

# THE RANT AND RAVE GAZETTE

A Music Newsletter

Issue 19

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

## THE HOKEY POKEY

“YOU PUT YOUR LEFT HAND IN .....



*"So it's gonna be every damn limb is it. This is gonna take forever."*

## CAMP COFFEE

"It's an early August morning far, far down Atlin lake. It's chilly. August is unpredictable that way. Lakes in the far north are not like lakes in the south. 'Unpredictable' tends to be a little more daunting in this environment.

Still, it's a fine sunny morning and the lake is calm. Reflecting in it's glassy surface is a huge Cathedral Mountain. She's evidently decided to join me for morning coffee and I welcome the company.

The wind has suddenly dropped and that delicious silence hovers all around me. A gull squawks a complaint over something or other across the lake and the sun, suddenly hot, warms my back as I sip my coffee. Like I say ... unpredictable.

It's easy to wax philosophical on these occasions, and I will usually grab whatever's in front of me as grist for the mill. In this case, it's the coffee itself.

I've just brewed up a pot of camp coffee ... recipe ... coffee, water, boil in pot. Simple, efficient and mighty tasty. Yeah, there are a few grounds in there but hey, that's coffee for ya!

Of course there are those who prefer the 'french press' or espresso machines. And then there's the cappucino and latte folks, not to mention those peculiar almond milk, foam, frappe, sprinkle characters who seem to prefer drowning out the taste of the coffee itself. But who am I to judge.

One thing I do know, is that all of these alternatives tend to be expensive and time consuming - a testament to modern society's relentless quest to 'improve' the product,' ... feel free to read for that, 'market something new to further monetize an already simple, inexpensive and successful substance' ..."

... And so begins the first chapter of a new book "Getting Out." It's been on the back burner for some time, and I'm scribbling as we speak.

At one point in my early life I made a list of the 'entanglements' I had to deal with living in the city. It was formidable back then. As it turned out, it ended up being the thin edge of the wedge. We are now awash in details to a degree we couldn't have possibly foreseen. This is all about entertaining 'other options.'



Now, a word from the Muse:

We invent God  
with the ferocity of a woman  
burying the pain of childbirth

## LITTLE GEMS

ADVICE THAT WAS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD



"Don't be 'savin' it for later' - play mother\*#%^" - Sam Rivers

THATS ALL FOR NOW FOLKS! SEE YOU NEXT TIME