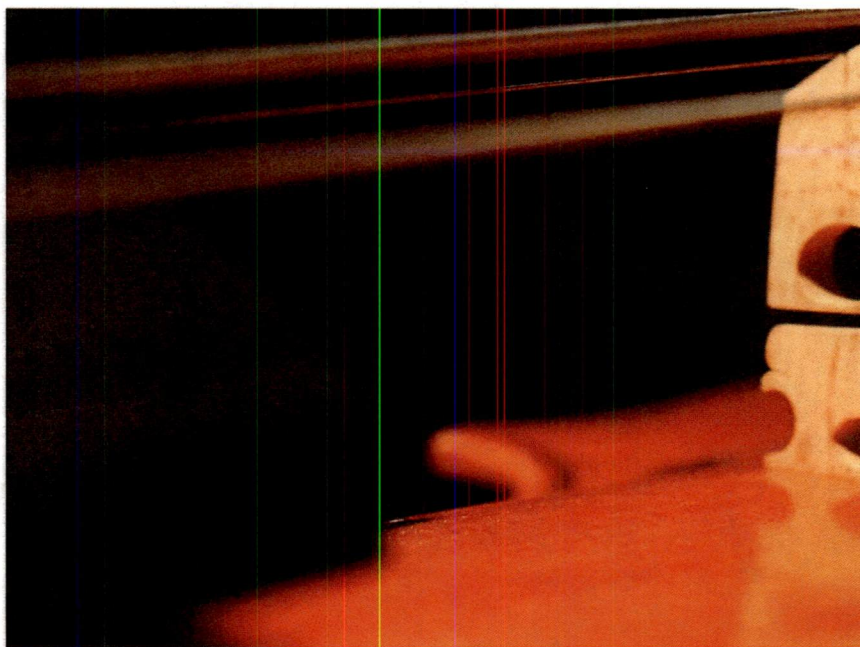


# The Eargasm Effect

by Ann Hart

I shift forward to sit on the edge of my chair. My chin rests upon my fiddle. Head tilted to the left, arm stretched out, and fingers ready to trap each string in sequence, I breathe. Opening my eyes, I pull my magic wand across the strings for the thousandth time. I feel the sound vibrate through my jaw and to the top of my head. I listen to those sneaky forms that spark in my brain. I watch my bow and am still fascinated as a curl of white, powdery rosin rises in slow motion; my cocaine.



The first time my mother brought me to a violin lesson, I was immediately disappointed. Firstly, the woman not only gave me a practised, toothy smile, but she began to enthrall my mother with words for what felt (to my seven-year-old mind) like hours. I jumped at the first opportunity I could find in their mind-numbing discussion, and laid my thoughts bare. "Can we get on with it!?" I blurted. That night I had scales and bow exercises. Frustrated, I finally quit after four years of brutal conservatory sprinkled with only tiny hints of fiddle and folk tunes. Then I discovered Gavin Lake Camp, which gave me the one thing I wanted most: FREEDOM.

Gavin Lake Camp let me hear the sparks in my brain. I could play what was not on the music sheet because there literally was no sheet music. My friends and I would gather around a snap-crackling campfire and jam until three o'clock in the morning. The following day was spent on benches, under a make-shift yurt, being taught songs that made one want to move just as fast as your fingers could play. This was what learning truly was. The passing of vital information through experience and genuine passion, not paper and theory. It showed me what I could create, not what I must repeat perfectly by December 15th. I can still see the awkward recitals that would most likely house a small crowd of shuffling, sleepy eyed grandparents and crying babies.