THE RANT AND RAVE GAZETTE A Music Newsletter Issue 5

Welcome to the fifth issue of the Rant. NOTE: the most recent issue comes up first with the past issues following. Cheers!

THE HOKEY POKEY



"I'm turnin' I'm turnin' Whaddya want from me?"

Yesterday was the ultimate combo burger for the kid. The early afternoon caught me standing on a tiny, remote island, staring at Cathedral mountain reflecting in a glassy Atlin lake, and the evening found me playing at the Globe Theatre with harmonica virtuoso Carlos De Junco, Daniel Janke and Lonnie Powell. It's the very best kind of day for a bushrat guitar player.

Carlos is one of the world's best diatonic harmonica players. In the tradition of Howard Levy, he uses the overblowing technique to play in any and all keys, on any of the diatonic harps. The whole thing is mind blowing, and the gig was huge fun.

Oddly enough, just two years before meeting Carlos, I'd managed to pair up with yet another harmonica virtuoso, Keith Bennett, to do a tour that was to feature guitar and chromatic harmonica (an instrument more in the Toots Theilman tradition). We had a repertoire that was as much fun as it was demanding. With Keith knocking out melodies originally played on oboe and soprano sax, the result was stunning. We were looking forward to the tour and were all set to go when tragedy struck. Keith ended up getting ill, and all of a sudden he was gone. It was devastating. The memorial service needed a big hall to accommodate everyone. Everybody was there. Rest in peace my friend.

Something from the Muse:

You know He said A carney from way back It's all about selling soap Selling soap and making babies

All this fuss and holler All this righteous indignation All this searching for truth and meaning All this posturing and pontificating

When all's said and done Man just wants more soap And God just wants more children

PL

LITTLE GEMS

ADVICE THAT WAS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD



"The (guitar) is a harsh mistress. If you desire her favours, you need to get under her skirts." Hal Galper.

THATS ALL FOR NOW FOLKS! SEE YOU NEXT TIME