



LSJUMB

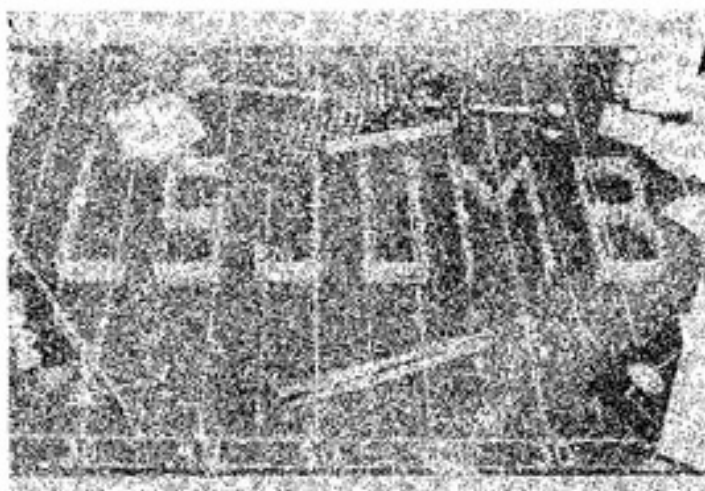
Leland Stanford Junior University Marching Band

Spring 1999

LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

Chaney Rankin

Well, another year has run its course (yes, some of us are still on Student Time) and the Band has survived. It's been a big year: you might remember attending a reunion (and if you don't remember, you must have had a good time!) We lost our beloved Shak, are living in some temporary digs, have an album coming up, and are generally in a permanent state of chaos. Gotta love it. Tragically, the Shak came down while half the



Band was in Long Beach, CA, with the women's volleyball team. But those of us who remained were there, bright and early in the morning for three days in a row, to pay our respects to our cherished and condemned home. The sky was cloudless (at least until the puffs of asbestos billowed upward), the morning was warm, and most of us were skipping work, taking finals, or really hung over at 8 AM. In some cases it was a combination of all three. But on the last day, about twenty hardy souls materialized in the road with instruments and

proudly played "She's Not There," "Love Shak," "Tear the Roof off the Sucker" and anything else we thought was funny. You can get pictures of the Shak's noble end from OF Dwayne Virnau's Web site at <http://www.stanford.edu/~dragon/Band/>.

So what's our new home like? Call it a split-level. Instruments in a wee but cozy trailer, management and accessories in a wing of Encina Gym, and rehearsal in Ford Center,

where we scare the gymnast kiddies each and every week. The University swears we'll get ourselves all together in Encina Gym very soon, which translates to "after you have all graduated." But on the bright side, TemporaryShakParty had far fewer people

due to our lowered capacity, and there was no line at all for the Velvet Hammers. And the news we know you've all been waiting for: the album. We're doing another one, and won't stop till we get a Grammy. This one's being recorded in fall, and hopefully it will be good. More on this when it actually appears.

Don't forget to check your mailbox each and every day when fall rolls around, because we have a few more things up our scratchy red

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wool sleeves. Remember our longtime fearless leader Art Barnes? Well, the new frosh don't. As much as we all love Scott Stanford (Class of '91), our Interim Director, we're terribly afraid of losing him in a tragic fireworks accident and so we are putting together a shiny new Endowment Fund for a permanent Director of Bands. Don't whip out those checkbooks quite yet—you'll be hearing more about this over the summer and fall. This is just to get you excited.

LONGVIEW

Rick Pam

'Twas the summer of '95 and I was a year into my third tour of duty at the Farm, minding my own business, trying to adjust to the teaching life, hoping no one would discover my deep dark diabolical hidden secret that dare not speak its name in polite society—I was a recovering member of the LSJUMB (syn: "oldfart"). I thought I had hidden it well. All those undergraduate years on the lunatic fringe, taking no responsibility, feigning surprise when the police found some seats from the Sports Arena on our bus, giving grief to any number of managers trying to keep us out of jail and prevent our ejection from Disneyland, driving several to drink (oh, right, they already drank), driving others to State College, PA—all safely lost and buried in the mists of antiquity, or at least the 70s.

And then it happened. A student approached me after class one day: "Hey, I heard you were in the Band!". And just like that, the jig was up. The veneer of respectability I had labored years to establish was stripped away and I was exposed: The truth could be denied no longer. I had to confront my past.

So I took the first small step — I acknowledged the truth. Yes, I had been in the Band. I tried to soften the impact: "but that was many years ago when I had a full head of hair, before anyone took Reagan seriously, before Bob Tiffany and Eric Strandberg dreamed up the Tree." The next steps came a little easier: I attended one of the many

Arthur P. Barnes retirement reunions. Met other old friends and current students. I could feel myself sliding down the slippery slope. Saw Neil Grunberg initiate the Endowment Fund and donated a few \$ (Canadian, though). I was fast nearing rock bottom. By the time Maria Drueckhammer called to ask if I would be on the Alum Board, I had lost all self-respect and was helpless to resist. Maria, the prime mover responsible for establishing the Band Alumni presence on campus, recognized a blubbing patsy when she saw one. She subsequently left Stanford for the east coast, leaving me holding the bag to reprise her role as the Token Adult on campus, trying to help the Band navigate the uncertain shoals of the post-Barnes world.

I've been asked for some reflections on what the Band is like from my current Token Adult perspective, compared to my former student self (I guess Chaney is really desperate to fill space). Specific details change. New since my incarceration in the Band: Old Fart Night in the Shak, Shak Party, year-round Monday night rehearsals; the art of witty yells seems to be gone, replaced by literal rally dress for guys. Other traditions don't change: student management, SMUT, performing halftime shows with an illegal smile, an annual public controversy, Jake. Any of you could make your own list.

However, finding myself in the unfamiliar position of having to explain the Band to others, two reactions continually come to

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mind as I watch the Band and their antics these days: 1) an epiphanous appreciation of the role of the manager in keeping this group of misfits together, walking the tightrope balancing the exuberant lunatic fringes of the Band against the onslaughts of an angry public. In other words, was I that much of an idiot way back then? Of course! (Sorry 'bout all those grey hairs, Halleen). The importance to the Band's spirit of being student-run can't be overemphasized, and the manager's role as a human punching bag, open to all comers, is essential in maintaining this spirit. You should all immediately look up your favorite manager and beg forgiveness for ignoring how much she/he/it suffered for your fun/sins or both; and while you're at it, buy him/her/it a drink, assuming its/his/her liver can take it.

My second reaction is an understanding of the genius, or just plain dumb luck, of Art Barnes in setting up the Band this way, yet never being very far away. When things got tough in the 'old days,' a well placed soft word or loud belch from Chairman Art was all it took to curb our worst excesses and save our collective fannies (those of you at the '72 Rose Bowl will remember his speech to the Band—those of you who weren't there, ha-ha-ha). And whatever he told Presidents and AD's in private will, thankfully, remain private for all

time. Since Art's retirement, that stability has been missing from the Band. That's become all too clear to me in my dealings around the University. More than a generation of students has come and gone whose only connection with Art Barnes is through mythology.

So both my Token Adult and OF personalities merge in the realization that the long term health of the band requires a permanent musical director to continue the Band's legitimacy and legacy. Without a Director, the Band becomes just another student group in the crowd. To this end a number of us are working on a plan to raise mass quantities of \$\$ to endow the LSJUMB musical director position, in honor of Arthur P. Barnes. And in order to make this as well-endowed as possible, we'll all be asked to participate in this noble endeavor to simultaneously honor Barnes' legacy and ensure its continuation. So stay tuned and hang on to your wallet, 'cause we know where to find you, and find you we will.

NOBODY LOVES US LIKE WE LOVE US

But if you're feeling a little bit **too** loved, let us know. If you don't want to receive this newsletter anymore, just fill this out, tear it off, and send it back to us, and we promise not to bother you any more.
Much.

Name:

Mailing Address:

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

Scott Stanford

Old Farts keep asking me what it's like directing the Band. I gotta tell ya, it's a pretty good deal. My schedule looks something like this:

Monday:

Attend Staph Meeting. Wonder how the Band got this organized. Remind them what it was like when I was in Band. Listen to rehearsal. Remember earplugs.

Wednesday:

Duck out of my engineering job in Menlo Park for an hour or so to run the Band through Banner and Hail. Bitch about tuning and dynamics. Drink a warm Henry's to make it all better.

Friday:

Like Wednesday, but there are more people to bitch at.

Saturday:

Like Friday, but interrupt sleep instead of work. Replace Henry's with one of George's Bloody Marys. Conduct the Good Doctor's rendition of the National Anthem to an enthusiastic home crowd, and climb down the ladder all smiles. Sample section drinks to pass the next three hours of athletic mediocrity. Retain enough balance to conduct Hail.

Yes, it's a life right out of a Band Handbook. I also assist the Band's many music arrangers, which hail from both the student and alumni bodies. Charts by Save Ferris, Squirrel Nut Zippers, Rancid, Madness,

Dave Matthews, Smashmouth, Reel Big Fish, Blink 182 and Goldfinger have made their way into the play list, keeping the Band one step ahead of the rest of the Pac-10 (and still about 20 years ahead of anything east of California). Several of the charts feature soloists, something not done in recent memory outside of "What is Hip." You'll get to hear many of these tunes on the album which will be recorded this Fall. Contrary to rumor, the album will not be named "LSJUMB: The Fanta Menace."

Running the Red Vest tryouts is a great way to get both a feel for the musicality of the individual members and a peculiar assortment of bribes. I'm happy to report that the Band has a lot of young raw talent in its Freshmen and Sophomores, especially among the mellz, bonz, and altoz.

Meetings with the Stanford administration and Athletic Department have generally gone well, but my lack of full faculty credentials (remember: I'm just the interim guy) means I don't have the amount of pull that the Band Director should when the feces hits the turbine. As such my final duty is to help find some poor clod to be the new full time Director of Bands at Stanford. But you'll hear plenty on that in the next few months.



LSJUMB

PO Box 7930

Stanford, CA 94309

COME JOIN THE BAND

ChrisMatt Henderson

It seems like it wasn't so long ago when I first joined the one, the only, the truly incomparable Leland Stanford Junior University Marching Band. In fact, it wasn't. It was just three years ago. First, I played trumpet. That's not exactly true. First, I pretended to play trumpet so that I could get free beer and go to exotic places like Los Angeles, Maples Pavilion, and the highly renowned Band Shak. A lot has changed since those first days, but one thing remains the same, I'm just not sure what that thing is.

I guess I am supposed to tell you about how different my life has been in my different capacities with the band:

Trumpeteer, Tree, Exotic Dancer, and now Public Relations. I suppose the best way to do that is to describe three different all campuses for you.

All campus #1: Fall 1997, My sophomore year. I played trumpet. I ran. I fell. On my trumpet. I lost my music. I had lots of fun. Freshmen young and old were entranced by the Band. I remember playing All Right Now in the Quad and finally timing the jump correctly. It was an amazing experience but nothing in particular stands out.

Not like the next years anyway.

All campus #2: Spring 1998, a mere 6 months(ish) later. I was the Tree. I ran. I fell. On my ankle. I sprained it. I was too drunk to know. I ran some more. I had lots of fun. Freshmen young and old were a little less entranced by the Band, but I was too excited and inebriated to know. I couldn't do most of the jumps when we played All Right Now at Lag. I passed out at Lag. Also an amazing experience, but my memory of it is too clouded for anything in particular to stand out. Except wearing a cast on my ankle for 6 weeks afterwards.

All campus #3: Spring 1999, just 1 year later. I was not the Tree. I was PR. The new Tree was Ev Meagher. He ran. He fell. I fell on him. He was too drunk to know. We ran some more. People accused me of trying to kill him. People accused him of

As for my experience as PR, it is pretty similar to my experience as Trumpeteer thus far. Except that each night I dream of a field show so offensive, so distasteful, yet so funny that we perform it. We receive more mail than we ever have about any field show ever before. And then I quit and watch Stemmler (Manager 98-99) try to squirm out of it on his own. Bwaha ha ha ha.

LOVE YOUR LSJUMB

The Manager's Box

Jon Stemmle

Two weeks after I became manager we took a little trip down to Long Beach to watch the volleyball tournament. After surviving another broken down bus, we arrived back at Stanford to see the wreckage that used to be the Strak. While we are surviving in the meantime with a temporary building and some office space, we have still been fighting the powers that be to receive some more space we were promised months ago. Our next "final" home should be coming in a couple years (in a wing of the old Encina gym), but as we all know, the University is about as efficient as drinking out of a coffee stirrer.

Despite trying to run things out of the new office (and having two phones and answering machines stolen), we did manage to make a few trips this year. We went up to Seattle and Spokane

it is like to have a #1 seed team as we got to stay in the Four Seasons hotel), but unfortunately our post-season trips ended that weekend with two losses.

Hopefully our trip experiences will improve this fall as we take a preseason road trip to Austin for the UT game on September 4th. After the last season of 3-8 we know not to be too optimistic of many other football trips, but that never stops us from hoping. As it is we will have our hands full enough in the fall recording a new album, and driving a fundraising campaign for a permanent endowment for a Band Director.

How to reach us

If you would like to comment or get more info on the newsletter, Endowment Fund, or any other issues concerning the Band, feel free to call, write, or send e-mail.

Write and send presents to:

Stanford Band
ATTN: Alumni Relations
PO Box 7930
Stanford, CA 94309

For those RUSH messages, the number is still (650) 723-4303 or SCEGF0D. E-mail Jon Stemmle, the Manager, at jstemmle@leland.stanford.edu or Chancy Rankin, Alumni Relations, at crankin@leland.stanford.edu.

Talk to old and new LSJUMB old farts through email on **fartline** (lsjumb-fartline@lists.stanford.edu)! Write to crankin@leland.stanford.edu to subscribe. If you have access to the Internet and the World Wide Web, check out the LSJUMB home page at URL <http://www.leland.stanford.edu/group/lsjumb/>. Contact Adam Elman (aelman@cs.stanford.edu) for more info about this.

Newsletter Credits

Editor: Chancy Rankin, Alumni Relations '98-'99.

Contributors:

Rick Pam ('76), Jon Stemmle (Manager '98-'99), ChrisMatt Henderson ('00), Scott Stanford (Interim Director).

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University Marching Band
P.O. Box 7930
Stanford, CA 94309