

THE RANT AND RAVE GAZETTE

A Music Newsletter

Issue 6

Welcome to the sixth issue of the Rant. I think it's time to talk about time.

THE HOKEY POKEY

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



"Ahh, so *THAT'S* what it's all about."

Time! Yes, Time! Every musician knows it's all about time. The Hokey Pokey is the dance invented to fill time. Why? Because unfilled time is hell. The horror of unfilled time is both the best kept secret, and the worst kept secret. I'm guessing that all kinds of human behaviour, from habits, to rituals to full blown workaholicism end up being nothing more than various versions of the Hokey Pokey.

Then again, musicians, writers and composers already know about time ... how to use it ... how to fill it ... how it can be your enemy ... your friend, your mentor, your lover. When we play, write or compose, we are using time in all of its manifestations. From short stabs to long arcs, we are continually organizing material in the time frame ... designing the dance as we go ... designing our very own Hokey Pokey.

Paradoxically, when we are engaged like this, particularly when we are 'in the zone', time disappears. Or at least it flies by so rapidly it seems to disappear. Odd huh?

The latest from the Muse:

Wisdom

I don't see much of her these days
A glimpse of skirt
bustling about the halls
The odd hint of perfume on the air

She's pouting at the moment
is my guess

Disappointed I expect
That I'm not paying better attention
Occasionally chiding me
Like she does

A southern belle
chiming from across the room

Why now
What's a fine lookin' boy like you doin'
down here without appropriate companionship
Quit messin' with those northern floozies
Come on over here sugar
and consort with some class

But I pay little heed
A white rabbit with so much to do

Every now and then
I'll hear her laugh
Sweetly
Blamelessly

But always that mote of sadness
floats amongst the silver

The melancholy of the wife
Awaiting the return of her mate
from the sea

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LITTLE GEMS

ADVICE THAT WAS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD



"You don't learn to play guitar. You become a guitar player." Tony Bradan

THATS ALL FOR NOW FOLKS! SEE YOU NEXT TIME