



A memory of Christian Brun (Thursday, December 8, 2016)

In early October 2014 I was attending a fisheries meeting in St. Andrews New Brunswick. Christian was there, as he always seemed to be at such meetings, thoughtful and incisive. One evening a group of us sat outside around a fire – we were staying at the Algonquin Hotel and the weather was fine – singing songs on borrowed guitars until we were told to shut things down. That didn't put an end to the party of course. We went back to somebody's room, a smaller group, but hardy. Christian fished out a bottle of some liquid that he

shared around, and I put some music on from my phone, Manu Chao. If that wasn't the start of something. Christian started regaling us with his knowledge of African music. Before I knew it he was scribbling names of artists and groups I had to listen to on a scrap of hotel stationery. He filled both sides of the page, twenty or more names in his distinctive handwriting. Most of them obscure by North American standards, but Christian knew them all by heart, and took great pleasure in telling us about each one. I will miss him very much. Bon voyage mon homme.

Eric Angel, Vancouver, BC