To-day at breakfast, a quiet breakfast made for cups of tea, As-sam tea

(Ban-as-pat-ty), I remarked that I'd thought of a good name,

a name for a group, our next group: Feckless Mullions.

"Rock Band?" you asked.

"No. A group that just stands quietly—"

Feckless Mullions "—in a grid, slowly raising one leg." slowly raise one leg until . . .

(SPOKEN)