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## Heckling Raffi

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In the fall semester of my senior year at Berklee, I was surprised to hear that singer/songwriter-voice of children everywhere; Raffi was to perform at the recital hall in 921 Boylston St.

In the previous three years I had cultivated a fun-loving recklessness to compensate for the void in the curriculum, which instilled the skills of a world-class rock star, yet, not the attitude. Immediately upon hearing the news of Raffi's arrival I declared,

"I am going to heckle Raffi!"

"Raffi?" I exclaimed to my longhaired, incense-burning constituents. "What's next the Teletubbies or Pee Wee's Playhouse? Why can't they bring Buckethead to Berklee?"

The day of Raffi's performance came, by which time I had kept myself awake night, too amused to sleep, thinking up the extreme vulgarities with which I would bombard the unexpected performer.

I entered the circular hall and ascended the staircase, two steps to a stride, to the second level; the acoustics of which would make the location of my assault unclear. I felt a tingle of anticipation, reminiscent of a loss of circulation, as the lights dimmed.

He began to sing to the audience of former faithful fans, now in their late teens and early twenties, familiar pieces: Shake My Sillies Out, and Five Little Ducks.

He addressed the audience with soft-spoken warmth. It was immediately apparent that he was a sincere, benevolent person. He played solo. The more he spoke, the more he bore his soul, the more captivated we all became.

We the audience of erudite musicians were transformed from quasi-intellectual, music snobs; minds consumed with chord scales and tritone substitutions, to a group of wonder-struck kindergarteners, singing along to our forgotten favorite Baby Beluga.

I slipped away from the euphoric state for a moment and felt a similar tingling as before. However, what I had previously attributed to excitement for heckling Raffi was eclipsed by guilt for ever having conceived the idea.

He spoke of the problems of the world and our responsibility to ameliorate human suffering. The subject matter was far from new to us; however, it lacked the usual affected manner so prevalent amongst college-aged hipsters.

Later that day a friend asked (in jest),

"How was Raffi?"

"He was great!"

"What happened to "Baby Beluga can suck a....?"

"No." I interrupted, "He was captivating. Genuine and captivating."

That night I lay in bed unable to sleep. My mind consumed with chord-scales, tritone substitutions, and Raffi.

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