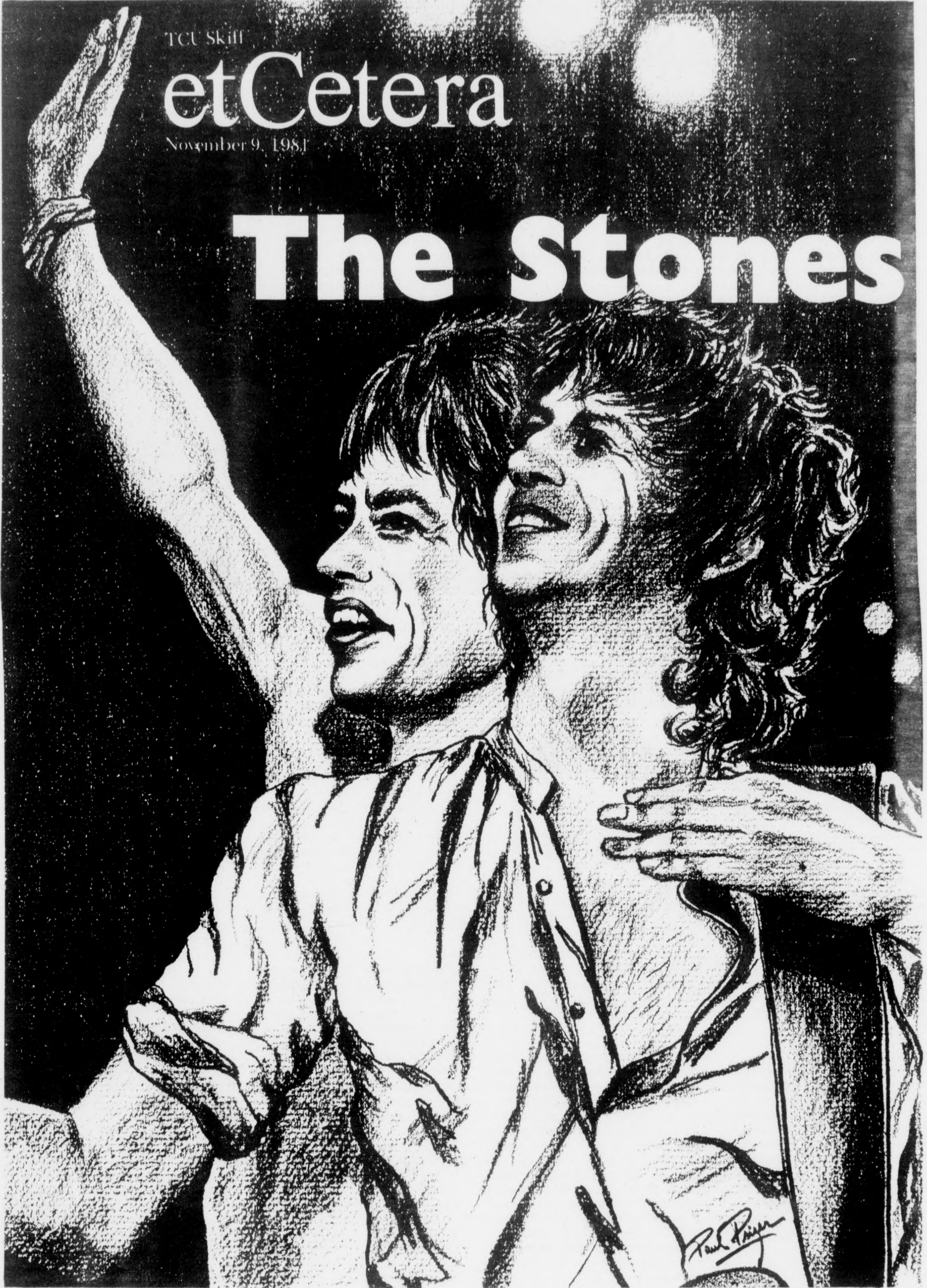


TCU Skill

etCetera

November 9, 1981

The Stones



The Rolling Stones - Drano, long lines, costumes, ba

4 a.m. Saturday:

I realize dimly that something terrible is happening and that in some vague way I'm responsible. A warning buzzer is beating against the jello walls of my consciousness. My God, there's been a meltdown! I'm Jack Lemmon in the "China Syndrome" and the weight of the apocalypse is on my shoulders.

There's a hallway, a long, white, brightly lit hallway underground and I have to run through it in slow motion and insert a key in some electronic gadget in order to prevent the end of civilization. I can't find the door to the hallway, and I can't remember how the electronic gadget works, supposing I ever found it.

Somehow I realize that no one remembers how it works.

Except my roommate. Yes, yes! he can fix it! He's taken calculus and grew up watching "Star Trek" and understands how the universe goes and now all that's going to pay off and he's going to save the world, just like Carl Sagan said someone like him would.

The buzzing stops.

I see my roommate's body looming over my bed in the darkness, fist firmly planted on the snooze control of my alarm clock. Suddenly I'm awake.

People who invent the sounds for radio-alarms and auto ignition locks must have a profound hatred for humanity. Those things always sound like the buzzing of a wasp would sound if you were a very small insect about to be stung and eaten.

I guess they make them like that on the theory that people will notice something really ugly more than they will notice something pleasant or beautiful.

Some cynics have suggested that the same principle may apply to Mick Jagger. If you would rather listen to your car door buzzer than "Fool to Cry," be my guest.

In the movie "Carrie," a shy, socially awkward girl not accepted by her cruel high school peers discovers psychic powers that enable her to turn the people who are mean to her into big, gory blobs.

That's not what really happened. What really happened is that she grew up and got a job at Panasonic designing electronic alarms that make everybody feel bad.

4:30 a.m.

Three friends and I gather at the visitors' parking area and throw our stuff into the yellowish-green Ford that has its right front bumper permanently twisted into an insidious leer. We've got clothes, hats, a thermos of coffee, a six-pack of Lone Star and tickets to see the Rolling Stones.

Just like 80,000 other people.

Of the four of us, one person has brought a raincoat, for some unfathomable reason.

We drive over to my brother's house to join a caravan consisting of

TCU students, alumni and professors. After mooching some eggs and coffee we all stand around in the front yard experimenting with variations on, "Gosh, it's four-thirty in the morning." We look at a map to decide on a route avoiding the Fair Park exit off I-30.

We decide to take Forest Lane. I've driven in that part of Dallas before and never heard of Forest Lane, but then there are lots of things I never notice.

5 a.m.

We lose the caravan after the first block. Oh well.

5:15 a.m.

We know we can't take the beer, cinnamon rolls, etc. into the Cotton Bowl, so we start in on them now.

5:45 a.m.

It turns out the street the map called Forest Lane is now called Martin Luther King Boulevard. I remember reading in the paper or *D Magazine* or someplace that there was once a minor political battle fought in the Dallas City Council to get the name changed. Now, with the recent conservative trends they'll probably start renaming streets after bank presidents.

At Fair Park, a nice, grandfatherly man with a flashlight tells us where to go to find parking. It's going to be easy!

I make affirmational-sounding cooing noises about how well the parking situation is being handled and how glad I am we got there early.



Charlie Watts

A few minutes later, it turns out that the grandfatherly man with the flashlight directed us to the official state fair parking area, where we pay two bucks to drive our car into a place that looks like the pictures in *National Geographic* of the mud flats at Yellowstone.

As we step out of the car, the people in the car next to us repeat over and over with maniacal glee, "Two dollars to park here! Pay the toll! Pay the toll!" Oh well, the ground will have probably dried out by the time we get out of the concert anyway.

6 a.m.

After hunting out restrooms and finding the line we're supposed to be in, we stand in line a long time and watch the sky become light. Some people are in Halloween costume, but not nearly as many as we expected.

Most of the people look like typical Texas adolescents, the kind of people you'd expect to see carrying a bag of fertilizer to someone's car at Wolfe Nursery.

In fact, I used to work at a Wolfe Nursery in Dallas, and sure enough, in the midst of those 80,000 people I saw someone else who had too.

Spider Man is in line, however, and so are lots of witches and people with funny little antennae tied to their heads. One girl walks by dressed in what looked like styrofoam egg crate liners.

It was, like wow man, going to be a happening. Patches of blue were appearing in the sky.

Children of the '70s, we wished petulantly that our decade could have given us something besides Watergate (which I barely remember), disco, a reputation for apathy and a sort of vague, post-coital depression that is our legacy from the '60s at Jarvis. Our generation has got the Rolling Stones too. The Stones took disco and proved that they could make it just as outrageous as they did the goody-two-shoes rock'n'roll that the Beatles first played.

It was the Stones who transformed "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" into "Let's Spend the Night Together," and "Boogie Fever" into "Miss You."

Five minutes after we get in line, we look behind us and see that the line was about 300 yards longer than it had been. We saw our first LSD salesman of the day, just walking along the line.

When we decline his offer, he looks at the way I was dressed and says, "You look like you had enough already anyway."

Since I'm not wearing a Halloween costume, I find this a bit offensive.

7 a.m.

Still standing in line. Most of the crowd looks like ZZ Top fans. I take back what I said about "children of the '70s. Such descriptions only make sense when typed into a typewriter.

Nobody actually goes around feeling that way about himself, least of all this crowd of ZZ Top fans, LSD salesmen, and former Wolfe Nursery employees.

9 a.m.

Our clump of 100 people gets le. in the stadium. The Cotton Bowl is still mostly empty, the weather feels great, and amazingly, we find the members of our lost caravan right in front of us, down on the field. The field is covered with a plastic tarp.

Because of the waterproof tarp, the field looks like it will turn into a

big bowl of soggy cereal if it rains, but we all feel confident that that won't happen.

It's hard to explain the childish sense of well-being and laid back ecstasy that comes from sitting on a blanket in the middle of a football stadium two hours before showtime. We had gotten up early, hassled in lines, paid our dues, and now we had our own little space on our own little blanket.

Eighty thousand people were converging on one place, and for once we wouldn't have to sing the national anthem or an alma mater.



Ron Woods

The roadies were sending up enormous bunches of helium balloons tied to the ground with ropes back stage. The balloons were a neat idea—you got to have your cake and eat it too.

You got to gaze at a whole bunch of brightly colored balloons up in the sky, but they didn't all fly away and leave you wistfully meditating on the transience of life.

The balloons were like a reminiscence of the timelessness of Eden.

10:45 a.m.

Looks like rain. The roadies seem to be almost finished doing the things that roadies do.

It's almost time for the Fabulous Thunderbirds to come on stage, but the energy level of the audience isn't right. Everything is too laid back. Everyone seems to be oppressed by a sense of impending rain.

11:00-11:45 a.m.

The Fabulous Thunderbirds are fantastic! Much better than on their album (I've only heard one). Jimmy Vaughan plays guitar like a glacier rolling over a volcano—a perfect blend of hot and cool.

A pianist in our group says that one of his solos reminds her of Mozart—a lot of energy put into a few notes. Kim Wilson, the vocalist, sings great and plays harmonica even better.

es, balloons, rain and rock'n'roll

Story by Kerry Bouchard
Art by Cruz Puente

In my biased opinion, his harmonica solos were the best solos of the entire concert. The bass player gives the band its name, always playing so low in the register that the band sounds like a big, navy blue Thunderbird cruising down Main Street in the bad part of town in the days when gas was cheap.

The PA system set up in the Cotton Bowl is fantastic too, and the Thunderbirds take full advantage of it, belting out a spectrum of sound that stretches from rumbling bass to piercing harmonica.

My pianist friend, who has perfect pitch, said she'd never heard notes that low amplified without distortion.

Unfortunately, the crowd doesn't get into the Thunderbirds much. Maybe it's too early in the morning, maybe the Cotton Bowl is too big for their kind of '50s rock, maybe the audience is just too young and stupid to get into anything they haven't already heard on the radio a million times.

When Kim Wilson says goodbye he sounds angry, and I don't blame him.

11:45 a.m.-12:15 p.m.

We watch the crowd continue to expand and wait for ZZ Top. There are as many hawkers claiming to be selling LSD as you'd expect to find hot dog vendors at a baseball game. Is anyone actually naive enough to believe that's what they're really selling? A line from an Eagles song comes to mind—"We haven't had that vintage here since 1969."

I start worrying about the high school kids who might be buying hits of Drano, and feel suddenly old.

12:30 p.m.

ZZ Top comes on stage and the crowd goes wild. I'd never seen ZZ Top before; the bass and guitar players look like a couple of gnomes from a J.R.R. Tolkien story who decided to start a rock'n'roll band.

The greasy, icy-hot of the Thunderbirds is replaced by driving, raunchy, southern rock. Between songs, the guitar player keeps telling the audience how glad he is to be back in Dallas, his home town, and each time he says this, the stadium roars.



Bill Wyman



Keith Richards

The Cotton Bowl is just about packed now. ZZ Top is louder than the Thunderbirds—the guy with his hand on the volume control of the PA system is probably one of the most powerful men in Texas for the next few hours.

I hope he doesn't have any weird, pent-up hostilities, because if he wanted to, he could maim the hearing of 80,000 people in one fell stroke.

The good vibes flowing around the crowd during ZZ Top's set are wonderful, regardless of what you think of the music. Despite the volume and the pounding beat, it is not violent music.

Rock'n'roll has never been violent music, not really, not at its best.

At times it has been music *about* violence, and many times it's been taken far too seriously. People who think rock'n'roll is violent may quote the first lines to "Street Fighting Man" by the Stones—"Everywhere I hear the sound of marching, charging feet boy; Cause summer's here and the time is right for fighting in the street boy..."

But they ignore the words of the chorus: "What can a poor boy do, but to sing in a rock'n'roll band? Cause in this sleepy little London town, there's just no room for a street fightin' man."

Violence happens when humorless men with idolatrous ideals try to make the world safe for democracy or communism or monotheism or whatever.

Violence happens when people who don't have enough get mad at the people who have more than enough.

Violence happens when hurt, lonely, life-scarred people get sick in the head and do sick things.

Sometimes violence happens when reasonably sane people lose their tempers, which is why too many handguns are a bad thing.

Sometimes violent people go to rock concerts and do sick things there—as happened in Houston.

The crowd loves ZZ Top, and ZZ Top seemed to love the crowd, and people got dressed up and painted their faces or put on funny masks

and looked at neat balloons up in the sky and cheered when ZZ Top sang "Cheap Sunglasses!"

It may not have been very profound—rock'n'roll rarely is—but it was fun.

1 p.m.

The crowd noise to get ZZ Top back on stage for an encore is unbelievable.

It's like a John Cage composition where he just sets an open piano out on stage and whatever sound happens in the room is what the music is—only these sounds were really interesting—all varieties of whistles and cheers and hoots. ZZ Top played hard to get, but they finally came out and romped though "Tush" with beautiful energy.

1:1:45 p.m.

Wait for the Stones. The floor of the Cotton Bowl is jammed. I feel sorry for anyone who has to get up and go to the restroom.

The clouds are extremely dark. The roadies are taking their time, dawdling in fact. This is known as crowd control—don't let the band come out until everyone is exhausted and calmed down.

1:45 p.m.

Everyone on the floor of the stadium quits sitting on their blankets and rushes to the front of the field. Now I understand why a lot of people chose to sit up in the seats. If you're short, it's impossible to see anything.

2:40 p.m.

Finally! The designer curtains close, the crowd makes lots of noise, the Gargantuan wall of speakers booms forth a big band arrangement of "Take the A Train" (you got to give it to the Stones, they've got good taste in jazz), and the big, bad band takes the stage and starts in on "Under My Thumb."

They sound embarrassingly ragged after the tightness of the Thunderbirds, ZZ Top, and Count Basie. The energy in the crowd sags, but everyone goes crazy when Jagger so much as leers in their general direction. Keith Richards and Ron Wood aren't fired up yet.

It starts to drizzle.

A couple of songs later, they start to fire up. The crowd begins to cheer because the music's so much fun, instead of merely cheering because Mick Jagger's so famous.

It starts to rain seriously when Jagger says, "Keith Richards is going to come out and sing in the rain for you."

It's just what Richards needs to wake him up on a Saturday afternoon. As soon as he gets really wet, the rhythm starts sounding three times more energetic.

Jagger, who has been periodically shouting up at the sky, "Don't rain on me!" gives up and tells the audience "We're all gonna get wet

together!" Each song the Stones do, they sound better. All the instruments and mikes are wireless, which means that everybody in the band except Charlie Watts on drums gets to come out and get rained on.

They all do.

The Stones may be overpaid, pampered asses, but they're troopers too, in the grand tradition of medieval dumb shows, Houdini and Carol Burnett.

Richards looks pretty healthy despite his perpetual heroin glare. Ron Wood still looks like Rod Stewart and still acts ACDC on stage. Bill Wyman is bizarre—he just stands there stiff as a board in his white suit playing bass, looking like the Beatles first looked, long ago.

Both he and Charlie Watts stammer and look embarrassed when Jagger tries to introduce them to the audience. Charlie Watts looks like Willy Wonka or Danny Kaye, somehow finding himself playing drums in this famous rock band and now knowing how he got there.

Mick Jagger looks like . . .



Mick Jagger

Well, you've all seen pictures, and hundreds of journalists have squandered their talents inventing metaphors for it, and the only thing I could come up with can't be printed, and anyway I don't want to waste my time trying to describe what Mick Jagger does on stage, which is not all that outrageous, not in the Year of our Lord 1981, and so if you want to know then go to the library and look him up, or better, get your own ticket and drive to a concert at 5 in the morning.

My mother saw him on the news, and said that he was the ugliest man she's ever seen. Maybe so.

About the rain. It rained real hard.

Everyone got drenched, raincoats or no. The band ended their set with (what else?) "Jumpin' Jack Flash," with Wood, Wyman, Jagger and Richards all standing in the very front of the stage like the four horsemen of the apocalypse, rockin' and reelin' in the downpour, and it was indeed a "Gas gas gas."

events etC.

Monday 9

International Student Week.

Advance registration for spring semester.

Brown Bag Series. "Stoney Knows How," film by Alan Govenar who will discuss his work on tattoo art., noon, Student Center Gallery.

Panhellenic, 3 p.m., Student Center Room 218.

Interfraternity Council, 3:30 p.m., Student Center Room 222.

Concert Connection, 4 p.m., Student Center Room 202.

Films Committee, 6 p.m., Student Center Room 202.

Faculty Chamber Music.

Campus Crusade for Christ, 9 p.m., Student Center Room 205

Tuesday 10

International Student Week.

Advance registration for spring semester.

Interracial Encounter Group, 4 p.m., Student Center Room 218.

Student Government, 5 p.m., Student Center Room 222.

Student Affairs, 5:30 p.m., Student Center Room 203.

Permanent Improvements, 5:30 p.m., Student Center Room 215.

Academic Affairs, 6 p.m., Student Center Room 204.

TCU Spirit Wranglers, 6 p.m. Student Center Room 207-209.

Young Life, 6 p.m., Student Center Room 202.

BSU, 6 p.m., Student Center Room 218.

Forums, Jamaican Prime Minister Michael Manley, 8 p.m., Student Center Ballroom.

Wednesday 11

International Student Week.

Advance registration for spring semester.

University Chapel, noon, Robert Carr Chapel.

Forums, 4 p.m., Student Center Room 214.

Career Placement Seminar, 4 p.m., Student Center Room 218.

Interdorm Council, 4 p.m., Student Center Room 222.

Programming Council, 5 p.m., Student Center Room 211.

Student Foundation, 5:30 p.m., Student Center Room 222.

ACU-I Tournament, 7 p.m., Student Center Ballroom.

Unity, 7:30 p.m., Student Center Room 222.

Wednesday Night Bible Study, 8 p.m., Student Center Room 207.

Thursday 12

Campus Crusade for Christ, 8:30 a.m., Student Center Room 203.

Advance registration for spring semester.

Final run-off. Student House of Representatives elections.

Campus Crusade, 6 p.m., Student Center Room 204.

Career Placement Seminar, 4 p.m., Student Center Room 218.

Arnold Air Society, 4:30 p.m., Student Center Room 205-206.

Intercomm, 4:30 p.m., Student Center Room 214.

Nurse's Christian Fellowship, 5:30 p.m., Student Center Room 215.

Campus Chest, 6 p.m., Student Center Room 204.

Friday 13

Staff Meeting, 8:30 a.m., Student Center Room 214.

Advance registration for spring semester.

Texas Section of American Physics Teachers Meeting. Registration, 8 a.m., Student Center Upper Lobby; Luncheon, 11:30 a.m., Student Center Ballroom; Dinner, 6:30 p.m., Student Center Ballroom.

Film: "Friday the 13th," 5, 8, p.m.; Midnight show, "Wait Until Dark," Student Center Ballroom.

B.S.U. Inner-City Missions, 6 p.m. outside University Ministries office.

Bisset romps in steamy sex scenes

By Rosalyn Royal

"Rich and Famous," that ultra soapy drama about two women's friendship—and I did say friendship, not lesbianism—is a jewel for Jacqueline Bisset and a real loser for Candice Bergen.

Bergen seems to be repeating her recent "Starting Over" buffoonery in this one.

Bisset is the talented but poor writer, the scrubbed-looking, intense loner. Bergen is the best-selling trashy novelist, the showy egotist. The movie takes us from their college days at Smith in 1959 through Bergen's marriage and motherhood and Bisset's one-night romps.

Through Bergen's celebrity status (a la Jacqueline Suzann) and Bisset's one-night romps. And through Bergen's shed husband and daughter's freaky boyfriend days and Bisset's one-night romps . . .

Get the picture? Bisset's bedroom scenes—or should I just say sex scene—since one takes place *standing-up* in the restroom of a 747—are steamy and very definitely R-rated stuff. She goes from saying no to Bergen's husband to the stranger on the plane to an 18 year old to a *Rolling Stone* reporter she falls for.

The emotional blood and gore between Bisset and Bergen takes us through 22 years. In the end, Bergen calls Bisset a "slut," Bisset retreats from her New York hotel suite to her Connecticut hideaway, and Bergen spends \$90 on a cab to take her there so the two of them can toast the New Year in. All kissed and made-up.

The ending is cute when Bergen says, "Don't tell me after all these years, you're going to tell me you're . . ."

She doesn't and she isn't. They're just friends.

See it if you can take lines you read in books but don't really hear people say. Maybe see it just to watch Jacqueline Bisset. If you can take the corn. etC.

Schieffer views world from 'front row seat'

By Carrie Cassell

In 12 years with CBS News, Bob Schieffer has had a "front-row seat" to some of the most important events in the world.

A 1959 TCU graduate, Schieffer said he's always thought of covering the news as "a very interesting way to spend your time."

This fall, Schieffer was TCU's honored alumnus at Homecoming. And the hometown boy impressed the crowd of alumni and guests who gathered at Colonial Country Club Oct. 30.

His address was described as "powerful" by one alum, yet his demeanor was friendly and modest.

Smiling, shaking hand after hand, CBS's number two anchorman responded graciously to a swarm of well-wishers.

Fort Worth was his home town.

Radio station KXOL, the TCU journalism department, and the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram* gave him his first experiences at newsgathering. From there he went to CBS, where he covered the Pentagon for four years, became chief White House correspondent in 1974, anchored the CBS morning news from New York, and is now national correspondent and substitute anchorman for Dan Rather.

Although Schieffer started out at TCU as a pre-med major, he said he soon realized that journalism was what he really wanted to do.

He said he found it fascinating and fun, and still does. "There are not many things that a young person can do that have more impact, or more access to important events," Schieffer said. "I mean, when I was 19 years old and working at KXOL, I could call the mayor and get him on the phone! Not many 19-year-olds can do that."

"But we always have to remember not to be carried away with our own importance. We also have to recognize that the reason we can do that is because we represent a news agency, not because of who we are."

While at TCU, Schieffer worked almost full-time for KXOL, driving the mobile unit around Fort Worth to cover accidents, robberies—whatever was news, as it happened.

He said he has mixed feelings, however, about working so much while in college. "I've never been able to figure out where I learned most of what I know during my college years, whether it was working or going to school. I really was busy though."

Schieffer's "beat" at KXOL was the police department, and he said he believes that police reporting is the best possible training for a young reporter.

"You're always working in a stressful situation, and you're always working in a situation where you're not wanted," he said.

In contrast to covering a football game, where the reporter is given a

seat in the press box and preferential treatment, he said, "no one was ever invited to a murder, or to any kind of a tragedy. It's where you learn to work in a professional way when other people are hysterical or under great stress. You see a side of life that most people don't ever see."

In 1963, Schieffer covered John Kennedy's assassination from a somewhat unusual angle. A woman called the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram* and asked for a ride from Fort Worth to Dallas.

The 26-year-old Schieffer answered the phone and later drove the woman, who turned out to be Marguerite Oswald, the mother of the accused assassin, to Dallas. He was the only reporter to interview her during the first three days following the assassination.

"The emotion doesn't come out when you're working, because you're working very hard and you're in a competitive situation—it numbed me in some ways," he said. "If you're not moved by death, it's time to start doing something else."

If a reporter becomes too steeled to tragedy, he can't do the kind of story that ought to be done, he said. "You have to bring some emotion into it, because you're always dealing with human situations."

The human aspect of the presidency was what made covering the White House during three administrations interesting, he said. Washington was different under Reagan, Carter and Ford. "It is just

fascinating to watch the way different human beings deal with the same problems," Schieffer said.

The Washington press corps lifestyle—skiing at Vail with Gerald Ford, going to White House dinners and receptions, meeting world leaders—is exciting, he said, "but you have to be careful not to let it get the best of you."

"It's a real problem not to become totally overwhelmed by a situation like that. You must always remember that you are a reporter, and the president is the president."

Schieffer's two daughters—Susan, 12, and Sharon, 10—haven't been overwhelmed by having such a famous father, Schieffer said. When Susan was little, she thought that all fathers were on television. Sometimes father was at home, and sometimes he was on television.

Only after they were older and started traveling around the country with their father and their mother, Pat, (also a Fort Worth native) did they realize that television was everywhere—and that their father was a familiar face to many people, he said.

Schieffer said he plans to remain a familiar face to CBS viewers, and that he likes what he's doing.

"I've been very lucky in that I've been able to do what I always wanted to do at a fairly young age. I'm 45 years old—I feel I'll get a chance to do this for a very long time."

etC.