

# Organ and Smith—synonymous

By Selah Weaver

The light on the three is a tiny pinprick compared to the vast darkness surrounding them.

The student and the instrument are straining to meet the rigid demands of the third—Dr. Emmet Smith.

"Group it into threes," he says. "YA-ta-ta dum, YA-ta-ta dum."

Straightening, the student places her hands on the soft white keys and leans forward. Sound explodes somewhere high above her head and off to the left—the pipes shout.

"What's that first chord you're playing?" he asks impatiently. His voice echoes in the sudden quiet.

"Oh, that one, OK," the student replies.

"Make it sound like this." He rests his hand on the keyboard. "When you bounce off a chord like this . . ." his hand jumps. "you waste motion. Go sideways, not up and down."

She tries again.

"Don't stab the second chord." His voice is muffled by the overhead shrillness. "Stay on the chord as long as possible. Soak it up."

She finishes the piece in a roar while his lips move like a movie in which the sound just went out. After she stops, he urges, "That's your big dramatic end. You don't want to just"—he shrugs—"here's a sandwich, eat it."

She tries again and he claps rapidly to help her with the rhythm. She builds. Suspenseful climax. Finis. Silence.

"That's better."

Smith, professor of organ and music department chairman at TCU, has just given hard-earned approval in a private lesson in the far front corner of Ed Landreth auditorium. He has been the only organ teacher here since January 1951, and has taught more Fullbright organ scholars (students who receive money to study for a year in Europe) than anyone in the United States.

He's comfortable in his job—small wonder. Organ and Emmet Smith have been almost synonymous at TCU since he came here as a graduate student in 1950.

"I came to TCU primarily because this building (Ed Landreth) had been opened in 1949 and the big organ in the auditorium was internationally famous overnight," he says.

"Every music journal that I would pick up I'd see a picture of Ed Landreth auditorium," with articles inside on the organ. "It's a splendid instrument."

So after receiving his bachelor's degree in musicology from Southwestern College in Winfield, Kan., Smith came to TCU to look over the campus and talk to the dean. His Disciples of Christ affiliation influenced his decision to come.

"At the same time, TCU brought in a new organ teacher with whom I studied. I was only one of a large class of good organ students," he recalls. Events strangely twisted soon after he arrived.

"There was a strong rebellion among the organ students . . . against the teaching of organ that was being done. Everyone was used to better, more demanding teaching," he says.

Smith did not participate in the rebellion, which ended with the dean agreeing to change things. The dean then called Smith in and asked if he would teach the malcontents.

Smith doesn't know why he was chosen, other than that the dean might have been impressed with his

performance in the American Guild Organists contest and the Bach Festival, or with his degree in organ performance. But of 28 TCU organ students in the spring of 1951, he taught 12.

"And I had the 12 best," he says, which was made obvious to the faculty and other students when student juries were heard at the end of the semester.

In the fall of 1951 Smith ended up with over half the students. "I've been here ever since," he says.

During his first four years Smith worked over 20 hours a week teaching, plus a regular 40 hours a week as administrative assistant to the dean, teaching in late afternoons and early mornings. "In those days students didn't quibble. They came at 7 (a.m.)."

Smith says his immersion into music began with violin lessons at age 5. "My father is a violin fanatic and he insisted that all five of his children study violin. Every day when Daddy got home from work, we'd have to show him what we'd accomplished."

Also at 5 Smith heard his first pipe organ—and acquired his first love. "At that instant, it became like a disease," he says.

His father wouldn't allow piano lessons, so he taught himself to read the bass clef and pick out simple tunes. At 12, in conspiracy with his mother, Smith had a year of secret piano lessons.

"One day Daddy arrived home and caught me playing," he says. His father realized opposition was futile and violin lessons stopped.

At 14 Smith began organ lessons. Two weeks later he played in his first church service. At 15 he became his church's organist.

"That was a baptism of fire," he says, because the church had three Sunday services and five choirs that rehearsed and performed every week.

That was good, he says, because it forced him to do things he might not otherwise have attempted.

"Any organist worth his salt is a good churchman," says Smith. That's because he plays the instrument that has been *the* instrument of the church since 1800. And most music written for the organ was written for the church. A good organist that will play the fine music composed for the church will also hold an audience spellbound in a recital. But most of this music never is heard in churches.

The most important function of a church organist is the playing of hymns, Smith says. The service can't survive with bad hymn

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Emmet Smith, the only organ teacher at TCU since 1951, listens to his student during a private organ lesson in Robert Carr Chapel.

Photo by Marty Tristan



# Excuse me while I spit

*Red Man chewing tobacco was only a somewhat similar experience to Skoal. We had trouble figuring out how much to use, where to put it in our mouths, what to do with all the strings hanging off and if we were actually supposed to chew it.*

By Susan Thompson

I slapped my car into park and stormed boldly into Safeway, determined to appear confident in my task. I didn't want to have to answer any questions.

After glancing unsuccessfully behind the counter for what I was after, I slid into the express lane and practiced my spiel. I had planned to be dignified when I asked for snuff, but when I faced the cashier, I found myself leaning forward and whispering the question.

She looked at me bored and pointed down an aisle.

The brand names were certainly butch. Red Horse, Big Duke, Levi Garrett and Plug. I chose Red Man because Pittsburgh Steeler quarterback Terry Bradshaw says it's the "pick of the pros," and I think he is professional looking.

Then I picked Skoal dip out of such brands as Timberline, Silver Creek and Happy Days. I chose Skoal because of its mint flavor.

Surprisingly, the two cost only \$1.52. Sounded cheap, but then I didn't know how long they would last. I had the feeling a long, long time.

When I got back to my dorm, the third floor was waiting for me. My dear roomie had gathered them into a circle in our den as spectators for my first "chaw." Their faces were mournful.

Though I've rarely considered myself too devoted to my trade, this was one of those rare moments.

Soon I discovered that each of these girls—my neighbors—had tried this stuff before. I got unwanted advice like:

"You'll throw up."

"You better do it in the bathroom."

"You'll get the biggest head rush you've ever had."

"Try not to accidentally swallow the juice like I did."

Puffing up my almost abandoned adventurous spirit, I ignored these warnings, and placed my wares in front of me. I included a clear plastic corsage box as my spittoon.

I opened the Skoal canister first and immediately noticed that it smelled like my grandmother.

Freshman Missy McLemore started giving me instructions on its use. She said she got her experience at dipping when she used to play pool.

My first sensation was a burning lower lip.

As my roommate joined me and the other girls looked on, the conversation went something like this.

"Spit, you idiot!" said junior Linda Flood, my partner in dip.

"Am I supposed to move it around in there?" I asked the room at large.

"Just swallow it," said McLemore.

To which I replied, "It hurts. It hurts."

After about a minute Flood said to me, "I think you've had enough."

"No, you do it till the flavor's gone," said freshman Anne Smith.

The exchange then became an interesting dialogue.

"Did you hear me gag?" asked McLemore.

"It doesn't seem like it's doing anything," I said.

"Oh my God, I really feel sick to my stomach," said McLemore more urgently.

"I'm not getting anything. I'm gonna put in some more," I replied compassionately.

"I can't stand spit," McLemore cried as her eyes and nose water up.

"Am I supposed to squeeze it?" I asked.

"You guys, I think I really have to throw up," McLemore said and ran quickly from the room. I wonder what would have happened had she actually been dipping herself.

Lots of questions also came up during the experiment.

"How come it's not brown like my brother's?" I asked.

"You should call him on the phone and ask him how to do it," McLemore said sarcastically—now back for more fun.

"I wonder what they (men) get off of this?" I asked.

"You can get cancer in the lip from it," answered McLemore.

"That must be why they do it," I reply.

By this time we had all strangely begun to speak in various hick dialects.

"How come I keep spittin' out so much tobacco? Am I supposed to do that?" I asked.

"You don't have control over your lip," said Flood.

We also came up with some answers.

"Are you feeling anything yet, high or nothin'?" I asked Flood.

"What it is, is a nicotine buzz," McLemore answered for Flood. "If you smoke, you won't catch it." We,

unfortunately smoke occasionally.

"How long are you supposed to do it?" I asked is I tired of a burnt lip and spitting.

"Until it runs out," answered Smith.

"How do I get it out of my lip?"

"You just flip it across out the window," advised junior Jacki Turner, who had just walked in.

"She looks like she's emptying her purse out," said Flood.

Red Man chewing tobacco was only a somewhat similar experience to Skoal. We had trouble figuring out how much to use, where to put it in our mouths, what to do with all the strings hanging off and if we were actually supposed to chew it.

But once we got the hang of it, everyone loosened up.

There were, however, some interesting stories exchanged between spits.

"Do you know what it's (chewing tobacco) good for?" Turner asks us.

"In the olden days back in the wild west, when the rattle snakes came up and got you, they'd spit the tobacco in their eyes and the snakes would go away."

"I saw that in a movie once," she added proudly.

McLemore offers, "I did that in the eighth grade, you guys. I did chewing tobacco, and they said 'swallow it' and dumb Chicagoan me goes..." She finishes by grabbing her throat with her hands.

Turner then says, "When I was in high school, I threw a beer on this boy at a party, and he threw his cup of spittle all over my body."

We'd finally had enough, and disposed of the wet remains of our experiment.

"I think we're initiated into the world of men," concludes Flood.

Then I went to see TCU director of health education, Elbert D. Glover, who has done several research studies on tobacco. He says that dipping and chewing tobacco are indeed forms of tobacco used almost exclusively by men.

Glover says that boys begin to use smokeless forms of tobacco because of the image the industry has attached to them.

"They're trying to appeal to the kids... They put it in their jeans and make the circular imprint and it's a symbol," he says.

The industry has sports stars endorse different brands of snuff or chewing tobacco, which has helped to increase usage 11 percent an-

nually since 1972, says Glover.

In a 1980 study he did with Dr. Allen Henderson in the Houston school district, Glover says, "We even found snuff clubs in public schools. To be able to get in it you have to spit so far."

Some companies have come out with bubble gum made in long shreds and sold in a pouch like chewing tobacco. It's aimed at getting kids interested in the macho image, and Glover has bought several of these for his research.

"They've generated a whole paraphernalia of stuff," he says.

But, says Glover, dipping and chewing have not always been popular. While the American Indians were the first to use tobacco and the new "Americans" caught on quickly, the hobby died out around the turn of the century. That's when the Lung Association began a push against spitting because they thought it helped cause outbreaks of diphtheria.

"It was a lost art for a while," says Glover, and didn't resurface until the 1970s when the industry started to advertise it again.

As a result of this advertising, many users think that dipping and chewing is free of the health dangers of smoking tobacco, says Glover.

"You absorb 85 to 90 percent of the nicotine through the mouth, so you're still getting all those same effects. You're just getting other kinds of cancer, he says, like cancer of the larynx, pharynx, intestines and mouth.

Despite these dangers, Glover estimates that in 1980, 10 percent of the American population used smokeless tobacco. And a study he cites by the American Dental Association estimates that that number will double before 1990.

There is really no movement to prevent dipping and chewing, says Glover.

"Doctors basically don't know that much about it," he says.

At TCU, Glover doesn't know how widespread its use is. But, he says, "I have some students who do it during my classes." They bring portable spittoons (paper cups).

But, Glover says again, "It's a very masculine thing to do. It's not a very feminine thing to do yet."

So here I sit with a canister of Skoal and a sack of "chaw"—now \$1.34 worth—to last me for several years.

I guess it was a pretty good buy.

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Smith stands over a student while she asks a question during her organ lesson.

Photos by Marty Tristan

playing. And the difference between bad and good is that an amateur will play the same thing through four stanzas, while a professional will study the text and fit the musical technique to the words of a particular verse.

Of 600 churches in Fort Worth, says Smith, probably only 10 hear real organ music. The rest hear songs—not organ music. This accounts for the poor attendance at organ recitals.

"They think they're going to hear the same drivel that they hear in their churches on Sunday morning, and no one in his right mind would walk across the street to hear that again," he says. Church services today he describes as "one step above a variety show," hosting entertaining and trivial music.

"The texts are often childish," he says. They're satisfied with performances, renditions by instrumentalists "who'd be chased off the stage in a secular setting."

Smith forbids such "drivel" from his own performances, and because he demands such a high standard of excellence from himself, nervousness does come.

Before a performance, he says, "I always wonder how in the world I was ever insane enough" to get into this. "The performer has to learn

how to turn that nervousness to his advantage and not become paralyzed by it."

There have been times the paralysis has gripped him and affected his performance, but he likes to think the result was worse on him than anyone else. "The terrible fear will always occur when the performer is not adequately prepared."

He says he has had times when he wasn't prepared. When a performance date is set, the show must go on regardless of lack of preparation. On stage, it's terrible.

"You just sit there and think, 'Are those my fingers on the keyboard?'" he says. "Whenever I rely on luck to get me through, it never works."

Smith says he also gets nervous during his students' recitals. "I catch myself breathing very shallowly and being tense with total concentration on what's happening. And I know so well what's going through that student's mind, that I usually sense the mishap before it happens."

Smith says the music must be an experience of beauty to the audience to be successful. He tells himself and his students, "If the music cannot bring pleasure to the audience, then it's not worth doing. But the moment we step onto the stage to

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Smith and a student ponder over some music during her class in Ed Landreth Hall.



# Smith

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play, our first consideration must be to bring pleasure to the audience and be true to the composer, and at that instant there is no one else in that audience qualified to perform in the program except me or that student."

In bringing pleasure, however, Smith says technical skill is not the most important thing. The world is

full of terrific technicians, he says, who can play more accurately or faster than anybody else, and have huge repertoires, but who play with a total disregard for the beauty that must be brought forth from the music. These people are self-centered and unconcerned about selling the audience beautiful music, he says.

## Bob at the bar

By Linda Flood

I squint, pick up the phone, and he says to me he says, "I can't believe I keep calling you."

"Nor can I you idiot male," I say.

Married thrice: Once to a groupie, whose embrace had something to do with his Mick Jagger impression, and whose father leaves her by death and with several million dollars, after which she divorces Bob, the likes of which keep calling me, the word-eyed English major who lies down reflexively on her 88-year-old auntielittle grandmother type's kitchen linoleum to hear the rest of the spiel. That's one.

Later in the hospital, with a broken leg and very very rich, he gets this phone call from Austin, Texas, USA, with a woman/girl on the other end who tells/cries to him that she thinks she has a cake in the oven and whatever will she do? So he sends a plane, no less, "down there" to bring her to the bedside where they say vows and the next day break them, legally and without strings, you might say, except for the cake, that still displays his name like icing. That's two.

Next he marries a Jew, who really really wasn't a Jew of sorts at all, for she spent his green dollars like the Messiah would never come in her lifetime, and besides that had her nose fixed to the point of looking like a Protestant or at least a Catholic-type person. So that's three, after this Jew, seeing also as how when they first went to bed he had a house full of enviously white sofas and chairs and rugs that matched the lamps, and when they finally heard the alarm he had a '76 Nova and rents a room from a millionaire he doesn't know much about.

And so he calls because I can take the tease plus dish out more tease than the groupie, the baker and the Jew put together. Now me, I tease for sensation, and sensing none I say "I got to get back to Melville," and "Do you like literature?"

And he says yes, but that he reads "slow" because he has an "analytical mind," reads word by word, not paragraph by paragraph. After all, things are written word by word, and because he underwent tests at St. Francis of Assisi Boys Home in Kansas City somewhere, during which time he finished the puzzle and had a cigarette before the timer got back from the Coke machine, which is incalculable and somewhere in the one-nineties.

And that he likes me, if that isn't presumptuous (by the way a word he stole from me), and would I like to have kids, marry him, live with him, come for Amaretto or maybe backgammon, if that's what they play at Oxford (just guessing). I say he has the order of that backward and I would whip his ass at backgammon anyway and would always love Melville more. And by the way, where in Austin was that chick from? *etC.*



Art by Cruz Puente

Beauty to Smith involves making the music intelligible to the audience, noting its climax, its melody and how it's constructed. The performer and the response of the audience make the performance.

Audiences have different personalities, Smith explains. There'll be one that responds warmly and another "that doesn't give off any sparks at all" to the same performer playing the same pieces.

He accepts no nonsense from students in readying them for performances. He says he's frustrated when a student thinks he knows a shortcut to learning a piece. This student is talented and can learn the piece quickly, play it superficially and fairly accurately, with a showmanship that will sell the audience.

But the "true golden nugget" is the talented student who is willing to listen to the teacher, he says. This

student will do the foundation work on a piece in analyzing, writing in the fingering and pedaling and starting out practicing slowly and carefully. Then the beauty of the piece can be drawn out.

"I know that all the time spent with that student will pay dividends," Smith says.

He gets satisfaction in his teaching from knowing that he has opened doors of understanding to students like this, and paved the way for their future. "It's a wonderful satisfaction to go throughout the United States and hear my former students as they direct music programs in a big church," or as they perform in recitals or teach.

This keeps Smith going back to the small circle of light each day to instruct, to demand, to coax the beauty of the music from the straining student and the organ he loves. *etC.*

## events etC.

### Monday 1

**Film Committee** 6 p.m. Student Center Room 202.  
**ECO** 6 p.m. Student Center Room 205.  
**University Ministries** 11 a.m. Student Center Room 205.  
**Sewer Committee** 3:30 p.m. Student Center Room 203.  
**Campus Crusade** 8:30 p.m. Student Center Room 207.  
**Forums** 4 p.m. Student Center Room 214.  
**International Students** 6 p.m. Student Center Room 214.  
**Panhellenic** 3:30 p.m. Student Center Room 218.  
**IFC** 3:30 p.m. Student Center Room 222.  
**Brown Bag** noon Student Center art gallery.

### Tuesday 2

**ECO** 8 a.m. Student Center lower lobby.  
**Rape Prevention Lecture** 9 p.m. Colby lobby.  
**C&W Dance Class** 7 p.m. Student Center Ballroom.  
**Traffic Appeals** 11 a.m. Student Center Room 202.  
**Campus Chest** 6 p.m. Student Center Room 202.  
**Career Placement** 8:30 a.m. Student Center Room 203.  
**Creative Programming** 5 p.m. Student Center Room 203.  
**Academic Affairs** 6 p.m. Student Center Room 203.  
**Permanent Improvements** 6 p.m. Student Center Room 204.  
**ECO** 6 p.m. Student Center Room 205.  
**Student Conduct Committee** 3 p.m. Student Center Room 214.  
**Student Affairs** 5:30 p.m. Student Center Room 214.  
**BSU** 6 p.m. Student Center Room 215.  
**Travel Program** 7:30 p.m. Student Center Room 218.  
**House of Reps** 5 p.m. Student Center Room 222.

### Wednesday 3

**ECO** 8 a.m. Student Center lower lobby.  
**Parents' Weekend** 4 p.m. Student Center Room 203.  
**BSU** 12:15 p.m. Student Center Room 204.  
**ECO** 6 p.m. Student Center Room 205.  
**Bible Study** 8 p.m. Student Center Room 207.  
**Programming Council** 5 p.m. Student Center Room 211.  
**Cheap Thrills Workshop (Bread Dough)** 7 p.m. Student Center Room 211.

**Resident Hall Assoc** 4 p.m. Student Center Room 222.  
**Angel Flight Meeting** 6 p.m. AFROTC Detachment.

### Thursday 4

**CPPC Workshop** "What in the World Can You Do? Skill Assessment," 7:30 p.m. Brachman lobby.  
**ECO** 8 a.m. Student Center lower lobby.  
**Political Science** 2 p.m. Student Center Room 203.  
**Arnold Air Society** 4:30 p.m. Student Center Room 204.  
**FCA** 8:45 p.m. Student Center Room 205.  
**Fine Arts Committee** 11 a.m. Student Center Room 209.  
**China Travel Program** 7 p.m. Student Center Room 218.  
**Forums** noon Student Center art gallery.

### Friday 5

**Friday on Campus** 8 a.m. Student Center lower lobby.  
**ECO** 8 a.m. Student Center lower lobby.  
**Unity Job Fair** 9 a.m. Student Center Ballroom.  
**Film** "Paper Chase," 5, 8 p.m. and midnight Student Center Ballroom.  
**Safety Committee** 4 p.m. Student Center Room 202.  
**Delta Sigma Theta** 7 p.m. Student Center Room 203.  
**Campus Crusades** 8:15 a.m. Student Center Room 204.  
**Omega Psi Phi** 10 p.m. Student Center Room 207.  
**Phi Beta Kappa** 4 p.m. Student Center Room 211.

### Saturday 6

**Film** "Autumn Sonata," 7, 10 p.m. Student Center Ballroom.  
**Panhellenic Scholarship** 9 a.m. Student Center Room 202.  
**Campus Crusade** 9 a.m. Student Center Room 204.  
**Harris College of Nursing** 9:30 a.m. Student Center Room 207.

### Sunday 7

**International Students** 6 p.m. Student Center Ballroom.  
**Alpha Phi Omega** 5 p.m. Student Center Room 203.  
**Tau Chi Epsilon** 7 p.m. Student Center Room 204.  
**Wesley Foundation Building Dedication and Reception** 3:30 p.m. Robert Carr Chapel.  
**Tae Kwon Do Karate Club** 1 p.m. Rickel Building Room 218.