

Bandstand

Volume 8

Number 3

November, 1984

Officer elections

On the same day as the national elections for President, we held our own presidential elections. The new Band Board for 1984-85 is:

President - Jose Zorola '86 sax
Vice Pres - Kirsten Robinson '87 clar
Bus Manager - Chris Stille '87 trumpet
Corr Sec - Lisa Cohen '87 sax
Rec Sec - Anne De Weer '87 flute

Congratulations to the new Band Board and Good Luck!

ALUMNI COME HOME

This year marks the Band's 60th anniversary, also (coincidentally, of course) Elrod Snidley's 60th birthday. Elrod has always been a SEXagenarian at heart, but it's nice to make it official. In celebration of this momentous occasion, the Band had a special Alumni halftime show at Homecoming (the Penn game, October 13). We were joined by: Bob Abbatomarco '82.5, Stewart Baird '51, Bill Barnert '78, Bob Bigler '74, Wayne Carver '74, Geoff Del Sesto '80, Bob Feldman '58, Joe Hollander '81, Sue Kahn '78, Steven Levine '78, Sara Low '83, William McCoy '43, Bob Miorelli '76, Earl Palmer '44, Paul Payton '69, George Pokorny '77, John Prouty '31, Harold Resnic '56, Paul Stoddard '78, Bob Wells '??, and Luise Woelflein '83.

Following the game was a reception in Orwig, where everyone reminisced about Band traditions and poked through a three-volume album of Band history. Many thanks to all alumni who participated and we hope others will join us in the future.

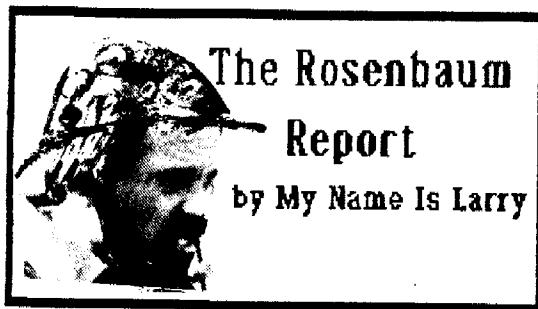
Hockey Schedule

Sat November 17 @ Dartmouth
Sun November 18 @ Harvard
Tue November 27 YALE
Fri November 30 VERMONT
Sat December 1 RPI
Tue December 4 BC
Fri December 7 ST. LAWRENCE
Sat December 8 CLARKSON
Fri January 4 @ Downeast Tourney
Sat January 5 Portland, Maine
Wed January 9 PC
Fri January 11 ARMY
Sat January 12 PRINCETON
Fri January 18 @ Cornell
Sat January 19 @ Colgate
Sat January 26 @ Yale
Fri February 1 DARTMOUTH
Sat February 2 HARVARD
Fri February 8 @ RPI
Sat February 9 @ Vermont
Fri February 15 @ Clarkson
Sat February 16 @ St. Lawrence
Sat February 23 COLGATE
Sun February 24 CORNELL
Fri March 1 @ Princeton

The Colgate and Cornell home games are at 2:00 P.M.

Alumni notes

Johanna Bergmans '79 (Yanna) has recently received her MBA from the Amos Tuck school at Dartmouth and is now a consultant for General Electric. Congratulations Yanna!



The Rosenbaum Report

by My Name Is Larry

Ladies and gentlemen, friends and alumni, and all you people tired of hearing the same old jokes about suicide pills....

With last week's victory over the pathetic Columbia "band," the Brown Band has once again finished the season undefeated. Following are the highlights of the 1984 football season:

Yale: We saluted our new director, Matt, by forming a conductor's baton and playing, "Beat It" ("that's not disgusting, it's semiotic!")

U.R.I.: Costume show: the R.I.S.D. band performed (in Salvation-army style clothing, multicolored hair, etc.), saluting Brown students by playing "Squares and Straights Forever" and playing other appropriate hits like "Hello Dali."

Princeton: A Monty-Pythesque foot (thanx to John Bratton and Kirsten Robinson) stepped on our formation while we played "The Liberty Bell March." We listened to the suicide pill jokes.

Penn: 60th Anniversary show: we recounted the little-known history of the Band and saluted the 4th dimension. More suicide pill jokes à la Penn. band.

Cornell: Salute to P.B.S., with cookie monster (P.B.S. decided to show the Cornell "marching" band instead of us [gag me with an E-flat clarinet]). Featured a spar between formation critics Siskel and Ebert with lines like, "you suck, Roger, and I hate you!" Aggie suicide pill jokes...I guess they think we have it too easy.

Holy Cross: Parents' weekend: our diannual "can we get away with mentioning the name of a certain Judaic Studies professor" show. Featur-ed the Band's Exodus from the evil land of Worcester.

Harvard: Thanks to alums Bill Barnert, Steve Levine, and Carey Honig---the first show ever to be read from an ambulance (there was a power outage in Boston). P.B.S. missed us again.

Dartmouth: Season home finale, the Dueling Bandshow: the Band split into two and played "Dueling Banjos" (arr. by Matt). While two announcers alternated reading the show, Matt and Stud. Con. Dave "Id" Morse had a shotgun duel. The band played two different pieces at the same time, and in a total nonsequitor, a string quartet, in full

dress, played right on the 50 yard line. More "original" suicide pill "jokes" by Dartmouth.

Columbia: Our déjà-vù show, our déjà-vù show: we gained revenge for Columbia's long and repetitive performance at Brown last year by playing their favorite song, "I Hear You Knocking But You Can't Come In," several times. We wrapped up the season by playing "The New York Post March" while forming a worm booting on the field after biting the Big Apple. Déjà-vù: more "clever" suicide pill jokes from S.U.N.Y. Harlem.

Next: The first nude show on ice?

Hockey season, hockey season, hockey season, hockey season.....

Sax Kittens Go To Ezra

In the past year, a cultural phenomenon has swept the Brown Band. In a recent Bandstand survey, four out of five bandies stated they wanted to join the sax section. The Cornell overnighiter proved to be an excellent opportunity to not only see the sax section in action, but to capture the euphoria underlying saxmania.

When I questioned certain band members about the results of the survey, I received remarks ranging from "Excuse me, but what's a saxophone?" to "Touch me and I'll boot." One young lady, when asked if she wanted to join the sax section, promptly cut me off with, "I don't think so!" while the strangest answer came from an individual in a white jacket who said that the sax section is a cross between a kitten and Marilyn Monroe (whatever that means).

In an exclusive interview with President Rosie Perera, Bandstand asked Rosie if there was any truth to the rumors of deteriorating conditions within the upper echelon of the Brown Band. Bandstand had learned that the Band was troubled with alcoholism, drug addiction and prostitution. The Band was only kept from destruction by the ingenious actions of the sax section at Ezra. In response to the statements, Rosie said, "Look! I'm not sure where you get your information but I keep the band together as a band. I'm in charge! I'm trying to make everybody remember that we have a responsibility to our alumni and fans. We have a drink every now and then but we don't do drugs. We do short tours, and we don't sleep with our fans. We may not be the Osmonds, but we're awfully close. The sax section is not any different from any other section, even if it does contain the most interesting individuals in the band."

Unable to find adequate answers to "is there saxmania?," I disguised myself as a saxophone and set out to discover the truth. What I encountered were individuals such as the Pope, Weenie, Peter "Uzbek" Sultan (the great BDH columnist), Jon "the concept of my mother" Bauman, Wheeta Woman and her Wheeta Patrol, and, strangest of all, a tuba player. I unearthed a series of events which almost led to the downfall of the Band, and finally culminated in the rescue of the Band Board from their imprisonment by the Cornell Band. This was accomplished through the heroic actions of the sax section.

Unfortunately, the Cornell Band had done a good job of brainwashing some of our illustrious officers. One officer vehemently denounced the rescue. She said that they (the Band Board) were quietly discussing Band strategies with the Cornell officers when a man in a gold-trimmed white robe waving a long stick burst into the room yelling, "F_____! I believe in free love, if it involves sex good for you and if it doesn't all the better." He was followed by another individual shouting, "Yeah! You and the concept of my mother!" Suddenly, there were shouts of "Wheeta Patrol," eight saxes and a tuba had rushed into the room. In all the confusion, they grabbed the Brown Band officers and were out the door leaving the Cornell officers to sulk in defeat.

To better understand the rescue, I spoke with Wheeta Woman of the Wheeta Patrol who took time away from . . . "What's his name, again?" (the sax section leader) to speak to me. She mentioned that she realized something was wrong when they were led down the hill to stay at a co-op, a mile off campus. "Something about the way the Cornell bandie had us sit in a circle, introduce ourselves, and name our concentrations bothered me," Wheeta Woman told me before she said, "Excuse me, sugarlump, but I need to go wheeta." I tried to get more information from what's his name, but I couldn't hear him.

Through further interviews of other saxes, I learned that Jon "Your momma's one, too" Bauman saved the saxes (and one tuba) by showing some of his sexual positions which amazed our host and allowed the sax section to sneak out the back. "By the time we escaped, it was too late to make the one o'clock Ezra trip," Weenie "Gee, it wasn't until I got to Brown that I found out that Boy George was a Boy" Apy told me. Nevertheless, the saxes figured they would pay their own tribute to Ezra. "Yeah! I

wanted to watch," Evelyn "Champaigne King" Mills whispered to me during her interview.

However, when the sax section arrived at Ezra, they found evidence of others before them, for David, Larry, Rick "I'll take pictures" and others had made the one o'clock deadline. "What is this yellow liquid?" asked the Uzbek. "Who knows, but I can probably analyze it in Chemistry," answered John "not another John" Cowles.

So as the sax section prepared for their tribute, the Pope raised his stick and began his sermon, "We, the sax section, have trod to this sight to pay tribute to the mighty statue. We must continue the tradition which has been passed down through the ages from the days of our forefather, Irving Harris, through the troubled times of Irvin "has no _____ (what!)" Lustig, onto this present era of social spending.

At this point, the sermon was interrupted by a "Phwumph!" It seems that our only tuba had found a map which eventually tipped the saxes off to the kidnapping. Following innumerable leads, they followed the map to the circled Barton Hall and, there, carried out the rescue.

The rescue has been praised from east to west and coast to coast. The daring actions of the sax section were described by one bandie as being a "stroke of Fate." Another bandie went so far as to call the saxes "Gods." Who knows?

BANDQUET

by Kirsten Robinson '87

The Brown Band held its annual Bandquet on November ninth at the Johnson and Wales Hospitality Center. (We always wondered where that Johnson and Wales bus went!) Unfortunately, our bus service was not great -- we only had one bus to carry two busloads of hungry bandies. (Mission accomplished, but it took two trips.)

Those of us who went on the first bus had plenty of time to observe the decor while we were waiting for the others. The dining room was tastefully appointed with flowers, white tablecloths, and a swimming pool. Also the band was very fashionably attired. Patty Lommel '86 looked lovely in red velvet, and Charles Burke '87 was suavely decked out in a tux jacket and gray striped pants. David Morse '86, in black tie, was nearly mistaken for a waiter.

(cont. p. 1)

After the stragglers arrived, we all spent some time looking at snapshots from past band events, such as the Penn State and Washington trips and the RISD show. In typical Brown Band style, we drained many carafes of wine before finally turning our attention to the sumptuous buffet. The food was absolutely delicious.

When we had all finished overindulging, Band president Rosie Perera '85 took the podium. Fortunately, we persuaded her to bring it back and make a brief speech. Rosie recalled highlights of the past year, including the marathon hockey game and the annual trip to baptize Ezra. She also thanked Matt McGarrell for his invaluable contributions as our new director. She gave him a bottle of wine as a token of our appreciation and they exchanged kisses. Later she commented that his beard tickled.

Next Rosie introduced Jose Zorola '86, who will be our new Band president even though no one voted for him. Jose, also known as "the Pope", did not give a sermon, since he felt that we heathens would not appreciate it. He did warn us of the consequences of having a saxophonist as president, calling up fond memories of Irvin Lustig '83 in the minds of the old bandies. Jose also introduced the new Band Board and thanked the old board for their hard work and their help with the transition into office. Jose's goals for the coming year are to "improve the Band and have fun doing it." He asked that the entire Band become more involved by giving their input to the new Band Board.

Brown Band
Box 1841
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Providence, RI 02912

After Jose's speech, the three traditional awards were given out. The Axelrod went jointly to Bethany Bearce and Jon Bauman, the Maddock was given to Larry Rosenbaum, and the Harris went to Rosie Perera.

Entertainment was next on the evening's agenda. First we listened to Larry, David, Joe Zimmerman '86, and Nick Hastings '87 sing a collection of Brown songs and other favorites. The only problem was getting them to stop singing! When they were finally gagged and their silly hats were taken away, we turned to the silver screen to enjoy some more semiotic art forms: a movie and some slides (can I say "slides" in a family publication?) of the Band's exploits.

The final portion of the evening was the solemn rite of senior gifts. With the help of a senior questionnaire, Jose and Ann De Weer '87 managed to find perfect gifts for everyone. The only thing I don't understand is how the Pope and Ann-De could purchase such items as Debbie Audino's Chippendale poker cards, Betsy Brutchey's body cocktails, and Janice Butler's lacy bra and apron (for leading those freshmen astray)! Other interesting gifts were a pottie for our own "Weedawoman", Beth Mowat, and a studded leather cuff to protect Carol Fenimore's sensitive ankles. Evan Fox got plenty of sleazy tabloids to keep him entertained on bus trips, plus a pair of boots. Charles and Ben Hall '88 also had a pair of boots, even though they aren't seniors.

After the festivities ended, the Band marched off on the yardlines, playing "Ever True". No, wait -- that's for halftime shows... Oh, well. Be back next year for more drunken debauchery.

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