



# LAWKIT

Life  
as we  
know it

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three

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## Fully Booked

Gary McMurray

## Stacks and Re:stacks

Peter Huey

## A Season Reviewed

Andrew Neill

## A guide to gig going

Jonathan Kirk

## The Great Outdoors

Ed Stanley

## Contributor's Guide

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# LAWKIT

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## Life as we know it.

### A word from the editor

For the second issue in a row, there was a full scale debate going on in editorial. As the Lawkit, now at Issue Three, is beginning to take shape, it has swayed and varied in content and style. This is, obviously, mostly because of our peculiar process of accepting submissions on anything and everything. It is a natural progression from that to realise that authors will also, in themselves, write in varied style.

Thus, Lawkit Three contains not one but two articles which are, in reality, predominantly lists. Well-written and expounded lists, but lists nevertheless. In a journal founded essentially for storytell-

ing and discourse, can lists count as articles?

As the publisher and myself tried, turn about, each side of the fence for size, it became evident that we were going to accept them for publication regardless. However, it would seem that by and large, another unwritten rule has been added to our guidelines: prose beats listing hands down, so please try not to.

Of course, the eagle-eyed amongst you will quickly notice that one of the articles in question is marked as 'Part 1'. Part 2 will appear in Lawkit Four, but as an exception rather than the rule. You have been warned.

Away from that, it is a privilege to have another top contributor this month. Gary McMurray has built up a bit of a cult status online through his popular blog, and his submission concerning books addresses a subject very close to my own heart. I hope you enjoy it and the rest of Three – and why not consider submitting your own efforts for Four? Guidelines and advice appear in the back page.

# Fully Booked

by Gary McMurray

The prospect of moving house this summer fills me with both excitement and dread. It's not the trials of deciding on delightful decoration, nor groaning at the gigantic garden awaiting me out west. It's all because of my books.

Working from home means my house is more than just my castle - it's also my library. Studying *The Book* requires lots of books, which brings us back to my dread.

Packing. The clock is ticking, and sooner rather than later, all those books will have to be packed into boxes ready for the journey

to their new home in Fermanagh. They'll even be reunited with some books that didn't make it out of their boxes when we moved into our current home. Those poor unfortunates have been consigned and confined to an unread existence under the spare bed. Perhaps they'll find some shelf space to make up for their boxed boredom.

Is there an answer in this digital age, with e-books emerging and Kindles turning paper books to kindling? Wouldn't it make more sense to stock up on space-saving resources rather than hauling several dead forests' worth

of books to sit on other dead forests of shelves? The logical, rational position would be yes - start the download immediately. Having explored e-readers and considered Kindles, I'm not rushing to push the button just yet.

You see, contained within my shelves are more than just oceans of black ink on white (and yellowing) paper; more than endless bits of information to be read; there are memories and emotions - I may, in fact, be what I read.

Consider the excitement of entering a good secondhand bookshop, the smell of



old books concentrating the senses; never knowing what hidden treasures you'll find, the bargains missed by others. That personal mission to find *Fly Fishing* by JR Hartley - an old favourite. Browsing Amazon or iBooks just doesn't compare to the big book safari.

My books bring back memories - not just of the stories I've read, but also of the places I've been when I was reading them. Gazing at Khaled Hosseini's *A*

*Thousand Splendid Suns* takes me back to the poolside in Lanzarote; *The Partner*, my first experience of John Grisham, was devoured in the car park while my wee brother played junior football in the rain in Whitehead; and so many books read in airports travelling to and from seeing my beloved fiancée (and now wife) while we were at college in different countries.

Imagine - unthinkable for some, I know, and

possibly hypocritical by suggesting it in an e-journal - imagine turning off the computer, getting away from the screen, and interacting with a good old-fashioned book. Taking the time to read something, anything, that someone else has poured hours and hopes and dreams into; turning pages without any slick graphics showing pages turning; always ready to read, never shutting down or breaking down. Your local bookshop needs

# Stacks and Re:stacks

by Peter Huey

you - perhaps you need those old books after all?

My books transfer more than knowledge - they've become part of my life. How could I think of getting rid of

them now, after years of searching secondhand bookshops the length and breadth of several countries? The dread of moving will be replaced by the joy of organising my new study library and hopefully seeing

more of my books on the bigger shelving area. One thing is sure though - I can't justify buying any more volumes before the move: the removals lorry may already be fully booked.

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Gary the cleric, married to Lynsey, lives in Dundonald and will soon be departing for the wilds of Fermanagh. You can follow his blogging and photo journalling via <http://lawk.it/gary>

One of the best examples probably came a little over five years ago when I got my hands on the eponymous first Swell Season record. It was immediately mind-blowing to me; having heard a single play of one track on Yahoo! music or something (remember when Yahoo! had a purpose?) it had instantly struck a chord. I would introduce everyone (who would listen) to it; I recorded it to a C-90 and played it in the car to the band on the way home from gigs. A couple of years later, as Glen Hansard and Markéta Irglová ultimately

collected an Oscar for their musical efforts, since transformed into the soundtrack for the indie musical *Once*, I felt a shared sense of triumph that wonderful music had won the day.

But in the end, an often-repeated experience still occurred.

Turning up to finally see the musical collaboration live, I found myself immediately surrounded by cardiganed hipsters, gushing musos and blimmin' students, all wittering on inanely about the incarnation I had sworn allegiance to. As I sat in their midst,

with their iPhones snapping and their infernal, incessant need to all be singing along (just to show they know all the words, of course) I wanted to storm out. And once again, my once seemingly unbreakable fandom for a musical project soured.

I recently read an old post (old being 2008 in this case) from Stuff White People Like: "#41 - Indie Music". Christian Lander articulates the key pop culture principle that '...white people hate anything that's "mainstream" and are desperate to find things

that are more genuine, unique, and reflective of their experiences. Fortunately, they have independent music.'

I can buy that wholeheartedly. That we are somewhat defined by what we are listening to is testified to by the presence of carefully curated "What I'm Listening To" lists on everything from Facebook to Last.fm. That this is almost axiomatic is also proven by what will happen to you if you happen to walk into any creative office in the first world and utter the words, 'You know, I don't even really get Arcade Fire. It just sounds like they're trying too hard.' Lander also points out that it is 'essential that you like the most obscure music possible.'

One could therefore extrapolate that this sense of obscureness is violated when it suddenly dawns on someone such as myself that, apparently,

other humanoids have also come across this recording, and they too feel somewhat possessive of it. They may even know more about it than I do. The credibility I hoped to maintain by being at the cutting edge is shattered.

But I actually don't think that is my problem. I have no desire to be ahead of the curve. I have little tolerance for the incessant hunt for "new music" - it bores me. In fact, in New Music I Do Not Trust - and the stock which, for example, BBC Radio 1 places in playing hour upon hour of music I have never heard of (but strangely, all sounds pretty much the same) bores me senseless.

Rather (and perhaps, as a consequence of fleeing this wall of apparent indie-ness) if I do stumble across something that grabs my attention, I think I



suddenly begin to form a deep bond to it. It's mine, I think. It's my little thing, that I will like and I can gain satisfaction from, untarnished by the factoids and opinions of others who talk too much for their own good.

There is a whole roll-call of music, and the connected time of my life, with which I have felt this. Dave Matthews Band, circa 1999 (when on this side of the Atlantic, they were known only for the apparent one-hit-wonder, *The Space Between*). John Mayer, circa 2005, before tabloid media brought him to this side of the pond. Bon Iver, circa late 2007, before a slew of covers and flaming Radio 1 ruined that one. Nickel Creek, a love shared only with a select group of youth workers for some reason - actually, that one still remains, to a large extent. John Mark McMillan - torn away

as his star rises in the "Music With Meaning" market. Joshua Radin, before every song he ever wrote was featured in *Scrubs* (though that's not really something you can blame either on him or his pal, Zach Braff.) Most recently, I've been mesmerised by the work of James Vincent McMorrow - and no doubt, he will shortly go the way of those named above and actually make a success of himself.

Justin Vernon's Bon Iver is, perhaps, the most prominent current example of this. Recently, tickets went on sale for the tour promoting his eponymous second album. I refuse to go. If I do, my relationship with his music will be forever destroyed by a theatre full of morons, their unnecessary black-rimmed glasses, and their bored girlfriends.

This appears to be an inevitable, endless

cycle. I cannot fathom how to break it. Essentially, it could all be an issue of pride. Alternatively, perhaps I need to get out of my own head a bit more, and accept that I am, in truth, sharing this world and its many, many cultures with several billion others (though I doubt the majority were as irrationally angry about Spotify's decision to

limit free listens as I was.)

Philosophically though, this may be the more problematic approach. You see, I may share this world with all of you. But in truth, at the most basic of basic levels, the only experience of it I could claim to truly care about is my own. And therefore, any external trespassers on that

experience (with their flat caps and pretence at a full understanding of pipe smoking) can never be anything but a cosmic disruption to my cultural nirvana. I fear in the end, I am more likely to live a curmudgeonly, shuttered life and be at one with 'my' music, then to ever really be able to reconcile myself to sharing it with anyone else.

# A Season Reviewed

by Andrew Neill

A lot has been said about the Premier League this season. That the standard was not as good as in previous years, that the big clubs have more challenges now, that Manchester United were not a worthy, title-winning team. Whatever you feel about the season, however, you cannot deny that it has been one of the more exciting on record.

This season smashed the record for Goals Scored, and arguably the quality of those goals also rose. "Smaller" teams played their part tremendously in both the league and

cup runs. Young players made a big impact, particularly Gareth Bale, Jack Wilshere, Daniel Sturridge and Javier Hernandez.

The game grew quicker, stronger, more technical and at times it felt as if the authorities couldn't handle it. A real discussion needs to take place on goal line technology and referees need to catch up to the speeds of the game. These decisions need to be made before next season, otherwise the debates and criticisms of the game will continue. This aside, however, and judging by the compet-

itiveness of this season, the passion shown, the skill displayed and the emotion circulating around fans all over the country and the wider world, the future looks good for the Premier League.

Lots of professional organisations and media outlets have given out their awards for player of the season etc, so I think its only right that I exercise my own opinions and give you mine too. Please feel free to disagree (you probably will) as I give you Andrew's Awards for the 2010-2011 Premier League season.

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Peter Huey edits the publication and therefore feels it would be much too self indulgent to say anything more.

Instead he directs your attention to his blog, where you can read all about him 'til your hearts' content.

<http://lawk.it/pete>

## MANAGER OF THE SEASON

For this I think it is very hard to look past Sir Alex Ferguson. He has, throughout the generations, crafted players into great teams and he has done it again. In retaining big name players like Nemanja Vidic, Patrice Evra and Wayne Rooney, as well as procuring naturally gifted players like Hernandez, combined with a desire to keep winning keeps him at the top of his profession. If I had to choose somebody else I think that Tony Pulis and Owen Coyle have done spectacularly well with their squads this year. Ian Holloway also deserves special mention as not only has tried his best with limited resources at Blackpool, but he has been wonderfully engaging in his press conferences - he will be missed from the Premier League next season.

## PLAYER OF THE SEASON

Many, many players could qualify for this award. I have been very impressed by a number of individuals. Dimitar Berbatov, Nani, Gareth Bale, Luka Modric, Nemanja Vidic, Charlie Adam, Darren Bent, Peter Odemwingie, Scott Parker, Edwin van der Sar, Kevin Davies, Vincent Kompany, Samir Nasri and Rafael van der Vaart all deserve mention. If forced, I would still have to share the award between Luka Modric and Nemanja Vidic. Both players have been outstanding for their teams this year.



## TEAM OF THE SEASON

Yes, Manchester United won the League and got to the Champion's League final, yes City won the Cup. But for me, however, the team of the season has to be Stoke City. As I mentioned earlier, Tony Pulis has done a serious job at not only keeping Stoke up, but has established them as a Premier League side. Imposing and hard to break down, great on the counter attack, formidable from set-plays, a fantastic cup run and solid league position has therefore earned them the award as my team of the season.



## SIGNING OF THE SEASON

Easy - Peter Odemwingie. Although Hernandez scored 20 goals and has done amazingly well at United, West Brom needed a hit man. Its no surprise that their dip in form this season coincided with Odemwingie's time on the sidelines with injury. Scoring crucial goals and creating for his teammates too he has been an asset to his team. And his transfer fee? A comparatively measly £1million.

To come from the negative, abuse-strewn atmosphere of the Russian league to have a great season with a new club means that for me, Odemwingie was the signing of the season.

## GOAL OF THE SEASON

Again, easy. I know everyone is choosing it, but to score the goal in the way he did, at the time he did it and the impact it had on his teams' season, it had to be Rooney's overhead kick against Man City. Truly sublime. Simply an amazing strike from a player seeking redemption from his fans. What a way to do it.

## LOSERS OF THE SEASON

There are a few contenders for this, so here it goes.

1. West Ham United - Suffering relegation with a team of that calibre is just awful. It shouldn't have happened, and they now find themselves in big trouble. The loss in revenue and the inevitable loss of big players will see them struggle to bounce back to the top flight.
2. Fernando Torres - With a weight of £50million on his shoulders, an already struggling Torres was always going to find it hard to make an

instant impact at a club like Chelsea. On his day he is still one of the best strikers in the world. However, these days are becoming fewer and fewer. It will be interesting to see how he links with new players coming in over the summer. If well Chelsea could be a force to be reckoned with. If not it seems that Chelsea fans will be asking for their money back.

3. Chelsea - Poor decisions taken by owner Abramovich have seen a potentially good season ruined. Although Chelsea will always be there or thereabouts at the top of the league, they made a mistake in sacking Ray Wilkins

and parting with Ancelotti. How long will the fans put up with Abramovich's meddling? A new managerial appointment needs to be made soon if they are to make key signings in the transfer window to replace their aging squad.

4. Richard Keys & Andy Gray - The publicised recording gaffes made in regard to female officials ensured they quickly parted ways with Sky, losing a reported £1million annual salary each. Taking their career in a new direction, they have had success in their new radio show on TALKsport. Lets hope their researchers aren't female...

## TEAM OF THE SEASON

Finally comes the most coveted award of the season. Players from the Premier League have been waiting on tenterhooks for this announcement. It is, of course, my dream team. Eternal glory awaits those included, and for those who didn't make it, well - there is always next season.



Andrew Neill read Law at university, before going on to throw it all away and work with kids and teenagers instead, which is arguably much more interesting. He currently resides in County Down, and enjoys spending most of his time driving the length of the province to visit his other (better) half.

Andrew also contributed to Lawkit #1

# A guide to gig going.

by Jonathan Kirk

I've been going to gigs for many years. This year marks the 15th year of me doing so, the first being when I was 14. So if you do the maths, you'll realise that I'm still alive. I've noticed a lot of changes at gigs over the years, mostly for the worse. It's been a slow change, but what I grew up as the norm is no longer in effect. What were once clear unwritten gig rules now need to

be formally stated, and learnt verbatim, so that future generations will know instinctively how to behave at a gig.

A lot of the factors that made those gigs fun in the past fun are beginning to become lost; namely, the art of the mosh pit. To prevent gigs from becoming boring standathons, I therefore wish to present a step-by-step guide of going to gigs.

## PREPARATION

1. Buy a ticket. If you have to buy a ticket months in advance then the band has probably both literally and figuratively sold out.

2. Grow some facial hair. Your clean, fresh faced look is not going to impress anyone. If you have left school, you no longer need to conform to their rules of appearance. This is a rock gig. REBEL! If you can't grow any form of facial hair, you should be ashamed. Go and do something manly to make up for it. Even if you are girl.

## GIG NIGHT

3. Dress appropriately. Wear shoes with flat soles. Not like the girl I once saw at a gig wearing high heels. If you don't want to freeze whilst waiting outside for the gig, bring a top, but ensure that it has long sleeves so that you can wrap it around your waist once inside. Wear a pair of jeans / long shorts etc (but never chinos) with pockets, with at least one being empty. More on this later.

4. If it doesn't fit in your pocket, you don't need to bring it with you. Once inside, put your ticket inside an envelope or wallet so that it won't get ruined during the gig by sweat.

5. Show up at least 30 minutes after the door opening time. Otherwise you'll be very lonely or look like a stupid fan boy. Even if you want to be right at the front of the gig, you

can easily do this after the support bands are on. Special note - some venues actually stick to the times, meaning that support acts start at the same time as the doors open, so an exception can be made here.

6. Never wear an article of clothing relating to any of the bands playing. If you learn nothing else, learn this rule. You just look like a stupid fan boy. Imagine you were walking down the street, listening to your favourite band, but also wearing that band's t-shirt. I bump into you and ask you what you're listening to. You're embarrassed to tell me right? Why? Because it looks to me like you only listen to one band, and therefore have no idea what other musical delights are out there. Same applies to the gig. But you might say "I'm only showing my support". See the way you are at the gig? See how you've paid the money to go

see them? See how you are singing along and enjoying the music? That's how you show your support. While secretly I would love it if I was playing a gig and saw someone wearing a Rock Panther t-shirt (especially since only 3 were ever made), part of me would be very disappointed.

7. Go to the merchandise stand before the headline band appear, have a look around, then buy the band's t-shirt. While this seems to contradict rule 5, it will make sense later. But to appease you, doing this means that you'll get the correct size before they sell out, and you'll not have to queue for as long. Shove that newly purchased t-shirt in that empty pocket of yours, but be careful not to have a pen in there that may leak and permanently stain your new shirt.

## WHERE TO STAND

8. While it may seem like being right at the front is the best place to be, it is not always. Depending on the height of the stage, you may have to strain your neck to get a good view, or have to continually look around to see everything that's going on. More often than not, you'll get a security guy standing right in front of you, blocking everything. Standing at the front is good for taking photographs, but at the risk that you'll get completely crushed. A good gig will have lots of jumping around and pushing, and the people right at the front will feel the worst of it. Unless you are reasonably strong and can take it, stand somewhere else.

9. Other options are standing at either the left or right hand sides of the venue. If you just want to enjoy the music, you'll get a good view of everything on stage, and not get caught in the mosh pit.

10. To get the best sound at the gig, go to roughly the middle of the venue, then distance yourself about 10 rows of standing people back from the stage.

11. Standing right beside a speaker stack is a really bad idea. I once went deaf in my left ear for 3 days after doing precisely that. But these are the things rock gigs are famous for.

## THE MOSH PIT

12. Although most tickets say "no moshing", they are lying.

13. The mosh pit is the bit just in front of the stage where people look like they are going mental.

14. Contrary to popular belief, mosh pits are actually really safe. Although it may look like a bunch of angry topless men trying to push one another over, jump on your toes, and headbutt you, they are actually quite safe. People do look out for one another, and it's all very friendly. I've never been in a mosh pit where I haven't hugged a sweaty topless stranger by the end of the gig. But there are rules.

## PRE-MOSH PREPARATION

These rules were once unwritten, but for the sake of idiots everywhere, I feel they need to be stated. This saddens me.

15. Remove all rings, earrings, watches, necklaces, and anything slightly stabby or that can be pulled. This is for the safety of yourself and others. If you intend to crowd surf, also take your belt off. No-one wants to be unexpectedly stabbed in the head with it - this hurts.

16. If you brought a jumper, tie it round your waist. A double knot will ensure that it won't fall off.



17. Stretch. While this may seem odd, you'll thank me for it later. Mosh pits are the best workouts you can have, so a little stretching pre-mosh is essential. Stretch the neck (for headbanging), your arms (for all the pushing you'll be doing), and the legs (for jumping around). There is nothing worse than waking up with cramp in your legs post-gig, or getting cramp in your arms during it, which I never thought was possible.

18. Tie your shoe laces. Tight. But this depends on whether or not you want to walk home comfortably, or have a good gig story.

19. Gain a sense of balance, and some strength. Drink plenty of water (but not so much that you're busting for... you know...)

## THE MOSH PIT

20. The stance: keep your legs reasonably spread apart for balance, optimum balance being when they are at right angles to each other.

21. Keep your elbows away from people, preferably pointing towards the ground.

22. Keep your shirt on. No matter how warm it gets, it's not worth taking it off. Namely that things get very slippery, and makes rule 23 a lot less pleasant. Remember that no-one wants to touch a topless sweaty man: this is a rule for life.

23. There is nothing wrong in trying to protect someone during a gig. However, do not do this by standing behind them and hugging them round the waist. This is dangerous as it means your elbows are high, and will dig into the sides of others. If you're an over-protective boyfriend and are concerned about her, you shouldn't have brought her into the mosh pit in the first place. And besides, she probably doesn't need your help.

24. To prevent yourself slamming into the person in front of you. cup your hand into a fist, place it lightly on the person's back, high, and between the shoulder blades. Then stand about a foot behind them - this will give you a bit of braking distance before you slam into them, and prevent your elbows from poking them in the lower back.

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Jonny Kirk is famous for many things: winning the Banter 500, owning an actual Simpson's arcade machine, and breaking his leg mid-Daredevil impersonation. We recommend googling 'Father Ted's House' if you want to see more.

## The Great Outdoors

by Ed Stanley

I am a man. At least, I was when I got up this morning. And as a man, I feel the need to be outdoors.

Now don't get me wrong. Outdoors can be a cold, wet, bothersome place. There are things that itch and things that stain and things that hurt. But, as previously stated, I am a man, and therefore my place is in the midst of Outdoors.

For there is liberation to be found Outdoors. Outdoors, you do not have to wipe your £140 hiking boots. Outdoors, you can still

wear a hat and not look like a complete twit. Outdoors, you can use your Outdoors Voice and point knives at things and use sticks to hit other sticks and lift up rocks and put rocks back down again and go right through the middle of puddles.

In fact... it all sounds a bit childish, doesn't it?

What if, behind all the woodsman imagery and the popularity of bushcraft, behind the survival skills and yearning for wilderness, modern man is not simply looking to further himself by

reaching back to skills lost in contemporary society? What if, rather than reaching back to our forefathers, we are actually reaching back to our own childhoods?

I grew up in the countryside. Now, to most, this therefore makes me a foreign species. I will not understand their mocha lattes and their iPads, their Converse and their brunches. (And everything else the city-dwelling, English-speaking middle-class have copied from the USA, for that matter.) I exist only in a world dominated by

yellow plastic buckets and wellington boots. And that's fine, to a large extent. A gross misunderstanding of the rich - and arguably, more enjoyable - nature of rural life, but there you go.

Mostly, I can live with it because it meant I had a playground several times the size of their housing development to grow up in. And that statistically I'll live, on average, a decade longer. And I can crank up the stereo outside and walk around in the nip. Hypothetically. I digress.

The fact is, as someone who now dwells in an urban mundanity, I seem to spend more and more time yearning for the Outdoors. And yet, when one sits back and actually considers the fundamental reasons for this desire for knowledge and experience, there are more and more lines to be drawn backwards in time,

not forwards. I spent much of my teenage years indoors, staring at screens. Now, as I wish for the outdoors and rebel against the office, the living room, the kitchen, is it, at a base level, really much different from the escaping outside of my childhood?

Could it actually said that the urge, found in men in particular, to reconnect with the Great Outdoors is really no different from how we connected, for the first time, when we were small?

Well, yes, it is actually. Quite different. Because this is where money comes in.

Take camping, for example. It can be a surprisingly expensive affair sometimes. We're going to be walking, so we need kick-ass walking boots. We've got to carry stuff, so we need a great rucksack. We don't want that stuff to be heavy,

so we buy lightweight versions of the lot: tent or bivouac, sleeping bag, cooking gear, the lot. And it might get wet, so we need waterproofs as well. And a great coat - Bear Grylls is always harping on about his coat. And a nice knife, of course. We're not actually going to use it for much, but that won't stop us getting it out and accidentally blunting it to nothing.

That's quite a bit of cash when you add it up. And going outdoors as a kid was not like this. We didn't need any of this stuff. We had sticks. Sticks doubled up as swords, supports, bows and/or arrows, and stuff for burning. You knew where you were with a good stick. Not anymore. Now you've got to get some of those flexible walking pole things from the nearest mountain gear store.

Yes, that was it: sticks, some old rope maybe,

or baler twine, a decent pair of gummy boots, and we'd be off. Possibly to jump off a tree, traverse the compost heap, or conquer the cat.

But here is my theory, and the crux of the argument I am trying to make, albeit in a rambling, roundabout way: one could maintain that this childhood adventuring remains comparable, and perhaps even the source of, our adult yearnings to roam freely. The difference may be the cost, but one could argue that this same cost is inversely proportional to the foundation of the prepubescent joy: imagination.

What if we have taken our childhood experiences of playing outside, exploring and running wild, sucked out the imagination, and replaced it with the pressure of knowing the right knots for any given situation? Perhaps it could be said that by making an industry out of the Great Outdoors (as modern Western society has) we have also succeeded in demystifying it, turning it into just another place for male competitiveness, a proving ground.

I wonder what would happen if we stopped taking the Outdoors so seriously? By all means, take on board what the likes of Uncle

Ray and Chief Scout Bear have to say, but don't dwell on it too much. It may turn out, that what we really need to do to enjoy the Outdoors to its fullest, is let our minds push us beyond where just our feet can go. Perhaps that way, and only that way, whenever we do step out and are confronted by possible liberation, we can not only take hold of it, but actually enjoy it as well.

And then we shall Do As Boys Do.

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Ed Stanley is a man of many faces: extreme sports enthusiast, pro wrestling fan, and even occasional gun toter, but also philosopher and writer when it suits him. Frankly, he doesn't care much if you don't believe him, but it's his story and he's sticking to it.

# A Contributor's Guide

Apparently, you should never read a book by its cover. It's not strictly true. You should hopefully be able to tell a lot about the tone of the Lawkit from its appearance alone. It's maybe a little minimalist, but that's because the words take priority. People have given of themselves to write things, and we recognise their effort by letting the words tell much of the story.

Lawkit should read like a collection of well-written blog posts. Pithy, self-contained articles which are accessible but assume interest. We accept articles about pretty much

anything. So you can write on a topic of your choice. This might actually seem even worse than being given a set subject. Well, we do have a list of suggested subject areas to get you started. These include: politics, technology, outdoors, film, music, faith, science, sport, gadgets or food.

Or any combination of those.

What's the point of Lawkit? It's about Life As We Know It. It's about sharing knowledge. But you don't have to be an expert to write on something, as long as you have an interest in it - because

if you are interested in something, then you will almost certainly want to 'discuss' it with others.

To that end, don't try to argue for something you don't believe in. You will fail.

Don't be afraid to be specific or niche. Everyone likes geeking out every now and again.

Be clear about your topic from the start: 500 words and no waffle is highly preferable to 1500 with - and it'll get cut down anyway. Slaughter your babies - omit needless content or someone else will. A good place to start is

usually whatever bit you've spent the most time on. It'll be the weakest.

If you only have twenty minutes to bang out something, you should definitely go for it.

So knowledge is king, but clarity is the Grand High Poobah; you can speak a bit academically and still say accessible to the casual reader. It's a fine line to walk, but

you can do it. Because there's nothing more irritating than being obtuse for the sake of it, and you know it.

Don't use Lawkit to sell stuff, unless you're willing to pay a little for it. If you are, thank-you for giving us all a little something for our efforts. That said, if you are involved in something that you feel people might like to hear about, please tell us - the worst we'll

say is 'maybe', and then probably get you to do it anyway.

And if you're willing to contribute by doing more than just writing, we'll love you forever.

Got all that? Get scribbling.

e-mail submissions to [info@lawk.it](mailto:info@lawk.it)

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# Life as we know it.

The next edition of **@THELAWKIT** will be published on July 25th as usual on <http://lawk.it>

Your comments and contributions are welcome. Submissions for #4 by July 18th.