

Notes from the Other CoEditor: Assuming the Role

Chris Trinidad

i said 'yes'
again

perhaps i should have said
'no'

or better yet
'maybe'

i shouldn't have said
anything at all

but
here i am

amidst
the myriad of activities
required of me

living a life as
a music maker
a music teacher
a music scholar

living a life as
a musician

living a life,
somehow

i said 'yes'
again

and
here i am

the powerbook
was bestowed upon me
[i always hated macs, and still do!]

i leapt forward
with great trepidation
as [i learned how to use adobe indesign]

with a partner-in-crime [in-rhyme?]
we chose a theme

so
here it is

reflections from five
different angles

first gig teaching
tertiary teaching
student-teaching
student-music-making
making-music-teaching-students

and variations on the theme
and all manners of hyphenations in-between

and so
a brand new
enriching
learning
experience

i still hate macs
but i love adobe indesign!

i am glad

i said 'yes'
again

and
here i am
[with my sanity still intact]

Chris Trinidad grew up on Lulu Island, BC, about 100 metres from the Fraser River, enduring endless grief, jokes, and jabs from his friends in Vancouver about how his house would sink if ever there was an earthquake. As a child, he filled the Trinidad household with melismatic vocal improvisations set to the backdrop of Eighties soft rock radio. A teenage existence was coloured with copious amounts of progressive rock and jazz fusion listening and bass guitar and drum set playing. He found his way toward studying bebop at Capilano College after rowing a boat across the river, hitchhiking along the highway, and climbing the long hill known as Purcell Way. His summer job consisted of hanging out on white sandy beaches and staring out into wide open cerulean seas [and playing latin jazz and salsa for cruise ship money spenders]. After a few years of toiling in the sun, and sleeping in until ten every day, he decided to become a certified music teacher. He now enjoys teaching choir at 7:15 in the morning, Monday through Friday, dealing with piles of paperwork, managing the music department, and planning trips where he is responsible for over 150 students. But, in all seriousness, he loves what he does and wouldn't trade his gig for any other in the world. He has since moved to New West where he still endures endless grief, jokes, and jabs from his coworkers about how his condo would slide down the hill if ever there was an earthquake.