

Excerpts from the May 1999 MIND

The Newsletter of

[Central Indiana Mensa](#)

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CONTRIBUTION GUIDELINES

MIND accepts contributions from all interested parties, with preference for publication going to members of Central Indiana Mensa. Contributions should reach the Editor's postal box **50946, Indianapolis, IN 46250** at least twenty days before the 1st day of the publication month. Materials must take the form of **legible written copy and/or camera-ready art. Please do not submit items on magnetic media.** Contributions may undergo editing for length and to eliminate patently offensive remarks, including personal attacks. The Editor must know the name of any contributor before publication; however, he will withhold that name from the public on request.

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This is Volume 34, Issue Number 5, May 1999

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MY PIECE OF MIND

GEORGE DUNN

deep and shallow thoughts

Ah, May! Long days, pleasant evenings. Of course, I'm writing this in March and pretty much relying on experience, but fortunately there are some things

which occur with great consistency, and the seasons are among them.

Human events, in contrast, are almost wholly unpredictable, although that claim is a hard sell to those who more or less make their livings by forecasting trends.

Even beyond those seers who tell us where hemlines or the Dow-Jones will be in six months or those who claim to know the next hot new toy or how a jury will vote, are the folks who believed they've cracked the blueprint for History.

There are two widely accepted patterns for History; the Western, or linear, and the Oriental, or circular. In the first, the story of the world comes somehow to a conclusion, whether in the form of divine deliverance or as a result of human malevolence and blunders. In the other, events recycle like the seasons, only on a larger scale. There is a third, distinctly minority view that History is chaotic, but this has traditionally been unsatisfying and rarely holds its adherents even throughout their own lifetimes.

I frequently feel the temptation to reconcile these two views by reference to scale. Just as we perceive the Earth from ground level as flat, although we know it to be circular seen from space, so a progressive History can be a cyclical one from a grander perspective. It's also true that an apparently endless repeating circle could be subtly making progress as a spiral. Indeed, these two perspectives, like parameters of a cosmic fractal, could be alternating into infinity.

Well, that's pretty metaphysical stuff for an Ed piece, but every now and then I feel esoteric.

The foregoing doesn't have to have anything to do with Mensa, but I also like the challenge of force-fitting grand speculations into mundane cases.

Curiously, either viewpoint can, depending on the person, engender ambition or complacency.

* * *

Hey! Remember last month's column, wherein I complained that the State of Technology wasn't up to fixing the nosepiece on a pair of old glasses? Well, sometimes it pays to squeal, because I was put on to an actual craftsman who repaired my specs. Just ten-fifty (he only takes cash) to fix 'em up. Now I wonder: is it right to use this column to plug a business? Oh, what the heck: The Optical Repair Shoppe, Verner H. Mabrey, owner, 6021 North College Ave.

* * *

I believe people are paying more attention to deadlines and formats (no magnetic media; 500 words; "camera ready"). Not that they're complying with these, but they are accosting me more often to ask, "Why didn't you print my article?" I like to think it's progress.

* * *

Speaking of editor business, we have seen, after a long dearth, a small uptick in poetry. Great. Send it in. I wish to give writers full scope for their artistic licenses; just remember that those artsy modern poems which require that the words form a particular shape on the paper are a little tricky to re-type.

LOCSECTION

Grace Falvey

The atmosphere in our Mensa group has changed since the last time I held office, and I have been busy learning the dimensions of that change.

Take the March monthly meeting, for example. There was a sign-up sheet for volunteers to help clean up after the meeting, but nobody signed it. However, nearly everybody who was there pitched in and helped with something, either carrying stuff in and setting up, or hauling boxes out back and tidying up after the meeting.

There's a pattern here: people are very willing to help, but they don't want to be tied down to a specific time or a regular task. So this is how we have to approach the events we sponsor -- trusting that someone will show up with food, ice and beverages in tow, and that someone else will stay around to clean up afterward? That sounds pretty chancy to me.

We do have nine members who have accepted the responsibility for certain jobs. They're called the ExCom, and they're a great team, but they can't do everything. Additional reliable workers are listed inside the back cover as "other volunteers," and their efforts are certainly appreciated. But still there are gaps.

Our most immediate need is for a quartermaster; someone to coordinate the volunteers who bring the goodies to the monthly meetings. And we need people to mastermind this summer's corn roast, the Outdoor Gathering (Oct 1-3), and the Regional Gathering (Jan 28-30, 2000).

Perhaps I will come to seem like a vampire, always in search of "new blood," but I believe that a variety of workers leads to a variety of programs and hence to a more interesting and enjoyable organization. So come on; take a chance; volunteer. You might enjoy it!

About \$\$\$

The new five-dollar meeting charge has been accepted well, considering that we had managed on two dollars a head for so long. Well, we weren't managing all that well. The health of our treasury depended on profits from the RG, and there wasn't a lot of wiggle room.

Eons ago, when I joined Mensa, one of our members owned an apartment complex and made it possible for us to hold our monthly meetings at the clubhouse there, free of charge. These days we are fortunate to have a meeting room that costs just \$75 per month, but that still means we spend the money from the first fifteen people who walk in the door just to have a roof over our heads.

A few people have asked what happened to the old policy of charging more for non-members. Again, times have changed. We don't see a need to penalize the sort of guests we have now -- prospective members, non-member spouses and the like. I am keeping an eye on the situation, but at the moment I don't believe we are rewarding lapsed members with the current policy.

LETTERS

To the Editor:

I would like to respond to Teresa Fisher's letter in the April MIND, in which she, for various reasons, has stated that she no longer plans to write for our newsletter.

Unfortunately, I have never had the pleasure of meeting Ms. Fisher, though I sincerely hope to do so someday. One reason stems from her letter in the January 1998 MIND, which delineates seven "non-mainstream" characteristics of people who seem to be well-represented in Mensa (vegetarians, nudists, gun advocates, religious types, marijuana advocates, save-the-whales types and the unemployed). She indicated that she fits at least two of these categories. I fit in two of them as well. Furthermore, a fellow Mensan told me that, since he knows both of us, he believes we definitely have at least one in common. Apparently, we have another mutual interest. We enjoy writing for MIND. This brings me to the point of my letter.

I want to personally ask Ms. Fisher to reconsider her decision. Those who read MIND regularly will note that I have been fortunate enough to have had several articles published since September 1998. While I always hope that our Managing Editor will find my articles worthy of publication, I never expect it. Instead, I simply appreciate it when it happens. Please recall my article in the January 1999 MIND titled, "A Season of Peace." Rather than lament what I do not have, I would rather appreciate what I do have. This includes the fact that I have been fortunate enough to have been published in MIND in recent months. If this were not the case, I would try to find out why, on a contemporaneous basis, rather than let any frustration reach a boiling point over time.

I can certainly understand Ms. Fisher's feelings. However, I do not believe giving up is the answer. The last thing we need is our relatively few active members "dropping out" for reasons that can never be rectified. An honest dialogue, a meeting of the minds, call it whatever you want, had it been done long before this problem reached this point, could (and I'm sure would) have resulted in a resolution to this matter agreeable to both parties.

While I, respectfully, must say that I do not share her views, I disagree even more adamantly with what she believes is the appropriate remedy in this situation.

Please, Ms. Fisher, don't stop writing for MIND. Don't give up on your chance to "leave your mark." We need you, and others, to step up, not bail out. If you follow through on your proposed action, you may, unintentionally, set an example which discourages others, especially new members, from contributing to MIND. Please don't let that be your legacy.

If you choose to accept my request, I promise you my most sincere thanks, and an extra-long hug (if this is okay with you) when we finally meet, which I hope will be soon.

Dom Jervis.

To the Editor:

Greg Crawford's letter in the April issue of Chicago's newsletter *ChiMe* came as a delightful surprise to me, announcing that Central Indiana Mensa had generously given a substantial donation to MERF for the scholarship named in my honor. I am most grateful for the unexpected largesse and send my warm thanks to your group for contributing to a worthwhile Mensa program, especially as you probably could have found other uses for the funds.

With sincere thanks,

Helen Kupper

Dom Jervis

One Moment in Time

One Sunday afternoon, I visited a bar/restaurant on the West side of Indianapolis. This place has become a routine stop. It was dark and usually quiet, had a big-screen TV, and the beer was cold and inexpensive. On this day, the usual tranquility was rent asunder by a raucous family gathering of approximately twenty people. The occasion was a retirement party, and IU was playing basketball against Purdue on the TV. I sat at the bar, away from the group. One of the men yelled to me, "If you're not rooting for IU, you're going to have to leave!" I took this as a tacit invitation to join them, which I did. I explained that, having graduated from Notre Dame, I was impartial. However, since they wanted IU to win, I said, "Fine, go IU!"

This party was rather uneventful, except for one aspect. I had never before witnessed a family gathering containing so much "blue" language. Fortunately, there were no small children present. Everyone, male and female, was spewing the "F" word as though each utterance would bring a bounty. I usually don't mind other people using profanity, though I don't. However, in excess, it can become tiresome. Despite the background discourse, which might have made a drunken sailor blush, I enjoyed some pleasant conversations with these people, after the game of course.

As I started to leave, I thanked the group for allowing me to join their celebration. Someone then inquired as to my occupation. The "gentleman" who invited me to join them, then chimed in, "Yeah, Dom, you never did tell us! What do you do for a living?"

I couldn't resist. With a straight face, I replied, "I'm a minister."

Though I said it only slightly above a conversational volume, the entire room immediately fell eerily silent. I looked down the L-shaped table, feigning a nonplused expression. Twenty pairs of wide eyes were on me. Mouths were agape. Several of the women's hands were placed below their throats.

They bought it, hook, line and sinker. My short hair and clean-shaven face (unique in that room), along with my vocal tone and lack of profanity, sold my little white lie. The whole time my facial expression was saying, "Is something wrong?" I was thinking, "Gotcha!!"

After about twenty seconds of deafening silence, I let them off the hook, and told them the truth. The collective sight of relief was not only visible, but rather impressive. While they had a good laugh and tried to make light of it, they

knew they'd been had, and good!

Perhaps they learned that, in the company of someone they do not know, a little class and decorum could save a great deal of embarrassment.

If this experience evaporated from their memories by the next day, it didn't really matter. I had a truly memorable moment, one that has been a genuine pleasure remembering and sharing with all of you, my friends. And, every word of this story is true.

Name Withheld

The Solaces of Solitude

I live alone these days. For short periods, I have done so before, but I now believe that I shall always do so. I had previously thought that I'd dislike living alone for any long period of time, but I've discovered that I was wrong, for I have found that I have never before been alone. Sometimes I had no one actually living with me, but I always had neighbors in the apartment building, so I still had constant reminders of the presence of others - flushing toilets, voices in the hall, slamming doors, and others' televisions/radios/stereos. But now, for the first time, I live alone in the house, without neighbors close enough to hear me, and I've discovered new freedoms.

So much of our behavior is to avoid intruding into another's space and to prevent them from feeling free to intrude into ours. I've never before played my TV or radio just at the volume I liked, with no consideration for others. Also new is singing show tunes at the top of my lungs in the bathroom at all hours, doing my exercising whenever I feel like it, and doing work around the house without regard for others' need for quiet to sleep or work or study.

But the freedom that I most treasure is the freedom to scream. When the physical pain is bad, I no longer have to try to not even whimper, but can now let the fullbodied scream come forth. Believe it or not, it helps; the pain is less unbearable. Even more importantly, when grief becomes overwhelming, I can cry and shout and let forth my wails of loss. It helps. It really does help.

Misery doesn't love company.

MINDBENDING HONOR ROLL

[H = Host]	Oct	Nov	Dec	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr
Dale Amlee						♥	♥
Dave A.			♥	♥	♥	♥	♥
Alison Brown	♥H			♥H	♥H	♥H	
Greg Crawford	♥	♥	♥H	♥			
George Dunn	♥	♥	♥	♥	♥	♥	♥
Grace Falvey						♥	

Carol Gould	♥						
Jud Horning	♥	♥		♥	♥	♥	♥
Jerry Hunter		♥	♥	♥	♥		♥
Jeff Lake					♥		
Larry Marcus					♥		
Treva Marks	♥	♥H	♥	♥	♥		
Jean Miller					♥	♥	
Anna Marie Rutallie							♥H
Nancy White	♥	♥	♥	♥	♥	♥	♥

Herman Hagemier

Gravitation is a Product

Newton is quoted as saying that the gravitational attraction between any two particles of matter, varies directly with the product of their masses, and acts along the line that would join their centers, with a strength that varies inversely with the square of the distance between their centers. Many years ago this author found himself speculating on why gravitation varied as the product rather than as the sum of the two masses. It had occurred to him that the gravitational attraction could be between the ultimately smallest particles of matter.

If all gravitational matter is divided into uniformly small particles, and they all weigh the same, we would have an explanation for why a lead ball falls at the same speed as a wooden ball. In a vacuum, where the friction of the air is nonexistent, gluing particles together does not result in the particles falling faster. If two units here are attracted to three units there, we would have two groups but, if the unit particles are reacting, all with each other, we would have six pair of straight lines between their centers. Two pairs of lines would extend from each of the three and three pairs of lines would extend from each of the two. We can say that the number of pairs of gravitational lines varies directly with the product of the two numbers which represent the number of units in each group. We can ignore the lines which are internal to the structures of the two groups.

If we restructure the five particles so that there are four particles here and one particle there, we have the same sum, five, but the number of lines which would join each particle in one group with all the particles in the other would now be four pair of lines instead of six.

Pairs of Lines and the Gravitational Formula.

There is a complication in dealing with the number of straight lines between two gravitating bodies. The straight lines of Newton's formula are really pairs of lines. Each body will receive a line of force as well as send a line of force. If the two lines are always the same length, there would be little significance in

their existence. If the two bodies have any common motion along the two lines that join them, a difference in their lengths will exist. This difference is accentuated by the inverse-square law. A small decrease in the distance traveled can make a larger increase in the pull exerted.

Gravitational forces radiate in straight lines in all directions at the speed of light. Electromagnetic waves spin around straight lines which are organized to travel in directions perpendicular to orbital planes. Gravitational forces exert pulls on particles which happen to lie in their path of travel. Electromagnetic waves exert their influence on electrons, electrons in orbits, and on atoms which have a propensity for reacting to orbits of certain sizes. Gravitational forces seem to resemble very small bubbles of vacuum-like space which are carried by the ether winds in all directions. Electromagnetic waves seem to resemble very small bubbles of vacuum-like space arranged in spirals or other shapes, around their line of travel.

A new theory of gravitation should take into account the time needed for waves to travel in the two directions between two moving bodies. The following equation expresses the two-way gravitational force between two bodies when no other bodies are being considered. The gravitational attraction between them will increase, when their mutual speed increases. The following is a formula for calculating the force at each changing speed.

$$\frac{1}{2} M_1 M_2 / d^2 (1 - V/C) + \frac{1}{2} M_1 M_2 / d^2 (1 + V/C) = \text{Force.}$$

$M_1 M_2$ gives the total number of pairs of lines. $1/2$ of the lines are the shorter $(1 - V/C)$ lines and $1/2$ of the lines are the longer $(1 + V/C)$ lines. In order to add the two fractions together we must make the two divisors, identical. To do that we multiply the first fraction by $(1 + V/C) / (1 + V/C)$ and the second fraction by $(1 - V/C) / (1 - V/C)$. The two divisors will contain the factors, $(1 - V/C)$ and $(1 + V/C)$. The product of the sum and difference of two numbers will be the square of the first less the square of the second, $(1 - V^2/C^2)$, in this case. In the dividend, the two V/C 's will cancel out. As a result, the force will equal $M_1 M_2 / d^2 (1 - V^2/C^2)$

The actual contraction, the subtracted amount, will be V^2/C^2 . The denominator would reduce to d^2 when $V = 0$. The revised gravitational law would mean that, with any increase in speed, the pull between the two bodies would increase and there would be a real contraction in the line of motion, a contraction which would increase as the speed, V , increases.

This pull is not like that of the rope that you might use to twirl a weight around your head. Gravitation reaches out everywhere in space, not just to the gravitating bodies that are affected by it. Practically all of this pull merges with the multidirectional ether where it may eventually be neutralized by inequalities in the other directions or spread to the disappearing point by the radiant ether. From this last you may surmise that it would be difficult to balance an energy equation that involves gravitational attraction.

Primer for the **July** Topic:

Feuding Mensans

B _____
A _____

S _____
I _____
L _____

by Basil Wentworth

146 - THE SCENT OF SILENCE

A balloonist, when asked what he meant
When he tried at all odds to prevent
Any noises at all,
Answered, "You must recall
That silence is what gives ascent."

There once was a time when they'd say
That silence was golden. How, pray,
Has its value declined
To the point where we find
That it gives but a cent today?

They asked the skunk, "Why do you tend
To be silent for hours on end?"
"Silence still can provide
A scent," he replied,
And a scent is a skunk's dearest friend."

I heard the eccentric inventor
Say the mute he'd constructed had lent a
More well-centered tone
To his tenor trombone,
Or -- a silencer gives a center.

Said Hymie, "I just can't prevent her
From yacking. Perhaps if I sent her
A stole made of ermine --
'Twould help me determine
If giving would silence a yenta."

* * * * *

If you feel that he might misconstrue
Your silence, as lovers can do,
And you happen to think
It too forward to wink,
A roll of the eyes might do.

HOOSIER SPRING

By Shirley Washburne

The two-faced season.

The newly, softly feathered hills are gold and green,
Punctuated with dark cedar exclamation points, and
Lace-trimmed, with dogwood and redbud inserts.

Small clear waters stand in shining puddles,
or run off the brown leaves, becoming muddy trickles
joining forces through the fields and down the farmers' lanes
squeezing through culverts and into town,
getting really out of hand hurrying to the river
rushing down the streets,
spilling over curbs and up onto the lawns
spreading
speeding
higher, threatening now
baring shrub roots, consuming flower beds,
bigger, faster, too big, too fast, creeping over a doorsill now and again...

BULLETIN BOARD

Russ Washburne:

Proctored Mensa
Admissions Test

Saturday, May 8, 1999,
2:00 p.m.

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for details

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be members, too, don't
you?

Shirley Washburne:

Petra Ritchie:

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of one sort or another.

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suffered a setback **or** who has
something to celebrate, please
contact Petra with the information;
she will send a card on behalf of the
Local Group.

(address and phone # deleted for
web page)

pritchier@ibj.com

A terrible thing has happened!

Recently not only do I not get to go to the movies to see my first-run picks, I don't even make it to the cut-rate theaters to see them on the cheap. Part of this is that the person I live with is not only NOT a movie buff, (he claims that theater seats are made for midgets) but is the founder and only member of the local Curmudgeon SIG and I don't much care for going to the movies alone. You guessed it... I'm looking for company, but it might turn into a bona-fide Cheap Movie SIG if there's significant response. We live in Plainfield, so West side theaters would be favored. Anyone interested?

839-9282 OR Shoiley@indy.net

Marie Beltrame: I miss my friends in Central Indiana Mensa! Even though I am now far away in real distance, won't you keep in touch with me in cyberspace? Either MarieBeltrame@juno.com or Beltrame@fls.infi.net

Random Sample

© by [Julie A. Yates Harkey](#)

Three Hours to Go

3/11/99

I'm sitting here in a KLM 747, at 34,000 feet, somewhere over the southern edge of Newfoundland. This particular airplane seat is comfortable, as I got lucky on this trip. I was in seat 46H, which had the advantage of being an aisle seat, and the fellow in 46I was skinny. That probably doesn't mean much to you if you have never been seated next to a large person. It matters! Especially on an eight or nine hour trip.

I hadn't been there too long—we were still at the gate—when a flight attendant approached and asked if I was Ms. Harkey. I replied yes, and now I was worried. I'm flying standby today, as I often do, and I didn't make it on the first flight out of Amsterdam this morning. Now, I was afraid that I would get pulled back off of this flight. The flight attendant asked me to come with her, and bring all my belongings. She then advised I would be moving further forward. I breathed a sigh of relief, and began to hope. I knew that I would eventually get home, but camping out in a foreign airport didn't look at all attractive.

We walked further forward . . . and further forward. . . and further forward . . . to emerge in first class. I am now enjoying a recliner, and very nice meal and beverage service. I have been upgraded!

I had heard about the individual video units, and now have experienced them. The screen is about 4" x 5", and the unit has a number of channels. It's a little like hotel TVs. One nice feature is the moving map and flight statistics. The

display includes maps of various scales, with our airplane shown at the head of a red line depicting our flight path. Then come several pages of information, including time remaining, ground speed (605 mph), distance remaining, and ETA (estimated time of arrival). We are down to just over 2½ hours from Detroit now, and I'll be glad to get home. I have already been sitting in this seat for over six hours.

This particular trip was to the European Aviation Safety Seminar in Amsterdam. The conference was good, in general. Like many seminars, the quality of presentations varied considerably. Most were worthwhile, some were outstanding, and a few would have made good insomnia cures. I'll not evaluate mine, except to say that others said it went well. I received lots of good questions and comments afterward. I spoke about passenger misconduct. (If you are interested in reading the paper I presented, look on the Central Indiana web site, www.a1.com/indymensa/julie02.htm.)

The flight is getting a bit bumpy. I'll finish this later, maybe on the Detroit-Indianapolis leg, whichever one I find a seat on.

April 2, 1999

What a trip that was! I got up that morning at 1:30 a.m. (Indiana time) and arrived home at 11:30 p.m. I didn't make it on the first flight out of Detroit, so spent some time in that terminal too. At least in U.S. airports there is no smoking. Not so in Europe—I reeked of cigarette smoke, and had to have my raincoat cleaned to get rid of the smell. It was a good trip, though, even if the trip home was a long one. It could have been much more difficult.

I had a new experience on the flight over. I have seen many flight attendant incident reports describing passengers who faint or become dizzy after one or two drinks. I generally don't drink much on airplanes, because I am usually alone and have to function well and safely at the destination. This trip was a bit different—it was going to be a long, overnight flight, and I thought a little wine might help me sleep. I had two small glasses of wine, one at the airport in New York, and one with dinner on the airplane. I didn't even make it all the way through the meal. Before dessert, I was flushed, sweaty, and about ready to pass out! I found out later that this is a type of hypoxia. Alcohol somehow interferes with the body's ability to absorb oxygen. I did achieve my goal of sleeping. It's a good thing I didn't need to go to the bathroom, though, because I never would have made it to the lav without passing out. I won't be drinking on airplanes any more. Aircraft are typically pressurized to simulate an altitude of 6,000 to 7,000 feet. A higher altitude sure can make a difference.

I'm on the ground now for a while. I don't fly again until some time in May. I'm ready for a rest, to be honest. I enjoy going to meetings but travel wears thin after a while. Too bad we can't just "beam up" to get to all those meetings. Ah well. If we could do that, we wouldn't need airplanes.

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