

Thomas Jefferson Mensa

The TJM Corn Boil will commence at 12:30 pm Saturday August 5th, 2017 at the home of Bruce and Jessica Mathews just south of Luray, VA. So what the #*@% is a "Corn Boil"? Think family picnic, BBQ, one day Regional Gathering, party all rolled into one. We will supply grill, corn, hot dogs, corn, rolls, corn, chips, corn, dips, corn, soda, and of course CORN. You bring something to share with other attendees. Last year we had attendees from many states. Facilities available include a garden / stream / pond complex, Addams' Family pinball machine, bocce, picnic tables, a separate game area, a huge collection of bubble-blowing devices, 3 acres suitable for kite flying, plenty of space for tenting or campers should you want to stay overnight, etc. This is a family event so well behaved children are most welcome. We are ten miles from the world famous Luray Caverns and near the South Fork of the Shenandoah River so you might want to visit the underground world or go rafting / canoeing also. Please RSVP for directions and to coordinate food to 540-778-3287 or drdown@msn.com until 8/4/2017. There are several hotels in Luray about ten miles from the Mathews'. Even closer, several rental cabins are available within one mile.



Disc-ussions -- Jay Dunner

E-mail: fullmoonnotes@verizon.net

On the Web: www.onceuponafullmoonnight.com

QUOTE OF THE MONTH: "Reality is a collective hunch." (Lily Tomlin and Jane Wagner)



ESPERANZA SPALDING EMILY'S D+EVOLUTION (Concord)

For some, *Emily's D+Evolution* might be an example of what performance artist Laurie Anderson references in "Difficult Listening Hour" ("that spot on your dial for that relentless and impenetrable sound of Difficult Music. So sit bolt upright in that straight-backed chair, button that top button . . ."). Indeed, on first listen, *E's+D* seems the spawn of a misguided hook-up of Joni Mitchell, Jaco Pastorius, Laura Mvula, and Frank Zappa – tens of themes per minute, finely formed but super-balling off the walls and each other, challenging the musicians to keep up. A double-stop bass line with rock underpinnings shifts into a vocal trio harmonizing off-tempo, then to drum paradiddles jumping to a spiky lead vocal that crams syllables and leaps octaves, as the white rabbit of hits disappears into a black hole of morphing time signatures. Jazz? Not sure, as there's clearly more scored than improvised material, in order for a band to sound this tight. Rock? Again, not sure, as there are some "balooz"-rock rhythms, but nothing with a "4-on-the-floor" drive. Funk? Well, Spalding's bass lines kick, but the earlier Prince influence is long supplanted. In short, this is a work that both resembles and dissembles; it's loaded both with references from the past and pointers to the future. Add Spalding's vivid lyrics straight from the poetry slam school, and you have a multi-cultural blast of sensory overload. It's like trying to photograph individual leaves while riding the rapids on an October kayaking trip. You'll come back, again and again, to see what you missed.