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EL BURRO



October, 1968

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS
AT EL PASO

OCTOBER, 1968



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This magazine was advised, consoled, and mostly put together by Ralph Chavez, our friendly faculty advisor.

If you have any thoughts, contributions, or insults, or if by some miracle someone wants to work on this things, we would appreciate hearing from you. Just come to SUB 402 and look in the corners.

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VOL. XXX NO. 1

EL BURRO

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STUDENT POWER!



Coming Next Issue

A Note to Freshmen...

The first edition of **El Burro** is aimed primarily at the incoming freshmen, who are approaching these hallowed halls with all the dreams and aspirations of college life. However, since most freshmen have never been anywhere near this type of thing before, we feel that there are a few things that should be said:

1. That strange edifice on University St., across from the museum, is really the library, despite what popular opinion says. All freshmen will use it at least once during the year, but after learning how to fake notes and references, more trips are neither necessary or advised.
2. There IS a Student Government. Seek and ye shall find.
3. SUB food is not a Communist plot, although some outside agency that wishes us ill may be sponsoring it.
4. It is not necessary to actually learn or know anything to graduate from UTEP.
5. There are not really any parking lots for students -- you just drive your car over the cliff, and buy a new one each time you come.
6. All organizations except for fraternities and sororities, and singing groups, are classified as subversive.
7. When you sell your books, you will get back 25% of what you paid (if you're lucky).
8. If there isn't a rule for the foul and evil thing you might do, give them a few days.
9. There are some professors who are on the student's side.
10. Don't mess with the janitors -- they have more power than anyone else.
11. The successful students do not get involved, (but they also miss out on what most of college is about).
12. A lot of people get upset by this magazine. Hide your copy, and don't read it in public.
13. The shaft is everywhere.

— The Editors

Get to Know and Love

EDITORS NOTE: The following are actual horoscopes done for us by a student of astrology. Maybe there's something to the stars after all.....



JOSEPH MALCHUS RAY

— former UTEP President

October 14, 1907 (Leo)

He has a flair for drama. His charm and equilibrium with mobs cover a tremendous worldly ambition. He appeals to the emotions of others, and has a hypnotic effect on people. His mind is critical and quick to grasp the underlying motives of others. He has the ability to play up the drama in a situation, but when he is opposed he will often use an entirely new or eccentric approach. However, he does sometimes leave unpleasant positions if the outside pressure is strong enough.



LAWRENCE HAMILTON

— Assistant Dean of Students

August 5, 1928 (Leo)

There is no doubt in this man's mind but that he is worthy of all honors received, so he accepts these things with the aplomb and dignity of a born monarch. He will sacrifice his first interests for ends that give a greater chance of success and position. Sports are important to his rise in career and standing. In his life, there is always the element of sudden and unexpected good fortune. He has the possibility in his future of foreign travel and positions of public influence.



GEORGE COURTNEY McCARTY

— UTEP Athletic Director

October 18, 1915 (Pisces)

He has the tendency to invest or gamble behind the scenes. He is a determined, probably stubborn emotional type with a sharp and analytical mind, but a sarcastic wit. He has a flair for the dramatic in sports, and is at ease in working with groups and the public through a natural emotional appeal. This man can be easily hurt and probably never forgives a slight, real or imagined. He sometimes alienates other people.



THOMAS M. CHISM

— Director, Student Union Building

September 10, 1928 (Sagittarius)

Sports must have played a prominent role in attaining his present position in life. He will take lines that will give the most to further his career, and his first interests will be subjugated. He must shine before the world. He appeals and leads through his enthusiasm, but emotions are of little consequence to him. His friends will be influential in his public career.

Your Administration

CLYDE WINGFIELD

— UTEP Vice-President

March 13, 1931 (Cancer)

He has a direct line to his mother's influence. He senses moods and trends in public life, and tries to appease people accordingly. This can be to his advantage in achieving his ambitions for power, prestige and recognition. His climb to the top of his professional ladder will always be considered over everything else. Friends will help him.



JIMMY REEVES WALKER

— Dean of Students

September 12, 1929 (Gemini)

He is an initiator of ideas and plans, in which his emotions do not interfere. He is extremely adaptable to what is practical and the most expedient... He is analytical and good with details, but would probably delegate the responsibility of his plans to someone else. He is a restless, enthusiastic man with a driving, all-consuming ambition for success and recognition in his field. His friends have and will continue to help him.



LOUISE FLETCHER RESLEY

— Dean of Women

December 25, 1907 (Virgo)

She is analytical but can be practical with outstanding organizational ability. She achieved success through patience, initiative, understanding, and an ability to enforce decisions she has made in spite of strong opposition. She has an unusual and unpredictable slant to the ego and the affections. She will have success in her concepts of what should be even after others have given up.



ROBERT MILTON LEECH

— Acting President of UTEP

May 2, 1921 (Taurus)

He has no basic conflict between his inner and outer natures. He is a level type who senses a mission to be accomplished, and places the emphasis on unusual and sympathetic approaches to public minds. However, he has a practical and down-to-earth approach with the proletariat and student classes. Life will have abrupt changes for him. He sometimes has sudden good luck, but he also has a tendency to be placed in awkward and uncomfortable positions.



Democracy in Action

EL BURRO announces, with great sorrow, the death of the Democratic Party.

Time of death: August 27 - 30, 1968

Cause of death: Internal rot

Once upon a time, in a town called Chicago, Mayor Richard Daley, assorted political hacks, and the Chicago police proved to the multitudes a fact that a few wise men already knew -- the Democratic Party is dead.

Death did not come easily. It was the long, tortured agony of a stubborn old man not willing to give in to the inevitable, fighting to retain possession of his ill-gotten gains.

The first signs of passing became evident on Monday night, with the defeat of the Texas challenge delegation's bid for more equal representation of that state's convention. Connally's delegation consisted mainly of Anglo's with a few token Negro and Mexican delegates, mostly of the Uncle Tom and Tio Tomas variety. The challenge delegation was representative of the state's ethnic groups, yet the vast Connally machine won out. The challenge was defeated by 400 votes, proving that brute strength is the ultimate power.

Much the same thing happened on Tuesday when the Georgia and Alabama challenge delegations were overpowered. Julian Bond, the intelligent, articulate leader of

the Georgia challenge group, did succeed in seating part of his delegation, but undoubtedly threw away his chances for political advancement by daring to affront the Southern power structure.

August 29, Black Wednesday, will long be remembered as a day of stupidity and injustice. It began at 10:00 in the morning, in Grant Park, one block from the Conrad Hilton. A rally had been scheduled by the Youth International Party ("Yippies") to protest the unfairness of the convention. By 4:00, after the inevitable defeat of the peace plank, police had surrounded the park. Nevertheless, the Yippies began a peaceful march to the Amphitheatre. Within minutes the marchers were completely enveloped. For a time the Yippies remained quiet, but finally a group made a break for the bridge, their only means of escape. The police retaliated by throwing tear gas.

It is very hard to keep calm about the subsequent events. Sitting on the third floor of the Hilton, in the McCarthy lounge that an hour before had been filled with tear gas, it was horrifying to realize that below, on Michigan Avenue, people of your own generation were being beaten by policemen, while on the television, the supposedly learned and wise lawmakers and officials of the land were playing their game of dirty politics. The spectacle was sickening, yet grimly fascinating. The third floor was in pandemonium. McCarthy's 15th floor campaign headquarters had been turned into a first aid station and continual messages were sent down requesting help from any doctors or nurses present. The window curtains were open, but it was unbearable to look through the windows and see the blood on the streets.

A collection plate was passed, and from the 300 people present, more than \$500 was collected for medical aid and bail money for 260 people that had been injured that night.

Mayor Daley had wished to prevent any "long, hot summer" race riots by bringing out his police force to make sure nothing happened, but what ensued was a police riot. True, the police were nervous and tense, yet they had no right to strike out wildly as anyone who wore jeans and had long hair and a beard. The demonstrations had begun peacefully. It was the police that started the violence.

McCarthy's defeat came early. No one had expected him to win, especially after the Amphitheatre circus earlier that night. The reaction in the McCarthy camp was first anger, then hope. Spontaneously the group began to sing "We Shall Overcome". It is hard to explain the emotion that went through the room. Perhaps their man, the personification of their idealism, had been defeated, but there was this hope, and a sincere feeling that what was good would win in the end.

The next day the Chicago police raided the 15th floor, beating anyone they could find who had "aided and abetted the rioters."

The Party is dead. Long live the party!

Cynthia Ballentine





The Republican Frolics

Recently the Republican Convention in Miami Beach treated us to a diverting series of T. V. specials. They showed the country how to arrive at a solution to a posed problem, by ignoring its causes and treating its effects.

The Republican answer to riots and civil unrest in this country, (as postulated in their colorful T. V. spectacles), is that strict enforcement of law and order will successfully assuage and eventually eliminate this unwanted condition. We may infer this from Governor Agnew's acceptance speech of the Republican Vice-Presidential nomination. He promised to quash riots, looters and even civil disobedience, by use of force. (We may reflect on the "illegally-achieved gains" ameliorating the condition of the discriminated-against segment of our society, which were promulgated by the advocates of non-violent resistance, and civil disobedience, and wonder how Governor Agnew would equate their achievements against the dogma in his philosophy of government.)

The one discordant note in this bucolic scene of righteous content was struck by a young Republican "peace delegate."

He acted as though unaware that "peace through force" is the motivation in the Viet-Nam conflict. He raised intemperate questions, suggesting that more effort should be expended toward a peaceful solution of the war by logistics, instead of blind adherence to a forceful solution. Since these proposals were clearly contrary to the established order of things, his proposals were treated with the contempt that the situation called for.

Fortunately, this was the only heretical note sounded at the convention, as the remaining speakers and participants strove to outdo each other in slavish affirmation of what constituted a policy of supremacy of property rights over human rights, and the proposition that the letter of the law must take precedence over the spirit of the law.

— Morton S. Kolleeny

The Well - Prepared Protestor

Tear gas, this writer has learned through personal experience, is a very unpleasant and effective way of dispersing a crowd. It causes the eyes to water, the nose to run, makes the throat dry and then sore. A direct shot of gas in the face is enough to blow a person over. Mace is even more potent. It is a chemical agent, the long range effects of which are not known. Therefore, in case any readers find themselves involved in any disturbances in which mace or tear gas is used, we offer the following suggestions:

- 1) Cover the face with vaseline, as mace may do damage to the skin.
- 2) Keep as much of your body as possible covered by clothing.
- 3) Remove all jewelery, especially pierced earrings. Such ornaments may be used by the police to inflict pain upon the demonstrators.
- 4) When shot in the eyes with tear gas or mace, do not rub them. Water is much more effective, and will not cause the chemical to spread.
- 5) Carry, at all times, a wet rag. When the action starts, cover your face with the rag and breathe through your mouth.
- 6) If possible, wear a helmet -- they may start using clubs.
- 7) Whenever it seems to be most expedient, run like hell.



"Early to Bed
Early to rise
Leaves all the fun
For the other guys!"

—Ben Franklin—

- An Exercise in Futility - The Analytical Hangup

A Preface in the Form of a Commentary on an Illegible Poem

by Robert Hamilton

Either*, a poem by Martin Jacobsen

Editor's Note: The following article was written by Professor Robert Hamilton as a preface to the journals of Martin Jacobsen, one of his students, who met with an untimely death during May of this year. Professor Hamilton will have the journals published just before the end of the year under the title *The Aesthetic Mode - A Study of an Existential Problem*. This work will not only include the diaries but also an extensive commentary which should be of interest to psychologists and philosophers alike).

Author's Note:

(Unfortunately this poem is totally unreadable except for the title. It was written on a napkin with a fountain pen while the author was apparently under the influence of alcohol. Had the title not been written in such large characters, it too would have been illegible).

Martin Jacobsen was born on January 21, 1945, a third generation American of Swedish ancestry. He spent a quiet childhood, raised mainly by his mother and grandmother. His father was a civil servant of medium importance and because of his specialty, hygiene and general health, and having a good proficiency with languages, he was required to travel to various parts of the world where his family was not permitted.

Martin's middle youth was generally ill spent. He did little during his secondary school years which can be described as other than mediocre. After graduation he was admitted to a college of equal mediocrity and spent most of his time doing what one might expect from an aesthetic personality, anything which caught his fancy. He continued with this whimsical attitude until the last year of his undergraduate training, in philosophy, when he made the decision to attempt to change the general texture of his life. The decision to become an ethical rather than an aesthetic personality was made sometime during the first two months of 1968. We can approximate the time from some entries in the journal concerning the weather and from some of his themes which also show the change.

Following his decision to motivate his existence in this new direction he was to meet a woman, A.E., who he was to fall in love with, out of necessity. This, although not the first exposure to a situation in which his new attitude could be tested, was the one he chose. It was his feeling that love was the most total and perfect commitment but his aesthetic nature prevented him from realizing that because of the nature of love, it was something to be worked to and not started from. Not only was this working against the realization of his goal, the ethical life, but his choice of love objects as we shall see, was something less than sensible.

From his notes it would appear that she was somewhere from five to seven years his senior, of above average intelligence and training (as was he, although he seldom exhibited it), the victim of a fairly young and short first marriage, and moderately bothered by both physical and mental disturbances, although none of them were of a serious nature. Outwardly attractive and relatively compassionate, she was, all in all, not an undesirable woman for a person of stability equal to my own, but Martin was in no position to comfort her in times of stress and she could certainly not be ex-

pected to carry him through his difficult period. She needed flippancy and this was what he was requiring the purge of. He did not realize the full scope of his situation because of his insensitivity to deep emotion and as a result ran headlong into catastrophe.

His journal shows that he began to think in such phrases as "celebration of humanity", "autonomy through sacrifice", and "there is only one necessity and that is honesty." Impatient to prove that his new direction was the correct one, he began too soon to profess his love for her. She, being more wordly than he, and not for one minute feeling any such thing for what must have appeared, to her, a fumbling idiot, acted mostly out of pity, partly out of curiosity, and never returned his commitment. He, as should be expected, began to suffer from the anxiety which he had brought on himself. He tried every scheme he could imagine to place her in a situation where she might feel love for him but none of them worked.

The fateful day for him arrived sometime during the middle of May, 1968. (Unfortunately we shall never know the exact date and time because, as it has been stated, he never dated his journal). It was then that he realized that he was enjoying his torment and, in fact, had never really had the aesthetic mode. Now, the amplitude of his anxiety became so great that it was no longer possible for him to cope with it.



After several days of calculating the exact manner he was to use to break off the relationship, as if she wouldn't have done it for him had he waited much longer, he told her, in a quiet and controlled voice, that although the alliance had been a good thing while it lasted, it had burned itself out and should be ended before they became enemies. It is interesting that he made this declaration by telephone. It would seem that he needed the separation and detachment which the telephone offers. This is not at all inconsistent with the aesthetic personality. He now realized that even his final statement was a lie since he knew that had he not felt she was through with him, he would have continued enjoying the tortuous game of trying to make her say something which she did not feel.

It was apparently only a short time after this last conversation with her that he brought a package to my home and calmly asked me not to open it for several hours. I honored his request and when I opened it I found his journal, the illegible poem which prompted this preface, discussion, and the following note, neatly typed but unsigned:

Dear Professor Hamilton;

I have given my diary to you because I feel that you are the only one who can really understand it fully. Seeing this in the future, I did everything I could to insure that it would be well written.

Tomorrow you will receive an envelope with some money in it and I wish you would buy a small pewter vase and have, "In the form of an apology", inscribed on it and send it to A. E. anonymously. Thank you for the trouble and please forgive me my suicide.

Author's Note:

(It is my hope that these short descriptive comments have stimulated your interest in my former student to the point where you will want to read the journal, in its entirety, when it is published. It is my feeling that Martin presents a classic example of the aesthetic life of self torment, ending in a lie).

* It would appear that the title was influenced by the first half of Soren Aabye Kierkegaard's work *Either/Or* (available in an excellent translation by David and Lillian Swenson, published by Doubleday in a sturdy soft cover edition). In the first part, "Either", Kierkegaard presents us with A, a truly aesthetic man. He was absolutely hollow because of his incapacity for deep emotional involvement and systematically destroys himself and everyone who comes into close contact with him. Martin, as will be shown, also had this deep fear of total commitment.



"You're pretty big for your age, kid!!"



"Call me back later. Something just came up!"



"Jud, can't you understand that we're through?"

And then there was the crooked crematory operator who sold the ashes to cannibals as Instant People.

— 0 —

Scientists are planning to put 300 head of cattle in orbit. It'll be the herd shot round the world.

— 0 —

Limbo dancing was invented by a Scotsman trying to enter a pay toilet.

— 0 —

Pot holder: cigarette case.

— 0 —

Then there was the tribal chief who installed electric lights in the tribal latrine, becoming the first Indian to wire a head for a reservation.

— 0 —

Never give an intoxicated person black coffee. If you do, you'll end up with a wide-awake drunk on your hands.

— 0 —

The John Birch Society is organizing a youth auxiliary -- the Sons of Birches.

— 0 —

A man was on trial for assault and battery. His lawyer was bearing down upon the prosecution's witness: "You say that my client came at you with a broken bottle in his hand. But didn't you have something in your hand?"

The battered plaintiff answered: "Yes, his wife. Charming, but not much good in a fight."

Did You Ever

Did you ever have a rain d
r
o
p

Plumb your soul?
With a soft splotch
On the top of your head?
Shatters your invincibility
Doesn't it?

MAS GRANDE

A Long, Lonely Walk

Making my way through this lonely
dreary day

down the many corridors of life,
the emptiness of the halls
is like my great emptiness.

I stand in loneliness like
the single tree
in the expanse of desert sands.
And like the shifting sands
so is my troubled heart and mind.

Kelly Myrick



Letters to Candy Coed:

(Our girl who sleeps around)

Dear Candy:

My steady is an amateur photographer and everything was fine until last month when he hired a female darkroom assistant. Now he has gone all negative toward me.

Shuttered

Dear Shuttered:

Show more interest in his work. Ask to see more enlargements. Something may develop.

• • •

Dear Candy:

What do you think is the #1 cause of UTEP divorces?

Curious

Dear Curious:

MARRIAGE!!

• • •

Dear Candy:

Can you tell me how a man ought to make love to his wife?

F. K.

Dear F. K.:

HARDLY!

Dear Candy:

My husband went out last month to get a pack of cigarettes and has not come home yet. What should I do?

D. T.

Dear D. T.:

If you can't find any butts around, why not go get a pack yourself?

• • •

Dear Candy:

I've just gotten a letter claiming my girl is having an affair with a prominent downtown cattle-dealer. What should I do?

BB

Dear BB:

Nothing! It sounds like a cock and bull story to me.

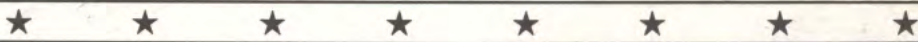
Dear Candy:

After I get married next month, should I stop going to bed with my hair in curlers?

N.A.

Dear N. A.:

That depends on whether your wife objects to them.



And then there was the man who had embezzled his company's money right before the auditors came, whose wife had just left him, and who was in tremendous debt besides. He was about to jump off a bridge when an old hag stopped him.

"Don't jump", she said. "I'm a witch and I can help you."

So he told her all his problems, and she said a few magic words, replacing the company's money, bringing back his wife, and giving him a vast amount of money in his checking account. All she asked in return was that he spend the night making love to her.

The young man was rather repulsed, but he agreed, considering it a small price to pay. After the night was over, though as he was leaving, the old hag asked: "Sonny, how old are you?"

"I'm 38 years old. Why?"

"Ain't you a little old to believe in witches?"

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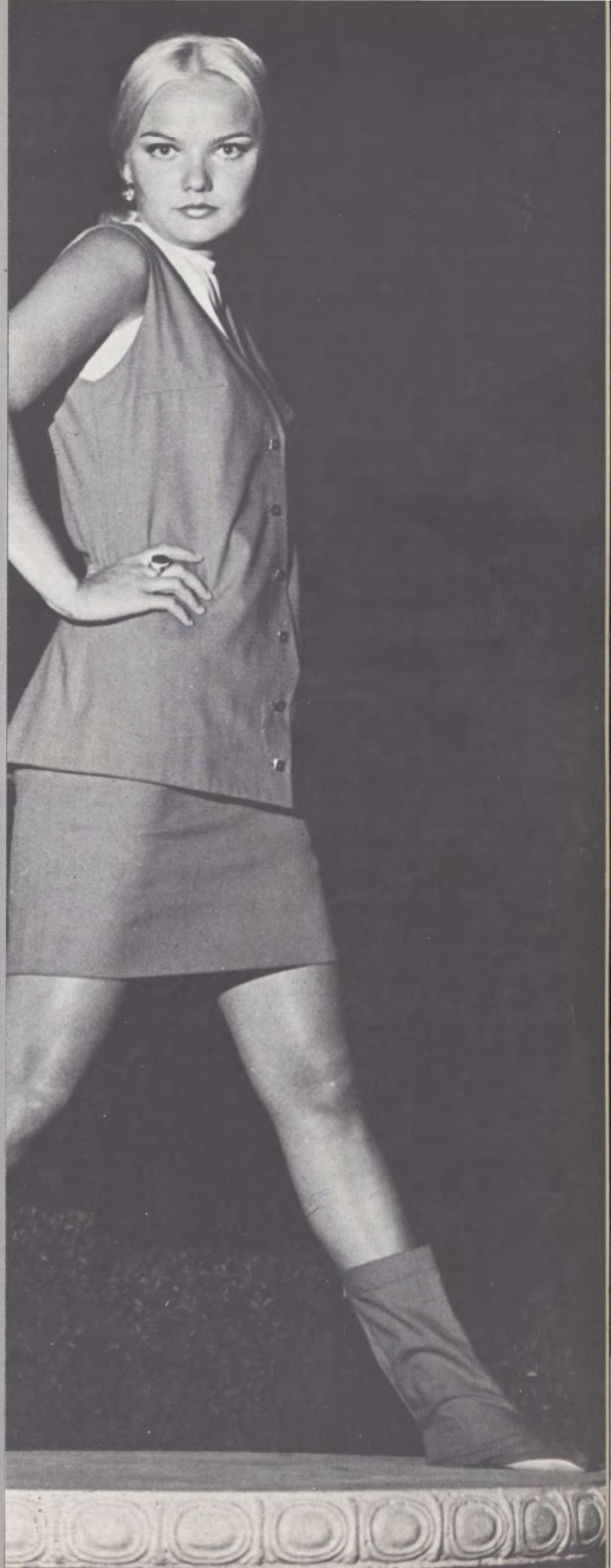
...On A New Freshman

Lynda Stefko, a 21 year old blonde, just arrived in the fantastic Southwest from Ohio. 5'6" tall, blue-eyed Lynda measures 36-22-36.

While at UTEP, she is majoring in Psychology. Lynda also swims, models, and used to do skin grafts on rats when she was in Ohio. Since coming to El Paso, she has started working in the lab at Providence.

Lynda is one of seven sisters, with one lonely brother. To make up for the lack of males, her family has adopted two Hungarian boys.

However, to the disappointment of all you avid fans, Lynda also has a husband, an intern specializing in neuro-psychology at William Beaumont (there's great future in medicine these days).





Lynda takes a night time tour of the campus with our friendly El Burro photographer.





LYNDA STEFKO



FRESHMAN ORIENTATION KIT

(Also known as a Student
Demonstration Kit)



BULLET-PROOF jacket guaranteed against dum-dums (can pass as a Nehru shirt)



INSTANT POSTER KIT with fire-proof sticks, cardboard, and magic markers.



GAS MASK to protect against tear gas, mace, etc.



BENT WIRE to pick locks of handcuffs, jails, etc.



KNEE-HIGH BOOTS lined with lead (good against police dogs and clubs).

Letter to a Black

Santiago, Chile 1968

Comrads in a common cause;

Even though information concerning your revolution is slow in reaching those of us who wear the uniform of the guerrilla soldier, it is evident that we stand behind a common cause. The oppressed peoples of this and all hemispheres must be liberated. It is due time that men stop using other men as though they were beasts of burden and holding them in estate as if they were a portion of individual property. The systems which give blessings to such policies must fall under the feet of those which have been trod upon for centuries. There shall be no more slavery. The anguish of poverty shall end. Or we shall all die. There is no third choice. Within a year the destiny of my men and I shall be sealed, as liberators or as rotting corpses, but you have just begun and your causes will be hanging over the fires of your cities for many more months than ours. It is for this reason that I am writing this letter. I hope I can make a few suggestions which will secure your victory in the shortest possible time. It is my hope that these comments will be found to be helpful, for we all are brothers and your ultimate fate is important to all people who have hope for a life in the sun of self-respect.

1. You must be prepared to dissolve the entirety of the system under which you now live. This includes all the documents on which your body politic is based. It must be assumed that decadence has reigned because of basic fallacies which have existed since the genesis of the system. There is no other way to approach your present government because it is impossible to write propaganda which both upholds and criticizes the same thing. It will only confuse the poor illiterate mass for which you are risking your life. These people are not prepared to understand the subtle arguments of politics. Do not, however, reject those points of the old system which you consider valuable, when formulating the foundations of the new revolutionary government. No system is all bad and all have something to offer the new government, but these decisions are not in the intellectual realm of those for whom we fight.

2. Remember always that the support of the people is absolutely neces-

sary to any revolutionary movement. Great care must be taken to present the correct image to the mass. Even though we must kill to stay alive ourselves and to free the poor from the evils of the decadence under which they are forced to live, it is important that when the guerrilla is in the presence of these people he is gentle and kind. He should do everything in his power to make his appearance among them a welcome sight. This can be accomplished by giving whatever assistance is possible in the areas of medicine and money. The guerrilla has little need for money, and in a situation such as yours, it would be much better to loot pharmacies than liquor stores. The surplus medicines which can be stolen will not only be of use to the soldiers, but also to the innocent people with either natural infirmities or who have been injured in the conflict. The guerrilla should make himself available to the people whenever possible. In a conflict, in which you are now engaged, it will be difficult to gather a large following at the onset of the war. The common man and his house are absolutely necessary to you because you have no hills, jungles, or forests to hide in. He must make you welcome in his own home. Your teams will move from the center of the areas which are populated by your race and then have to return there. To keep from being caught in large groups, which will lead to not only heavy casualties of trained troops but to the failure of your cause, you must plan to disperse your forces inside the homes of those in collaboration with you. Your present government will not start large military actions at your home area because they fear that many innocent people will be killed. Such dispersion will make small meetings possible and with good propaganda it should be obvious that you will be able to win many friends. There are many of your race who are now undecided and it is important for you to win them before your enemy does.

3. Remember that your police forces and your state militias are reluctant to kill the young. Once you have become a hero, you should not hesitate to enlist the help of this group. They can loot stores and bring the supplies and drugs which will be badly needed. In this way they have a part in the cause of their own liberation and a great cohesion in the com-

Revolutionary

munity will result. They should never be given arms, for this would be an excuse for the enemy to kill them and because all arms will be badly needed by the guerrillas. Not even one knife should remain in their hands. The youth will also be of great use in the infirmaries to help the injured revolutionaries and in the small factories constructing fire and glass fragmentation bombs.

4. In section (2) I made mention of small groups of guerrillas which move from the center of the community and this is a very important aspect. They should number no more than five and carry fire bombs as well as the normal weapons of war. They must have a discreet section to work and should not stray from that section until their job is done. They should then return by a prearranged route which has been drawn to insure that the teams are never grouped because grouping will mean disaster. It will be impossible for any city to handle a large number of such teams or the havoc they deal. They should be at first concerned with power stations, post offices, telephone centers, sewage facilities, neighborhood police stations, fire stations and the like. They should never attack water reservoirs, hospitals, etc., because the fouling of water and the destruction

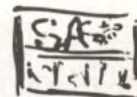
of hospitals can only hurt the innocent and this makes you only a terrorist and not a revolutionary guerrilla. The death of non-combatants will be impossible to rationalize within your own community. Remember that they have always been innocent and have been the target for starvation, murder, oppression, and the denial of self-respect which is the result of the rampant racism in your country. If they are allowed to project their pain into those who receive pain from your activities, you will lose the support you need for survival. You must destroy the hated, but the sick, the children, and the old, of your enemy, are not your enemy. Always remember that your targets are the system and its leaders. Your concern is with no one or nothing else.

5. I now have under my command three guerrilla columns. The day to day tactics which I employ will not be reasonable for you but I do believe that a valid parallel can be drawn between our two situations. My three columns must work like a beautiful machine. They must have their activities timed perfectly because if they do not, it will mean that a fatal concentration of enemy troops will be able to meet a single column. To keep the troops scattered, three separate

(Continued on Page 23)



MOLOTOV COCKTAIL (beer bottle) Warning: the consumption of alcoholic beverages on campus may get you expelled; best course is to drink the beer off-campus and then fill it with gasoline (the penalty for this is less severe).



DRAFT CARD or SA card -- either can be burned (SA card cost more but burns better)



MONEY (for both bonds and fines; if you have enough, the University may think you're a Greek and let you go scot-free).





The Adventures of Suzy Creamcheese

ing a newspaper expose but *The Prospector* is not known for printing any material but that of the highest quality. (The reader of this paragraph might believe that "but" is repeated too much, but this is one of those little things that have to be overlooked.)

Suzy Creamcheese described in two words by a male is "sex-disenfranchised". This is a carry-over of her totally ignorant nature. Although I myself do not associate ignorance with religion (I'm a Witness of Jehovah), Suzy is a Methodist. How devout a Methodist she is I don't know, but I do know she goes to church whenever her horoscope urges her to.

I think she inherited all her mother's instincts. Her mother, the former Moralee Middleclass, "raised" her daughter ten miles from the town of Pittsburg, Alabama. Mrs. Creamcheese raised her daughter in the country so that her underling would not be influenced by the townspeople (whom Mrs. Creamcheese suspected of being the very center of the Diasporia in America). Fortunately for the mother, the daughter was the exact duplicate of herself, a Southern Belle with a Bronx accent.

All of this information was handed down to me by a hypocritical friend who has the rare distinction of being the only male to have ever dated Suzy more than once. Bob Tomason (pronounced Bob) has to be the most generous, enthusiastic, energetic, and bigoted person I've ever met. Bob plans to name his first son Charles Atkins. That way his son's initials will be CAT. Bob says he wants to break up the superstition as well as the power of black cats and their paths. Suzy is as approved by Bob as Bob is by Mrs. Creamcheese.

If I ever remember Bob for anything else besides his prejudice it will be for introducing me to Suzy. I knew Suzy and I would hit it right off after that memory-making first meeting.

I was in a hurry but interested in meeting one of the elite, the naive queen of sophistication.

"Suzy," said Bob, "I want you to meet Freddie."

Being courteous but short, I replied "Hello, it is a pleasure to meet you."

"Oh, that Bob is terrible. He did not mention our last names," said Suzy. "I'm Miss Suzy Creamcheese. You don't have to be long and formal. You may call me Miss Creamcheese."

I began thinking that only one thing would save me from this fate, a bomb scare. Then I became intrigued with her peculiar way of expressing her ignorance. She was so convinced that her misanthropy was correct. She was as dogmatic as she was wrong. Her sincerity was only surpassed by her totality of ignorance.

Suzy was the same age I was (20) and I assumed that she too was a junior. I know that the Miner campus is sprawling but she still has to ask for directions for the LA from the Sub. She was astonished when Bob actually showed her a library book that mysterious building that was such a long way from the Sub. Of

(Continued on Page 19)

"Well... Dad I met this girl today", I said. Without expecting any comment other than "How do you mean that, Fred?" I continued, "She's very unusual or maybe she's just like all of them. I don't know for sure."

"How do you mean that, Fred?" said my Dad who was and is pretty predictable.

"She's got to be original if nothing else," I said.

"How do you mean that, Fred?" said Dad. He had suddenly taken an interest in the conversation when he was assured that it would not hit his pocketbook. "Is she pretty smart or cute, both or neither?"

"Oh, she's terribly cute and terribly stupid," I commented. I then expected my dad's "How do you mean that, Fred?"

"How do you mean that, Fred?" My dad asked. I've always like the way my Dad and I communicated. I spoke, he didn't understand a word of the liturgy of college, and he settled back into his almost perfect "How do you mean that, Fred?"

I then tried to avoid the barrage of "How do you mean that, Fred?" and left my Dad to his worst fate — my mother. My parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rick, would have to be described as Mr. and Mrs. America, 1957. Eleven years of back peddling have kept them exactly where they were when I was nine years old. Progress is for those who can afford to be poor.

But I had to tell someone about Suzy Creamcheese. I thought of writ-

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Choose Your Own Carnival Queen

Every year, the powers that be in El Paso nominate, and elect, their very own Sun Carnival Queen. So, in keeping with the tradition of the tremendous amount of student participation in affairs of this town, we are electing our very own queen for this momentous event.

Everyone is invited to nominate his, her, or their, favorite choice. Contestants should be between the ages of 18 and 25 and a UTEP student. We are placing no other qualifications on our entries (your family does not have to own El Paso for you to be eligible). Submit an 8 x 10 photograph (facial shot) to SUB 402, along with the following entrance form.

Deadline is November 1. Additional information is forthcoming.

This contest will be judged by certain Hollywood personalities who have taken an interest in our fair campus. This is not a joke. Really!

ENTRY FORM

For the esteemed and most illustrious position of our very own Sun Carnival Queen, I would like to nominate:

Name _____

Phone _____ Address _____

History or any particulars of the nominee that the nominator wishes to include:

The Star ☆ Bungled Manner

(Being a satirical extravaganza in three movements somewhat in the fashion of the New York School of Pottery)

I

*O say, America, can you see? But soft
what blight on yonder widow breaks,
unlawful flights of bumblebees
tipping the monsoon noon. Touch not
a head on yon gray whore, said someone
wiser far than eye. Thine alabaster ghettos
steam, said I. Thy fruity plains offend.*

II

*Ofay America, can you free your wretched messes
squirring toward the sea? This is the world:
the sergeant gripes forever. All you need
to start a revelation is one boy scout
and a deck of cards. And, Gridley,
you may sire when ready. Don't shoot
until you see the whites of their shanks.*

III

*Okay, America. Kankakee is in Illinois.
Paducah's in Kentucky. And ne'er the main
shall tweet. A virgin lost is made forever.
The continent really doesn't care if it loses
its clods. My pup runneth over, and I shall
walk forever near these bare, ruined oysters,
counting my permanent pressings.*

— Halvard Johnson

The Adventures of...

(Continued from Page 16)

course, I loaned Bob the book to show Suzy because Bob didn't know where the library was either.

Mrs. Creamcheese and her followers didn't like books from the library because every kind of lower form of human being could have touched the book since it is at (as Mrs. C. described it) a "mob" place. Of course, her private library is more than adequate. She has the world's most complete works of Friedrich Nietzsche. It's rumored that she also has several autographed copies of *Mein Kampf*.

The other day Bob and I were walking to our second period psychology class when we passed Suzy leaving the bookstore. She didn't see us and Bob had to shout to get her attention. It was apparent that she had just made a purchase.

I asked "Did you buy one of those new fangled gas masks that the bookstore manager recommends for the U. T. El Paso atmosphere?"

"Oh, no!" said Suzy. "I bought a psychology book." She examined the cover then exclaimed. "Its Balboa's *Treatment of Medieval Fears*."

"Suzy, you're in the same class I'm in," said Bob. "That's the text we are supposed to use. Come on or we will be late for class."

"I didn't buy it for that class," said Suzy. "I bought it for self improvement. My mother wanted me to get it so I could use my head."

"Then you're going to do private study with it," asked Bob. "Maybe we could study together."

"Silly, it's not for private study. I got it because it weights 23 ounces."

"But," inquired Bob, "Why? What has 23 ounces got to do with it?"

"Because," answered Suzy, "My mother told me that carrying a book on my head that weights 23 ounces will help me improve my posture. This psychology book weighs exactly 23 ounces."

"But, Suzy, that book costs \$9.98 plus tax. Buying that book for that reason is stupid."

"Yes, but there might be a chance that my mother might let me read it after she has looked it over. I know my mother is right and I do not argue with my mother."

Suzy turned and left. Bob stood waiflike. I remember having a grin on my face as we walked into psychology class. If a moral could be attached it would read something like the first ten names in a French phone book, not very informative, but the possibility of a proposition is not remote.

The Royal Shaft or How to be a Winner!

Nominees for the Beloved Order of the Royal Shaft awarded frequently by the members of the Royal Court and Jesters of the El Paso Community Mining and Socializing Junior College in Smogland, U.S.A.:

Dr. Clark Knowlton, who just seems to always know the wrong people.

Dr. Trexler, who was recently informed by our infalible courts that the **El Paso Times** is always right and the Doctor always wrong.

Dr. Ray, former UTEP President, who was richly rewarded by the trustees and community for his efforts to make UTEP a university.

The UTEP track team, who fought the good fight.

Halvard Johnson, former UTEP English instructor, and often published poet, whose contract was not renewed because he wrote the wrong poem.

Dr. Leech, who really has walked right into the flak..

Ron McCluskey, S. A. President, who also walked into it, and isn't really sure which way to go to get out.

The blind, mentally deprived architect who designed the new library.

Tom Chism, Director of the SUB, who is always getting caught letting the radicals put up posters and otherwise trying to corrupt the youth of UTEP.

The poor fool who tried to make parking lots out of craters, and forgot about the rain.

Chester, the smiling face in the SUB cafeteria, who has to take credit for the food.

The Chi Omega and Tri Delta Sorority houses, which are being replaced by our new sniper tower.

Ralph Chavez, who got stuck with sponsoring **El Burro**.

The Students for McCarthy, who just lost their standing as a dangerous campus organization.

The Human Relations Committee, who are still trying to fight off the full effects of The Shaft (Waves are still being felt emanating from the Administrative area).

Bertha Beamon, Student Association Secretary, who gets it every time she turns around (Maybe she's related, or something, to someone??)

Clyde Wingfield, UTEP Vice-President, Defender of the Student, and friend of everyone who is worth having as a friend.

The Board of Trustees, who really have our best interests at heart, no matter what else the world and our hearts tells us.

Wayne Vandenburg, track coach, who reached a new height of rapport with the black athletes.

George McCarty, Athletic Director, whose speech impediment cost him the nomination as Soul Brother of the Year.

Campus Cops, who get to wear guns this year and shoot radicals, party-raiders, and other troublesome demonstrators.

Dean Walker, fastest man in the world with a rule book (rumor hath it that he writes it himself).

Dean Small's secretary, one of the campus' most affectionate guardians of the inner sanctums.



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Variations on a Theme: The University Hustle, With Thanks to Malcom X and Mark Twain

By Dr. Kevin O'Neill

Malcolm X wasn't always a black hero. Before his imprisonment for burglary he was a hustler on the streets of Harlem, he was a conman (among other things - burglar, dope-pusher, etc.) Malcolm had one hustle that is particularly interesting, for reasons we will soon make clear. He would go to City Hall and get a peddler's license, then he would go around to wholesale outlets and buy up quantities of rejected goods at bargain prices. Then, with the bills of sale clutched in one hand to show the cops, in case they were interested, and a satchel filled with these second

rate goods in the other hand, he would make the rounds of the barber shops and gin mills of Harlem.

Anyone with salable items stuffed into a satchel had a certain psychological advantage in Harlem - he had to be a fence selling hot goods at bargain prices. So, Malcolm would sell his junk for exorbitant amounts to the people of Harlem, never saying he was a fence - everybody simply assumed it - and he would make a tidy profit. The beautiful thing about this hustle was that it was legal, and none of the marks knew it. So, Malcolm won coming and going - the cops left him alone and he cashed in on his people's gullibility in respect to the value of things sold out of satchels. He was legit, yet he got illegitimate prices for his merchandise.

We all know that Malcolm X went on to better things; he never really had the heart of a conman, so we can praise him for his ingenious, if somewhat crude, scheme. But when we look at Malcolm's con more carefully, we realize that he was just a nickel-dime hustler; he had chanced on a good hustle, but he didn't have the experience or the inclination to make it pay off in a big way.

Malcolm, like all amateurs, lacked the imagination of the true con man - he thought small, in terms of survival, and not in terms of huge profits. And he didn't exploit his advantages to the fullest extent - what little prestige he had as a "fence" and what little stature he had as a peddler - depending on who was judging him - really didn't give him sufficient leverage to accomplish great things. If he had been a pro at heart, he could have improved the game and sweetened the stakes immensely.

First, Malcolm didn't use skills at all. That is, he didn't have any plants in his audience who could jack up the prices by attesting to the value of his merchandise. This would have made for considerably more profit, especially if the skills were big men in their neighbourhood. And if he had read *Huckleberry Finn* he could have found out how to create all the skills he would ever need. Remember the Duke and the Dauphin, those two charlatans who sailed down the Mississippi with Huck and Jim? Now

there were two naturals; they had a taste, a panache, in their hustling that marked them as the real thing.

One incident in particular keeps coming back to haunt me. They had docked in a fair-sized town on the river, and proceeded to flood the place with advertising, which promised the towns-people a performance of great dramatic works by the Royal None-such company. At the first performance the room was packed. The Duke and the Dauphin proceeded to prance around the stage naked and splattered with grotesque painted designs. Their show was absurd, a fake, and the rubes in the audience began to demand refunds.

Right here the Duke and the Dauphin showed their class. They reminded the people that they would have to bring a public complaint against the "company" if they wanted their money back, and everyone else in town would realize what fools this audience were. That certainly wasn't a pleasing prospect. So, why not take the small loss, go out and tell everyone how great the show was, and thus implicate all their neighbours in the con? So, the whole audience became shills for the D and the D, the show reaped huge profits and everybody was satisfied.

Just imagine how much more money Malcolm could have made if he used the same system! But, as I have said, he was not a pro at heart, so we can't really blame him.

Second, Malcolm didn't build up his merchandise enough. He lacked the magic to transform shoddy leftovers into things of transcendent beauty and desirability, and he lacked the effrontery to weave a spell of illusion about his marks. I am reminded of Ray Bradbury's *Martian Chronicles*; in this redoubtable work, the earthlings on Mars are deluded into seeing their hometowns as if the Martain wastes were gone, and they were all transported back through space and time to the life of their fondest memories. Of course this is an illusion and all the earthmen die, lured to their destruction by complex mirages. And I also have to think of the old tale of the Emperor's new clothes - here the magic of persuasion turned the em-

(Continued following Page)

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peror into a fool, and no one had the guts to let him in on the con.

Just imagine what Malcolm could have sold, if he had had this magic, this elixir of persuasion, to make his cheap goods, not only more valuable, but also ultimately, utterly, uniquely, valuable - things of unspeakable beauty and richness and authenticity!

Third, Malcolm didn't build up his image nearly enough. Sure, all the marks thought he was a fence, and that was crucial to the game - but imagine this: imagine that he could have made the people believe that being a fence was just about the finest, most praise-worthy thing a man could be, imagine that he could have convinced all those poor marks that what he was doing was highfalutin, noble, and that he was sacrificing himself for them, in being a fence! Here, again, I have to revert to Huck Finn - remember how Tom Sawyer convinced Huck that whitewashing a fence was just the best thing anyone could ever do. And Huck, the perfect mark, gave up his most prized possession to paint that fence! Now imagine that painting fences got this kind of reputation, of course everyone would look up to fence painters, praise them, pay them handsomely.

But, as we said, more than once,

Malcolm was not a hustler at heart. Oh, he was smart enough - he would have not chanced into his little game in the first place if had been stupid - but he didn't have that indefinable talent that makes a great conman. So we can't blame the man for failing to capitalize more fully on his con.

You might at this point be wonder-



Just think, Margie, nine months ago I didn't even know any boys at this school!

ing what the point of all this is. There really isn't any point, except to pose a question-think what a really good hustler could accomplish if he perfected Malcolm's hustle - legal, with prestige, skills, the persuasive ability to make the shoddy goods seem beautiful - just think if you could get, say, a couple of hundred good hustlers in one place, all of them weaving their magic, all of them with their own set of skills, even sharing skills, all of them convincing you of their high character in selling you their inferior products. Why, I would lay 8 to 5 that this group could become the most respectable, the most generally affluent, and the most powerful bunch of people in a good-sized town! Of course they wouldn't jeopardize their status by getting too greedy, or too arrogant or too powerful - they are hustlers after all, and realize the value of balancing power with restraint. But just think, if a group like this touted a product everyone thought they needed, they'd probably be even more successful than the funeral directors.

But we all know that there is no such group of hustlers, no such con game being worked on people..... we do know that, don't we?

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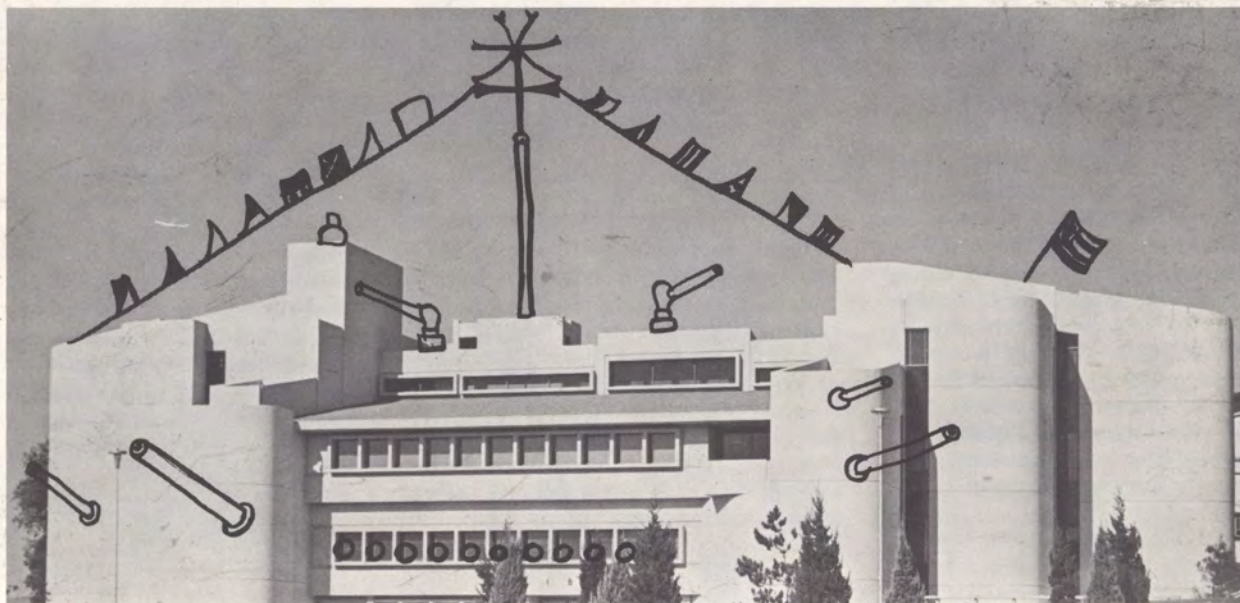


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Whadda mean you don't have your parking sticker!?

Historians at the Aztec Pyramids in Mexico have finally deciphered the last words of the famous emperor Moctezuma, found inscribed upon an ancient scroll: "Will someone tell those damned Marines to stop singing in the halls!?"

— 0 —

"Did you hear that a burgler broke into Hubert Humphrey's house and stole his library?"

"Really?"

"Yeah, they took two coloring books, and he hadn't even finished one of them."

— 0 —

Noah Webster's wife found him one day in a rather awkward situation with the chambermaid.

"Mr. Webster", she cried, "I am surprised!"

But Noah replied, "No, my dear. You are shocked; I am surprised."



This man is a radical professor?!



I will never again be an editor.
I will never again be an editor.
I will never again be an editor.
I will never again be an editor.



I say we should draft all students
under thirty!



Guess who just bought a five year
subscription to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED?



Hal Johnson is alive and writing
dirty poetry in Puerto Rico.

And then there was this man named John, who really hit a bumper. First of all his wife died of cancer, leaving him with six children. Then one child was hit by a car, and paralyzed for life. Two more kids drowned at the beach. Then his house burned down, killing at the same time all the rest of his children. John became so despondent that he lost his job, and totalled his car leaving work.

Finally John broke down, and went to church. He knelt down, and asked "Why, God, why?"

And the thunder rolled, the clouds parted, and a deep voice boomed "Because sometimes, John, you just flat piss me off."

Letter to A Revolutionary...

(Continued from Page 15)

assaults are staged simultaneously. In your country, each city and its revolutionary leadership consist of a column. For twenty or thirty cities to enter into revolution at the same time will place the ballance of power into your hands. If the tactics which I have outlined are carried out for a period of three weeks, you can reasonably assume the defeat of your enemy is only a matter of time. If you do your work well, he will find himself with his communications dead, his transportation route frozen, his troops hopelessly scattered. He will be unable to launch a meaningful counter-attack. Once you have shown that you are capable of victory, those who were reticent to join your movement in the beginning, will now praise your cause and give their hands and lives to the revolution. With the new increase in membership it will now be possible to continue your offensive for whatever length of time is necessary. This added manpower will also allow you to occupy areas which you have taken. This has been previously impossible because your protection lay in the

community from which you started but now you may deploy revolutionaries past its boundaries and still have the necessary protection because your enemy is even more reticent to fire into dwellings which house his own race and the guerrilla team than he is to fire into buildings which house your race and the guerrillas. Occupation will also cause him to thin his troops even more, to cover this larger area of the war zone.

6. Be prepared for victory. Be prepared to show the fairness to the now beaten enemy that he has never shown your people. A reign of terror can only hurt you because it will cause a loss of trust from the people who gave you help in overthrowing the old government. If you have done your job well, they will now be trained revolutionaries and if they do not like your regime you will find that your fate is the same as the old enemy. Remember that you have fought for self-respect and freedom. Do not set up the same racism for them that they set up for you. Self-respect and freedom are for all men in all places.

Sincerely and in victory
Tomas



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