

THE RANT AND RAVE GAZETTE

A Music Newsletter

Issue 13

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

THE HOKEY POKEY

“YOU PUT YOUR LEFT FOOT IN



“I’m going to start running out of limbs at this rate.”

FROM THE PREVIOUS EPISODE: “I don’t want to be that wiener who relies on modern technology to save his ass ... Still, there was this one time ...

It was springtime and I was hiking back from a pair of spectacular alpine lakes with one of my ne’er-do-well bushwhacking pals. Although there was still plenty of snow at this altitude, the trees had managed to retain some warmth from that spring sun, and the snow around the roots had melted back, leaving a 4 or 5 foot area of warm ground cover around each tree. With the canopy above, it made the best of all camping spots ... protected, warm, and cosy ... who knew?

This particular romp had us following a series of high ridges south from Palisade Lake. It provided some unbelievable views as well as a few hairy moments, one of which being the scare rounding the Camel mentioned in the last episode. Nature has a way of consistently putting you in your place. That being said, I have to say, the girl does have a fine sense of humour.

We were on the last leg when all of a sudden it socked in. Solid. It felt like we were swimming through cold gray soup. We couldn’t see a damn thing, so I did what any good whacker does - I reached for my compass and map.

Yarding the map out of my pack, I reached ‘round to the back of my neck to pull out my compass on its lanyard and, lo and behold - nothing. A further search of my shirt, pants pockets and pack came up the same. At some point, my guess is when I was lounging around in one of those ‘too good to believe’ camping spots, the ancient old thing had decided to untie itself and crawl off to die in the ‘valley of lost gear’... like they do.

“It’s a big valley Jim. I’ve seen it for myself. It’s full of pieces of dead and dying hiking gear; and there’s more arriving every day. They know, you see, when it’s time. It’s an instinct. The question of course is ‘Why this valley?’ ‘Why do they seek out this particular valley?’

Now this is the time when the mighty GPS could have swooped in to save our bacon. Unfortunately for us, GPS hadn’t been invented yet, so we were left with nothing but good old fashioned wits. But hey, I knew this territory right? I’d been on this particular ridge many times before and felt I had a pretty good idea of where we were. So off we went in that shin-deep snow, my finely tuned senses leading the way.

We’d been slogging for quite some time, when we saw the tracks.

“Well I’ll be damned,’ I said. “We’ve got company. Recent company too, from the looks of it. I bet these guys have compass and maps. How ‘bout we just follow their tracks out?”

So, with a new spring in our step, and dreams of cold beer and sizzling steaks fueling our progress, (tofu stir fry and white wine rarely come up in these situations), we forged ahead. After a half-hour or so, I began to notice something quite remarkable.

“By gum Rudy, this guy has exactly the same stride as me.”

“You don’t say,” Rudy came back.

“And it looks like he’s wearing those Sorels with that weird tread just like mine. What are the chances of that?”

It was a low, tuneful laugh. A little like bells chiming in the distance. A cheeky little breeze nipped my left earlobe followed by the quick caress of a whisper.

“What’s that you say honey? ... a spare compass in my backpack? Why, what a fine idea ...

From the Muse:

The sky was hard
A state transcending colour

An unholy alliance with the visible world
Rendered every object rough edged
Coarse
Foreign
A sensation felt in the throat
Like a piece of rough pumice
Lodged

It must feel just like this
Standing on a new planet

PL

LITTLE GEMS

ADVICE THAT WAS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD



“ Look behind you as you go. You never can tell when you’ll need to retrace your steps, and things look mighty different on the return.”

THATS ALL FOR NOW FOLKS! SEE YOU NEXT TIME