

LASTWORD

Imaginations running wild

classical music specifically the bassoon, it should come as little surprise that given my time again, I'd be chasing that dream. The reason why I didn't is rather sad really – I simply didn't believe I was good enough.

In terms of enthusiasm, the bassoon is an interest of mine that equals the passion I have for farming. That's no mean feat – I live and breathe the agricultural sector. But the bassoon, well, I become emotional just thinking about it at times.

Utter unabridged joy. So I'd certainly be telling 16-year-old Janine to stop wasting precious time on folk who in years to come won't give a fig, and travel head-first into the world of dedicated orchestral playing. Some might say the bassoon is an odd instrument to become obsessed with but for those in the know, it's the OG (original gangster) of quirk and personality.

And why stop there – give me the chance and I'd be hosting a prime-time slot on Classic FM debating what Schubert's Unfinished Symphony would have sounded like if he'd actually, well, finished it. Or, proving to society there's no reason why a bassoon can't do jazz and therefore Jools Holland should hire me immediately to be part of his Rhythm and Blues Orchestra.

On a more sensible level, I do have a regret, which is that I didn't knuckle down as a teenager and do what it turns out I'm capable of. I know there's no point lamenting my former choices, but I guess the message to any younger readers is, don't



From documentary making to professional bassooning, I wonder where I'd be today if I'd chosen an alternative path?



do yourself a disservice.

Other reincarnations I've pondered include being the owner of a bookshop-café enterprise, managing a pet rescue centre and putting my magpie eye to good use as an antique auctioneer (I'm coming for you Sotherby's). But, I have to say my second choice of a 'what-if' career, following the bassooning, would definitely be in television.

I'll go all out and say it – I'd be a documentary maker. I've been tantalisingly close – and in ways I think I could almost still do it – but it's never quite landed for me. Although I really struggle to navigate busy environments, connecting on an individual level is something I believe I'm pretty decent at. That's because the one thing I love more than a 'good story', is the journey it takes to get there.

In fact, if you're inclined to dig around on the internet, you may find an example of my amateur documentary making from 15 years ago, presenting itself as a now rather dated perspective on dairy farming and cow welfare. It's had 76,000 views which blows my mind a little bit.

Luckily, despite not presenting the latest hard-hitting documentaries for the Beeb, I have the opportunity

to channel my socio-curiosity into this magazine instead. Whereas being a professional bassoonist is highly unlikely, there may be a glimmer of hope for me and documentary making of sorts.

Otherwise, theatrical costume making, being a pastry chef, curating National Trust collections, illustrating children's books and grooming long-haired guinea pigs all pique my interest somewhat, as does hardcore, solid farming (who'd have guessed).

I whole-heartedly enjoy this job and the connection it gives me to agriculture, but isn't it fun to channel your inner child occasionally, and imagine what could be?

YOUR EDITOR

Janine Adamson began her journalistic career writing obituaries for a local newspaper but fast found her stride within agricultural communications. Now, more than 15 years later, she finds herself at the helm of *CPM*. A proud Staffordshire girl from the Moorlands, Janine takes pride in tackling subjects which although aren't exclusively farming, affect everyone.



WITH JANINE ADAMSON

“ Given I'm a self-proclaimed socially inept individual, yet have often worked in positions where schmoozing is a pre-requisite, I've fast learnt to keep a few talking-point topics up my sleeve, ready to fire at the mere sniff of an awkward silence. One of which I shall discuss today.

Here – if you could rewind the clock of life and have 'another go', redirect the sails and float towards another destination, what would it be? Forget any constraints, financial or otherwise, you can literally be anything that you want to be.

Trust me, load this up and you'll reap the 'oohs' and 'wells' aplenty. Of course, in posing such a thought-provoker, one must have an own response readily available – and it's something I've often pondered, in fact.

Let's stress, this doesn't mean a woeful tirade of regret or that your current career choice is distinctly dissatisfactory, it's just a bit of small talk fun. Personally, I have various options, depending on whether I'm playing it safe or having a 1-in-100 day of wild abandon, of which I do sometimes have, believe it or not!

Based on my love of