

6-1970

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ABOUT THE FRONT COVER - - -

"Si vivit morte refecta sua" . . . she lives renewed by her own death. Like the mythological Pheonix bird of Egypt who burns so that she may rise changed, *EL BURRO*, too, rises from its ashes. On the cover, the Pheonix is superimposed over a collage made from old issues of *EL BURRO*, dating back some ten years.

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Letter from the Editor



Welcome to El Burro's first issue for the 1970's from the new Editor. Let me introduce you to this issue.

Variety is the only word that describes the format of this El Burro. And, entertaining is the word that best describes our variety format. But before you read the rest of the magazine and decide for yourself, here's a sneak preview of what's coming in the following pages.

How many policemen do you know who are college students? Well, we know one, and we let the cat out of the bag in a well-written feature on page 4. I'm warning you though, don't be surprised if our feature subject turns out to be the quiet fellow who sits next to you in class and to whom you've been bragging all about your sideline activities.

The Pass-Fail grading system is coming to UT El Paso next fall. For some students, the new grading system will prove to be a relief, for others it may spell added scholastic problems. Get a glimpse of the new squeeze for next fall by reading this deeply-researched essay on page 8.

Take one cat, a small boy, an irate father, and you have the ingredients for "The Present," a short story by Craig Hoover. Craig, a UT El Paso graduate student, has had some of his creative writings published and has won awards for his talents as well. You won't be disappointed after you read Craig's fiction story on page 11.

Art in El Burro? Well, why not!?! With the cooperation of the Art Department, we are presenting some creative work done by members of our student body. Don't miss The Gallery on pages 12 and 13.

"Easy Rider" was an excellent motion picture which depicted the violent friction that occurs when opposite ends of the generation gap come in contact. Pat Ellis, a UT El Paso student, took an "easy ride" of his own and captured his experiences in vivid photographs and talks about it in a very descriptive writing style. You'll find "Taos: the Easy Ride's Over" on page 22.

Book reviews usually make for enjoyable reading, especially if the book being reviewed is on the caliber of "Message from Moscow" by an observer. Dale Hamilton, a UT El Paso student, uses a sophisticated writing style to review this intriguing best seller. You won't have to turn far to read this review, it's on page 3.


He came into his job the center of controversy, and he leaves his influential position the center of yet further controversy. This feature story entitled "Up From Obscurity" accurately describes one of the most dynamic students on this campus. You're probably asking, "Who is this person?" Sorry, you'll have to turn to page 18 to find out who he is.

And there's more in this issue, but why should I give it all away? I may have previewed more than should be done in an editorial. Tch! Tch!

Incidentally, if you have any strong opinions about this issue, ideas expressed, or subjects covered, please write a "Letter to the Editor," and let me know what you think. Keep the letters short, and send to:

El Burro Editor
202 W Union
University of Texas at El Paso 79999

Well, looking forward to hearing from you. Happy reading.



A SOVIET PARADOX OF LOVE AND DESPAIR, OF HOPE AND FATALISM

MESSAGE FROM MOSCOW

by

An Observer

247 pages. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. \$5.95

The injustices of this world are those realities which result from inflexible beliefs—a common enough observation in our permissive times. But this is tantamount to saying that the human condition is endlessly flexible, and that with that opinion we can proceed to alter and dilute it as though it were a product of Huxley's *Brave New World* without ever once saying, "No, we have gone too far!" The staunch belief in endless flexibility is itself an inflexible belief—and that, in essence, is the message from Moscow. It is the recognition that the wild ideological abstractions of our times can contribute nothing to human betterment; it is the difference between the genuine liberal and the intellectual buffoon.

PARADOX: The book at once paints a portrait of love and hope, of utter despair and fatalism.

On August the twenty-first, nineteen sixty-eight, Soviet armies over ran Czechoslovakia, crushing the only authentic attempt at democracy that would, had it succeeded, been commensurate with the Soviet's own propaganda. (In the two appendices a brilliant treatment is given of this propaganda in all its forms.)

The exposure of neo-Stalinism takes on its most brutalizing form in its relation to the intellectual and creative life of the Russian "one per cent"—the intelligentsia, the admirers of Solzhenitsyn and other unbowing literary artists as well as the student activities who protested the trial and subsequent dehumanization of Daniel (at first deafened in a labor camp, and is, at last report, dead.) The academic freedom of which we make so much of here is unheard of at the University of Moscow: "Liberal scholars are ordered to abandon projects on which they have worked for years; appropriations for research are discontinued; scientists are demoted and transferred." Again, student activists are delt with severely by the KGB, are expelled from the university and confined to distant provinces, far from Moscow and, far, therefore, from their friends and projects which alone give meaning to their lives. And these are not only the students of the social sciences, since the humanities are given only the most superficial treatment and are kept consistent, above all else, with the dogmas of "socialist realism." Says one officer of the KGB (concerning the liberals and the student activists), "Cheap, sensation-

seeking subversives. We built up this country, made it strong and made it hard—and not for snivelling little intellectual woodworms to ruin it from the inside." The neo-Stalinist repression emerges as a subtle form of thought control, which is, "simply the crushing of a good life by administrative measures."

Those persons of genuine creative ability, particularly poets, and prose writers are necessarily unpublished. Their works are typed and passed around among only the most trusted friends, for private readings. However, "dropouts" in Soviet society are rare. The population is simply not rich enough to support them. And one who does drop out is in constant danger of being classified as a "parasite" and sent to a labor camp.

But in this work there is also a ringing testimony to the value of wholesome companionship mid adverse circumstances. There are well drawn portraits of students away from the hostel, in well heated flats, on holidays, skiing in the woods outside Moscow, simply being themselves, free from the tiresome academic cliches and hip language that so dominate western student gatherings in general and American student gatherings in particular.

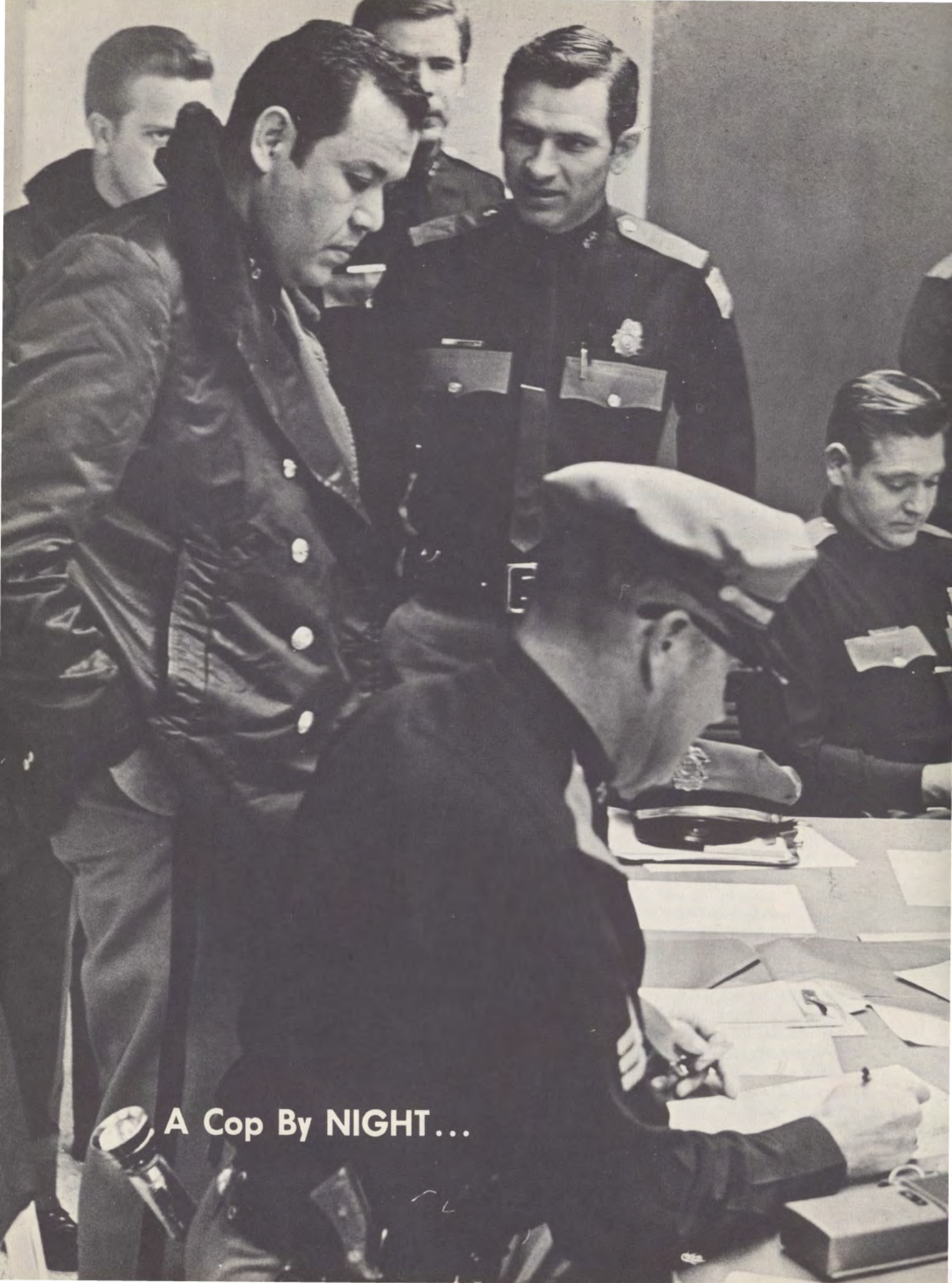
The Russian students do not play at sex. They have neither the money nor the market through which to turn their bodies into appealing commodities. Pregnancies are fewer among the Russian youth than among ourselves, and there are no birth control pills available. The Russian girl needs affection as much as any other, but her life is hard and she does not kid herself about the world she may bring another human being into. There is a great value, among them for sincerity of personality and an inner, earthy, moral goodness that has nothing whatsoever to do with puritanical mores. It is part of their cultural consciousness.

As to modern dress it was pleasant, even refreshing, to find out that the Russian girl does not waste her time dressing up in see-through blouses and mini skirts only to sit around, for the remainder of the day, hiding her breasts and tugging at her skirt. In the first place see-through garments of any type are viewed as being highly presumptuous and, even if they were not, it is doubtful that their intellects would be as transparent as their clothing.

VARIETY: The reader is introduced to a whole host of fascinating characters. In particular there is the woman taxi driver, Nadezhda Nikolaevna, who presents, insofar as this is possible, the present and prevailing views of the average Russian work-a-day citizen.

Yet most refreshing of all there is no condemnation in the Observer's art. Or, I should say, if there is condemnation it is tempered with a level-headedness and moderation which allows the reader to see clearly into one facet of the delirium of our times. It is a yearning toward freedom and a call to the western world to understand the difficulties of a people who, like you and I, have lost much of the sense of what it means to say, "I am an individual," and believe it.

Dale Hamilton



A Cop By NIGHT...

A STUDENT BY DAY

by
Toy Wong

"Clark Kent steps into a telephone booth, changes his clothes—zowie—he turns into Superman. I change my clothes and turn into a pig," said Marcelino Galaviz.

He laughed. "Of course, that's only one of my three lives. I'm a husband and father, and I'm a college kid, too. I guess I'm three stereotypes in one."

Marcie is an average appearing college student by day, a tough cop at night, and a husband and father during the few hours each day he can spend with his family, but he's good at each of his jobs. If he wasn't he'd drop out of college, or give up the police force.

A sophomore political science major, Marcie attends classes five days a week as well as working a 7 p.m. to 3 a.m. shift as a policeman for the El Paso Police Department. The remainder of his time is devoted to studying, sleeping, and leading as normal a life as possible for a man leading three different lives. Marcie admits that although his hurried schedule often proves to be difficult, it is not to the degree where he can't cope with it. After twelve years on the police force, he has be-

come accustomed to the hours and finds his work both stimulating and adventurous.

Marcie's day is one of sharp contrasts and varying encounters during his "double life" as a student and policeman. "It's a huge contrast," he said. "However, when I am in school, I'm here as a student, not as a policeman on an observation course. At the same time, when I'm at work, I am there as a policeman."

Marcie isn't the only one who sees a marked difference between campus life and that of the public servant. Students, upon discovering the nature of his occupation, often react as though they have been deceived. Marcie says that student's attitudes toward him sometimes chill when they discover his line of work.

"I'm working for a change in that," he said. "It's a question of showing I'm a student here. Once that's established, relations return to normal. I'm here to learn just the same as anybody else. I don't see that being a policeman makes a man better or worse than anybody else. You have to be a man before you're anything else," he continued.

As far as name-calling is con-

cerned, Marcie revealed that it really doesn't bother anybody. "It's something that goes with a minority group. Society always has a name for a minority group. All of a sudden they start calling us 'pigs.' Before it was 'coppers' and 'flatfoot.' The names just change with the times."

The general attitude among the public, however, is very receptive towards policemen, according to Marcie. As far as the controversy con-



"Sometimes I get discouraged about going to school . . ."

cerning policemen, he explained, "You can't find a smaller minority than policemen. It's rather a paradox that they make such controversy."

The main controversy, he thought, is found not in what is being enforced, but how it is enforced.

However, like everything else, there are comparisons to be found at work and school for Marcie. "Adventure-some and intriguing" is how he describes both school and work.

As a student, Marcie simply says, "I'm part of the student community." As much as time allows, he likes to spend time in the library and tries to get involved as much as he can on campus including KVOF radio and El Burro. Commenting on the seminars and forums he has attended, Marcie said, "It's another experience, you hear different views and what people have to say. It makes you realize how little you focus on yourself and see how narrow your views can be sometimes. I'm trying to soak up as much knowledge as possible. There's a tremendous potential here."

His education hasn't changed Marcie's views very much, but he does find that he now understands them more. "I'm beginning to see now why I've held to them. I'm still concerned about the same things."

Upon completion of his studies, Marcie intends to stay in police work so that he may help to renovate and change the present system. Adhering to the belief that there is a need for change, he explained that the police field is advanced technologically, but old concepts are still used. He attributed many of today's problems to the lack of understanding between youth and the community.

"If we don't get with the youth of today and try to understand what's happening, it's to our own disadvantage. It is through the innovation of the young that things are happening and causing a tremendous political change throughout the country."

He explained that the young people of today are not unlike his own generation or those in the past. Today, the older generation complains about happenings such as the popular levee parties held on weekends,



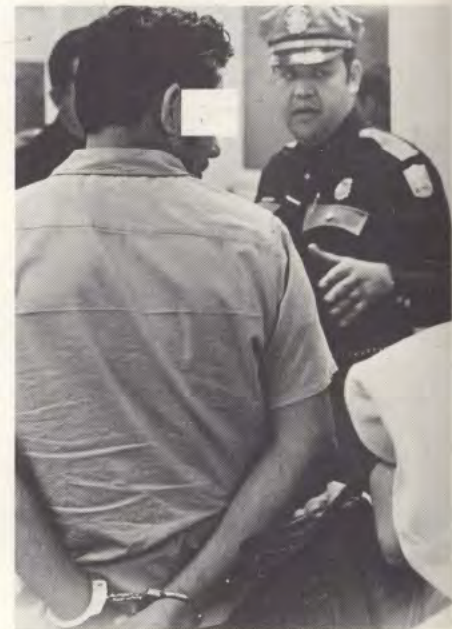
yet these things have been going on for many years.

"I don't see where they've changed much," he said. "When we were kids, we used to go to Anapra to a place called The Rocks. We didn't have the amplifiers, however, and not being highly mechanized, we didn't attract much attention because we didn't have two or three hundred cars . . . just two or three truckloads of kids."

As for the present, Marcie enjoys police work and finds it challenging. One never knows what he's going to do, and although there are certain guidelines for a course of action to take, it all depends on the actual event as to what action must be taken. He gave an example of having to answer a call for a sick baby only to find the victim to be a thirty-year-old mentally disturbed person.

Marcie finds that he is always learning something new every single day, but no matter what situation comes up, there's always someone who has been through it before.

"I'll never forget my first major accident," Marcie recalled. "All of a



"All of a sudden you're not a spectator anymore . . ."



"My hobby is people . . ."

would see that they were all fired. The whole time the man was making his threats, the Mayor was standing by, witnessing the whole situation just as he had while riding in the same squad car when the man was first picked up.

Some events aren't quite so light, however. There was the time Marcie and his partner answered a call for an injured party. When the two patrolmen arrived at the scene, a man walked out of the house and handed the police a pistol saying, "Here, I just shot my wife."

A policeman's life isn't easy, and it's often frustrating. Marcie pointed out that a clergyman or physician can display his emotions more readily than can a policeman. "A policeman loses his temper, and that's an unforgiveable sin! You're constantly under pressure, and constantly in the public eye. It can really get tough."

The public, according to Marcie, makes a policeman's job harder for him by not placing its confidence in his capabilities. Once again, it's a question of gaining the public's support.



Not only is work frustrating, but Marcie often finds his schooling discouraging. "Sometimes I get discouraged about going to school. You're trying to get an education so that you may find the proper leverage to turn your job into a profession," he said. But it may become a financial problem. "You can't really blame a man if after he gets an education he leaves his job for a better paying one. The wages you get as a policeman are almost adequate for the amount of training that you have. Yet, becoming a policeman is the only way for your lower-class to get upward mobility. You don't find well-to-do people going into police work."

The quality of policemen is not necessarily hindered by this situation, says Marcie. "You don't find we're in police work for the money. You can be a plumber's assistant and make a policeman's salary, or more."

Not all of Marcie's time is spent at school or in a patrol car. When free, he sums up his activities by saying, "I like to enjoy life to the fullest. My hobby is people. Until you get a chance to see how people are or are not alike, you can't sit back and look at yourself and try to understand it."

When time is available, he takes his family camping to the Gila Forest. In addition, he works with different groups of young people such as the Boys Club, Baptist Association, and a small part with the Southeast Optomists. Marcie jokingly added as a pastime his coin collection as an easy way to save money. Formerly, he had also served as editor for the newspaper which is the official organ of the El Paso Municipal Police Officers Association before it was discontinued.

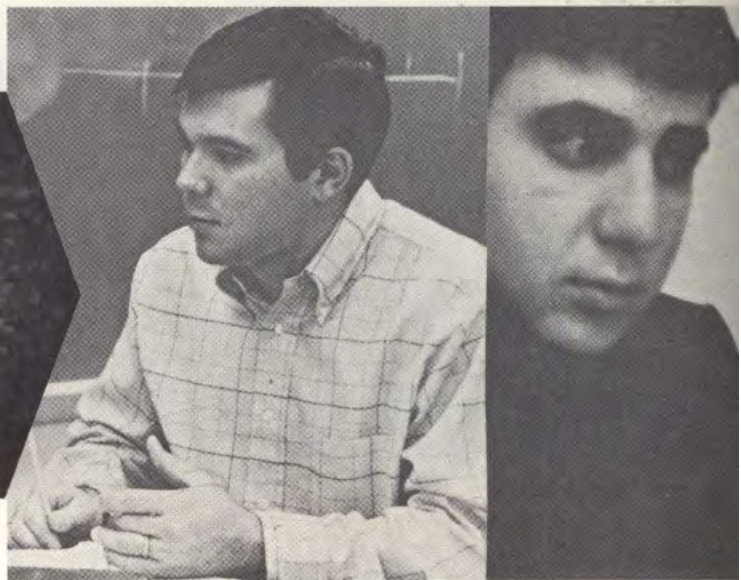
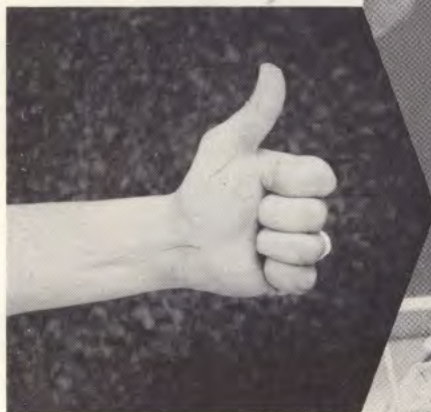
Few would disagree that being a student, policeman, or family man is not easy. Fewer people would disagree that being all three can keep a man pretty busy, especially in this day and age. But for Marcelino Galaviz, it's just part of his life's many experiences to which he would conclude, "It's all in a day's work!" □

sudden you're not a spectator anymore, and you're expected to act. That's where you feel that your training has really paid!"

A typical night for Marcie begins at 6:45 p.m. when he picks up his assignment giving him his district. The remainder of the night will be spent cruising that area and answering calls ranging from family fights to gang fights. The majority of calls involve disturbances such as dogs barking, thefts, assaults, and noisy cars. Marcie found actual police work to be "a completely different thing than I anticipated," mentioning that more trivia was handled than were the serious things.

A typical night has its laughs, too. Marcie recalls the night when two patrolmen took in a drunk to be jailed. At this time, the Mayor and City Councilmen had been invited to ride with the city's policemen in order to better acquaint them with the job of a cop. When the intoxicated man was being led to jail, he yelled threats to the policemen saying that he was a personal friend of the Mayor and

THE PASS



by Terry Acosta

Many universities around the country are supplementing the traditional "A-F" letter grades with the more modern pass-fail grading plan. The University of Texas at El Paso is no exception and will put into effect a pass-fail system for the 1970 fall term.

Under the direction of Dr. Ray Small, dean of the School of Liberal Arts, Dr. C. A. Bevans, professor of modern languages and other members of the Academic Achievement Committee, rules have been drawn up to govern the pass-fail option at UT El Paso. The rules are as follows:

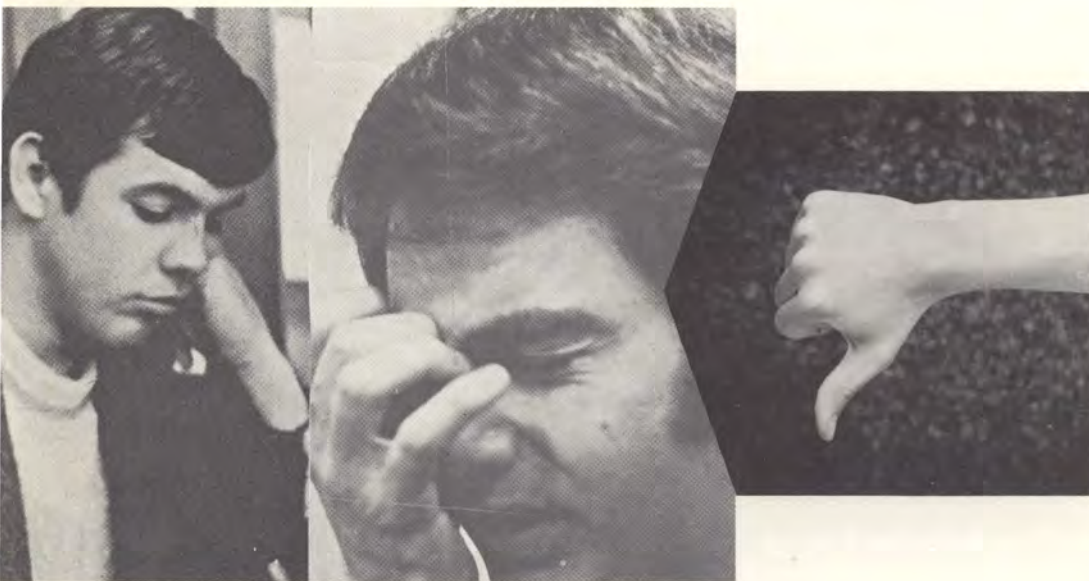
1. A student in good standing may take a maximum of four elective courses as pass-fail.
2. Such courses may not be used for graduate credit.
3. Not more than two such courses may be taken in a given semester, nor more than one in a summer term of six weeks.
4. The student must indicate that he is taking the course on a pass-fail basis at the time of registration and may not change after the end of the regular period during which add-course petitions are approved. This period is the first week of classes in the fall and spring semesters.

5. To obtain credit in the course the student must meet the minimum standards and do all assigned work required of other students in the class for a passing grade.
6. Credits obtained as pass-fail may be used for elective credit only, even though the student changes his major or degree plan.

The effectiveness of the pass-fail option on UT El Paso's educational program can not be determined until after extensive experimentation has been completed. However, results from some of the nation's top-ranked schools testing pass-fail grading can give UT El Paso a preview of what lies ahead. Brandeis, Yale, Stanford, the University of Michigan, Princeton and Cal Tech have already experimented with the pass-fail plan.

Brandeis University has come up with a very comprehensive report on its pass-fail system which went into effect in 1966. The sentiment at Brandeis is that a pass-fail grading system encourages students to study subjects without the fear of low grades. In alleviating this fear,

FAIL SYSTEM



students feel less pressure and enjoy education. The pass-fail plan also allows more freedom in selecting courses.

Rules were set up at Brandeis to govern the pass-fail option. One rule stated that no course taken under pass-fail could fulfill a student's major or minor requirements. As a result, courses such as drama, music and art were most popular as pass-fail electives.

After the first year of pass-fail grading at Brandeis, results showed that of 351 students enrolled in 120 courses, 343 passed while eight failed. In the spring term of 1967, 119 courses were filled by 443 students. Out of this number 438 passed and five failed.

While most of the Brandeis faculty neither encouraged nor discouraged students from taking advantage of the pass-fail system, a large number did feel that pass-fail definitely encouraged students to explore others areas of studies. Most professors agreed that the lessening of evaluative work reduced the student's worries and frustrations.

Cal Tech's explanation for introducing the pass-fail system was to solve its dropout problem. Too many of its pressured freshmen were leaving out of utter panic over their inability to compete with other student. Re-

sults from the pass-fail experiment show the dropout rate at this institution decreased as much as 20 percent.

Princeton allows its students to take one of five courses, outside their major field, as pass-fail. The school's primary purpose in doing this is to lure students into taking subjects ordinarily overlooked because of a fear of not passing. Although the students are required to take all exams, their final grade is not the usual letter, but simply pass or fail. The final results from Princeton's test with pass-fail are very similar to those of Brandeis. The faculty is in over-whelming agreement that the pass-fail plan gives them an opportunity to work with students of various majors.

Numerical grading was dropped at Yale University in the fall term of 1967. In its place were substituted four categories: honors, the same as "A"; high pass, the equal of "B"; pass, equivalent to "C"; fail, essentially the same as "F". Yale's new system strays from pass-fail. It is the same as the traditional "A-F" system with the absence of the "D" category. Although the "D" grade indicates substandard work, it is nevertheless a passing grade. Yale students are left with neither the pass-fail option nor the "D" grade which generally helps a student in danger of failing to pull through.

The reasons behind the "thumbs down" attitude towards letter grades is a vital force behind the pass-fail movement. Letter grades are viewed by many educators as the cause of so much panic and frustration on college campuses today. As schools expand and progress, and as their students become more intellectual and individualistic, the trend has been to deemphasize grades and stress self-motivated learning. Progressive educators argue that where grades are emphasized, the student does not necessarily become a scholar but instead a grade-getter, retaining only that information which will help him pass.

Exams are viewed as an irrelevant part of a student's education by many disciples of pass-fail grading since grades depend so heavily upon exams. If a professor bases the course grade on one exam, the final, those students who can retain information only from one week to another may find themselves in a difficult situation. Often times the desperate student will resort to cheating when he is unprepared for the surprise pop quiz, the true-and-false, or the multiple choice exam.

When supporting any arguments against exams, the following points should be considered. As much as an instructor would often hate to admit, an individual's grade depends too often on the ability of the class. This is usually the case when basing grades on a curve. The grade also depends on the teacher's standards. One professor's "A" is not always another's. Not to be overlooked is the pride too many professors take in having the reputation of giving the toughest exams on campus.

Yet, despite these disadvantages, exam grades are very important in diagnosing the effectiveness of a course. "If the grade results are bad," explains Dr. John McFarland, dean of the School of Education at UT El Paso, "then I know that I am failing someplace." The pass-fail plan would make such careful diagnosis difficult to do.

One thing is definitely true about a pass-fail grading system. It allows for only two groups of students—those who do passing work and those who do not. On the other hand, the "A-F" grading system allows for five groups of students. The average student is at an advantage under pass-fail grading. Since there is no recognition for excellence under pass-fail, a "C" student is placed in the same category as the "A" or "B" student. Also, in many instances, the line between pass and fail is what would usually be recognized as "C" grade. This being the case, the "D" grade is not accepted and the student, who would barely be passing, would fail.

Another major point to consider about the pass-fail plan is that some students may neglect their studies. This argument is based on the psychological reaction brought on by the pass-fail system. "Students will undoubtedly feel a greater freedom and be more relaxed,"

comments Dean McFarland. "I think this is favorable in some instances and not so favorable in others. This new freedom will make some students become interested in their studies for the intrinsic value while others will only be motivated by the reward of an "A" grade."

There is no assurance that pass-fail credits from one institution will be counted as credits in transferring to another university. This will hold true at UT El Paso. It is advisable for a student to investigate whether pass-fail grades are accepted at other schools to which he may transfer.

Lack of grades under a pass-fail system should not jeopardize a student's chances at graduate school or a job since at the present most pass-fail courses are electives. "I don't believe the pass-fail system will lower the caliber of the college student," said Dean Small, "but it will make it more difficult for graduate schools to evaluate a transcript." In those instances where a grade point average is not available, graduate deans will have to depend heavily on interviews, faculty recommendations and the school's reputation. "There is a growing tendency for schools using the pass-fail system to make the minimum passing grade the equivalent of 'C'. Where this policy is explained in a university catalog, other institutions are less reluctant to accept transfer credit with a 'pass' grade," Dean Small added.

A big step towards progressive schooling, UT El Paso's pass-fail system may still see other changes in order to offer students a more liberal education. "I would like to extend the pass-fail system to some of the required courses outside a student's major or minor," says Dean Small. "The present conditions for pass-fail defeat the purpose of this new grading system since as a rule students get their best grades with elective subjects."

The rapid acceptance of pass-fail grading may give an indication of what lies ahead for American education. Nevertheless, a complete withdrawal from "A-F" grading may not come around for some time yet. There are still students who may never become self-motivated scholars. Those who advocate progressive education can look upon the pass-fail system as three categories short of what grading has been for 185 years. As for those satisfied with the traditional grading plan, pass-fail is two categories within the boundaries of "A-F" evaluation.

The pass-fail plan is by no means a gradeless system. As long as the possibility of passing or failing exists, pass-fail is not without grades. Yet it is a solution toward easing the grading pressures on college students and a step towards a more liberal education. The pass-fail system should be extensively tried and its results comprehensively analyzed in order to determine if the system should pass or fail. □

Of course, the complexity of the Pass - Fail System is already confusing to some U. T. El Paso students.



THE PRESENT



by Craig Hoover

Carl carefully placed the present in the center of the chipped and battered dining table. It wasn't store bought as most presents are, but homemade. Carl had been extremely meticulous with its construction and he was quite pleased with the results. Mr. Croner, the storekeeper, had been reluctant to sell some of the materials to a fifteen year old boy, but Carl had lied and said his Pa had sent him.

"Next time you buy stuff like this, bring a note from your Pa," Mr. Croner had told him.

Carl took two steps back to admire the bright red ribbon that held the present tied and then went outside to sit on the front steps and wait for his Pa.

The sun was just dipping behind the remnants of the faded red barn when he stepped out onto the front porch. He leaned his frail body against a dirty-white support pillar, folded his freckled arms, and slid down into a sitting position.

Nights like this he missed the companionship of Jonas, his pet cat. They use to talk to each other about everything. Carl talked mostly about his real Pa and how wonderful he had been, although he really didn't remember. Jonas would lie curled in Carl's lap, his ears pricked up at rigid attention listening intently and his tongue flicking the dust off his black and white coat. Jonas usually talked about the other animals. They had to conduct their conversations in secret, though, because of Pa.

"Animals don't talk!" he would

scream, his face crimson with rage, the veins bulging from his massive neck.

"They can't talk to you and you can't talk to them!"

"But, Pa . . ." Carl would protest feebly.

"No buts, boy! If I catch you talking to that cat again, I'll flay the hide off you!"

And he did too.

A brisk breeze kicked up small funnel shaped dust clouds in the front yard. The cool air raised goose bumps on Carl's bare arms and he shivered. He wondered if Jonas had gone to heaven. It didn't seem like a year had gone by already since Jonas had been murdered. It happened on Pa's last birthday . . .

Carl had prepared Pa's favorite dinner that night a year ago. He wondered now why he had done a thing like that? He guessed he'd done it because his Ma would have wanted it that way were she still alive.

The meal was stone cold by the time the rusted pick-up had crossed over the front gate and skidded to a dust raising stop in front of the decaying farm house. Calvin Armstrong and Orville Sloan, Pa's drinking buddies were standing in the flat bed of the truck waving a whiskey jug and singing.

Jonas was ensconced in the warm comfort of Carl's lap. He lurched forward when the truck door swung open. But Carl caught and held him, stroking and reassuring him until he resumed his purring.

Claude Bates hovered over the pair grinning. The homebrew on his breath nauseated Carl but he fought it down. In one hand he carried a half empty whiskey bottle; he palmed a dirty shoe box in the other.

"I'm gonna teach you a lesson today, boy." He glanced over his beefy shoulder and winked at his two followers. They grinned, baring brown stained teeth, and winked back.

"How come you're late, Pa?" Carl asked in hurt tones. "I fixed your favorite dinner tonight . . . you know, on account of your birthday and all. It's all cold and . . ."

"Don't scold me, boy," he'd hissed and grabbed Carl by the neck of the shirt, lifting him half way off the porch.

"I don't answer to you or nobody else about my comin's and goin's." Orville and Calvin bobbed their heads up and down in agreement.

Releasing the tight grip on Carl, Claude Bates stooped his large frame over and set the box down on the porch. He reached a calloused hand toward Jonas. The cat shrunk back instinctively. But instead of smacking him, he gently stroked Jonas' sleek coat.

"This here's the talking cat, boys." He looked up at his two friends and chuckled.

Jonas eased out of Carl's lap and cautiously approached the box. He sniffed around it excitedly and then with his nose tipped off the lid.

(Continued on page 21)



"Las Prostitutas" by John Alvarez

"Spring Harvest"



Carli Valencia



Sandra E. Teir



"Heroe Azteca"

John Alvarez

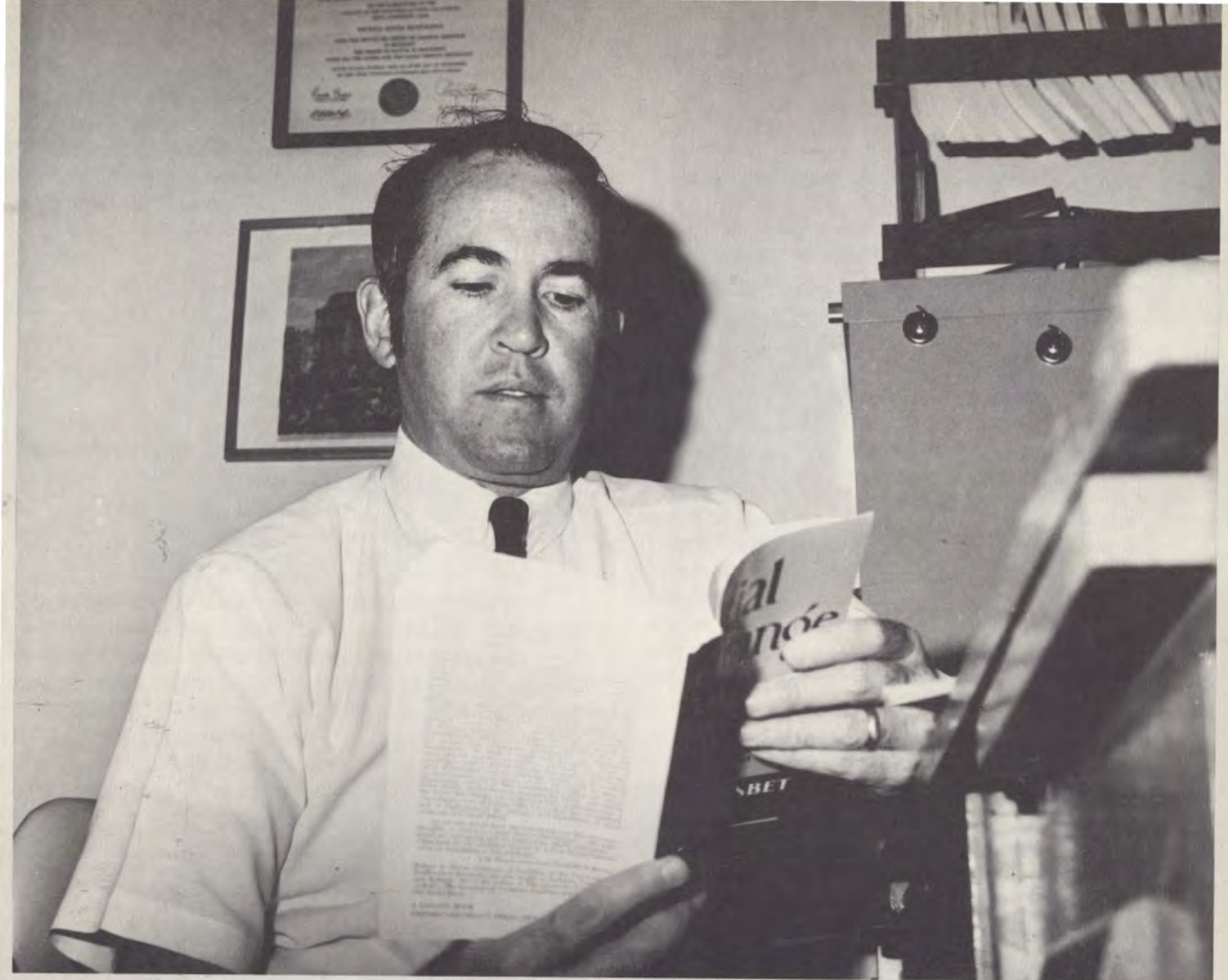


A Look at MC

Father Louis M. Mancini is presently a sociology graduate student at UTEP. He explained that the church cannot and will not make accommodations for the new morality. Father Mancini is presently associated with St. Michael's Church and has been a priest for 25 years. At the age of 61, he is as athletic as he ever was, ice-skating in his spare time.

It is only theologians who are shooting off their mouths about their own view's, not the church's. They themselves are wanting sexual license which is proven by the fact that so many are leaving and even marrying

soon after. Oh, I want sex, I'm the same as anyone else. I could go to Juarez to those houses of prostitution, there's nothing to stop me. But why don't I? I still have to live with myself, I still have my self-respect. I can't afford to let myself be loose. I see so many priests who are coming up with their own ideas on morality, which is not the proper thing. There was a time when we thought masturbation was a mortal sin—to some it's not. But what has changed that? Just individual thinking. You have people who will go to one who thinks the same as they do. Well, where's the strength in that? There isn't any,
(Continued on page 16)



RALITY 1970

The older generation often makes the mistakes of labeling the new morality as "free love" which it isn't. Free love, in the sense of spontaneous sexual expression with even casual partners, is found among a few avant-garde hippie-like groups. But this is not characteristic of the below-30 generation in my opinion.

Thus the opening statement by Dr. Patrick H. McNamara of UTEP's sociology department, expressing his view on one small facet of the "new morality." Dr. McNamara obtained his doctorate in sociology at UCLA. He has special interests in race relations, sociology of

religion, and enjoys discussions with students in and out of the classroom.

I don't view the new morality as new but, instead, as a changing morality. I share the view of Ira Reiss, a sociologist who has studied changing patterns of sexual morality on the campus. He calls the change "permissiveness with affection." Both affectionate and sexual expression among young people are viewed increasingly as a matter of strictly their own business, a kind of privatization of morality. The expression is obviously more than just shaking hands, but many younger people insist
(Continued on page 17)



"I'd rather not follow the crowd. I never have—that's why I'm a priest now."

it's just weakness. That's just this person's view trying to find an authority who shares their own point of view. It's just like the mother who says "no" to the daughter, but she still wants to go to the dance. So what does she do? She goes to the father. Just because I want the pleasure of sex I should try to take advantage of a girl? I want to eat more too, but where's the control in that, where's the character?

So we have what YOU call the new morality which to me is an old immorality with declining inhibitions. It is merely on a larger scale and the things that were spoken of very quietly and with a hush are now discussed publicly. And why? Because everybody else is doing it. The community pressure, the regard for one's own person, one's own self-respect is gone. We're letting social values take possession of our thinking. For example, why do persons drink now? Because everybody else does. Why do they smoke? Because everybody else does. Well about 50% of the students at UTEP are dressing like everybody else does. I'd rather not follow the crowd, I never have—that's why I'm a priest now.

This generation's justification is that everybody else is doing it—but that's not God's law. Premarital sex is wrong because it violates God's law. But when you ask them if they'd want their children to do it, they say no. They would deny their children the pleasure that they want now. They want their children to grow up to be good, God-fearing people; honest, industrious, good citizen's, a credit to God, a credit to their country and a credit to them as parents. You have on campus the girl, who wants to be popular and 'in' with the group, so she has to do what they do. There are no inhibitions so far as trying to go into marriage as a virgin. It's the accepted thing. But whenever the courtship has no respect for each other's bodies, no respect for each other's honor, integrity, or God's laws, what have they got in marriage? As a consequence you have so many divorces. Why? Because there's no honor, no respect in the marriage. The looseness that was exhibited in the courtship is the same after marriage.

I asked Dr. Mancini how he dealt with single girls who confessed to having affairs.

Well a long time ago I gave up on trying to appeal to a person so far as sin is concerned. It doesn't seem to scare anyone anymore. I don't tell anyone that what they do is a mortal sin, or the church teaches this or that. I just go on individual thinking, appeal to their own self-respect and apply the Golden Rule. I hear con-

fessions from boys coming over from the striptease shows, houses of prostitution; they take drugs, get drunk, take advantage of girls. So I ask them, "If you had a son would you like him to act like you do—or if you had a daughter would you like her taken advantage of?" I seem to have a great deal more success this way.


However, we need temptation to develop our virtue, responsibility, and character. For example, a man betrays a military fort because he sees that his side is losing. Another man, an honorable one, who is fighting for his country crosses enemy lines to counteract the action of the betrayal. Another man crosses enemy lines to consummate country. This man is caught with the incriminating papers and is condemned to death. John Andre was hanged as a consequence of his own admission despite the fact that he was under orders and they were contrary to his own feelings. Benedict Arnold was the traitor who escaped. Well what went out to make a man like that? Self indulgence? No. Character.

The less you live for yourself the happier you are. The more you live for yourself the more miserable you are. Even the science of medicine is coming to the assistance of Holy Scripture. The World Health Service tells us that towards the end good health depends more on the services within the body than without. If people would take better care of themselves they would live long, happy, healthy lives, if not, they will make themselves sick. "A sound mind makes a sound body." There are so many psychiatric problems now—the stress diseases. Why? Faulty thinking by selfish, uncharitable, vindictive people.

I don't know who lives longer—sisters or elephants. But the longest-living people we have are people who are dedicated to others. Dr. Albert Schweitzer was buried in French Equatorial Africa at the age of 90, living for other people. Florence Nightingale did her best work the last 35 years of her life. Then there was Helen Keller. They lived a long time. Well, let's define happiness—life's desire's satisfied, not wanting anything else, total satisfaction. The moment we want, our happiness is gone. These people that I just named were happy. Not those who are living loosely, drinking, taking drugs. They will end up a casket full of dead pleasure. Hoping that's the end. But supposing it isn't. Supposing there is a God, a reckoning beyond the grave. Hadn't we better play it safe? I don't want to end up a casket of dead pleasure.

But I see a lot of hard-working students out at UTEP. They will live to bury these other people. It's these students who will supply the world with the strength, the character, with self-respect and integrity. These are the people who will have the heritage to pass on.

Back in the thirties, Will Rogers was invited to an affair of state. He heard one filthy joke after another. When he finally spoke he said, "What this country needs is cleaner minds and dirtier fingernails."



"Girls may find they get used, exploited, pushed around."

that if what they do springs from honest communication between one another—you know, no put-ons or cover-ups—it's o.k. It isn't promiscuity. It almost seems as though the honesty itself makes it moral in their eyes. Naturally this collides head-on with the traditional and more conservative Christian moralities: Premarital sex is wrong, sex is legitimated only within marriage. Of course, many of the more sensitive younger people attack the double standard; why should it be o.k. for the boy to mess around freely, but the girl is expected to save herself for marriage? Whatever standard you come up with, why shouldn't it be the same for both?

Today young people are questioning the legitimacy of the old mores as much by action as by words. You see, too often kids have been told that if you do this and such-and-such will happen to you; then they try it and nothing happens. The consequences of this kind of mindless upbringing are loss of respect for parental authority and just about any authority using the same no-no's. They want to know why, and the "authorities" must come up with something more convincing than a simple "we know better."

Now of course, this challenge poses problems for the established institutions — the family, schools and churches. There are conflicts everywhere; between parents and children, schools and students, and churches and young people. What should they tell them? Of course not all of the Protestant or Jewish traditions have been as strict as that of the Roman Catholic. Many Protestants find the new morality more congenial because they have been taught that morality is pretty much a private decision anyway. But if the new morality spreads among young people I don't see how it can help but bring pressure for change even in the Catholic Church. Of course, many Catholic writers are currently exploring ways of accommodating to some aspects of these changes.

But, I think one factor all too often overlooked in this whole thing is the regional one. Some parts of the USA are much more experimental than others. You take the big cities on the East Coast and the West Coast. There's where you find many of the experimental groups. Not in rural areas, not so much in small towns, not in the Deep South. And I think the Southwest where we live is rather conservative. By the way, I don't mean that in an "out of it" sense, just slower to accept change. But you do find, I think, a sort of percolation effect. Changes initiated by people in the larger, more sophisticated cities tend to spread gradually into the "back woods."

I then asked Dr. McNamara to expound on this point by asking why the big city is so conducive to change.

That's a complicated question to answer. Urban sociologists often write about the big metropolis' anonymity and the effects this has on people's life styles—you know, people drift in from all parts of the country. No settled community which knows you, as in Los Angeles or New York. So you feel freer, people aren't checking up on you, neighbors don't seem to care. Some writers look wistfully back upon the good old days when there was neighborliness and solidarity and all that. But for increasing numbers of people this new style spells freedom to do their thing unmolested by prying eyes and ears. I'm not saying that everyone in the big cities is a swinger. Far from it. But it's no accident that it's these larger cities where you find what I believe to be a growing number of unmarried couples living together. From their point of view (I'm not judging the morality of this now, and this is by no means something I teach in the classroom) this is a good way to get to know one another, to experiment without being condemned by the neighbors, to see whether a more permanent relationship like marriage will really go.

And personally I think it's dumb when others criticize this sort of thing by saying, oh well, they're just after sex for the sake of sex. The more articulate among these young people have a pretty well developed philosophy about it. As one writer says, they mistrust 'dogmas and absolutes which tend to restrict the free range of experience'. Now you can say well that's just a rationalization. But it can be much deeper than that. It can involve a genuine desire to test a relationship before any real commitment is made.

Questioning rationalizations, I asked why a girl might want to experience sex in this way. It seems more obvious for a boy, but what about the girls?

Who knows? It's tough to answer a question about human motivation. Now both sociologists and psychologists who write about identity formation today, point out that what may appear to be promiscuity may really be a search for security. Trying to find out who I am, to try out a fresh life-style, a lot of things more fundamental than just sex in itself. Now girls, of course, may find that in this quest they get used, exploited pushed around. A lot of phoniness and dishonesty can be involved on both sides of the fence. But maybe the girl, in this case, learns something too. Again, I'm not putting any 'shoulds' in here. But experiences, which help you discover a deeper you, can't be put down as totally bad either.

This led me to the question of guilt feelings. Aren't these real? I asked. How is the person supposed to handle them?

Those are things which psychologists and psychiatrists have to handle. As I understand them, these ex-

(Continued on page 21)



Up From Obscurity

Around 8:00 every morning, a bright candy-orange '50 Chevrolet rolls up to the Union parking lot without stopping at the campus entrance inspection point. After parking his car, a young man steps out and casually strides up to the second floor of the Union. With a pensive look on his mustachioed face, he enters 201 W of the Union. Upon entering his office and looking down at his desk, the young man surveys the pile of mail and newspapers laying there. Abruptly he leaves his office but quickly returns with a cup of coffee in his hand, sits down again, and then resumes his reading of the daily correspondence.

Lionel Cenicerros, *The Prospector* editor, starts his usual day at the same place, his desk in the Student Publications office. Once here, his leisurely strides grow rapid and the pensive look on his face is often interrupted by a big smile or an expression of deep concern.

Because Lionel is constantly being interrupted, it is next to impossible to visit with him. A girl will walk in complaining that she had been given credit for writing a letter to the Editor that she had not submitted. Lionel apologizes and quickly sees to it that a retraction is written in the next issue. Suddenly, deciding he feels like smoking he'll hunt through his desk drawers for a cigar, but finds only the butts of previous stogies, now stale. After an unsuccessful search, he'll leave the office and return a minute later with a cigar he borrows from Henry de La Garza, *El Burro* editor.

Not too long after resuming the talk, a student walks in wanting to purchase one of the many pictures displayed on the office windows. Not finding a staff member close by, Lionel graciously helps the student. Interruptions such as these, plus the fact that he'll relight the borrowed cigar more than five times, make Lionel a difficult person to converse with leisurely.

At 25, Lionel Cenicerros has been called everything short of a card carrying communist—leftist, liberal, militant, radical. "I'm not exactly what someone would call a liberal," says Lionel. "To me a liberal is a person who is willing to compromise. Many students now feel that compromising isn't enough. They are what would best be described as radicals rather than liberals. I'm a radical." Lionel continues, "Radicals are trying to make people change their minds about old, stale traditions. If I can succeed as a radical today then I can be a liberal when I'm an old man."

Most visitors to Lionel's office are often surprised, some are even visually abhorred by a 20" x 15" picture of Cuban Che Guevara which hangs on the wall above his desk. This has been the source of many derogatory and misleading rumors about Lionel. "He's one of the most recent true revolutionaries and I admire the guy," explains Lionel. "Of course he is not above criticism."

Like any extremely courageous young man, Lionel is also very stubborn and determined. "Many times it is hard to tell where the courage ends and the stubbornness begins," explains Bob Johnson, Assistant Director of Student Publications. This combination of courage and stubbornness has led Lionel to display "grace under pressure" whenever the newspaper comes under fire. He doesn't let his emotions run away with his reason.

Sound reasoning is one of Lionel's marked qualities. He can talk about controversial issues and not sound extreme. His definition of a revolution is a classical example of Lionel's ability to sound nothing like the stereotype radical:

"A revolution to me is not necessarily one where people will take over the capital," he states. "A revolution is a change. It is a change where the U.S. will not find itself entering the 21st Century with ghettos." Continuing, he observes, "This nation can not continue to grow or improve at the rate we have without there being a lot of political, social and economic change."

Lionel applies his revolution concept to the editorial policy of *The Prospector*. He has changed the newspaper from a social gossip supplement to a source of vital information of relevant issues such as Viet Nam, Blacks and Chicanos.

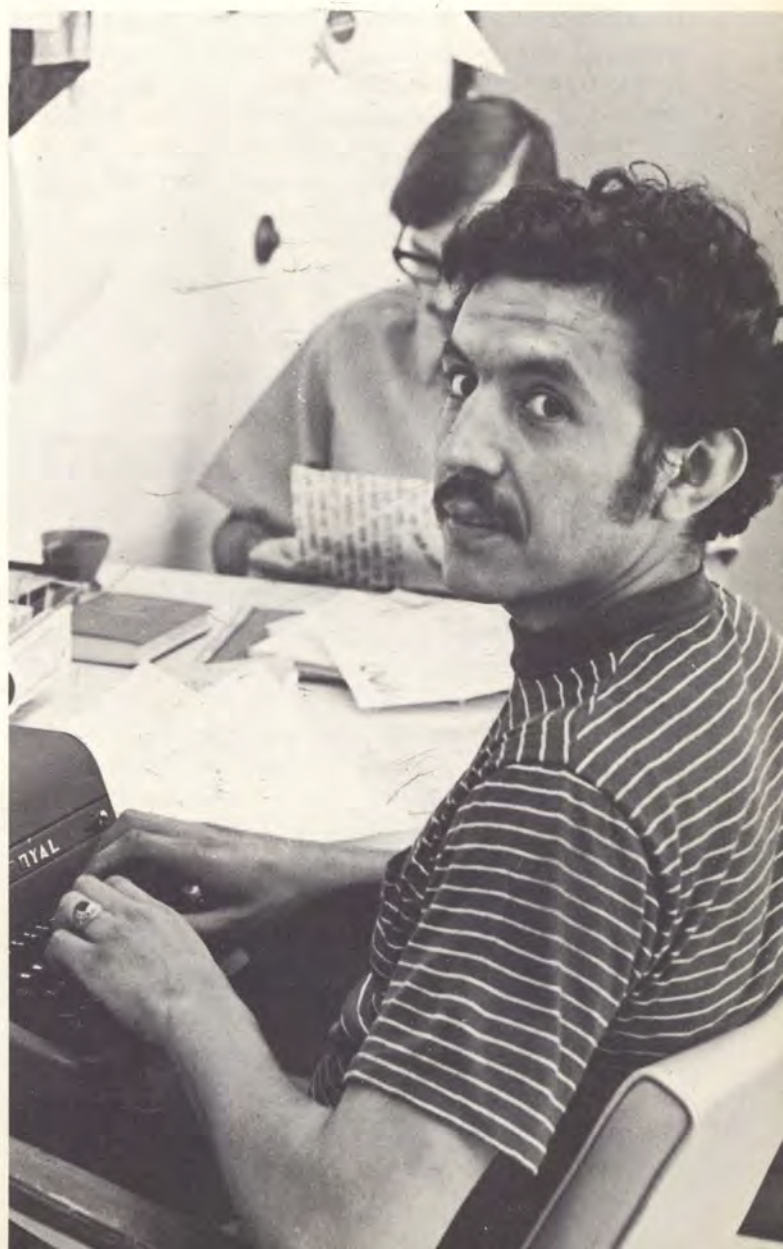
"We've often been criticized because we don't have enough fraternity or sorority news. This really isn't entirely *The Prospector's* fault," says Lionel. "The Greeks haven't shown that much interest in the first place. We could give them an entire page but they haven't shown up with anything. Also, because the Greeks are such a small percentage on campus, their activities are not important to everybody. We've gotten away from the high school type of news so we neglect sorority house gossip."

He continues by saying, "We didn't run a story on the varsity cheerleaders this year. They like publicity and they'll throw themselves at you for it. *The Prospector* doesn't give this type of free publicity anymore."

Graduating this summer as a political science major, Lionel often speaks of one of his political interests. "Only a few years ago, anyone who spoke Spanish and was of Mexican decent was a Chicano. Today, however, Chicano has a political connotation. A Chicano is a Mexican-American with an identity—his culture. The Chicano wants to have his culture accepted by the predominant society."

Lionel credits his better understanding of the university to being the editor of the campus newspaper. He is in a position to observe, listen and influence. The editorial page, particularly his bi-weekly column, "The Left Margin," has taken strong stands against SA cards and the athletic department.

"The entire athletic department is a propaganda device," says Lionel. "It's function is to promote the university through the athletic events. But things can get out of hand as they did not too long ago with the Black athletes. They were recruited for the sole purpose of having a winning team and no regards were given to whether the athletes would find the surroundings suitable."



A native of Marfa, Texas. Lionel served four year with the Air Force. He then came to El Paso to finish his education. Lionel is somewhat critical of the school's quality of education. He feels that greater emphasis on responsibility would improve educational qualities and erase UT El Paso's image of a big high school. "Students should take their time in graduating and not be in such a hurry," advises Lionel. "When a student finds himself with an 18 hour load he has very little time to get involved with politics, and other student activities."

On Mondays and Thursdays Lionel is constantly rushing off to the print shop to check the editorial page and do general proof reading before the newspaper goes to press. He'll be in one hour and out the next. Lionel's schedule gets so hurried that his wife of two months, Ann, often loses track of him. Ann, also a student at UT El Paso, is often seen in *The Prospector* office enjoying a cup of coffee with her husband.

Lionel Cenicerros—editor, radical, student—ends his day in the usual manner he begins it, reading at his desk inside 201 W of the Union. Normal working hours at *The Prospector* are 8-5 p.m. but he is usually the last person to leave the office. He'll always find last minute details to check, often staying late into the night. Just before leaving and turning off the lights, Lionel will walk over to the Associated Press teletype machine. Here, at the end of a busy day, Lionel reads the fast current of the world's news. It is a paradox that Lionel does have a sure grip on the campus, newswise, and that he may

in the future be one of the celebrities making up the world's headlines. □



EL BURRO

*Dependable, broad-backed, and scarred
By wind, desert sun and pack-frame,
A-rattle with pan, pick, and poke,
Wandering on a fool's errand —
White-socked and streaked with alkali,
Silent witness to strike or bust
Till replaced in time by tempo . . .
Phased from the desert by the jeep —
From the Sun Bowl . . . by indifference.*

Sam LidArd

THE GENERATION GAP FILLED —

1060's . . . 1960's

*The Baptistery
Of Pisa was Romanesque
And destined to fall . . .
But, concrete-cheating
Has frustrated destiny.*

For now . . .

Sam LidArd

WHAT IF GOD IS A WOMAN

*My we are smug, aren't we?
And so mighty sure and certain
Of the shape and appearance
And the feelings of our God.
But . . . What if God is a woman?*

*There is a compassion, you know?
And a toleration of us
That is hardly the method
Of a God who is a man.
Maybe . . . our God is a woman?*

*Man is vengeful, isn't he?
He doesn't really have the touch
Nor the merciful caress —
These are really female things.
Yes . . . possibly . . . God is a Woman?*

Sam LidArd

(Continued from page 11)

"Jonas? Get out . . ." Carl started to rise off the steps but his Pa placed his open palm against Carl's chest and shoved him back down.

"Leave 'im be, boy," he admonished.

Jonas dragged a singularly large fish from the box. He glanced furtively in every direction and then attacked the dead fish voraciously, ripping off and devouring large hunks in a single gulp. Suddenly he leaped into the air, twisting and writhing in agony. He raced around in circles chasing his tail, his not pink tongue dragging in the dust. Then he fell, clawing feebly at the air. His mournful whining grew weaker . . . his painting almost imperceptible . . . Then he was still.

Carl jumped up and froze, his eyes slowly widening with horror and amazement as he began to grasp the full meaning of what had happened. An agonizing cry of grief had escaped his purpled lips as he ran to Jonas' side. Carl picked him up, and cuddled him in his trembling arms.

"Pa! You . . ." he choked, "You

murdered him! Why? Why? He never hurt you . . . he was my pet. I . . . I loved him. I . . ." Carl tried not to cry but the dam broke finally and a flood of hot tears cascaded down his ashen cheeks.

Claude Bates and his two friends erupted in a burst of thunderous laughter, slapping their thighs and each other's backs.

"That's the lesson, boy," his father roared. "Get it? Curiosity once killed the cat." A renewed outburst of guffawing followed. Then the trio climbed back into the truck and roared away.

Carl buried Jonas ceremoniously behind the shed, the hideous laughter ringing in his ears. That was last year but the laughing still echoed in his brain . . .

Carl had not hated or held a grudge against his step-father until then. He had even tried to like him for his mother's sake. But he shouldn't have murdered his friend. Carl had never been able to forgive him for that.

The ancient truck rattling down the entrance road, backfiring in protest, swiftly brought Carl back to this

year's birthday. He glared now in hate as Claude Bates parked the truck and lumbered up to the front steps.

"What's for dinner, boy?" He looked menacingly at his step-son.

Your favorite, Pa, . . . roast beef and brown gravy." Carl kept his head down as he followed his Pa into the house.

Once inside Carl went straight to the kitchen. His Pa lingered in the dining room, fingering the present.

"What's in the box, boy?" his father bellowed.

"It's a present for ya, Pa," Carl called back, "for your birthday."

Carl froze rigid with suspense and fear. Time seemed to stop. . .

When at last the explosion came, immense relief and satisfaction took possession of Carl. The fear, the hate, and even the haunting laughter were gone. He thought of Jonas and smiled.

"Happy Birthday, Pa," he sang out.

Carl closed the back door behind him, and half walked, half skipped up the dusty road towards town to tell the sheriff about the present. □

(Continued from page 17)

perts allow for genuine guilt. If I've violated a deep personal conviction, say by hurting somebody else, of course I feel guilty afterwards. We're all weak, so what's new? This is psychologically healthy.

But if I have no deep personal convictions, if my morality is strictly conventional, and consequently if I violate it, any guilt feelings I have are rather phoney because I didn't really believe in these things in the first place. For example, the church says I shouldn't do this—so I don't do it. I keep saying that was bad, I shouldn't have done it because I had been told not to. But it takes a lot of self-development, self-perception to see the deception involved in this second kind of guilt experience.

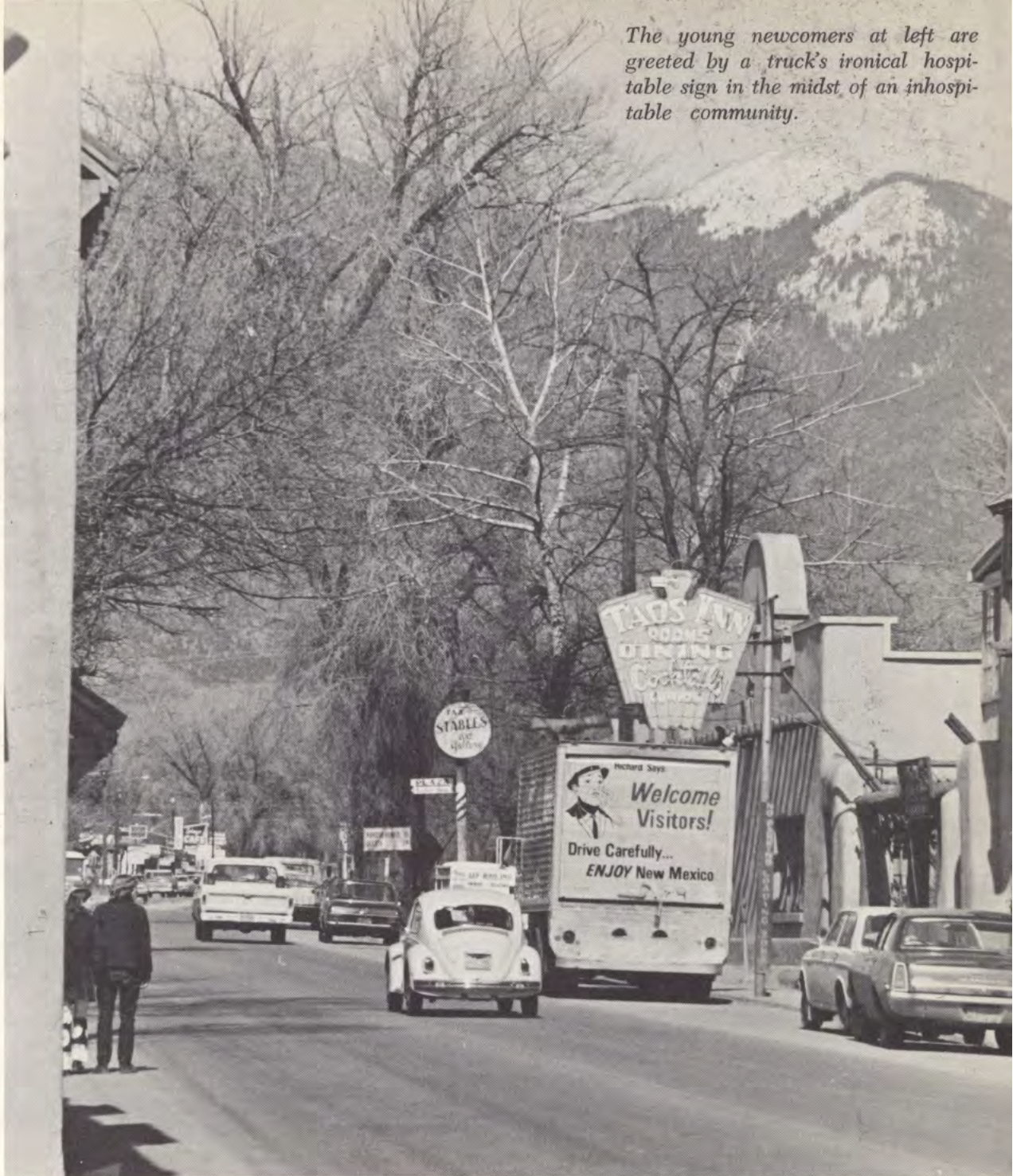
Finally I asked Dr. McNamara what he thought the outcome of the new morality would be. Will it spread?

I think some aspects of the new morality will. Definitely. For example the desire to be really honest with oneself, to test the do's and don'ts by experience, to relate to others on a deeper level without worrying about what others think. Frankly I don't see how you can stop this kind of thing. More people write about it, movies have it, people discuss it. Now how rapidly our institutions (families, schools, and churches) adapt to the change is another determining factor. But they can't ignore it, and

in most cases they really aren't. Parents and youth-guides are sincerely searching today for ways of relating to young people, for coming up with some way of reinterpreting the traditional morality so that it makes sense to the kids. Now they'll have to come up with some good arguments for their views on morality. If there are no convincing reason, then 'permissiveness with affection' will become more and more prevalent.

I remember one very wise parent saying, you know, we have to help the youngsters see that having sex with another person involves you with the mystery of that person, with his or her spiritual center. I like that. It means you don't take sex lightly or just casually, because they aren't casual things. The utter uniqueness of each individual comes in her. I should think an insight like this could be integrated into the great religious traditions. You could argue, of course, that any emphasis on the dignity of the individual person comes from the great religions. O.K., fine. Now translate all that into norms of sexual conduct which make sense to young people today in view of the free-ranging experience they have. This isn't the sociologist's job, by any means. But it's a worthwhile challenge for mom and dad, priest, rabbi, minister, teacher, and counselor—as long as they do it in communication with the young people they're trying to help. □

The young newcomers at left are greeted by a truck's ironical hospitable sign in the midst of an inhospitable community.



Taos: The Easy Ride's Over

by
Pat Ellis

"Thank you for giving us a place to make a stand."

*—Commune dweller from
EASY RIDER*

There is no other place in America as beautiful as the green, rolling, ice-capped mountains that surround the small village of Taos, in Northern New Mexico. The Rio Grande slides along green-banked pastures, clean, clear and pleasantly drinkable. What better place for the children of Nature to settle?

The settlers come into the town, flashes of EASYRIDERS and LIFE magazine photographs on the mind. With little money in their pockets and long hair blown by the brisk wind, they get off the main highway and stroll into the Plaza, where the blunt reality of American Society greets them in the form of local red-necks' scowls and police cars at every corner. The confrontation between two entirely different lifestyles is unashamedly out in the open. Taos is a melting pot at full boil.

While the old time artists and writers in the area accept the newcomers as some sort of comedy relief, the businessmen and their workers don't see the humour in the situation at all. Many bar-owners, restaurateurs, clothing-store salesmen, grocery checkers and motel-operators are openly hostile to anyone more radical than crewcut. The weekly newspaper, the "Taos News", feeds Mr. Businessman's hate by printing inflammatory letters from paranoid Minutemen. And Taos High School has replaced daily prayer with daily "hate-hippie" propaganda. Fortunately, the school kids, the only Taosenos who are on top of it, pay as little attention to the propaganda as they

previously paid to mechanical prayer.

To be sure, the wandering hitchhikers from middle-American suburbia do bring a strain on the Taosenos which they are not able to cope with. There are absolutely no jobs left for anyone and those who are working for any of the businesses in town are working for slave's wages at best. Drugs are everywhere and are more attainable and less expensive than beer, which may explain fourteen state police cars in a town no bigger in area than Kern Place in El Paso.

Sometimes the strain causes longhair to turn on longhair. Such is the case with Bob, the bartender at the El Patio Grill. This historical restaurant is the only one in town which serves longhairs with open arms, in an effort by the manager, Terry Ohlinger, to balance the hate which is in such full force everywhere else in town. Terry is presently being pressured by the Chamber of Commerce to get rid of his longhaired bartender. Terry looks upon this threat as a challenge to his freedom of management, while hip-Bob, the bartender in question, blames the wandering, freaked out, jobless hippies for his predicament. "Instant Karma Gonna Get You." A victory for the system.

The main attraction for those in search of a meaningful existence is Taos' communal society, spread out and nested in the surrounding mountains. Most of the attracted are ex-high school or college students, or graduates, fed up with the computerized anxieties of traditional racist America which they thought they left back home. They are ready to get back to the Earth and make it with Mother Nature. They are disappointed

when they find that all of the fourteen communes in the area are closed off to any newcomers. Some are forbidden even to visitors, others are open only on Sunday to curious onlookers or friends of the commune.

The commune dwellers have found through harsh experience that communal life does not work if the communes are left open to all who wish to share. New Buffalo, the commune used in the set of EASY RIDER, is a shambles due to an open door policy



Sherry, fifteen, finds horseback riding in the mountain valleys relaxing. A member of a "family" of seven who lives on the edge of town, she views Taos as "the most beautiful spot in the world."

PAT ELLIS

of come one come all. If one is going to Taos or anywhere like it to live in a commune, one must know that he will have to start the whole show himself, not share that which has already been built by the back-breaking sweat of others.

Some young heads along with the many old-time artists, have opened up art, craft, and leather shops, photo galleries, or coffee-houses and these people are making it as well as the seasoned hill people. They all know they have a talent to put to use and they are doing it. They are the people who really have found a place to make a stand.

There is much apprehension in Taos about the expected influx this summer of thousands of vacationing students looking for a groovy place to turn on. The few houses in town are already overflowing with visitors in search of a place to crash. Leaflets are being handed out in order to prepare both hip and straight residents for the invasion. The pamphlets read:

Dear Brothers:

The coming months will witness a large influx of people into the Taos area. We should make the most out of this experience. It should be a learning experience for us and for the incoming people.

A large influx of people into any area brings many problems food, shelter, recreation, and litter are just a few. Let us get together and plan ahead. Let us turn these people on to love, truth, beauty, and God.

The concerned, imaginative hippies are doing their best to hold the community together in a variety of other ways. Members of the most well developed commune, the Hog Farm, drive two-way radio cars through the town and surrounding area, in a courageous effort to keep the police honest and the dopers alive. The information center, on the edge of town run by young, civic minded street people, is a sort of message exchange, where bulletin boards are used to communicate messages between the comers and the goers. If you need to locate some long lost friend in Taos or that area, the information center will do its best to help. Next to this center stands the General Store, where communes can pick up daily supplies at realistic prices and weary travelers can pick up a free cup of coffee. The store sports this official-looking sign in the front window: We Serve Public Health Menaces! Next door to the General Store is the free clinic, La Clinica, which is run by a young doctor in order to bring some sort of

medical treatment to the many sick young residents who can get it no where else. And dialogues between hips and straights are just starting to be opened at city-council meetings. The town is just beginning to get on the right track, but there's a long, long hard way to go before the two factions can live together in harmony.

Taos is a good place to make a stand but be sure you've got something already to stand on before you go there. It's a great place to do that thing you've been trying to put together for so long. The tourist trade is big enough to sustain anyone who wishes to try their talents in the art, music or craft shop trade. With little to do at night, musicians could do a great thing there for a very appreciative audience.

Don't go to Taos in search of something to do. Go there in search of a place to do something you already know you want to do. It's a great place to live, but I wouldn't want to visit there. □

In Taos Plaza, the two lifestyles confront each other. The youths in the foreground try to ignore cold stares and acid remarks.



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A vintage, sepia-toned photograph of a two-story house. In the foreground, a large yucca plant with multiple heads of spiky leaves dominates the right side and extends towards the center. The house is a light-colored, possibly stucco, building with several windows. Some windows have dark shutters or are partially obscured by the plant. The overall image has a grainy, aged quality.

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