

# *Sunflower Seeds*



**Wichita on the River at Night**

**Zoom meetings on Saturdays at 4:00 PM**

**March 2022, Volume – 50, Issue # 3  
Kansas Sunflower Mensa Newsletter**

## Officers for 2022

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For questions concerning Seeds contact the Acting Editor through the American Mensa website or through the Facebook page. Contact other officers through the American Mensa website.

## Chapter's Official Web Sites

<http://www.kansassunflower.us.mensa.org>

[www.facebook.com/groups/773587949355460SunflowerSeeds](http://www.facebook.com/groups/773587949355460SunflowerSeeds)

## Submissions Guidelines

The Sunflower Seeds is published monthly. Quarterly there will be a larger newsletter with more articles. Submission deadline is the first of the month. Members in good standing may submit articles, puzzles, photography, etc. to the editor for publication. To submit an article for the newsletter send it to [grandledge@hotmail.com](mailto:grandledge@hotmail.com)

Articles should be submitted as a WORD document or Mac Pages document. The font should be Times New Roman 12 pt.

## Why You Should Write For Seeds

This is your newsletter. You are talented and can make it better. More participation strengthens the group. People have told the editor that they like the Seeds. If you feel that way it is time to write.

## The Pig-Out Column

Pig-outs are an excellent to invite friends.



Recommendations from the Head Pig, Mike Dickson:

Check with Mike (316-871-3379) if you have suggestions or questions concerning the Pig-Outs.

**April, 2 2022, 12:45 pm**

La Hacienda Mexican Restaurant, 1138 N Nelson Dr, Derby, KS 67037, (316) 927-2900

**May 7, 2022, 12:45 pm**

Cheddars Scratch Kitchen, 11711 E. 13th St. N., Wichita 316-688-0401

**June 4, 2022, 12:45 pm**

BD's Mongolian Grill, 111 S Rock Rd, Wichita, KS 67207 (316) 202-7326

**July 2, 2022, 12:45 pm**

Vora Restaurant European, 3252 E Douglas Ave, Wichita, KS 67214 (316) 977-9277



# Meeting Schedule

## **1st Saturday, April 2 2022, 12:45pm - Pigout**

La Hacienda Mexican Restaurant, 1138 N Nelson Dr, Derby, KS 67037, (316) 927-2900

## **2nd Saturday, April 9, 2022, 2:00 pm - Program Meeting**

Fairmont Coffee Company, 3815 E 17th St N, Wichita, KS

Speaker to be announced.

## **3rd Saturday, April 16, 2022, 11:00 am**

Cather Wildlife Refuge at 1199 Old Goat Ranch Road, Mulvane, Kansas. We have been there before. Go south out of Mulvane, turn left at the river, (you can't go any other way) turn right at the next county road, (kids stole the street sign) go to the end of the road, go through the gate and up to the old house near the gate. Try googling directions first. Call the editor ahead of time if you still need directions. Finding it is an IQ test. You score 85+ if you find it. It is on well maintained gravel county roads.



**4th Saturday, April 23, 2022, 7:00 pm**

Barnes and Noble Bookstore Cafe, 1920 N Rock Road, Wichita, KS

**5th Saturday, April 30, 2022, 12:45 pm**

The Muse, 1400 Museum Blvd, Wichita, KS 67203 (316) 268-4973

**Zoom Meetings Saturdays at 4:00 PM**

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/72081034487?pwd=aWdKUStzbEVhNktjRzF0VEYxQTISQT09>

Igor Ponomaryov is the Zoom coordinator. Contact him or the editor for Zoom information.

## LocSec Corner

Bill Barnett

The group is looking for an editor. I enjoy it, but I am wearing too many hats. Contact me if you are interested.

The group has one proctor and is looking for another. It would be better to have three. Contact me or Dan Gollub if you are interested.

Send your pictures to the editor along with their stories and they will be published here. You are talented and can be a writer for Seeds. Send your articles, letters, comments, and pictures for Seeds.

**Send the editor your photos for the next issue.**

You are talented. Send a photo and a story.

## Program Speakers

This is your group. You are talented and can make it better. Its time for you to speak to the group. Contact Bill Barnett with your topic.

## Maarieda The Book

Bill Barnett

The short stories here are finished. They will be rewritten and expanded into a book. The crew will explore new planets sometime in the future. It's all about the future. Will we become a multi planet species? Or will we be a one planet species? How much time do we have left here on Earth?



# Heartland Mensa Region Seven

Beth Anne Demeter

On a monthly basis, I host a Regional call with select leaders from your local groups. It's a key piece of communication each month in that we discuss successes, accomplishments, issues, questions and more. This month it seems like there's a lot happening! New officers have been elected, new volunteers are joining the teams, new events are being planned and so on.

In the success category, Mid-America Mensa hosted their Cabin Fever RG in early February and it was a blast! I wrote about the speakers, games, wine tastings, etc. being planned in a previous column but boy did they deliver! It was an extremely well-rounded gathering with something for everyone, including a few pleasant surprises along the way. And, in my corner, the RVC not only attended (and had a great time) but used some discretionary funds to help plan the event. It's nice to be able to contribute!

Locally, it seems several groups are planning fun things, regardless of how we all interpret the different "going back" Covid rules. Our interpretations are all different, but it seems there's a shared desire to connect and gather with other Mensans. That said, take note of two cool ideas:

- Again in Mid-America Mensa's court, they're doing some "Theodore Talks". While Ted Talks was taken, these monthly lectures provide insight into a variety of topics! Zoom is the forum and some incredibly engaging speakers have been featured so far. Brad Lucht, the esteemed coordinator, is sharing the notifications on Mensa Connect, so please watch for those and share with your membership!
- Plains & Peaks Mensa, in Colorado Springs, has Sandy Halby coordinating game night through Zoom. While it's not an in-person event, it's still the creative hilarity you've known in the past from Scattergories! You can find more information on <https://swellgarfo.com/scattergories/> and plan an event of your own.

And what could be better to bring us together once again than games and lectures? These ideas are yours to share and I'd encourage you to put them in your local newsletters, engage with your friends, plan a virtual event and more. Mensa is moving and shaking in its usual ways, so make sure you're in on the fun!

# Capriccio con poco Grazioso

Randy Noon



Hammond B3 Organ

Capriccio: a piece of music, usually fairly free in form and of a lively character. The typical capriccio is fast, intense, and often virtuosic in nature. The term has been applied in disparate ways, covering works using different procedures and forms, as well as a wide variety of vocal and instrumental forces. It can refer to madrigals, music intended alternatively for voices or instruments, or for strictly instrumental pieces, especially keyboard compositions.

The apartment door popped open like a jack-in-the-box. Escorted by a cold draft and a tiger-striped tabby trotting around her feet, Charlene rushed and rustled into the cramped efficiency apartment. She carried a load of books and papers in her arms, and held a slightly bulging plastic store bag by just two fingers on her left hand. In the three giant steps from the door to her hide-a-bed couch, she dropped all the books, papers and the bag in a heap on the couch while simultaneously removing her coat to cover the resulting pile and kicked off her shoes. It was a multi-tasking *tour de force*.

Maya was sitting with her shoes off and her legs folded under her on the other hide-a-bed couch across the narrow room. With large stereo headphones clamped to her head, Maya barely opened her eyes to verify the source of the disturbance in the Force. She had just let the cat out not five minutes ago, and prior to that moment the room had been



comfortably cozy. Both the tabby and the cold draft were now circulating around the room.

After closing the door, Charlene put both of her hands to her ears and gestured for Maya to pull the headphones from her head. "Hey Music Girl, let's get something to eat. I'm tired, I'm hungry, and I don't want to microwave anything frozen. Let's head over to Pizza Joe's." She did not add, "Where some cute guys might buy us beer," but thought it very loudly.

While saying this, Charlene's eyes followed the thick, black wire that started at the headphones on Maya's head and followed it back to a machine in a black suitcase at the end of Maya's couch. The suitcase was lying on its side and the lid was open. Two magnetic recording tape reels were turning counterclockwise, one fast and one slow. "Where on earth did you get that science fiction movie prop, and what are you doing with it?" Charlene cocked her head slightly to read the Webcor brand name under the two reels.

Maya leaned over, flicked a switch to turn off the machine, and sat up straight. "It's a 1950's portable, reel-to-reel tape recorder. I have it on loan from the department" she said matter-of-factly. "It's supposed to be portable, but it must weigh thirty pounds. I had to lug it home all the way from the music library. Dr. Fuller gave me an old recording tape to listen to, and this is only way I could hear it."

She paused briefly, pulled off the headphones, and attempted to rearrange her hair where the headphones had been. The hair paid no attention to her. Maya grinned at Charlene, her eyes widened, and she spoke with a touch of glee in her voice. "You should hear this tape. It's absolutely great. It's a piece of musical history. I can't believe the department has had this on file for years, hidden away in an old shoebox on the shelf and nobody played it."

"Is this the missing seven minutes that would have sent Nixon straight to the hoosegow," Charlene joked in a fake serious tone.

"No, no, no, oh unschooled one" drawled Maya. "It is much more valuable than a dead politician's *mea culpa*. Those are a dime a dozen. What I have on this tape is an on-the-spot recording of a Muddy Waters concert in the early 1960's at Bolton's Oak Grove. Besides Muddy Waters, Albert King, Little Walter, Pinetop and Earl Hooker are also on the tape. It's like I'm right there, in the audience, a half century ago."

"Really? What makes this old tape so special?" she said as she moved across the room to her closet to change clothes and find some shoes. "Impart to me, one of the musically unwashed masses, a scrap of your academic wisdom." Charlene had decided that Pizza Joe's was definitely in her future and didn't want pizza sauce to drip on the nice blouse she was wearing. Maya's reply sounded like she had already composed a paragraph about this for a paper.

"In the early 1960s, night clubs and places around St. Louis were still segregated. Bolton's Oak Grove was a mostly black's-only outdoor performance area just west of St. Louis in the country; at least it was in the country then. Many top and not-so-top black rhythm and blues musicians performed there side by side. Admission was cheap, barbequed food was cheap, beer was cheap, and there were no bluenoses around to cramp their style. Whole families would come from downtown St. Louis and Illinois to listen and party. They would picnic in front of the stage late into the night. Black musicians performed more freely in front of the predominantly black audiences, who probably were more appreciative than a downtown white audience anyway. This tape is like a time machine, and these guys were great. I can even hear snatches of conversation from the stage between numbers."

Charlene paused in her search for clothes and thought a second. "Wow, that really does sound like a good find, Maya. Really, I wish I could find something like that, maybe some lost, unfinished scandalous novel tucked away in an attic by John O'Hara or Zora Hurston, something that I could analyze to death that hasn't been done before. That would impress 'em." She sighed and continued her quest for the perfect pizza clothes. She pulled a pair of excellent fitting jeans from a hanger in her closet along with a man's white shirt and a sweatshirt with a university English department logo on it: a perfect pizza ensemble.

Charlene looked over at Maya. "So, put your shoes on and let's go. Aren't you going to change your clothes or something?"

"I have a better idea," Maya said as Etta rubbed back and forth against her left leg. "I have two free passes to Moondog Coronation Hall tonight. I was assigned to write a music review of the band by Dr. Alexander, and he gave me two passes. The passes pay for everything except liquor and beer. If it's good enough, Dr. A may submit it to the Tribune with his endorsement."

Charlene scrunched up her face. "No beer allowance? That's cheap."

"University policy is to not encourage the consumption of alcoholic beverages, and that includes off-campus activities," Maya said in her church lady voice. "But, the food is good and the reason I am being sent there is that the band is supposedly terrific. I am told that a quick review of the band was printed in the Sunday Weekend Section last week, but the review was mainly about the food and the refurbished theater." She then added, "Dr. A wanted a real jazz music critique, so, Music Girl, ta-da, his internationally renowned protégé, got the passes." She grinned and lifted her chin to receive the adulations of admirers, which consisted of Charlene and Etta James, who had decided to move to the other couch and shed on Charlene's coat.

"So, you can pay for your own pizza and look alluring in a beer joint, or you can come with me, have free food, hear some good music, and look alluring in a high class joint - if you drive us there." Maya added the last part because she didn't want to bicycle home in the dark. "Dinner is served until 7 o'clock, and the show starts at 7:30, so we don't have to rush."

Charlene paused, put the pizza clothes back into the closet, and said thoughtfully, "Ok, new strategy."

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Moondog Coronation Hall was in the old part of town. It had once been a small neighborhood movie theatre that specialized in double features and Saturday matinees. An original little penguin decal that said, "its c-o-o-l inside" when air conditioning was still a treat was on the front glass door. After its glory years ended, the building had been converted to many things: an auction house, an antique mall, a VFW post, a non-denominational church, and for a short time an organic vegetarian restaurant. Between conversions, the theater sat empty for long periods and quietly aged.

The most recent conversion began two years ago, when the building became a neighborhood re-development and rehabilitation project. Various personal savings accounts were emptied, city bonds were issued, various loans were secured, and several investor "angels" showed up unexpectedly at the last minute. It had taken an M.B.A. candidate to put the financing together. The project absorbed so much of his time it became the thesis for his degree program. Both the financing plan and the M.B.A. were completed about the same time.

With the money in the bank, the roof was patched, the interior was repainted, the plaster was fixed, the brickwork was tucked, the kitchen was refurbished, and the former theater seating area was filled with small French restaurant tables and chairs with cute little

lamps in the center that came on when the house lights were dimmed. The interior and exterior were decorated in a retro theme, which was the original decor in the first place. Retro, however, was now architecturally chic. When the work was finished, the old theater had regained her pride, especially when it was dark and the glare from the marquee lights hid the remaining age spots.

It had taken a year to complete the work and open for business. It was now a dinner and music show theater, and, according to the local hotel guides recently printed, a recommended tourist destination spot. The M.B.A. grad now could often be found lurking behind the bar mixing drinks, occasionally bussing tables, or in the back office furrowing his brow and tending the books.

While the theater architecturally was retro, it was certainly not old school. The theater was equipped with Wi-Fi, and maintained a live web page, that was monitored in real time by one of the staff. A person could use his smart phone to order a meal, order a drink, make a reservation, pay for services, make conversation with another table, compliment the chef, or anything else. In fact, most people didn't use menus or have the waiter service the check, at least not after their second or third time. There was no need for show programs either. The web site provided that also.

Charlene and Maya drove up to the front entrance of Moondog at 6:40 p.m. The Marquee was brightly lit, and in large script letters it announced, "Moondog Coronation Hall - Dining and Entertainment." In smaller, block letters it said, "Exclusion Engagement - Who Are Those Guys."

"Odd name," muttered Charlene as she turned her head sideways to look up at the marquee through the windshield. "The Moondog Coronation Ball was the first rock and roll show in 1952," Maya said softly. "It's actually a clever musical pun." Charlene lifted her eyebrows and gave her the "you kill me sometimes" look but didn't say anything. Maya smiled smugly back at her and folded her arms.

There was no available parking near the front of the theater, or anywhere else up and down Timoshenko Street. "It must be a full house," remarked Maya quietly to Charlene. After circling around, Charlene finally found an empty spot two long blocks away on Roark Street in front of a residence. She locked the car and the two of them wobbled back to the theater in dress shoes on the uneven brick sidewalks.

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The two pilgrims made it to the theater before 7:00 p.m., but not with much time to spare. They were seated by a well-dressed waiter wearing a dark tie and a long sleeved white shirt. They quickly ordered dinner via their smart phones as instructed, and began to relax a little. The waiter cautioned them not to linger over dinner too long since the show began promptly at 7:30 p.m. After Maya quietly pointed out *sotto voce* that they would have been here a bit sooner had Charlene not changed her clothes twice, she excused herself, and made a trip over to the bar to talk with the bartender with the furrowed brow. She then returned about the same time that dinner was delivered. Neither event took very long.

"I asked the bartender if he would pass a message back to the band that I would like to interview them after the show," she said between bites of chicken Cordon Bleu. "I told him I was reviewing the show for a newspaper. The bartender told me he would pass the message along, but that the band didn't do interviews." After a brief pause, she asked Charlene, "Don't you think that's odd? Why wouldn't they want interviews?"

Charlene hadn't been listening. Her eyes were closed and she was fully focused on a mouthful of [Fettuccine Alfredo](#). She had, very Emily Post-ish, twirled her fork and deposited a polite, bite size swirl of sauce covered flat noodles into her eager palate without dripping anything on her take-no-prisoners, nightclub outfit.

She had been denied pizza and maybe beer two hours ago, she had refrained from raiding the kitchen cabinets for snacks, she had driven herself and her roomie across town to a strange place and had gotten lost, she couldn't find a parking spot once she got there, and then she had to walk three blocks on cobblestones while wearing heels. At least it was beginning to feel like three blocks instead of two. She had no plans to forego this marvelous gratification moment for a short quiz on what's odd about a band declining interviews.

In response to Maya's query, Charlene simply turned her head slightly, gave Maya a droll look, and with a mouth full of noodles, grunted "HMMM?" through her nose without parting her lips or missing a mastication. She really was good at multi-tasking.

After taking care of dinner in short order, Maya was feeling elegant as she sat in her dress-up clothes drinking hot tea from a fancy teacup. She hadn't gone anywhere nice in a long time. She was taking smallish bites from the lemon crumb cake dessert to make it last longer and started looking around to see if she knew anybody. Unexpectedly, she noticed that she knew or recognized a lot of people.

She noticed several guys in the audience wearing Sinfonia pins, the college music fraternity. She saw several music department faculty members and their spouses, including Dr. Fuller. After spotting Dr. Fuller, she half expected to see Dr. Alexander, also. He wasn't there, but several of his grad students were. She also saw several familiar faces that belonged to people in music departments at nearby colleges she had briefly met in colloquia during the past year, and she smiled politely at the local high school music teacher she knew when their eyes momentarily crossed beams.

"Charlene, you know, there are a lot of music people here tonight," she said quietly. "I don't think I have seen this many music people in one spot except for maybe a college band trip to a bowl game."

"I don't think it's so odd," Charlene said as she pushed the web page buttons to clear the table. "Maybe this place is becoming like the place in New York, the Village Vanguard." Maya's eyebrows rose. "Hey, you're not the only person who knows a thing or two about music," said Charlene faux smugly. They both grinned. "Anyway, we'll find out in a few minutes what the fuss is all about," which was obviously true.

Maya nodded, and pulled out a steno pad to take notes. Both she and Charlene muted and adjusted their phones so that they could see the program notes that might come up when the show started. Maya continued to sip her tea while Charlene waved at some friends. "I haven't heard any instrument tuning noises or feedback squeals," Maya said to no one in particular. "Is there really a band back there?" She put down her teacup, took a deep breath, and relaxed. They had a great view of the stage and were well positioned for a balanced sound.

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With trumpet in hand, Malcolm quietly walked over to the curtain, gently pulled one side back, and peeked at the audience. "It's a full house," he whispered to Thad, who was standing behind him. The whole crew had just come up from the basement where they had been tuning instruments, except for the Hammond B3 equipped with two Leslies on either side of the stage. The Hammond organ was already on stage, of course. Thad was busy arranging his 'axes' in the instrument stand and was giving each a quick wipe with a cotton diaper to remove any cork grease fingerprints. He had extra reeds lying under the instrument stand out of sight.

"Can you see who is sitting at table C-6? What do they look like?" Thad said barely loud enough to carry 18 inches to Malcolm's ear. Malcolm counted back three rows and then over to the sixth table from stage left. "There are two women there. One is dressed to the



nines and is waving at some friend across the room. She's tallish, leggy and looks real fine. The other one is shorter, darker complected, almost black hair, wears glasses, and is patiently waiting for the show to start with a note pad in front of her. She must be our grad student critic."

Thad made a mental note to compliment the waiter who put them there. Those were the best seats for sound in the house. Thad looked around. Malcolm had moved back to his position up front and everyone was in his starting place. He checked his watch and then signaled. The stage manager spoke into his headset and gave everyone a 30-second warning. Everyone looked towards the audience and started to smile. The bass player surreptitiously checked his fly.

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The house lights began dimming and the cute lamp in the middle of the table started to glow. Maya picked up her pencil to be ready to write, and Charlene made herself comfortable in her chair. Maybe she would order a couple of beers for them to sip during the show. This ordering system was terrific.

When the house still darkened, the curtain opened and revealed six smiling musicians equipped with instruments and music stands, except for the one lady behind the Hammond organ. Her music and papers were on the organ. They were uniformly wearing long sleeve white shirts, dark ties, dark slacks, dark shoes and dark socks. There were several additional instruments on stands in various places all within reach, and there was a second, keyboard, a Roland on a stand, next to the Hammond. No one at the moment was sitting at the Roland. The arrangement of instruments reminded Maya of a small music store.

Over the house sound system as the lights came up a bit on the stage, a baritone, 1940's style radio voice announced politely, "Ladies and gentlemen, good evening. For your listening pleasure, Moondog Coronation Hall presents, Who Are Those Guys." With the slightest of motion, Maya saw the soprano saxophone player's right hand quietly twitch four times to set the count.

The soprano player and the trumpet player then immediately opened with a bold, furious and intricate duet: the lead-off duet to the Cagney and Lacy television program. Maya was gob smacked. Charlene noticed the look on her face and was laughing while gently clapping her hands at Maya's complete surprise. Charlene knew that this was one of Mayas all-time favorite duets. Maya had never in her whole life heard it played live.

Maya glanced to her phone, and a program message popped up. "Cagney and Lacy television theme song composed by Bill Conti. This was used beginning with the second season of the show. The original duet for the television arrangement had two soprano saxophones. Our version is played by a soprano and a trumpet in harmony one-third apart so that the two parts, while played in unison, can be more readily distinguished." The short introductory duet was then followed by a Detroit style, wall of sound arrangement of the main theme. The melody line was faithfully followed.

The live program notes on the web page said, "We used a concert piano sound and full chording instead of violins to do the bridge. This gives a fuller sound and makes this part of the piece sound a bit like Rachmaninoff." Maya looked up. A lady, who hadn't been there before with long hair, was now playing the Roland, which was set to sound like a concert piano.

With the bridge completed, the band was now re-stating the main theme. Maya was beside herself and vibrated in her seat. The long reprise duet at the end was coming up! She couldn't wait and was biting her lower lip. Smiling, Charlene leaned over and whispered in her ear, "Hey girl, don't pee in your pants."

At the end of the theme being played by the band, the last high note was held just a bit by the ensemble to let the duet kick in under its cover. On the stage the soprano and trumpet turned and faced each other and played watching each other's fingers. They were enjoying this. Everyone else had instruments down momentarily. The two played the duet as if were a piece of cake. The notes in the rapid fire phrases were right on top of each other every time. When they finished the duet, the entire band then popped the stinger, which echoed through the hall. While the piece was barely over a minute, it was a statement to the audience about what was to come.

Charlene was clapping hard, Maya was smiling and yelling, "yeah, yeah, oh yeah," and the audience was applauding, hooting and whistling. The band, did not pause to enjoy the appreciation. Right after the stinger to the *Cagney and Lacy Theme*, the band began clapping out an Indian rhythm with their hands to launch the next tune. The applause quickly dropped so that the audience could hear. After a few bars of rhythmic clapping, the bass player and the keyboard player then took off on the Hammond with the initial theme. Then the two saxophones took turns with the lead.

Maya stopped. She recognized the intro and looked down at the program notes coming up. "This is one of our favorites, *Pussy Wiggle Stomp*, composed and originally arranged by Don Ellis. He really had 'em really rocking with this one at the Monteux Jazz Festival

in 1977. Not only is this a good tune, but our reed and brass players really get to show off with it."

"Holy smokes," Maya said to Charlene. "These guys are playing everything I absolutely adore. This is Christmas!" Charlene saw her speak, nodded, but didn't really hear her through the music. However, her hands were thumping the table quietly with the beat.

Composing herself a bit, Maya recalled that she was supposed to be a critic. So it was time to do some critic-ing. She noted that there were two saxophonists on stage, an alto and tenor, and two brass players along with the bass and keyboard players. One of the brass players was a woman. Where did she come from? She wasn't there when the curtains first opened. The musicians were not only changing instruments, depending on the tune and the part, they were sending in subs like a basketball team to keep everyone fresh. What a cool idea. She counted musicians. There were now eight on stage.

*Pussy Wiggle Stomp* was a full 15 minute number, which was then immediately followed by another Don Ellis favorite, *Indian Lady*, the long version, which was also about 15 minutes. Everyone seemed to be a brass player in *Indian Lady*, especially in the initial herald chords at the beginning. Later, someone moved back to the Hammond and played a great solo about ten minutes into the piece as two drummers laid down one of those uncountable Indian rhythms that Don Ellis loved.

As before, the band continued without a break or announcement save for the notes and acknowledgements on the web page. The band segued directly from Don Ellis into their own version of some of Trombone Shorty's numbers including *Backatown*, *Where Y'At*, *Buckjump*, and *Fire and Brimstone*. The medley featured their own pair of 'bone players that they likely had hidden in a spare suitcase on the stage somewhere. The lady brass player was also a trombonist *par excellence*.

Not surprisingly, the alto saxophone player had moved to baritone, and the keyboard player had shifted to rhythm guitar. The bass player stayed on bass and played the lines that normally would be sung by Shorty. With respect to all the switching around and switching instruments, the web program offered no comments. Besides, who could keep track? Maya gave up trying to follow who was playing what and just enjoyed the music.

For the traditionalists, after the Trombone Shorty medley, the band played a medley of jazz pieces and short licks made famous by Coleman Hawkins, Cab Calloway, Gerry Mulligan, and Ahmad Jamal. They also played some hard-bop pieces from the late 1950's that were associated with Cannonball Adderley, Miles Davis, and John Coltrane.

The Cannonball Adderley piece, *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*, was a real show piece. It featured a solo piece from everyone in the band who was onstage. Maya especially enjoyed the solo from the alto player. The number started slow and quiet. As the measures progressed, it incrementally increased in volume, tempo, and arrangement complexity. It was like hearing to a train pick up speed down a slow mountain grade. Several members in the back of the audience by this time were standing up and moving with the music. Maya could tell that the band members were having a fine time.

Signaling a change after the Adderley number, the house lights dimmed and a man playing a marching snare drum was spotlighted on the stage. He could be barely heard and was gently marching in place. Maya looked down at the web page notes. It simply showed a picture of the Sahara Desert. The words “Desert Flash Mob en route, but no Bo Derek – sorry guys,” flashed along the bottom.

After 8 bars a flute quietly joined in and established the theme. On the web page, a tiny speck could be seen coming over one of the dunes. It looked like a snippet from an old black and white Legionnaire movie from the 1950's. This was the band's version of Ravel's *Bolero*. After the first chorus of the theme was played, a clarinet joined in, and then an alto saxophone joined after another 16 bars.

Now there were two drummers on the stage marching in place and playing a bit louder. Quietly, some brass pieces began to back up the melody, first almost imperceptibly, and then gradually louder. With each repeat, another instrument would then join in, and the drums continued to increase their presence.

Maya didn't notice the next increment at first. Hardly anyone did because the house lights had been lowered. Slowly moving forward from the back of the house, almost marching in place, were snare drummers on each side of the house. They were wearing Legionnaires' desert hats, along with white long sleeved shirts and dark ties. They were some of the music students she had spotted earlier.

As the intensity of the piece increased, more drummers came from the back until there were eight drummers on each side of the house, spaced about 8 steps apart, all slowly marching towards the front of the house. Charlene looked at the web page notes. The web page showed two lines of Legionnaires marching in step through the black and white desert, rifles slung over their left shoulders, wearing the same Legionnaire desert hats, the ones with the cloth that covers a person's neck, as the drummers. Very cool.

The lights on the stage were now slowly brought up to half, revealing that the whole band was also wearing the same Legionnaire hats and marching in place on stage. Maya

counted two trombones, two trumpets, the two drummers, an alto, a clarinet, and a flute. They had apparently buried the keyboard player in the sand somewhere.

When the first of the drummers in the house reached the foot of the stage, they turned and marched toward each other, meeting in the center, turned again, and then began marching back side-by-side through the center of the house, a favorite marching band move. The music had reached its full measure now. Incrementally, the lights on the stage now began to very slowly dim, and players on the stage began to drop out one-by-one by stepping out of the spotlights into the dark. When all the marching drummers in the house had disappeared into the back of the house, only the flute and two drummers were visible on stage, still playing and marching in place. The flute player tapered off, and the light on him faded.

One of the snare drummers stopped playing, and stepped back into the dark. This left just one snare drum in the spot light, which was dimming. Interestingly, this was not the same snare drummer who had begun the piece. The last drummer was a woman with folds of glistening dark hair that ran down to her waist. She played the drum rhythm for another 8 bars, slowly decresendoing until there was almost no sound. She then stopped marching, came to military attention, and saluted the audience with a stick. The spotlight blinked out, and the stage was dark.

As the last drummer finished, the image on the web page was empty sand dunes as far as a person could see, with a whistling wind blowing sand from the tops of the dunes. "Yes," the web page scrolled, "we hope you enjoyed our version of Ravel's *Bolero*. A great thanks goes to the Maryland Heights High School Band that furnished their drum line for this number, to Gary Cooper, Ray Milland, and Robert Preston for *Beau Geste*, and to the Columbia Civic Theater for the loan of Legionnaire hats from their costume department." The house was now dark, save for the cute little lights on the tables that were flickering like candles.

After a silent pause of about one second after last spotlight blinked out, the house lights came up full and the audience was beside itself. They hooted, hollered, applauded, whistled, stomped and everyone stood up. It was hard to believe how dignified they had been when the show started. The notes on the web page thanked them for being a great audience and advised them that CD's of the band's last performance at the Moondog Coronation Hall were available at the bar.

The audience, however, was not going to go away. The applause sound level did not drop off, and at least for a whole minute the noise was nearly deafening. Finally, someone

noticed that the web page screen said, “Thank you so very much. Please be seated for our thank you appreciation.” It took a moment or two for enough people to notice.

As some began to re-seat themselves, the house lights dimmed to half, the curtains opened and the band immediately broke into the high energy tune, *Think*, the piece made famous by Aretha Franklin. Both keyboards were being played, the alto saxophone was carrying Aretha’s melody, one drummer was pounding away, and a trumpet and trombone were playing the brass accents. Solos were passed around the band on the fly, and the audience was clapping in rhythm. This was a real rouser.

When the end of *Think* was reached, the band modulated over to *R-E-S-P-E-C-T* seamlessly. Some in the audience started dancing and singing along. Three women ran to the foot of the stage and began to lip-synch and dance in a routine. They had done this together when they were cheerleaders and were having fun trying to remember the steps and motions. The audience loved it, and the women reacted with even bigger motions. Others were joining in trying to follow the steps.

Maya noticed Charlene was part of the group. Charlene had slipped away and was lip-synching as if she were one of Aretha’s backup singers.

With the last chord of *R-E-S-P-E-C-T*, most thought that the encore was over. No, there was one more trick to be played. Right after the last chord of *R-E-S-P-E-C-T*, the Hammond player, who looked familiar to Maya for some reason, loudly played the one-hand organ phrase that opens the song, *Centerfold*, made famous by the J. Geils Band. The crowd responded immediately the second time by singing along the, “lah-lah la la-la-la,” part.

For this number, the band was composed of the Hammond player, a lead guitar that showed up out of nowhere, a bass player, a saxophone and the drummer. The entire audience knew the words when the chorus came around each time: “My blood runs cold, my memory has just been sold, my angel is the centerfold, angle is the centerfold.” Several more people ran up to the front to perform at the foot of the stage. They couldn’t miss this fun.

When the encore was finished, the audience applauded, the stage lights went full dark, the house lights came up full, the band was nowhere to be seen, and the notes on the web site encouraged everyone to take their time, drive home safely, and come back again. Charlene walked back to the table grinning and started looking for her shoes.

“I guess this was a good idea, huh Charlene?” said Maya. “Yes, this was a grand slam



idea, Maya, first-class,” she replied. “Do you know any of these guys?” Charlene asked gesturing to the stage. “No, but I think maybe we should,” Maya said.

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“Thank you for the nice piece you wrote about the band and the music,” Thad said to Maya. Maya and three of the Who Are Those Guys were meeting for the first time at one of the local coffee shops, a favorite hangout of some of the music grad students due to its proximity to the music building. Maya said as she sipped her black tea, “That was a fine show you guys put on. I wish you had allowed me to interview some of you before the show, though.” She raised her eyebrows like a librarian scolding 12-year old loud whisperers at the tables as she said that. “Your views on jazz, and music in general, would have made the story more down to earth and less of an academic critique.”

“Perhaps, but having discussed this with all the members several times, we all agree that any reviews should be about the music, and not about any of us,” Malcolm said quietly, “and you did a fine job reviewing the music. We just want to play, and personal interviews can get in the way sometimes, and maybe even create problems. If you want to write a real human interest piece, however, interview the owner of Moondog. Now, there’s a story.”

Maya looked interested. She took a sip of tea, and said, “How so?”

Malcolm continued. “Dave, the owner, is also a music major. His dad wanted him to be a lawyer and enter law school after he received his B.A. in music performance. I suppose his dad figured once he completed his B.A. in music, he would be ready to be serious.”

“Dave is one heck of a keyboard guy, by the way, and he certainly did not want to be a lawyer. You may have noticed he was one of the Hammond players during the Aretha numbers.”

Maya shifted. “That’s why he looked familiar,” she thought to herself, “Man, how did that get by me?”

Picking up on her body movements, Malcolm unveiled another revelation. “For that matter did you notice that your advisor, Professor Alexander, was one of the Legionnaires that marched around?”

Maya rolled her eyes, “Holy smokes,” she said aloud, “The next thing you’ll tell is that the Pope was banging the skins back there during *Pussy Wiggle Stomp*.”

Malcolm replied with a laugh, “If he was bussing tables, he might have been playing.” Thad teased, “For the moment, Malcolm, let’s not let all our secrets out of the bag.”

Malcolm picked up the thread again. “As a sort of compromise with his dad, Dave entered the M.B.A. program to specialize in the business of music. After graduation, Dave sold everything, hocked everything and did everything to get enough money to open the Moondog. The three of us are classmates of Dave. We have played together in bands since high school days. We threw in everything we had also. A whole bunch of us in the band, and a number of employees at the Moondog are all stockholders, and some of the faculty are also.”

Thad nudged Malcolm. “That is a sort of confidence, if you don’t mind.” Maya nodded in agreement. She added, “I was assigned to write a music review, not discuss investments. Besides, I think it is cool what you guys have done. I’ll suggest to my roomie that she interview Dave. She sometimes writes for the paper.”

Finally, Marlene, the drummer with the glistening hair, spoke up. “The four of us, Thad, Malcolm, Dave and me, decided that instead of running around looking for a place to play one night here and one night there for whatever they would pay us, that we should get our own place, set it up the way we wanted it, and have regular place where we could – show off.” The last part she said laughingly because it was immodestly true. “I mean, we and others had all this creative energy and no place to show it off. Some really excellent musicians might never get to show what they can do.”

Thad then joined in. “While we talked, though, Dave made it happen. While we may still starve and go down in flames broke, we will at least have a fine time playing our way to the unemployment line.”

After a brief pause in the exchange, Thad asked Maya, “I know we are already in a coffee shop, but would you like to have coffee with me sometime?” Malcolm and Marlene pretended they didn’t notice. Maya replied in a soft voice, “Yes, I would like that.”

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Maya knocked on the apartment door to the rehearsal hall, which actually was Thad’s apartment. It was in the basement of an apartment house near campus. But, it also served as the rehearsal hall where music arrangements were worked out. Thad opened

the door and let her in. "Let me take your coat," he said. As he took her coat and hung it on one of a row of hooks behind the door, Maya took in the layout.

The room had been sound-proofed on all the walls and ceiling. On her left was a wall of records organized in various bins: vinyls, Bakelite discs, cassettes, CD's, 78's, 45's, and 33-1/3's. Some of the labels included Decca, Chess, Bluenote, Capitol, Atlantic, Sun, and some she did not recognize. In the center of the room on a raised platform was a small bandstand. An instrument stand was holding a tenor, alto, and soprano saxophone, and a second instrument stand was holding a clarinet and flute. On the right was a Hammond model B3. A couple of instrument cases were further back in the room; one looked like a trumpet case and one a trombone case. A basic trap set was also back there as were five Manhasset music stands. This is where Thad, Malcolm, and Marlene worked out the arrangements and practiced.

As she took all this in, a small smoky colored cat ran up to her and rubbed her ankles. Maya reached down and picked her up. The cat was unafraid. "What's her name?" she said, scratching the cat under its chin. The cat was pleased and started purring.

"That's Ella Fitzgerald. During rehearsals I put her in the recording room so that the music doesn't hurt her ears." He picked up Ella, carried her over to the right side of the room, set her down in the control room and closed the door. "It's tight in there since it used to be a small bedroom, but we can record numbers when we think it is right. Some of the players like to practice with a CD. The control room is equipped with a good sound board and I can lay down tracks. The area out here is the live room."

"This is a great setup," Maya said looking around. "Does your landlord object to what you have done to the apartment?"

Thad said nonchalantly, "It's okay. I am the landlord. I don't have many relations. An only uncle of mine left the apartment house to me when he passed on, and a bit of cash. He enjoyed listening to me play in college and thought that having the apartment house income would help me get started. He was right. I took the only basement apartment in the place and refurnished it as a mini-studio. They can't hear us upstairs. I still live here, though. I have a small bedroom in the back, and there is a kitchen if you get hungry or want something to drink. Would you like some tea or something?"

"I am impressed that Hammond B3's seem to be all over the place: one here and one at the Moondog," Maya said as he headed to the kitchen. "Yes, please make some tea. Do you mind if I warm up the Hammond a bit?" she said walking over to the organ. A muffled voice in the kitchen said, "I have Constant Comment, and no, crank 'er up."

Maya turned on the switch and listened to the motor quietly spin up and whirr. She moved a few stops around and kicked off her shoes to feel the location of the bass foot pedals. She first played the introductory left hand chords to *96 Tears* and then played the melody line singing softly to herself, “Too many teardrops for one heart to be cryin’, too many teardrops for one heart to carry on...”

A voice from the kitchen shouted, “That sounds promising. That could be an encore number.” Thad added, “Now do something to show off.”

Maya smiled. First she played about 16 bars from the bridge of *Light My Fire*, to show her rock *bona fides*, then she played about 16 bars of the theme from *Phantom of the Opera*, to show her modern, sort of classical training, and was heavy on the bass part, naturally. And then, just to show off her jazz versatility, she played a few Jimmy Smith jazz licks that made B3’s famous.

As she finished, Thad came back carrying two teacups and saucers. They sat down together on the large, but only couch in the room and sipped tea. “You have great feel for base parts on the B3,” Thad punned looking down at her bare feet. “Nice Jimmy Smith riff.”

“Oh, I’ll swear you are such a golden tongued devil,” Maya said in mock Southern accent, “I’ll bet you say that to all the ladies at the promenade.” Thad looked a little chagrined.

Changing the subject, Thad said, “You’re a few minutes early and the others are often a few minutes late. If you want to play any of the records or CDs please do, and if you need to, I have lots of sheet music that we can use for reference. There is a triple screen computer over in the corner with a music composition program if you want to score anything, and a printer to go with it.”

As he said this, the cat opened the door to the recording room, traipsed triumphantly over to the couch, jumped on the couch, and settled in Maya’s lap. “We usually arrange the pieces two shows ahead in order to give people plenty of time to practice, especially the occasional players. It took us a month to get the Cagney and Lacey duets just right. And then if we need some outside players, like the Maryland Heights drum line, that can take some time to organize.”

Maya set her tea on the coffee table and stroked Ella. “This is so very cool” she said candidly to Thad. “We are going to make some great music together” she said smiling knowing how trite that sounded. She leaned over and kissed him.

Just as their lips touched, Marlene and Malcolm barged into the room together. Malcolm looked over and without any aplomb at all said, “Oh, man, you guys need to get a room. Wait, this is a room.” Malcolm said the last sentence as though it were something clever. Marlene pushed him and rolled her eyes, “You are such a pig,” she said. “Great to see you here, Maya,” Marlene said trying make up for Malcolm’s piggishness. Maya smiled back at her, said, “Great to be here guys,” and put Ella in the control room. She closed the door and pulled it until she heard it click. She was used to clever cat mind tricks.

Thad stood up, collected the teacups and saucers and headed to the kitchen. “Ok crew,” he said as he put the dishes in the sink, “Let’s get some line ups and arranging done.”

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This was an off-night at the Moondog. Except for security lights, it was generally dark inside and outside the theater. Nonetheless, there was a light on and activity in the kitchen. One of the tables in the seating area had its cute little light in the center set to mimic a candle light flickering. On the table were two full flutes of champagne, and a large pizza that had just come out of the kitchen oven. A tallish, leggy woman dressed to the nines sat in one chair. A bartender, M.B.A. grad, and keyboard player *extraordinaire*, who had a little smear of flour on his nose where he had scratched it, sat in the other.

“Criminetly, I am so glad that they finally got together. It was brilliant of you to suggest that Dr. Alexander should give tickets to Maya to write a review.” Charlene was holding her flute up to the light of the cute light in the center of the table to watch the champagne effervesce.

“I am accepting all compliments at the moment,” Dave nodded. He cut the freshly baked pizza into slices with a roller, put a slice on a plate, and offered it to Charlene. “However, I cannot deny the forethought you had in writing the first piece and only discussing the food and theater. Now that was genuine conniving, second to none” he said as he served himself a slice. “It reminds me of a good chess player, always looking several moves ahead.”

Charlene nodded in agreement. “I believe we should let this secret die with us and this pizza,” she said softly as the two of them toasted their success. “Let us meet each other

at the next show by accident and start dating properly,” Charlene suggested with a wry grin. “

“Agreed,” said Dave. “However, you must admit that meeting on the sly is just a bit delicious, don’t you think?” he said looking her up and down and deciding that she was absolutely radiant. Of course, Charlene already knew that she was absolutely radiant.

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## Quotes

Mike Dickson - When hopes for the best without perspective, they become an optimist, when an optimist gets screwed over enough times, they become a realist. When a realist gets screwed over enough times, they become a stoic. A logical progression.

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