tears into your pillow every night? Paul McCartney and his boyish charms drive you up the wall? Did Pink Floyd have you contemplating alternate hallucinogenic realities at far too young an age? And deep down in your adolescent dreams, you probably assumed that you'd grow up, one day, into a persona as

Natalie Bohrn



YOUNG 'N' RESTLESS

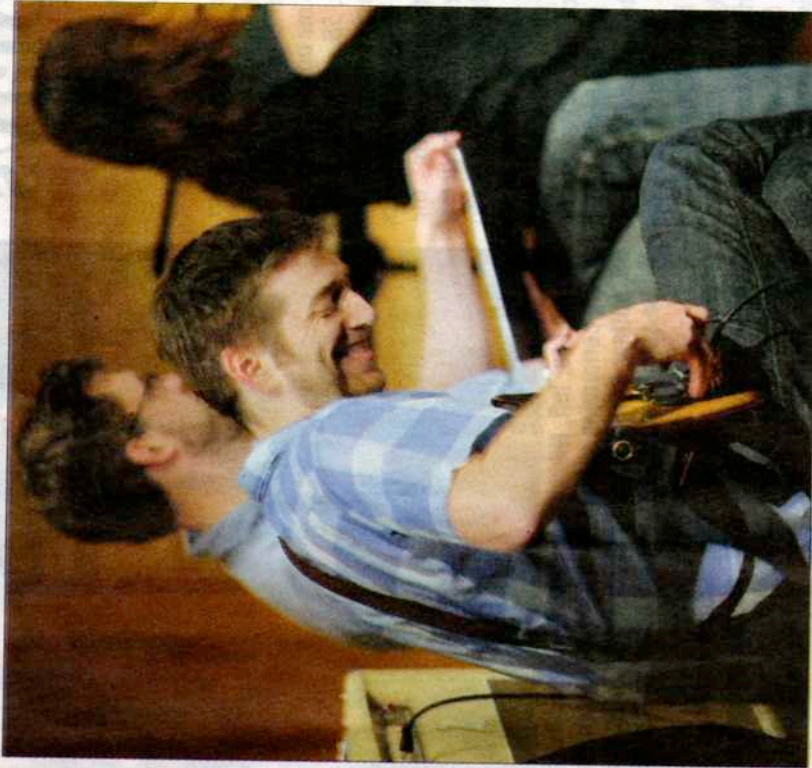
Natalie Bohrn is a local university student.
» natalie.bohrn@gmail.com

enormous as one of theirs, all magnificent and fear-inspiring, possibly wearing leather pants.

Maybe not. Maybe you actually just listened to and enjoyed your music and didn't attach yourself to it, tooth and nail. Maybe that whole aspect of my teenage music-listening stemmed from my decision to actually be a musician, at some point.

Anyway, that is a little window into what Fellows did for me when I was knocking around Neelin high school, dreaming of making music as entirely brilliant as hers.

And then one day, at Brandon University, posters start popping up around campus with her and her husband, the aforementioned, ridiculously famous John K. Samson, billed. Picture Natalie



John K. Samson of the Weakerthans prepares for the start of a performance by the ARC group on Thursday evening at the Lorne Watson Recital Hall. The group, consisting of Samson, Christine Fellows, Robert Honstein, Ed Reifel, Leanne Zacharias and Cristina Zacharias, also gave an educational workshop at the university's School of Music.
(Colin Corneau/Brandon Sun)

Bohrn seeing one and then dropping all her books and doing a little shriek-filled dance of delight. All thanks to the Brandon Folk Music and Art Society, and the sheer, serendipitously recorded all the cello

parts on the same Fellows album that I have held so closely to my bosom. Yes, my bosom. It's an old-fashioned kind of love.

The concert was, in a word, absolutely, impossibly, extraordinarily sublime. The audience seemed to spend the duration holding its collective breath, unless to laugh at the whimsy of the situation or to heave a deeply satisfied sigh. The performance was so warm and welcoming that we might as well have been watching all these seasoned, renowned performance veterans hanging out in somebody's living room or around a dining room table.

The audience learned along the way that they were all friends and family, including Prof. Zacharias' violinist sister, her brother-in-law percussionist and a dear composer friend of theirs who must get more divine inspirations daily than I will in my lifetime, with the music to prove it.

Afterwards, while we wandered out of the recital hall in post-show permeating bliss, I found myself in a dream, caught up in a conversation with Fellows — I'm going to teach her how to play her grandfather's double bass!

This all goes to show that at music school, BU specifically, dreams come true, and you're looking at living proof, people.

Or at least reading her.