

# THE RANT AND RAVE GAZETTE

A Music Newsletter

Issue 8

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

## THE HOKEY POKEY

“YOU PULL YOUR RIGHT HAND OUT .....



*“Ok pal, I see where this is goin’.... this is gonna be one long damn dance right?”*

We just returned from a couple of weeks in Newfoundland. It is the birthplace of Harry Hibbs, one of Newfoundland’s favourite sons, star of the widely televised Caribou Club, and one of the best known performers of traditional Newfoundland music.

My partner Lynn is a comic artist. She met Harry through her connection with CHCH-TV in Hamilton Ontario. The two became pals and Harry ended up buying her an accordion. In typical fashion, Lynn stuck on her music cap, put her head down, and proceeded to learn a whole stack of Harry’s tunes on the instrument.

Now if you are going to show up on the “Rock,’ it doesn’t hurt to be dragging along a button accordion and have a bunch of Harry’s music under your fingers. We were good to go. We were golden. Not that we got to hang with Harry. I’m afraid we lost him many years ago. He died far too young, his departure leaving a big hole in the east coast music tradition. So no, that wasn’t in the cards. But something else was.

There is a world famous band in Newfoundland: ‘Buddy Wasiname and the Other Fellers.’ Lynn knows these guys from their many tours of Ontario and Canada. They are Kevin Blackmore (mandolin, fiddle, banjo, guitar), Wayne Chaulk (guitar, bass), and Ray Johnson (accordion, fiddle), and they are alive and kickin’.

Their show ranges from wild-assed comedy to serious ballads and they are one of Canada’s favourite bands. We visited each one of them in the various towns of Carbonear, Glovertown and Charlottetown. Kevin arranged a jam the night we were there and we had a fine old time. One of the lads’ tunes, ‘Saltwater Joys’ is a staple in their repertoire. Written by Wayne, it has become a Newfoundland anthem. He sang it for us in his living room. It was one of those moments.

Newfoundland is magic. Steeped in the tradition of fishing, boatbuilding, music and storytelling, it is has a wild interior and rugged, spectacular coastline. But, as has often been said, it is the people who make it what it is. I recognized much of the culture from my own Geordie roots in the N.E. of England - the familial closeness, the common kindness and the wicked humour. It was like coming home.

Thanks to you and your families for the warm welcome to one of the most beautiful spots on earth.

And now, one of my duck billed platitudes:

A tiny breeze  
A sparkle  
on the tips of things  
A shimmer  
in the air  
Hard ground  
underfoot  
A calling bird  
No  
Two  
Floating scents  
Pine  
Earth  
The silence  
where all is present  
The pause  
between breaths

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## LITTLE GEMS

ADVICE THAT WAS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD



It is YOU who decides whether or not you become a good guitar player. NO ONE ELSE.

THATS ALL FOR NOW FOLKS! SEE YOU NEXT TIME