

## "I Play Music"

Every musician wants to do a gig at Mocha Moment. Willing to play for coffee and tips, Steven James was persistent. I liked a couple of his sample songs and since he lived only a couple blocks from Mocha Moment, I thought an appearance would be especially fitting. Saturday, I swung by the shop to hear his last couple of numbers. Playing a standup bass, adding live vocals and his own recorded background, Steven was really good, well above the "local talent," I thought. Afterwards I remarked, "You're good! You're welcome back anytime." "Thanks," he replied, "I'd like to return."

On Monday, with sport coat and tie, Steven was standing at the bar for coffee, purchased with one of the tokens I'd given him for performing. "What do you do for a living?" I asked. "I play music." ("Oh," I thought, the quality beginning to make sense.) "Where?" I pursued. "Madison Symphony Orchestra."

Did you ever feel like, "Woooahh! That was close." I harked back to all the things I'd said. I escaped with "nonchalance about whether or not he performed," the standard caution "to keep the volume down," and "You're good. You're welcome back." Phew!!!! Not too bad, when I could have said something really stupid!