

ARTS

McLachlan leaves artistic legacy at QEH

BY MIRIAM KORN

IT NEVER CEASES to amaze me to discover that performers are real people. Thus, last week's Sarah McLachlan/Stephen Fearing concert was a happy surprise. The Haligonian and the Vancouverite were not afraid to show their feelings.

MUSIC
Sarah McLachlan
Stephen Fearing
Rebecca Cohn

Fearing's opening performance made me decide I had to meet this musician. I found myself backstage, talking to the persona I had just experienced from my anonymous seat in the Cohn auditorium.

"I'm not the same on and off stage," said Fearing. "On stage it's a two dimensional image. People don't see you get up in the morning or have a fight."

As I declined the beer he offered, it struck me that this was the man a fellow reporter described as "a dream" after her telephone conversation with

him a couple of weeks ago. As we spoke, I was pleased that he had been part of our newspaper.

"It's a real buzz when you play a song on stage for the first time. It's great when you get the same jam as when you first wrote it," said Fearing, expressing his love to perform.

"Entertainment is not a dirty word. I like giving people an escape . . . a chance to get away from real life for awhile."

He started writing songs over ten years ago, and has been singing since he was "a little kid," with lots of

influence from his musical family's Irish tradition.

The interview was cut short because of the distraction of Sarah McLachlan's voice emanating from the stage. As I exited the back stage door, I asked how he liked travelling with Sarah's group: "They're a great bunch of people," smiled Fearing.

When I entered the incense-filled auditorium, saw the candlabras, vase of roses and dreamy long-haired band members on stage, and experienced their evening's performance, the truth behind his reply was evident.

At the beginning of the concert, Sarah said how good it was to be home "if only for a night." After her second encore, she beamed at the crowd which had given her three standing ovations. It was obvious she was home and she was truly touched.

As I exited the Cohn, a girl told me of how great it had been to see Sarah McLachlan perform. She had finally met the author of the scribbles on her desk at Queen Elizabeth High School.

I pictured famous-person-to-be doodling on the furniture. It was a comforting thought. I smiled, and headed home.

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VEGETARIANS FROM

HELL

WITNESS GRISLY VEGETABLE INFLECTED DEATH!

HIGH SHOCK VALUE!
LOW CHOLESTEROL!

EVIL AMONGST THE CORNSTALKS!

UNSPEAKABLE TORTURE SCENES INVOLVING SPROUTS!
HORRORS!

HEY MAN... WHAT CHU 'SNACKIN' ON IN THAT BUN?

IN THEIR GARDEN... NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU SCREAM!

UH... HAMBUR... NO! TOFU! TOFU!!!

TOFU, MY ASPARAGUS

LIAR!
TIME TO SUFFER FLESH-EATER!!

R RESTRICTED IS NO ONE SAFE FROM THEIR HERBIVOROUS ATTACK?
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