

THE RANT AND RAVE GAZETTE

A Music Newsletter

Issue 12

Welcome to the twelfth issue of the Rant - a bushwhacking issue. NOTE: the most recent rant comes up first with the past issues following. Cheers!

THE HOKEY POKEY

"THAT'S WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT ... HEY!"



"Yeah, I'm starting to get the message."

I am not an 'outdoorsman' by any stretch of the imagination. You could stick what I know about bushcraft up a gnat's ass and it would still rattle around like a pea in a rain barrel. I'm not a climber either. I lost my nerve while skirting around the 'Camel' north of Vancouver B.C. some time ago. As long as I have a shrub to hold onto, I'm fine, but hanging off a cliff ain't for me. And although I've been on several hunts, I can't really say I'm a hunter. I suppose if push came to shove, I could drag out my rifle and crawl through the undergrowth with the rest of 'em and put some meat in the freezer, but until then ...

Nope, I have friends and acquaintances who have done that stuff most of their lives and I generally leave it to them ... the Doug Lemonds, Peter Steeles and Wayne Merrys of the world have done it all. I'm a simple man who just likes cabin life and dragging his keester through the toolies, most often without a trail. It ain't glamorous but, by gum, I find myself treading on land that has rarely seen a human foot and that, for me, counts as fun. Not that I avoid trails entirely. I spend plenty of time on trails. But I have noticed a few things about the trail that make me think.

I've noticed that when I'm on a trail, I don't spend anywhere near enough time looking around me. Most of my attention is on the trail. It's just one of those things. What's happening off to the left and right is often missed - and that ain't good. That's where the large mammals are, particularly bears, who often seem to have cubs on the other side of that trail who require protection from Homo Sapiens. 'Above' is just as important, as that's where the cougars and nesting birds of prey are. Problem is, those suckers are so quiet that if you are not paying attention, they are on you and that's that.

Then there's the 'behind me' component. If I am bushwhacking (and even if I am on a trail), I try to remember to look behind me every now and then. The terrain looks mighty different when coming from the other direction, and I know there is a damn good chance I may have to retrace my steps. It's good to have reference points. Besides, you never know when some bear might be tracking you and licking his chops.

Of course we do have the mighty GPS for these concerns. A fine device and certainly a great time saver. "Those pesky maps and compasses be damned ... I've got my trusty GPS!" ... yeah, until you don't. And that can happen for any number of reasons, the main one being you need a clear view of the satellite and that just ain't happening most of the time in the rainforest. There's a reason map reading and compass orientation remain important skills for the bushwhacker - they work - always.

Besides, I really don't want to be that wiener who relies on modern technology to save his ass. 'Not working all of the time' is not an option in these environments. It's nice to have when it functions, and that's about it. It's like bringing a pair of moccasins with you so you're comfortable in your tent - not necessary, but nice. Still, there was this one time ...

... TO BE CONTINUED ...

From the Muse:

You're gonna get indoctrinated anyway son
so you might as well get used to the idea

Whether a sports team
the military
or a rock and roll band
You're gonna need to become
part of some greater WE

Whether a science
a religion
a philosophy
or politics
You're gonna need to sign
on that dotted line
Pay the fee
and be initiated
into the fold
You're gonna need to be part of the group
and be seen to be part of the group

But hey
It ain't all bad
You'll likely get a hat of some sort
A tee shirt perhaps
And some nifty slogans

You'll share a knowing nod
A wink
A slight disparaging grunt
when discussing the 'other'

You may have to massage
your beliefs a little
You know
To fit in

But hey
It ain't all bad
Who's gonna come runnin'
when the shit hits the fan
if it ain't the brothers and sisters
of your tribe?

PL

LITTLE GEMS

ADVICE THAT WAS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD



"Stay away from the light green. The dark green's where you want to be."

THATS ALL FOR NOW FOLKS! SEE YOU NEXT TIME