



Bandstand

Volume 9

Number 1

May, 1985

The Impact of Cardboard on the Western World

The Annual Senior Questionnaire

Once again, seniors were handed the now infamous Annual Senior Questionnaire. Through them, this Bandstand reporter is now able to bring the reading public all the juicy insights into the lives of the Class of '85. The questionnaire consisted of hundreds of questions, of which only a handful are printable. Thus, with this in mind, I now take you into the band lives of the senior class.

What is your concentration?

Nerds! Nerds! Nerds! What else could they say? Nine seniors are into the sciences, while only three said they are concentrating in the humanities. The favorite concentration was Computer Science. Rumor has it that every senior has taken either CS 11 or 4.

What is your alcoholic beverage?

The seniors all seem to agree that anything with alcohol in it is acceptable and therefore their favorite. Evan Fox even insisted that a boot should accompany the alcohol.

What is your favorite food?

Once again, the seniors were all in consensus when they agreed with Mr. Christie who said last year that we, the band, only enjoy sticky, thick, sweet things.

What is your favorite Brown Band song?

Some of the more popular answers were: any song with Jon Bauman's mother in the lyrics, "Ever True to Brown"(in all its variations), "For Bruno and for Brown," and the ever popular return of "I'm a Pembroker Born."

What was your most memorable band trip?

Many different answers were given for this one since the band has visited many exotic lands around the globe. Each senior had their own personal reasons for their favorite trips. The trips most mentioned were Penn State in '83 and William and Mary in '82.

What is your favorite bus trip pasttime?

Here again many answers were given. They included: singing band songs, rumbles and strip poker (this was Debbie Audino's answer). Rose Caetano and Stephanie Dyson were obsessed with seats and what one did with them, Larry enjoyed discussing the impact of cardboard on the Western World, and, I can't forget, Jim Johnston's answer was "Ask Beth."

Don't you love questionnaires?

Once again, practically all the seniors said they loved questionnaires and a few even mentioned what they'd love to do with this one. The only dissenting senior was Larry Rosenbaum, who was upset that no questions were asked about his feelings on the purple socks blitz in Mozambique.

Finally, the last question was
How do you rate the band among other things you do?

The answers were:

- A. It's my life. I don't do anything else.
- B. It's half my life. I still play student.
- C. I take it as it comes.
- D. I DO IT less than I should.
- E. Are we lost yet? and
- F. The Princeton Band.

This article was brought to you in spirit by the Pope, José Zorola (with an accent on the "e," thank you!). You're welcome! (ed.)

PAGE TWO **Confessions of a Band President
as told to Lex Hubris
at Mickey's Boarding House**

"It's a tough business," I thought as I stepped out of the car into the biting wind. The rain, trying to reach my skin, dug its soggy fingers into the feeble raincoat I had bought last week. I cursed and walked over to the wharf. Already I was sick of this business. What was I doing here? This was the third night of waiting-- a lousy deal they'd picked me to do. At least after tonight it would be over-- I hoped.

I ran over my orders for the hundredth time. Sure I was nervous; my superiors are rough guys. No messing around with them. I was to meet my contact here (the wharves) and arrange a deal for some items (certain instruments) needed by my organization (a band of real low-lives). What they didn't know was that I wasn't going to deliver. Sure, I'd pick up their stuff, but they'd never see it. By tomorrow morning the goods, as well as the money the boss gave me for them, would be far away.

But why'd they pick me to do this Black Market deal? I guess my eye patch and the fact I play saxophone had a lot to do with it. They figured I looked honest. Suckers.

The wind belted me and brought hundreds of sharp stabs into my face. A ship's bell tolled somewhere ahead of me, off in the grey smudge that was the harbor. Wishing I had a gun, I cursed again. Loudly.

"Hey."

I started at the voice that came from behind me. Turning around I saw a raincoat just like mine with a shifty looking character inside it. The bookstore must have had a sale on them, I thought. Raincoats, that is, not shifty characters.

"Are you the pick-up man?" he asked slowly. His voice grated in my ears. "The one He said was coming?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, what's the scoop?" he asked, eyeing me.

"You have something He wants. I'm here to get it," I said. All I could see were his eyes-- a large bandanna handkerchief covered his nose and mouth. He looked even more diabolical than he sounded.

"What's the proof you're legit? I'm not giving this stuff to anybody."

"I have proof," I said, reaching for my pocket. I extracted the conductor's baton that was my key to the merchandise and handed it to him.

"Good. McGarrell's baton proves it-- you're the man," he said, looking at me.

"How do I know *you're* legit?" I asked.

"Shut up. I call the shots," he growled, pocketing the baton. I followed him over to the gaping freight door of one of the warehouses. Walking inside, I was glad to be out of the rain at last. A single white bulb illuminated a huge crate in the center of the cavernous shed. From the wood shavings inside the crate peeked several leather cases.

"Here they are. First class trumpets, trombones, harps. You name it. It's all here. I never thought the Brown Band would be so desperate as to go the Black Market for their livelihood. Now, my friend, where's the money? Once I have that, I'll help you move the crate."

I paused. I had planned on keeping both the money and the instruments, but the case was large and I would need his help. I had no choice. After I had handed him the grubby, cash-filled envelope, I bent down to the crate to inspect. Then he laughed. A long, evil cackle.

"You fool," he chuckled. I looked up at him. The gleaming barrel of an automatic stared back. "You stupid fool. You thought you could actually pull this off, didn't you? Thought you would fence the goods and take the profit. No way, José." He pulled the handkerchief down to reveal a sneer, nicely framed by a full beard.

"McGarrell! You!" I cried, jumping up.

"Correct, you scum. C'mon, lean against the crate." He deftly frisked me as I tried to figure out what had happened. He anticipated my thought.

"The clarinets tipped me off; they were tired of being oppressed by such a facist. When they learned of your plans, I picked off the real contact and met you myself. I wouldn't dream of letting you steal band property, even if it was slightly ill-gotten in the first place. I guess the tables have been turned, eh, Pope?" As he spoke I edged towards the crate-- it was my only chance.

"Clever, McGarrell, clever," I said. "I'm impressed. What are you going to do with me?" I moved closer to the crate.

"I don't know. We'll let the band decide that. I'm sure they can come up with something particularly nasty," he said, laughing again like a maniac. This was my chance.

I grabbed one of the instrument cases from the shavings and aimed at his head. I didn't miss. He shot once wildly as he hit the floor, tangled in the twisted trombone that had fallen out of the case. I took his gun and hit him again just to be sure. After all, McGarrell was not to be trifled with, as I've told you before. I looked back once as I ran away-- all I saw was a confused pile of steaming blood, gleaming brass, and twitching limbs.

* * *

I took a cab uptown to this boarding house where I'll hang out for a while. But what can I do? I can't go back to the band. And I can't show my face-- they'll know it's me. I don't know what I'll do. I haven't heard of many other president's positions...

I tell you, it's a tough business.

Band Goes to Washington

On April twentieth, the Brown Band undertook a pilgrimage to Washington, D.C. in order to show all those stuffy political types how to have a good time. Yes, folks, you guessed it, we were invited to return (for the third year in a row-- and that's better than our record at Army!) to participate in the appropriately named Gross National Parade!!!

We left at 10:00 on Saturday morning, prepared for a long, gruelling bus ride. Many bandies brought bus survival kits which included Walkmen, pillows, blankets, backgammon, madlibs, and of course, my friend Jack Daniels. After the initial scramble to make sure that we didn't get stuck with the seat next to the bathroom, we settled down and began our vocal warmups for band songs and the tollbooth cheer. Some vocal warmups suspiciously resembled smut.

Nine hours and several quarts of fast chinese food later, we arrived in Georgetown at the Hotel Bristol. Now, this hotel was not what the Brown Band is used to. We're talking *no* X-rated movies, *no* unidentified objects in the showers, and *no* beds with plastic mattress covers. We are talking \$500 per night *extravagance!!!* Of course, the doormen refused to look at us, and the concierge asked us snootily if we *always*

carried pillows with us wherever we went. We couldn't wait to see how they responded to our parade garb.

After we had finished ooh-ing and ah-ing over our sumptuous rooms with phones in the bathrooms, cable TV and exotically scented shower gel, and after we had consumed our mixed nuts and Toblerone, we headed out to sample the nightlife in Georgetown. We had to walk several blocks before we could find a restaurant which we could afford with our food money.

When we finished our pizza, we split up. Some bandies went dancing till all hours, while others bought expensive beer and went back to the Bristol to take in a movie.

The next morning saw a bustle of activity as bandies rose from their alcoholic stupors and began to don their costumes for the parade. Some outfits were quite, er, unusual. Beth looked like Ellie Mae, Charles dressed as a woman, your VICE president looked like Cyndi Lauper after a bad night, and several bandies wore boxer shorts in vibrant colors in order to advertise our sponsor's (Britches of Georgetown) "Boxer Rebellion."

Finally we were all ready to leave, and we trooped out with the doormen glaring after us. After a photo session outside the bus, we left for the parade. While we were waiting for it to start, we had plenty of time to make a road trip to McDonald's, pet some baby goats (it's a good thing the Dartmouth band was not present), and observe the other entrants in the parade. Some notable groups included the "TORO TORO TORO" lawnmower drill team, and a float full of beer-bellied men in tropical shirts who were looking for virgins to sacrifice.

The parade started at last, and a very hot Brown Band made its way down K street towards the reviewing stand. There we all put paper bags over our heads and performed a bad rendition of a kick line to the strains of "Rubber Duckie." Then we "marched" on to the end of the parade, where we were not mooned by the Princeton band (because we went before them this year). Some of our male bandies tried to moon them, but they didn't want to pull their pants down. Oh, well. The final event before we got back on the bus was a rousing ugly cheer for my Dad and Aunt Carol, who were impressed by our rudeness.

(cont. on page four)

Dr. Richie Brown '78 ('81 M.D.) and Rozan Stone Brown have moved to the Seattle area. Richie finished his family practice residency as chief resident in June. He is now in his first year in the Robert Wood Johnson Faculty Development Fellowship in Family Medicine at the University of Washington. He'll be teaching medical students and residents and will complete a master's in Public Health in 1986. Rozan is an account representative for Western Data Corporation in Bellevue, working with financial systems on Hewlett-Packard Computers.

Bob Wells ?? is working for Blue Cross. New address is:
44 Vallone Rd.
Cranston, RI 02920

Matthew Merzbacher '83 is working towards his Ph.D. in computer science at UCLA. He welcomes visitors, "especially old roommates." New address is:
UCLA
Hershey Hall
Los Angeles, CA 90024

Betsy Crozier '84-- New address is:
Ens. Elizabeth Crozier
Pacific Marine Center
NOAA Ship "Fairweather"
1801 Fairview Ave, E
Seattle, WA 98102

Sue Topchik '84 is living with **Judy Wells '83** and teaching High School. Their address is:
282 Belleville Ave.
Apt. 2-A
Belleville, NJ 07109

Brown Band
Box 1841
Brown University
Providence, RI 02912

John Gnassi '84 is attending Rutgers Medical School with **Leo Santamarina '84**. He writes he is living at home and "commuting with a '68 Beatle that has an electrical system about as reliable as BROWNVNVM a week before everyone's final paper and program is due." Mail appreciated at:

126 Ainsworth Ave.
E. Brunswick, NJ 08816

Nick Philipson '84-- New address is:
156-158 Summer St., Apt. 411
Somerville, MA 02143

Bruce Siegell '84 is a grad student in Engineering at Carnegie-Mellon working on his Master's thesis. New address is:
5220 Forbes Ave.
Pittsburgh, PA 15217

Washington trip, cont.

The return trip was about twice as long as the trip down. We ate huge amounts of food at a rest stop in Delaware and then concentrated on finishing our alcohol (or just sleeping) until we got to the infamous Vince Lombardi memorial truck stop just outside of New York. We were a sad sight by then, but we still managed to drag ourselves off the bus, buy and eat some bad food, and have our biorhythms done for a quarter. (Bethany's sex cycle was high!!!) When we finally got back home, even Taco Maker had closed for the night, and all the disheveled bandies stumbled home, looking forward to their nine o'clock classes the next morning.

We just can't wait to go back next year!!!