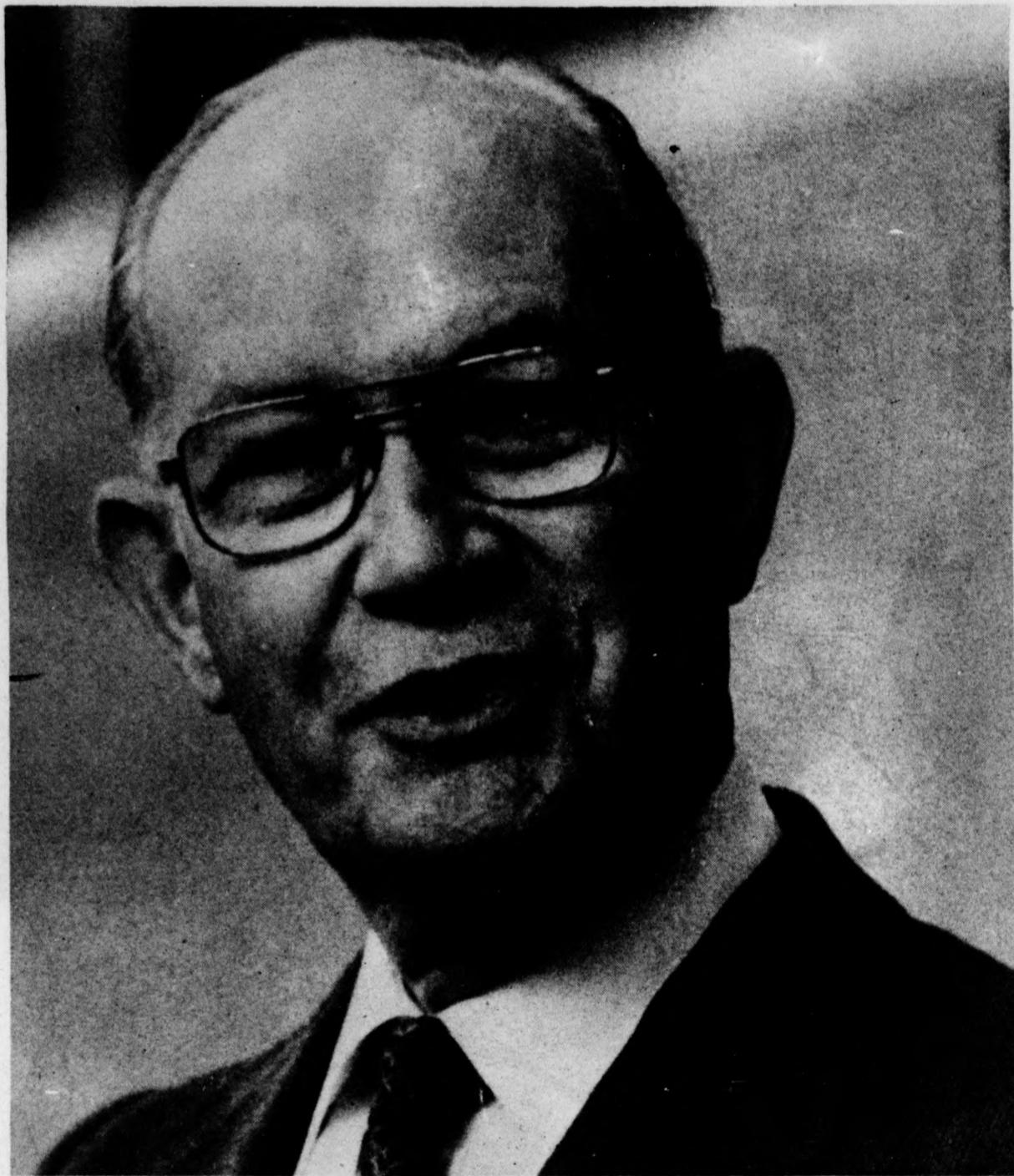


*etCetera*



Art by Connie Cook

*Connie Cook*



# Moudy



By A. J. Plunkett

It was a celebration of people. Last Friday, the new J. M. Moudy Building for Visual Arts and Communication was dedicated. Not only was the building dedicated to the former TCU chancellor for which it is named, said Chancellor William E. Tucker at the ceremony, but also to people — the people who paid for it, the people who planned it, the people who designed and built it, and to the people who will work and learn in it.

Amon G. Carter Jr., president of the Amon G. Carter Foundation, officially presented the \$16 million building and its equipment to the university in the largest single gift, except for bequests, ever received by TCU.

The ceremony marked the end of over a decade of planning and work by faculty and TCU administrators, as well as by Ruth Carter Johnson and the Carter Foundation. Johnson



Only the porcelain masques of Mardi Gras are shown in this French Quarter shop window. The real masques are worn by Carnival goers and even first-time observers. Photo by Ben Noey

## Mardi Gras—the 'Mad Masquerade'

By Linda Flood and Susan Thompson

If you've ever craved jazz, you know it's not just music—it's a presence, a constellation of jazzy people, jazzy brass, and their jazzy-blue souls that compose the definitive word—jazz.

Local jazz is a diluted strain that's migrated here. But the essence of the music emanates from its birthplace, the home of Satchmo, the Crescent City, where a jazzy bass beat throbs in sync with the heartbeats of those who live there and go there, the perfect place for anyone with a tune in his eye.

You may have been to New Orleans without experiencing Mardi Gras. You do know that there's more there than just rich, shuffle-foot jazz, but all you have are stolen impressions from those who've stood on coolers and grabbed at beads thrown from floats in Carnival's many parades.

You see their eyes swell drunkenly with remembered Dixie beers, and you start saving your money for Mardi Gras king cakes, hoping you'll find the baby and be king for

one of Mardi Gras' mythish days.

"A hundred-thousand Frenchmen in New Orleans," says cajun singer Randy Newman. And you find there are also a hundred-million blacks waving corn dogs, their children, beers and doubloons. Sailors are there with their Carnival lovers—met that afternoon.

Men with their sexed-out eyes scan you and shrug you off as a Newcomb bitch—or pursue you for your father's green dollars.

And you, you shrug them off, intrigued by their liquor-rubber bodies, one waving a tiny plastic tomahawk and shouting limply, "Happy Mardi Gras!"

Another cajoler falls out of a doorway with a plaster leg swinging above it and stumbles over your chest. He jerks his friend back to stand in front of you. "Hey," he says to his sidekick with a point and a slow smile, "that girl's got nice tits!"

He withdraws his finger harmlessly and withdraws his eyes to search for further Mardi Gras trinkets.

Yes, they flatter you in their drunken amble through the

Quarter, their shop window leanings and mailbox holdings on. You are spinning in their heads, literally. You hope you never spin counterclockwise too—that your spins coincide, lest you both become unavoidably spun together till morning, or at least until Bacchus parade rolls its last hero past St. Charles at Canal. That's when the crowd merges at the center street stripe, collapses and disassembles. They segregate and head for the house, the hotel or the Quarter's famous beignets.

Florida co-eds wrestle black bitches for beads and throw them around your neck. They grab their thanks from you. They kiss your lips—really well—until you wish you were there with Florida men instead of who you are there with.

Secretly you know where you are but play you don't. It's part of that Mardi Gras madness—that keeping out of step that becomes the rule.

Your shell softens and you mourn the crab as a fat man across the bar devours it. With empathy, yet apathetically, you watch through bourbon eyeballs, laughing at the

little leg dangling from his overgrown lips.

Your date drags you from the fat man's view and you frown down Royal Street thinking sadly of the crab husband, still in the waves somewhere missing out. You're also concerned for the little black cherubs that drop their beads, losing them to LSU boys and bearded frat men with beer foam in their hair, spilled by women on the balconies. One woman wears a leopard head on her head and dangles her chest over the rail almost nude.

A baby looks up at her in fright as he gets hit with a doubloon caught by his tiny black-baby jacket hood. "How many doubloons are in that baby hood?" you wonder randomly.

Then two cajun boys sidle up beside you poking wads of bubble gum with Mardi Gras sticks. They don't mind sharing your spot with you for a while before they go off to pinch ladies' butts again.

Finally you look down and see two old women perched on shared halves of grocery sacks, and you wonder if you will someday appear so common at Carnival.

# Jazzed-up menu

By Debbie Thompson

New Orleans Sandwich Shop has a different ensemble to offer the community — a new name, a new look and a new menu.

In January, 1982 the owner, Dwight Royer, changed his restaurant from self-service to table service after 5 p.m.

He will call his transformed eatery "New Orleans Restaurant and Sandwich Shop." Turn-of-the-century New Orleans city scenes will dapple the menu, which will now include international country cooking, Royer says.

"I felt there was room in the community for good home cooking," he says.

He says he has long wanted to have evening meals, but when he opened in May 1975 he saw no market for home cooked meals in the TCU area. He included New Orleans in the name because he thought it connoted fun and good foods.

Royer experimented for the change by cooking dinners for 20 to 30 regular customers to see how they liked evening meals. When they were favorably received, Royer began to create and gather his recipes in preparation for changing the shop's image.

Linen table cloth's, candlelight and silk roses certainly create a different ambience than the chalkboard menu, bare wooden tabletops and the self-style service of the lunch hour.

Royer says his customers are very responsive to the change. He says that at first he wondered if his kitchen crew and his new waitresses could serve the customers as efficiently as before.

He says efficiency hasn't decreased, however, so on April 1 he will add formal menus, a new sign, more extensive decor changes and an advertising campaign.

Also April 1 Royer plans to start an "Around the World in 80 Beer Club." For this he hopes to increase his menu from 10 to 80 varieties of beer. A customer joins the club by sampling

the different types and having his card punched for each new variety. Once he tries all 80, the member receives a plaque and a mug.

Royer's food service history began early. He was born and raised on a farm in Indiana. As a high school senior he worked nights at the cafe Koffee Cup. He graduated from Eastern New Mexico University with a degree in political science.

His first restaurant, called The Hut, was in a small town of 10,000 — Portales, New Mexico. "There was no money but it was fun," says Royer. The restaurant was open from 1965 to 1967.

For the next four years he worked for McDonalds and was transferred to New Orleans. He then became manager for what he says was the largest Burger King in the world at that time, on Canal Street.

Family finally brought him back to Texas and he opened up the New Orleans Sandwich Shop. Before he expanded in 1976, limited kitchen space forced Royer's wife, Sandra, to come in every morning at 5 a.m. to make homemade pies before the crew arrived. He says the pies are still a major draw today.

Originally the sandwich shop could seat 32. After acquiring the middle room, and in 1978 the far room, the restaurant seats 120.

To help fill these seats, Royer says that a definite attraction is his meat loaf special. This consists of a more than generous portion of meat loaf with a thick brown mushroom sauce, a choice of two vegetables, homemade muffins and butter — all for \$2.95. The varieties of muffins include bran, cornbread and the newest, pumpkin.

As one who loves to explore in cooking, Royer says this dinner and most of his other recipes are his own creations. He has a collection of over 50 cookbooks and subscribes to six trade cooking magazines.

Royer serves no Monday evening meals because that's the cook's night off.

Royer is also the cook.



Customers wait in line during the lunch hour at New Orleans Sandwich Shop. The restaurant is changing its evening service and image. Photo by Ben Noey

# Shaughnessy drums a

By Debbie Thompson

The brightly lit stage of Ed Landreth auditorium erupted Friday night in an explosion of the Big Band sound. One thousand spectators eagerly drank of the performance the musicians offered them.

The audience's anticipation beforehand was sharpened by expectations of guest artist Ed Shaughnessy, the drummer for Doc Severinsen's Band on the "Tonight Show."

Shaughnessy is also the leader of a 17-piece band called "Energy Force," and is one of today's most sought-after drum set clinicians in international music education, said

TCU jazz ensemble director Curt Wilson.

The concert, the conclusion of the fifth annual TCU Jazz Festival, opened with the performance of the winning Texas high school band from Bowie High School in Arlington.

Their first piece, "Sweet Georgia Upside Down," featured three of their soloists: on trumpet, Steve Owen; on tenor saxophone, Jeff Schillina; and Curt Duhamell on vibes. The audience responded with cheers, whistles and outbreaks of applause throughout.

The second number was "Walk Softly," a slow dreamy piece in which the trombone soloist, Paul Desha, exuded true sweetness.



Photos by Ben Noey

Ed Shaughnessy, the TCU annual Jazz Festival guest artist for Friday night's concert featuring himself, the winning Texas high school jazz band and the TCU jazz ensemble, enjoys his finale drum performance with the TCU band. Band members said he was an outstanding performer and a challenge to work with. In the upper right hand corner, Shaughnessy, drummer with Doc Severinsen's Band on the "Tonight Show," warms up his sticks on his shoe during intermission. In the lower right hand corner, Jim O'Sullivan plays inspired congas for the winning high school band from Bowie High School in Arlington.



# Drums audience into uproar

The third piece, entitled "Explosion," was described by one high school student as "a real hyper piece," because everyone played their own thing. Jeff Schillina played a stimulating alto sax—wild and delightful. Vibes played by Curt Duhamell and trapset by Troy Warren, were crisp, clean and precise.

Jim O'Sullivan, who was dressed conservatively in a white suit and open blue shirt that exposed the gold cross around his neck, inspired uncontrollable foot-tapping to the jungle beat with his congas. O'Sullivan also plays the bongos, woodblocks, timbales, tambourine and cow bells.

Jim McDaniel, director of the

Bowie band for the last two years, said, "The group was invited to play in Red China in 1980, but were unable to go. That same year they did play at The Jazz Festival in Montreux, Switzerland."

They won the UTA Jazz Festival three consecutive years but were excluded from this year's competition because they had won so many times. In 1981 the group played with Maynard Ferguson in Lawton, Oklahoma and was named the outstanding band in the Lawton Jazz Festival. McDaniel says that as a band leader and trumpet player, Ferguson is to jazz what the Beatles are to rock 'n' roll.

The next set on the program was TCU's own jazz ensemble directed

by Wilson, which swung first into "Alexander's Ragtime Band," arranged by Rob McConnell. Following was "In a Sentimental Mood," a Duke Ellington composition arranged by Bill Holman.

The third piece, "Bunch of Blues," by Les Hooper, brought out the powerful deep sounds that the band has proven themselves capable of.

"Body and Soul," arranged by Marty Paich, was an emotional farewell from Wilson and the band to their jazz pianist, Richard Powell, who performed for the last time at TCU Friday night. Powell took two bows before the audience was satisfied to let him go.

"Louisiana," also arranged by Rob McConnell, was the last piece the ensemble played before Shaughnessy joined them in the third set.

During the intermission Shaughnessy, while warming up his sticks on his shoes, signed autographs. Among those requesting was Ed Landreth's custodian, Cloyd Eichelberger, who received both an autograph and a new pair of drum sticks for his 12-year-old son.

Wilson began the third set by introducing Shaughnessy as the feature guest artist. That's when the emotion that had built in the audience throughout began to peak.

The first number was "Sunshine Swing" by Bill Holman. Next came "Frankie and Johnny," of which Shaughnessy said, "I kinda like to shuffle. I grew up on it, and this is a shufflin' song." Originally a composition of the Duke's, this arrangement was by Tommy Newsom.

"Pressure Cooker," arranged Sammy Nestico, followed. "Saturday Night Special," arranged by Jon Charles for Doc Severinsen's Band, was highlighted by the duo drumming of Shaughnessy and

Harrell Bosarge, a TCU graduate student and teaching assistant to Wilson. Bosarge was introduced by Shaughnessy's statement, "Just dig his style."

The last two numbers were "Mr. C's Boogie," by John Rodby and "Steady Eddie," by Felton Sparks. Both pieces brought the audience to their feet.

"Steady Eddie" was a piece that marched to a different drummer. Shaughnessy said, "Seventeen years ago I made a resolution to study with a master of Indian drumming. Luckily, I didn't have to go to India to do this. I was able to study with Alla Rockha, one of the great virtuosos."

"Steady Eddie" is a piece that brings a little East and West together, Shaughnessy said. "It is an extremely organized way of playing music, much like higher mathematics." The drummer's solo was a duel between verbal and percussion sounds made with the fingers instead of sticks. Shaughnessy dedicated the number to Wilson.

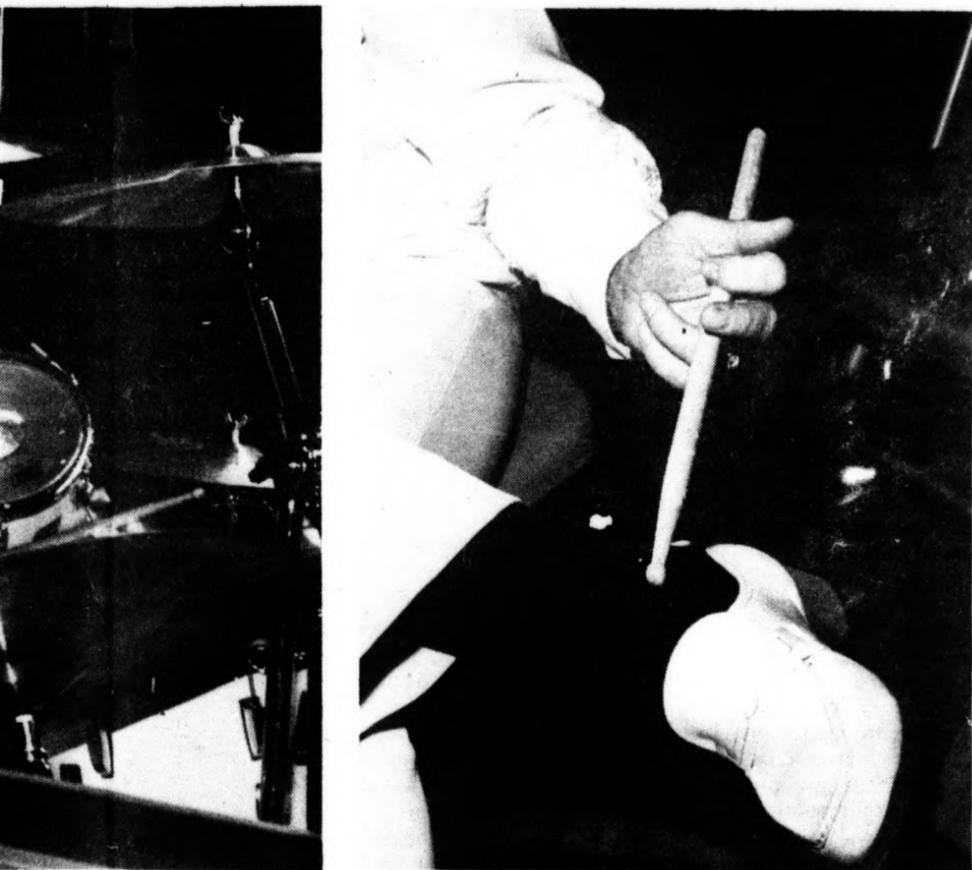
After the concert Shaughnessy said that he had enjoyed his performance with the TCU jazz ensemble. "The rhythm section is really good. In fact, I would go as far as to say outstandingly good."

"Plus, the band itself is good. It makes it easy for me. All I have to do is just sit up there and play."

"This happens one out of 10 times if you're lucky," he said. "However, I'm not complaining because it goes with the job."

David Henning, a graduate bass player and teaching assistant for the TCU jazz ensemble, said that performing with Shaughnessy was a challenge. "The guy's charismatic. It's a joy to play with Ed. It motivated me to give my best."

The audience showed that the entire TCU jazz ensemble had done just that.



# Area big on upbeat jazz

By **Kerrv Bouchard**

*It starts out loud and then it gets dumb.*

*-Buddy Rich at a concert at Eastfield College in Dallas*

The first exposure I had to jazz music came from a guitarist I knew when I was a freshman at the high school for the arts in Dallas (part of the Dallas school district's attempt at painless desegregation).

The guy's name was Jeff McCarty. He was a year older than me and a lot bigger. Jeff was convinced, for reasons he could never explain, that white males who played classical music must be innately homosexual. When he found out that I was studying classical guitar he was appalled. I think he expected me to suddenly appear at school wearing a pink-sequined vest and talking two octaves higher.

So Jeff shoved a George Benson (Good King Bad) album into my hands and told me to learn to play guitar like *that*, or else risk irreparable damage to my libido.

Jeff seemed to be able to play like *that* easily. He set himself up as a sort of minor deity around school. Jeff would relax with his guitar and bass in a practice room, skipping all his classes, and people would wander in to listen, or ask how so-and-so of the Crusaders had gotten a certain sound in a certain song.

When people asked questions like that, a puzzled look of concentration would come over Jeff's face as he searched his memory and the fretboard of the guitar, trying to find the exact nuance of phrasing he had heard on the album or in the concert.

It usually took about five seconds. Jeff would play the lick, leering like a demented sorcerer, and then giggle and make some obscene remark about the girl in the next practice room. "You see," he'd explain, "it just goes down in thirds and then hits that flat-nine sharp-eleven chord before it goes to the D flat major seventh, and, you know, you can just play a diminished scale over the whole thing . . ."

I was irrevocably corrupted—classical guitar just never was as much fun as it once was. For the next few years, I listened to Benson, Kenny Burrell, Joe Pass, Barney Kessel and everyone else Peaches marked down to five dollars. I read *Downbeat* and learned a kind of snobbery, sneering at rock 'n' roll bands with their kindergarten harmonies and plodding rhythms. I practiced diminished scales, whole-tone scales, and altered ninth arpeggios until my brain was numb. But I never really learned to play guitar like *that*.

Educators, especially music educators, have a vested interest in perpetuating the notion that, with enough hard work and practice, *anybody* can learn anything. It's

certainly true that if you pick up a guitar, or wood carving tools, or whatever, and start working with it five hours a day, every day, after a few months you'll be better than when you started. You will have developed what is euphemistically referred to as "facility"—which on the guitar means the ability to play scales and arpeggios rapidly, regardless of whether or not it makes any musical sense.

It won't necessarily give you the ability to find the one idea, that unexpected twist of phrasing, often quite simple, that sounds mysteriously *right*—the gorgeous, joyous "Yeh!" that suddenly fills your body and makes life seem, if only for a moment, sane and beautiful.

The last I heard, Jeff was somewhere up at North Texas State,

the Dallas Jazz Orchestra, plays Sunday nights at Popsicle Toes, off Greenville Avenue in Dallas. The DJO is made up of professional (and a few retired) musicians from the metroplex who take Sunday nights out to play rollicking, and often quite sophisticated, big band arrangements written by members of the band and people such as Dan Huerle from NTSU.

If you associate the phrase "big band" with the kind of cute, innocuous sounds that the white dance bands such as Glenn Miller's once produced, then you should hear the DJO. Then you'll know what big band really is. They resemble the Glenn Miller era about as much as Tina Turner resembles Doris Day.

Other players to watch for in the area include Glenn Strong, the

*In the '60s, jazz was part of a larger revolution occurring. "But the music, like most cutting edge art, made too many demands on the listener to ever become widely popular. There could be no avant-garde jazz Woodstock. What began as a popular 'commercial' form became the music of artists and intellectuals."*

still crazy after all these years. He plays (or did play, I'm out of touch) discos around Texas and Louisiana with a band called "Out of the Blues." Maybe it's prostitution, but certainly no more so than working in an all-night gas station, which is where no-talent bums like me end up trying to scrape up money. Sartre or somebody must have said that if you're going to exist in the world, you might as well resign yourself to being a whore.

If you want to go out in quest of that "Yeh!", then the Dallas/Fort Worth area is a good place to do it. Fort Worth has J.R.'s Place, which invites musicians in for informal jam sessions on Monday nights. Cynthia Folio, a talented jazz and classical flautist from TCU, can sometimes be found performing there.

Daddio's, on 45th Street, usually has someone playing nights, but is currently closed for repair. At first glance, Daddio's looks like a dive. At second glance, it looks like a restaurant carefully contrived to look like a dive.

The Hop sometimes offers jazz oriented groups such as the Bill Tillman Band. Tillman is the alto sax player from Dallas who looks like a linebacker and plays some of the most aggressive saxophone this side of Cannonball Atterly.

Sardines and Blossoms also bring in jazz groups from around the area.

One of the few local big bands,

band director at Lincoln High School in Dallas.

Jazz is unpredictable these days.

Back in the '60s, artists like John Coltrane and Albert Ayler forged into new harmonic and rhythmic territory that left most listeners behind. The music took on what Wilson calls an "angular" sound—frequently harsh and difficult to listen to.

Jazz critics during this time, such as Nat Hentoff, said jazz involves not just stylistic innovation and evolution. It involves a fierce spiritual elitism, a depth of experience born out of the suffering of blacks in the United States that was not really comprehensible to bourgeois white culture.

Jazz was part of a larger revolution occurring at that time. But the music, like most cutting edge art, made too many demands on the listener to ever become widely popular. There could be no avant-garde jazz Woodstock. What began as a popular "commercial" form became the music of artists and intellectuals.

Wilson says that '60s jazz primarily survived through jazz band programs on high school and college campuses. What such programs have done, he says, is create sympathetic and educated listeners (probably no more than 2 to 5 percent of the people who study music actually go on to become professional musicians.)

Music education and easy availability of recordings also fostered widespread and often bewildering variability. Movements in contemporary jazz are difficult to identify. A contemporary performer has available for his musical palette everything from the kinetic, simple harmonies of Dixieland to the wild, almost atonal sheets of sound invented by players like Coltrane and Ornette Coleman. Within one performance you often hear both.

If you hear one of the "fusion" bands that frequent clubs like Strictly Taboo in Dallas, you may hear modal, eastern melodies from a soprano sax, played over a funk bass line and followed by a guitar solo that sounds like a cross between Jimi Hendrix and Duke Ellington. (Before Hendrix began playing with the white rock 'n' rollers from England, he was involved with the avant-garde jazz scene in New York. The guitar sound he developed is in some ways similar to the tenor sax sound favored by players like Coltrane.)

The North Texas area is the home of many fine musicians and groups. On weeknights many clubs don't even have a cover charge, so it's a relatively inexpensive form of entertainment. And if the musicians are real innovators, it may even expand your mind.

If you're ever at a disco (I certainly won't be) and a crazed guitarist begins leering and making obscene gestures in the middle of his solo, give him my regards.

young protege of Jack Peterson, the jazz guitar instructor at NTSU. I heard Strong play at the 6051 Club in Dallas a couple of times; he was with a group that included Pat Coil on piano and Collin Bailey on drums. Unlike many players who have gone through intense "jazz education," Strong does not just blow scales. The group plays solid musical ideas throughout their set.

Herbie Stewart is a fine bass player working in the metroplex. Stewart was in the 1963 TCU stage band and has chorded with figures such as Stan Kenton and Woody Herman, says Curtis Wilson, director of the TCU band program and veteran of several big bands himself.

For a comprehensive list of clubs and performers in the area, consult the Texas Jazz News, found at most record stores. Dallas has a "jazz hotline" you can call to hear a recorded message that lists groups' appearances at different clubs during the week.

Wilson says a characteristic of Texas jazz is the tenor sax tradition of people like Coleman Hawkins who have emerged from this area. Tenor player James Clay, who often performs at J.R.'s Place in Fort Worth, is a contemporary heir to that tradition.

Pianists David "Fathead" Newman and Red Garland are also important local artists. Newman got the nickname "Fathead" from his

# : completely dedicated



Below, Amon G. Carter Jr. speaks at the Moudy dedication ceremony and signs the \$16 million check to pay for TCU's largest single gift ever. Left, senior Dottie Linn plays cello and junior Corinne Sweeten plays violin with the TCU string quartet at the event. Far left, Chancellor Emeritus James M. Moudy accepts the honors as the building is dedicated in his name. Lower left, the crowd awaits Moudy's speech during the ceremony.

Photos by Ben Noey



was instrumental in the selection of the architects, Kevin Roche, John Dinkeloo and Associates of Connecticut, and in the planning of the building.

The ceremony became solemn as Chancellor Emeritus James M. Moudy remembered those people important in the creation and planning of the building, but who never saw its completion: architect John Dinkeloo; Sam Woodson, vice chairman of the TCU Board of Trustees; and Moudy's mother.

Several hundred people attended the dedication ceremonies and later toured the north and south wings.

Moudy is the first TCU alumnus to become its chancellor. Named chancellor in 1965, Moudy served for over 14 years, working to strengthen the faculty, expand the university, and create more research-oriented doctoral programs. Moudy was the university's seventh chief executive officer.

# Greeks unite for week

By Susan Thompson

TCU's annual greek week opens tonight with an all-greek banquet to announce the winners of various honors including the outstanding greek man and woman of the year.

The event has been sponsored each spring for the past four years by Order of Omega (a greek honorary fraternity), the Intra-Fraternity Council (IFC) and Panhellenic. This year it in addition to the banquet, it includes a faculty wine and cheese party, a speaker and an all-greek party.

Coordinator of greek affairs Rick Funk, says greek week has many

purposes. One goal is to unify the greeks into one body. "Our whole week is set up on a non-competitive basis. It provides opportunities for people to get to know each other outside of the arena of competition."

Order of Omega president Janet Tyler agrees. Throughout the year, she says, greeks are constantly competing. This week is the only major activity that "stresses unity and cooperation."

Both Funk and Tyler also say that the week is designed to promote the achievements of individual chapters, the greek system and the entire university. "It is to make

everyone aware of what greeks have accomplished," says Tyler.

Funk says it is also "a chance for us to address issues that affect greeks during college and beyond." That is the reason for the Tuesday night speaker, Eileen Stevens. She will address the role of hazing in Greek organizations, a personal interest initiated by the death of her son in a fraternity hazing incident.

Funk says greek week is also to recognize the faculty outside of the classroom and "to have a good time."

Tyler says the week is meant to include the entire university. All students are invited to the events,

though they are primarily attended by greeks. "It's mostly aimed at the greeks," says Tyler, "but it's not meant to be alienating at all."

She says the sponsoring groups hope the activities show the "the greek system to be positive and not negative."

Funk says that although many greeks probably don't know what greek week is for, participation is growing.

Most large universities have a greek week as an "identification process," says Funk.

Through the week "we're just trying to say, 'Hey, understand us,'" he says.

# Homebound — that's the breaks

By Susan Thompson

Your eyes are closed and you're stretched out on a "No where else but Padre Island" beach towel. You're relishing the sun as bubbles form on the tops of your toes and each pore grows crisp and red.

The waves you hear nearby lap quietly against the island's edges. You can smell hot dogs blacken over a small fire to your left somewhere, attended by friends who are sharing a Coors six-pack.

Suddenly a door slams and far away you hear your mother's voice soliciting you and your crispness to get off the beach and sweep the front sidewalk. First you ignore it. But as her voice rises louder than the sea, you sigh heavily and break the layer of perspiration to slowly open your eyes.

Immediately the waves recede farther into the ocean until they

disappear. Where sand cooked moments before, grass now stands very tall and expecting a mower's blade. As the whole scene dissipates, you reach for a beer but find yourself left alone with your dog, your mother, and a week's worth of yard work — and no Coors.

Yes, everyone on your dorm floor is lounging along the Gulf Coast, but you are still working off last summer's car loan. Your parents have won a round. They have obviously joined an international parents organization called "Homebound."

This group is designed to get kids home as often and as long as possible before parents kick their graduates permanently off the proverbial nest and also off their proverbial asses while they're still spinning from their valedictorian's "the world is waiting for you, now go get it" commencement speech.

Once parents have joined "Homebound" (which almost all do by the student's junior year), holidays become a series of bargains. Each school vacation is claimed by both parties — parents and student. One party then forfeits the claim after receiving promise of the next one.

For example, if the collegian wants to take a ski trip with friends during Christmas break, then he or she is obligated to spend spring break at home. The student strikes the bargain somewhat willingly, realizing that though his parents have had to put up with him for 20 years, they'll still fight to keep him around for a few more.

Finances are another consideration when vacationing without family. If a student forks out \$200 to a luxury hotel at Port Aransas in March, it's going to be hard to convince his parents that he

needs rescuing from a depleted savings account in April.

And sometimes the condominium down payment just isn't there in the first place. The student ends up spending the break at home, far from a beach or snowy mountainside in some small Oklahoma or Kansas town, building up instead of spending his money supply.

He may think of his TCU buddies breaking in exciting places all over the country or even the world, but he can be sure that they aren't wasting many moments thinking of *him*. He'll work, lay around or do homework, but his first objective is to save enough to make it into the waves next spring.

So for those whose spring break sun came up over Odessa, Texas, instead of South Padre Island or Breckenridge, Colorado — start bartering now for next year.

## events etc.

### Monday 29

RHA 11:30 a.m. Student Center Lower Lobby.  
**Campus Crusade** 8 a.m. Student Center Ballroom.  
**Brown Bag** noon Student Center Ballroom.  
**Greek Week Banquet** 5 p.m. Student Center Ballroom.  
**Films Committee** 6 p.m. Student Center Room 202.  
**Outdoor Skills** 8 a.m. Student Center Room 204.  
**Creative Writing** 2 p.m. Student Center Room 207.  
**ORI** 9 a.m. Student Center Room 211.  
**Forums** 4 p.m. Student Center Room 214.  
**International Students** 6 p.m. Student Center Room 214.  
**University Ministries** 11 a.m. Student Center Room 218.  
**Panhellenic** 3:30 p.m. Student Center Room 218.  
**IFC** 3:30 p.m. Student Center Room 222.

### Tuesday 30

**CPPC Workshop** "Discovering Your Career Options," 9:45 a.m. Wiggins Lobby.  
**RHA** 11:30 a.m. Student Center Lower Lobby.

**Traffic Appeals** 11 a.m. Student Center Room 202.  
**Campus Chest** 6 p.m. Student Center Room 202.  
**Creative Programming** 5 p.m. Student Center Room 203.  
**Academic Affairs** 6 p.m. Student Center Room 203.  
**Outdoor Skills** 12:30 p.m. Student Center Room 204.  
**Permanent Improvements** 6 p.m. Student Center Room 204.  
**Greek Week** 3:30 p.m. Student Center Room 205.  
**China Travel Program** 7 p.m. Student Center Room 205.  
**Student Affairs** 5:30 p.m. Student Center Room 214.  
**BSU** 6 p.m. Student Center Room 218.  
**House of Reps** 5 p.m. Student Center Room 222.

### Wednesday 31

**RHA** 11:30 a.m. Student Center Lower Lobby.  
**Creative Writing** 7:30 p.m. Student Center Ballroom.

**Circle K Club** 6 p.m. Student Center Room 202.  
**Parents' Weekend** 4 p.m. Student Center Room 203.  
**Angel Flight** 6 p.m. Student Center Room 203.  
**BSU** 12:15 p.m. Student Center Room 204.  
**Homecoming Committee** 4 p.m. Student Center Room 204.  
**Bible Study** 8 p.m. Student Center Room 207.  
**Programming Council** 5 p.m. Student Center Room 211.  
**Resident Hall Assoc** 4 p.m. Student Center Room 222.  
**Creative Writing** 5:30 p.m. Student Center Lounge.  
**Brown Bag** noon Student Center Art Gallery.  
**Performing Arts** 4 p.m. Student Center Art Gallery.

### Thursday 1

**Creative Writing** 12:30 p.m. Student Center Ballroom.  
**Forums** 7 p.m. Student Center Ballroom.  
**Political Science** 2:30 p.m. Student Center Room 204.  
**Arnold Air Society** 4:30 p.m. Student Center Room 205.

**FCA** 8:45 p.m. Student Center Room 205.  
**Lutheran Ministries** 8 p.m. Student Center Room 218.  
**Creative Writing** 8 a.m. Student Center Lounge.  
**Brown Bag** 12:30 p.m. Student Center Art Gallery.  
**Class of '83** 4 p.m. Student Center Room 215.

### Friday 2

**Friday on Campus** 8 a.m. Student Center Lower Lobby.  
**RHA** 7 a.m. Student Center Lower Lobby.  
**Film** "Bedknobs and Broomsticks," 5, 8 p.m. and midnight Student Center Ballroom.  
**Campus Crusade** 8:15 a.m. Student Center Room 204.  
**Honors Program** 4 p.m. Student Center Room 207.  
**Kappa Alpha Psi** 10 p.m. Student Center Room 207.  
**Voices United** 6 p.m. Student Center Room 218.  
**Saturday 3**  
**RHA** 9 a.m. Student Center Lower Lobby.  
**Delta Sigma Theta** 9 a.m. Student Center Room 205.