

In the early stages of considering which universities to apply to, Trent was the first to hit my radar. Really, it was the only one I ever truly considered.

As a kid who attended a high school that featured specialized fine arts/performance arts programming, I was used to being surrounded by both music and musicians. Among that crowd, there was a general consensus that the Peterborough scene was chock-full of great musicians, hot venues, and jams galore. Two years before I even filled out my university application, I had already heard of Washboard Hank, Reverend Ken, the Red Dog, and Bacchus. While I had no idea what kind of educational opportunities existed at Trent, I was sure there would be plenty of chances to play my new 12-string Gibson.

I'll be the first to tell you that I wasn't the most talented musician at Trent. In fact, I was rarely the most talented musician in the room while I attended Trent. But from the first time I played a talent show during intro week, to a guest spot I did at the Red Dog in the last week of my final year, I never lacked an opportunity to join in the scene. This just goes to

TRENT MUSIC: Making the Scene

show the giving and forgiving nature of both Trent musicians and Trent audiences.

For the most part, though, I was content to cheer from the sidelines. And I spent plenty of time cheering. During my years at Trent, you see, I had the joy of living with members of two of the hotter bands of the day— **The Spleen Bishops** and **Boot Factor 5**. As a result, I spent a lot of time as an audience member.

What stands out for me is not just the appreciativeness of these audiences, but the diversity of them. I saw a lot of different people at these shows. I saw a lot of different people at *each* show. It was as if the entire university was taking turns seeing these bands. Even more impressive was that, during Bacchus (now called the Trent Music Festival), it seemed as if the entire university had come out and come together to see these bands.

The rumours I had heard during high school were definitely true.

One of the things that became obvious to me during the pulling together of this edition is how my story is very much a *Trent* story. From the moment I started spreading word of a music edition of *Trent Magazine*—by word of mouth, in an announcement in the last edition, and through Facebook—the response has been fantastic. My email in-box has been filled with enthusiastic stories of alumni from across the decades.

From early tales of Stan Rogers and Ian Tamblyn in the 60s, to stories about the **Silver Hearts** and the **Burning Hell** today, everybody who weighs in believes their time at Trent to be one of musical magic.

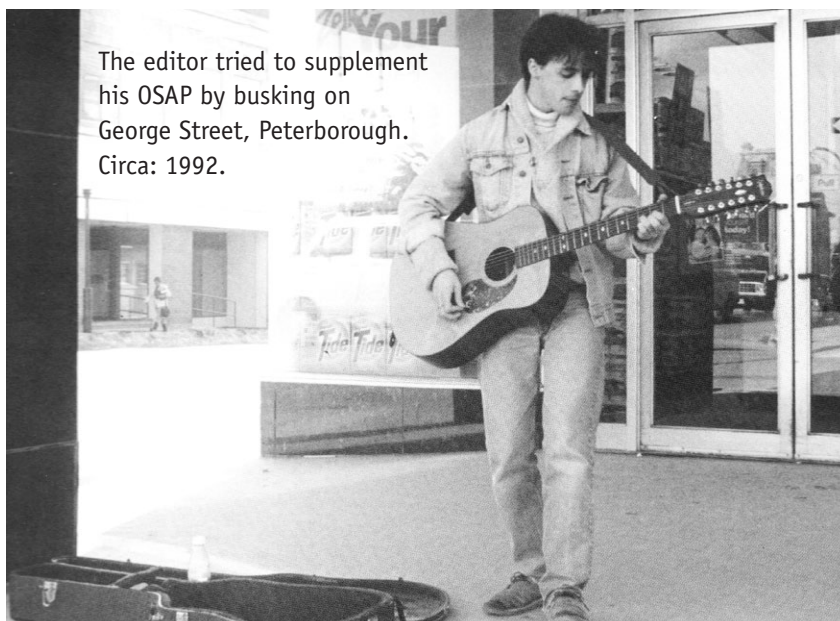
I've heard about coffee houses and raves, choral music and grunge. I've heard from people born and raised in Peterborough and from international students who lived in Canada for but a brief time. And while I've had the opportunity to talk to some folks who ended up making a career of music, I've also heard from a number of people who were never anything more than happy fans.

The cool thing is, they all felt part of the scene. And that impresses me.

It makes me realize how special the Trent musical community is and always has been.

And so I would like to dedicate my first official edition as editor of *Trent Magazine* to everyone who has made the musical scene at Trent so special. From the guitar-slinging folkie at the café to the sweaty-faced moshers in the pit, these stories are for you. They are, after all, your stories. **T**

Rock on.



The editor tried to supplement his OSAP by busking on George Street, Peterborough. Circa: 1992.