

FITZ-BITZ

fitzgerald house

tuesday, july 9, 1967

COLOR AND DIVING

This is the last issue of Fitz-Bitz this Summer. The occasion has been taken to introduce some color to the paper. We hope it meets with your approval, but don't bother to tell us whether it does or not--this is, after all, a last issue.

A few days ago I was sitting in the lounge of Fitz House and a student, complete with wet suit, announced he was going on a search and recover mission in Beer Lake. I decided, along with three other gentlemen and one lady, to follow. Most of us were pressed into service carrying air tanks, fins, etc. We got to the lake and stood around in the sun waiting for the diver--Art Colton--to get ready.

After a suitable length of time had passed, Art was ready to dive and he did. After following air bubbles for a short time, we watched art come to the surface with a pair of glasses clutched in his hand. The dives' purpose was completed but Art was in no mood to get out. At the suggestion of one of the on-lookers, Art headed to the Fitz House end of the lake, toward some women who were sunning themselves. We have photographs of some creature ascending from the water while, in the foreground, an unsuspecting lady is lying on the grass. However, Art was not able to negotiate the mud in the lake and went sloshing out to deeper water.

It was then suggested he look for Buddy Allen's bowling ball, which had joined the lake last Winter semester. At this point, Dean Appleton crossed the bridge and said something about "Don't tell me that's a student," and went good-naturedly walking on. After three sweeps of the general area where the ball was supposed to be, Art signaled success and brought up one slimy, stinking, thoroughly crudded bowling ball.

The dive was a success--two lost items recovered, the myth of the dangerous surving snakes shattered, the location of the kitchen sink fixed (just to the Fitz side of the lake, about the center of the bridge), and a tremendous tree stump discovered that tried to grab Art.

At this point, everyone went home.

--Hunter Feil

FUNKY DOOLITTLE SPASM BAND

A small but enthusiastic crowd of 53 attended the Funky Doolittle Spasm Band concert July 21 in the Off-Campus. The band consists of four men, all of whom play several instruments. Dave Darakian,

thr group's leader, plays harmonica, kazoo, guitar, and banjo, while sidemen Ed, John, and Mike play bass, washboard, automobile horn, and jug.

The concert began with a parade through the grill, where the patrons were entertained with a short march tune and the sight of the band members carrying an 80mm mortar shell, a large plastic daisy, and other props. One of the grill employees accompanied the group on the soup spoons, but she could not be induced to join the march back to the Off-Campus. Once at the student-run nightclub, the quartet began the evening's entertainment with their theme song, "The Funky Doolittle Spasm Band Theme Song." They then swung through "Mamtramok Mama," "Jug Band Music," "Bowling Green," and other alltime rhythm-and-blues favorites. Between ~~ixix~~ songs, Dave consistently broke up the audience with jokes, many of which had to punch lines.

The concert was very informal, with the audience often clapping and at times singing along. During intermissions, the band members mingled with the audience, discussing their unique brand of music and demonstrating the use of the washboard and the bass washtub.

By the final third of the concert the band had hit its stride, playing such songs as "Coney Island Washboard" and "San Francisco Bay Blues" with rhythm and a decidedly anti-cerebral grace. The entire O.C. maintenance staff and the on-duty Public Safety Officer joined the audience for a while, as did the few who had left the Van Cliburn concert early. The band dipped into rock-and-roll for a rendition of "Hernia," gave a second rendering of their theme song, and, as a finale, played "Mama Don't Allow No Jug Band Playin' Here." The audience clapped wildly, stamping their feet for the first time in Off-Campus history and demanding an encore. The band returned to the stage with the unexpurgated version of "Keep on Truckin' Mama," the tender ballad of a successful prostitute. Again the audience demanded an encore, but the band, saying "What do you want for thirty bucks?" demurred.

--Mike Vitale

NOTES ON MEADOWBROOK IV

(Recently, we received yet another letter from our impartial critic. The text is as follows.)

The fifth week of the Meadow Brook Festival was an uncertain affair, to say the least. After two postponements, the hardier concert-goers in the area were treated to some of the most beautiful music heard this summer. It was unfortunate that the two best weeks of the Festival had to be plagued by bad luck--Hiroyuki Iwake, with unseasonably cold weather and, last week, Charles Munch with that ridiculous curfew in Avon Township.

Despite only one rehearsal, the three concerts that Charles Munch conducted were complete successes. On Saturday night, the major works performed were Beethoven's Symphony-No. 4 in B flat Major, and Ravel's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in G Major. The Beethoven, done à la Munch, was a delight. The Orchestra seemed to be an animated puppet with Munch guiding it along with invisible strings. In the Ravel concerto, Nicole Henriët-Schweitzer combined with Munch to add another stone to Meadow Brook's tower of success. Miss Henriët-Schweitzer is one of the liveliest pianists around, and watching

her fingers scamper deftly across the keyboard was a never-ending source of amazement. Her playing was exquisitely done, and she managed to make the concerto the most relaxing number to be heard all summer.

The Meadow Brook Orchestra ended their five week program last Wednesday with their best, overall, concert of the summer.

Diversification was the theme of the evening. The first piece performed was Mendelssohn's Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," This light, little number was played with such skill that the music fairly floated out to the listeners. The second piece on the program, Schoenberg's Five Pieces for Orchestra, provided a complete contrast in musical style. This extremely contemporary number went over the audience's head. However, the orchestra played it well and the performance Wednesday night was better than any recording or other performance I have ever heard. For the audience the music came back down to earth with Berlioz's "Romeo Alone" and "Fete at the Capulets" from Romeo and Juliet. Again the Orchestra proved its ability by rendering a masterful reading of this dramatic Romantic work.

The last number played by the Meadow Brook Orchestra was Schubert's magnificent Symphony No. 8 in C Major. Not only did it turn out to be a tremendous exit, it was also the most professional reading accomplished all summer. The members of the Orchestra did not miss a thing in their exceptionally vivid performance. This was especially true in the almost impossible fourth movement, which was taken faster than I have ever heard before. Once again it was hard to accept the fact that this is a student orchestra and not one of the better professional ones.

I think that the accomplishments and greatness of the Meadow Brook Orchestra can be summed up by what a friend told me after last Wednesday's performance. He said that he had heard the student orchestras at Tanglewood and Interlochen, and neither of them came close to the ones here at Meadow Brook. All I can add to that is "Bravo!"

--Spencer Lopley