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# EL BUCARO

The University of Texas at El Paso  
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In the Spring of '71

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Guide to the Student Senate

---

"Chicanos"

---

Fly me to Faben

---

Interview with Spir T. Agno

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Final Editorial









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# Editorial

*"Most journalists are restless voyeurs..."*

**OUR RECENT INDEPTH** on the campus police (Campus Police Department: "campus clowns" or "well trained men?") was attacked by Robert Zuck, managing editor, in a *Prospector* editorial. Zuck charged us with using innuendo and raising unanswered questions, and said that our *INDEPTH* was not fair in its coverage. To be truthful, Zuck's article did not refute any of our allegations but merely raised further questions about Chief James T. Petzold and his well greased department.

For instance, Zuck states that each commissioned officer must attend a 7 week training course and then attend periodical refresher courses. What Zuck failed to point out is that only one of Chief Petzold's commissioned officers has managed to attend only one of these so-called refresher courses. This refresher course policy seems to be somewhat behind schedule, and is more a figment of imagination than reality. Whose imagination? Chief Petzold!

We still maintain that Chief Petzold is not qualified for his position. We still maintain that Chief Petzold is only using his office to get a Physical Education degree and that he

is only remotely interested in his job. We still maintain that some definite changes are needed in the campus police department. And lastly, we still maintain that there is plenty of room at the top!

We would be remiss if we failed to note that Chief Petzold has hired Robert Zuck for the summer as a full time dispatcher for the campus police. Well, well, . . . a friend in need is a friend indeed. Pat my back and I'll pat yours, as they say. From this development, we can only assume that had Zuck been successful in his bid for the editorship of the *Prospector* that, in most probability, Chief Petzold would have been named managing editor — if not court jester.

One last request, Chief Petzold—  
**"WHY NOT COACH FULL-TIME NEXT YEAR!"**

**WE WANT TO BE THE FIRST PUBLICATION TO "WELCOME VERNON MILLER"**

as the new *Prospector* Editor-in-Chief. The *Prospector's* outgoing editor extended his worst wishes to Vernon three weeks ago, so we want to extend our warmest wishes for the journalism major.

Vernon pledged to guide the student newspaper between a policy of "status quo" and "minority interest group" reporting and bias. We talked to the new editor last week and he gave us the inside dope to this future editorial policy — he expects to turn radical sometime around Christmas of this year just as Nixon invades North Korea.

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**THE SELECTION OF THE NEW CHEERLEADER SQUAD WAS REMINDFUL OF THE KEYSTONE COP FLICKS.** The ordeal took place May 3rd in the Woman's Gym and was sprinkled with hot tempers and verbal insults and demands.

To begin with, all during the try outs, which lasted some two hours and began fifteen minutes late, ten black students played a half court basketball game. Half way through the session, one former cheerleader approached one of the judges and questioned his origin—an argument ensued with the insulted judge demanding the removal of his provoker. In addition, the wife of the insulted judge came on the scene



and appeared ready to do combat with anyone even looking her way. The furor lasted about ten minutes and an uneasy peace prevailed from then on.

As a post script to the whole affair, one judge was overheard to say, as everyone emptied the gym to go home, "Well, at least we chose eight girls who might be able to work together." The following day, a petition was raised by some of the lucky girls chosen protesting the present selection procedure and calling for another selection attempt by new and more competent judges. "ALL FOR THE MINERS, STAND-UP AND YELL!"

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### **WE COULDN'T FINISH THIS LAST ISSUE WITHOUT GIVING OUT SOME AWARDS FOR HUMAN ENDEAVOR.**

Fluke of the Year Award—goes to Lawrence (Pat) Mosher for his resounding victory over the Ideal Ticket's Ray Velarde. Until now, Mosher couldn't even spell "runoff."

Sour Grapes Award of the Year—goes to Art Franco for his tear jerking editorial welcoming Vernon Miller to his new position as Prospector editor for 1971-72.

The Most Convincing Response Award of the Year—goes to Dean of Students Jimmy Walker, who when asked what the specific duties of his office were, replied, "I know absolutely nothing in the world about that."

The Well Oiled Campaign Award—goes to the Prospector staff. As one student was overheard to say at the polls, "What ever the Prospector supports, I'll vote against."

The Frank Erwin Award for the Prevention of Profanity on Campus—goes to Phil Langford for his pure and Holy language at one of last year's rock concerts, "Get your God-damned cans off the F...ing lawn before you leave!"

The Penn Central Investment Award—goes to the Phi Beta Kappa advisor who suggested that U.T. El Paso build two multi-million dollar dorms, which it can't seem to fill to half capacity.

**IT WILL BE A DISCOURAGING REALITY** if the Chicano Studies Program does not receive funding this year from the legislators in Austin. The program has received the endorsement of President Smiley and several state and local public representatives, and offers a hope for the many Chicano students already enrolled at this University and those high school students in the El Paso area who hope to attend the University in the future.

Some of the benefits offered by the Chicano Studies Program include various courses, tutoring services and financial aid. The \$300,000 program contains other benefits of equal, if not more, necessity.

We not only endorse the Chicano Studies Program but ask its complete funding of \$300,000. The high number of Chicano drop-outs at this University is discouraging, and we feel that this discouraging reality must be stopped if this University is ever to be an institution of higher learning in the true sense of the word.

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### **THIS IS THE LAST EL BURRO FOR THIS JOURNALIST.**

The past fifteen months have been extremely rewarding and personally satisfying for many reasons, not the least of which has been the experience of editing and producing this University's student variety magazine.

We have had some very commendable accomplishments since taking over on February 12, 1970. Our projected advertising goal for this year was \$2000, we collected over \$1100—which is more revenue raised than raised by any previous administration in the magazine's history. We introduced color to the magazine—another first, and we did it at a surprisingly low cost to our budget. We increased the amount of contributed student material published in El Burro from 10% to 80%—another first for the magazine. We increased the run of publication from 2500 to 3000 and

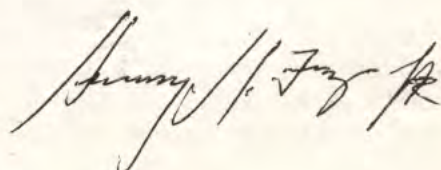
more. We increased the salaries of all the regular paid staffers—and we stayed well within our budget at the same time.

In addition, this year's El Burro won 3rd place in the Texas Intercollegiate Press Association convention held last April in Dallas where some fifteen student magazines were entered. "We're third, and we don't even try!"

As an aside, next year's El Burro Editor will be Ambrosio Sarmiento Jr.—"Sam" to anyone around him. Sam is a very experienced individual whose journalism background is very flattering to him. He is a former public information officer and briefing officer, and has worked with some of the most celebrated news correspondents. Sam's experience also includes being a managing editor for the Northeast News newspaper. Sam should be able to do an excellent job.

And so, I now leave the position of Editor-El Burro. On May 29th, this writer will get out of the smoke filled confines of the El Burro office and walk through the ASARCO polluted stadium known as the Sun Bowl where the annual pomp and circumstance is conventionally held—and I might add, at a minimal expense to the University.

After May 29th, I join the ranks of journalists roving this world. As Talese describes them in his book, *The Kingdom and the Power*, "Most journalists are restless voyeurs who see the warts on the world, the imperfections in people and places. The sane scene that is much of life, the great portion of the planet unmarked by madness, does not lure them like riots and raids, crumbling countries and sinking ships, bankers banished to Rio and burning Buddhist nuns—gloom is their game, the spectacle their passion, normality their nemesis."





# Markings

## *Towards Closing the Gap*

The El Paso Police Department, unlike its counterparts in major metropolitan areas, has never been seriously threatened by a massive coalition of hostile citizens. Maybe due to the lethargy of this border town, or the "solar somnia" of the Sun City, confrontations between the police and citizens have been generally random, isolated events in which the police have had the upper hand, either by numbers, or the sheer force of their weaponry. Nevertheless, anyone who has ever been busted; any long hair who ever took a Sunday walk, barefoot, and was stopped and frisked for no probable cause; any Southside Chicano who was forced to swallow his La Raza button; in general, those who are personally aware that a policeman can be less than professional, and even downright sadistic, rally around and slur with contempt the less than euphemistic term "PIG".

Those who attempt to transform this word into initials standing for stirring professional qualities such as Pride, Integrity, and infinitum, only show their ignorance of the deep-

rooted alienation between communities and law enforcement agents rampant throughout the United States. These are the same people whose call for "law and order", would lead us toward a Fascist state because they would deem it short of treason if one attempted a critical analysis of the role and attitudes of the police in our country. Nonetheless, support of our local police, wholly unthinking and uncritical, is perhaps a greater danger to our freedom, than organized crime.

Heretofore, programs initiated by our local police department to ease tensions between the police and citizens, have been rarely nothing more than token efforts and have served largely only to better the "image of the policeman;" kind and helpful with a latent boy scout tendency to help old ladies across the street. Even now, most of the programs to increase rapport between citizens and officers are aimed largely at the youth, giving rides to them while the police are on their beats and creating sympathy for the role of the officer, and all of the problems he

encounters trying to carry out the law. Of course no one can disagree that these minor programs are helpful, but certainly it is obvious that society's needs today exact a greater professional and more thorough treatment.

Hostility between communities and officers, at least a disproportionate amount in ghetto areas, or barrios as we nomer them, is caused by police officers who have short-fused tempers or sadistic impulses, or who simply lack common sense in crises situations. Unfortunately, psychiatric tests at induction have not succeeded in rooting out such defects. For this reason policeman's records should be subject to inspection frequently by a police-civilian reviewing board. An officer who is known to be strongly prejudiced against minorities, or lacks coolness and good judgment should be assigned to uncritical jobs on the force.

Policeman aren't generally equipped with the attitudes to deal with the problems of the barrios. They usually live in relative isolation from the rest of society. They not only



work with other policemen, but they drink, party, hunt and even go to church with them. When they walk through the barrios, not withstanding their origins from the same, they walk uneasy. They are seen as the enforcer of the white man's law which have kept the people living in those barrios or ghettos in subjugation for so long. Many times officers unable to cope with or understand the friction, rely on sheer physical force to subdue troublemakers. Whether these officers realize it or not, they tend to become defensive and to protect their egos, they brandish their badges and guns with easy persuasion.

And so we have the situation in which the police force is not functioning as effective as it could if it had the cooperation and confidence of a large majority of the public. The need for a professional police force is vital. It must entail more stringent qualifications such as college education: not only to deal with and understand the deep social malaise that breeds disrespect for the law, but also to be effective in fight-

ing crime. Most criminals aren't punks or half-wits, but extremely intelligent and crafty men who with their cunning have outwitted law enforcement. A police department who takes pride in busting a college kid with possession of one marijuana joint and other relatively harmless, petty offenses in only ridiculing itself. How about the businessman, the embezzlers, and shrewd elite of El Paso who might, (who knows?) be involved in more serious offenses. A report by the National Crime Commission described organized crime as a structure as complex as those of any large corporation, subject to laws more rigidly enforced than those of legitimate governments. Its actions are not impulsive but rather the result of intricate conspiracies.

Ninety per cent of the El Paso police force have no higher education than high school, and for some officers that was many years ago. We must guarantee that all officers, including the 35 presently enrolled at U. T. E. P. receive a full college education. We must establish pro-

grams such as "Store Fronts" to bring the policemen into the neighborhoods, if not to live there, but to spend their days or evenings learning the attitudes and particular problems of the neighborhoods. We must critically set standards for the proper use of force, promote the development of more effective, less destructive weapons, and develop methods in all areas of police operations to insure maximum effectiveness, and minimum hostility between civilians and officers.

Law enforcement is still largely a local responsibility. Its success denies the need for a national police force which could dangerously become a powerful instrument of repression, and the right hand of a Fascist government. Let's not underestimate the need for vigorous criticism and action . . . the law-abiding law enforcer can only be aided and upheld by fair, well-founded criticism and he should know that.

CAROL KELLY



# PITBOY interview: SPIT T. AGNO!

"A candid conversation with that peerless patriot of perversion and pestilence known for his perspicuous persuasion and prominent phallus—par excellence."

*by L. Kohler*

Mr. Ag-No! has graciously, and it might be added with some gratuity, undertaken an extensively detailed discussion with our anonymous interviewer. The logic behind this surprising action, if unraveled, might prove so enigmatic and bizarre that we have conveniently accepted the phlegmatic explanations of the Vice-Pest. Needless to say, we were quite pleased to hear our own philosophy reiterated through the thin lips of aliteration as he explained his acceptance.....

For those of you turning the pages of Pitboy Magazine for the first time, I suggest that you stop dragging the vivid, colored pages, and contemplate the noble and materialistically inspiring breadth of the content. And if it's not great, then I'm not Trick Milhouse Red., of Pitboy.

Now, you're probably attempting to discern the

meaning behind those cryptic letters after my affable name. The letters are an abbreviation for the euphemism redactor. And let me make it perfectly clear that I take a great deal of pride in that designation. When they discharged me from the Navy, a Quaker refuge, I thought that the world was collapsing about me. I couldn't conceive of any position in the world. It was then that I had a vision. The Quaker on the Quaker Oats boxes appeared to me in my dreams. He told me not to worry. He assured me that I would become a redactor. After those dreams I had confidence and set my sights high. I worked on my ambition till they accused me of having such a frenzied ambition, that they said it was insatiable. And make no mistake about it, it is! But enough of my trials and tribulations, it is time that I clarify our magazine's philosophy for the many

traitors who have not come under its heavy mesmerization.

Will you please take out your manuals, "The White Manifest Destiny" and turn to page I, 456. That's right. Now find the paragraph which begins right after the line that ends, "... and so it is the irrevocable responsibility of the white man to carry the burden." That's right. Have you found it? Good! Now, please read with me, silently or orally, I assume it depends on what type of classroom situation that you were forced into. It begins...

"Chicanery, the maligning of others and righteousness are all forms of despotic behavior, that men should refrain from using, until they are in power. Then they can do whatever they want. Patience must be observed. These despotic goals can only be acquired without impunity if



they are pictured as desirable in contrast to something else. The Christian principals of love, etc. always act as excellent objects of hate. But you must call your principals Christian and label the others as non-Christian. I know this all sounds very confusing, but take my word for it. The people must have glory exuberating from their eyes. This comes through education. They must know without understanding. This is the root of Democracy and if I might add with capitalistic pride, to mastery. Right makes might. Patriotism is the last refuge of politicians and a few other clichés, slightly altered, are the prayers of those in power. I have purposefully light-faced the word cliché to denote that it must be stricken from our revered libraries, along with the word alliteration. Remember, we are the coming, even if it is two thousand years late in coming.

So Pitboy subscribers, that concludes the theme, the guiding force behind our magazine and the same thoughts of Mr. Ag-No! Just think of those ideas. Laconic aren't they? Notice the structure of the ideas? How they build upon each other in such precise and consecutive order? That is the infallibility of the manual. Bound in pieces of the American flag, confiscated from anarchists, "The White Manifest Destiny" sells for \$4.95. It's not

too late to buy your voluntary copy. Just write me, Trick Milhouse, The Black House, Fifty-three stars minus three. And with your free copy of "The White Manifest Destiny" you will also receive a patriotism questionnaire and a smiling portrait of J. Ebony Hooper. Now on to the interview.

**Anon.,** Mr. Ag-No! My boss, Trick Milhouse, seems quite satisfied with your answers concerning your acceptance with this interview. But I'm not so sure that your answers were really frank. Do you think you could elaborate slightly?

**Ag-No!** Well, that's a two part question. To the first part you're right. I am not frank, I'm Spit. And, on elaborating on that? I don't think I can do that. You see I let the liberals elaborate. They've got more to elaborate about. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Boy, that was good!!!

**Anon.,** I don't think that's very funny.

**Ag-No!** I didn't think you would. It's not sex orientated. Besides that's one reason I'm here.

**Anon.,** Because you're not sex orientated. Do you really mean that? Do you wish to confess here and now, that you're a unisex?

**Ag-No!** Not yet. We'll get to my sex life later. One reason I'm here is to find out about you.

**Anon.,** Gosh! We have something in common.

**Ag-No!** One thing I teach my fellows is to admit nothing. But, going back to why I'm here . . .

**Anon.,** Isn't that the thing I tried to find out in the beginning?

**Ag-No!** Is it? No, it couldn't be because my first answer didn't contain any subject matter to why I'm here. I think it had to do with elaboration and . . .

**Anon.,** And conservatives. Right?

**Ag-No!** I wouldn't swear to it. I'd like to see a transcript first. We conservatives are elaborate in our thoughtfulness.

**Anon.,** How's that?

**Ag-No!** In that we search out the truth, whenever it doesn't agree with us, or it is with them? It matters little. I admit to nothing!

**Anon.,** What do you mean that you admit to nothing?

**Ag-No!** As I said, I mean that I admit to nothing! It's that simple. You're not going to catch me with my pants down like they did to poor ol' Barry Goldtree.

**Anon.,** You must mean Senator Goldflower.

**Ag-No!** That's it, . . . I think. You know how all the Jewish pork names sound alike?

**Anon.,** Why do you say Jewish pork names? Why don't you just say Jewish names?

**Ag-No!** Because the real ones can't eat any, right?

**Anon.,** Right, but . . .

**Ag-No!** But nothing. First time you agree with me and you try to weasel your way out of it. Which brings me back to why I'm here.

**Anon.,** Let's forget that for a second and get back to the pork.

**Ag-No!** I don't want to forget anything. My parents were immigrants. They came to this country for some reason. It might have been that they were kicked out of Zorba land or that America was the only place in the world that would take people who couldn't make it anyplace else in the world. That, I think, shows why America is such a great country. She took the worst, like spuds and made the best — like hash browns. Of course, that doesn't mean I believe in mixing the races. You know what I mean, don't you?

**Anon.,** I must say, I'm rather bewildered by the turn of events.

**Ag-No!** That's true, these are



hard times.  
**Anon.,** I didn't mean that . . .  
**Ag-No!** Well then, what did you mean? I hope it's not about that pork again!  
**Anon.,** Excuse me, I didn't hear everything you said. What was that about pork?  
**Ag-No!** You've got manners. How old are you boy?  
**Anon.,** Thirty minus three years.  
**Ag-No!** Thirty-three. Not bad looking. You know, if you trimmed those side burns and got rid of them ruffles on the end of your sleeves, and, while you're at it, divested yourself of that pink shirt. I think I know a lot of us out there who could like you. Maybe even love you.  
**Anon.,** But sir, we're not on T.V.  
**Ag-No!** Sorry son, I didn't know that. If you ever decide to go into T.V. take my advice though.  
**Anon.,** I'll remember sir.  
**Ag-No!** Now, where were we? Ah, yes . . . on pork. I said Jewish pork names like I would talk about niggers, no, what is it they call'em now? Black people?  
**Anon.,** Whatever you call'em sir.  
**Ag-No!** That's right, isn't it? I am the Vice-Pest. Well you see I call'em Joe Watermelon Brown and Lucille Chitterling Anne. I call all the races by food names. Then it don't sound so bad. Like Jose Taco Garcia and Lee Chop Suey something, I can't pronounce them Chinese names. Then there's Joe Buffalo Kitchen. See, it's my way to be affectionate for all the races.  
**Anon.,** You are a true patronizer. I guess they could call you the . . .  
**Ag-No!** Galloping gourmet of . . .  
**Anon.,** Peasant foods.  
**Ag-No!** Right. Very funny, Ha! Ha! Ha! Very good, very . . .  
**Anon.,** Sir, I don't wish to intrude on your merriment, but what do you feel about the theory that the Jews are not a race, but a religion.

**Ag-No!** Are you kidding?!? Why do you think I didn't vote for Barry Goldtree?  
**Anon.,** Goldflower. No, why?  
**Ag-No!** Because he changed his religion. Is that supposed to mean that he isn't a Jew anymore? Man look at that nose. You can't miss it.  
**Anon.,** But, sir, you have a rather pronounced nose.  
**Ag-No!** Sure I do!! But, if you'll look at it closely, you'll see that there's sharp and mine's round and kind of mushy.  
**Anon.,** But what about the Arabs?  
**Ag-No!** What about 'em? Don't you know nothing. They're just Jews. Pretending to be something they're not. They get money from us. They get money from over there, where the pinkoes live. Jesus, I wish you'd get rid of that pink shirt. It sure is hurting my eyes.  
**Anon.,** Next time I will.  
**Ag-No!** Like I was saying, the Arabs and the Jews are all the same people. They're infidels aren't they? Well they get money from us and they get money from Russia. I tell you, if I was President Pest instead of Vice-Pest, I'd end all that double dealing. If there's one thing I can't stand it's a foreign cheater. Now we all cheat to get where we are, but a foreign cheat does it with a greasy, little, slick moustache. He's the worst of them all. I'd put a stop to all that even if it meant war. And not a pussilanemous pussyfooting war either. Right makes might!!  
**Anon.,** Which brings us to another topic. War!  
**Ag-No!** It might bring you there son, but it doesn't and won't bring ME there!!  
**Anon.,** Exactly what I was thinking.  
**Ag-No!** I know you were son! That's why I'd be quite pleased to see you fill out that patriotism questionnaire which I handed you backstage.  
**Anon.,** I know you would.

**Ag-No!** I know you know I would. Ha! Ha! Ha! You've got a good sense of humor, boy!  
**Anon.,** Talking about that, I'd like to get a more complex glimmer of your philosophy about war.  
**Ag-No!** Yes, I do have very complicated philosophical views, don't I? Isn't anyone going to answer affirmatively. Aw, who cares?! I don't need the approbation of those circus people out there.  
**Anon.,** But sir, we're not on T.V.  
**Ag-No!** Yes, yes, I just forgot for a moment. I meant that those people, you know the public, are bungling birds. There are no true aristocrats, like us, in power anymore. Everybody thinks they can be equal and criticize who the hell they want. Don't they know that those they're criticizing are more equal than them. The lousy traitors. After all the time I spend trying to get them to know without understanding anything. Really, it's ironical. I could probably term myself into more of an educator, than Vice-Pest. Goes to show you that I'm pretty bright. I could probably do almost anything I wanted to. Even maybe become an interviewer.  
**Anon.,** Which reminds me that I want to verify something. Is it true that your I.Q. is 135?  
**Ag-No!** Yes, yes, quite right. I'm quite proud of that distinction. Goes to show my superior type breeding. The only thing I can't understand is why my parents never learned English. I worked with them for hours on it. I even got some of those slum teachers to help, but Christ they just couldn't hack it. The teacher that is. All my father ever said was America, America, America and looking at me would yell with fire in his eyes the Spanish word, Bofu while pointing with his finger at his head. I think it means stupid or something like



that. My father and mother sure were proud of me. But that's just sentimental slop, because they're as dead as two cold mackerels.

**Anon.,** I take it then that your parents didn't talk much, then.

**Ag-No!** That's right. They knew when to keep their mouths shut. They weren't like today's kids. Lousy little S.O. . . .

**Anon.,** Ah. Mr. Ag-No! about that I.Q.

**Ag-No!** Well, well, what about it?

**Anon.,** Do you think that it is absolutely necessary to have a 135 I.Q. or better to become Vice-Pest?

**Ag-No!** No, just 135 will suffice.

**Anon.,** You mean only those with a 135 I.Q. exactly, would be able to qualify?

**Ag-No!** Right, I believe I'm unique at that figure in that, when I took the test they retired that number.

**Anon.,** Retired it?

**Ag-No!** Yes, I saw to that. I'm an efficient beaucrocat you know.

**Anon.,** Did you have any trouble with your parents?

**Ag-No!** Are you trying to imply any of that perverted Freudian stuff. If you are, I'm leaving. That's simply one thing I won't tolerate. Any type of disparagement about motherhood is a communistic plot. Remember that!

**Anon.,** Yes sir, I'll remember that. Your views on the war; how do you . . . aw hell talk about whatever you want.

**Ag-No!** Right, the war. Well war is war. I guess that sums it up.

**Anon.,** I mean the moral implications.

**Ag-No!** Implications hell! There's only one right way of living. That's to make war. What is it that that great bastion of American moral Gen. Patton said? I think it goes, "Compared to war all other forms of human endeavor shrink to insignificance." Now to me that is a great statement. To see all that death, to be personally

involved and yet watch from a distance, to order in and see all your dictums obeyed is such a gratifying experience. It's too bad that all people can't be the Vice-Pest. Perhaps then they could feel the exhilaration I feel watching the American flag being raised and thinking to myself, and quite proudly, of all the human bodies it took to color that flag red. Oh, yes and blue and white too.

**Anon.,** But Mr. Ag-No! isn't it true that your position holds very little power, except where you preside and occasionally break a deadlock? But even that is a rarity. Because Congress is now hawkishly conservative.

**Ag-No!** That's just a facade boy.

You know a side of a picture.

The fact of the matter is that

I am a reserve general of the

armed forces which means I'm

the head concho. The President-Pest knowing very little

about tactical maneuvers decided to choose me as his running

mate, because of my vast

knowledge on the subject of

genocide and its glorification.

You see I knew Hitler before

the war slightly. Too bad he

wasn't on our side. Well that's

bodies under the bridge. See,

the idea in America is that the

military and government are

divorced in this country and

that we place the power in the

hands of a President-Pest who

doesn't know anything about

war. Well, that isn't so. Be logical

for a moment. Now why

does the government spend all

or most of its paycheck on the

military if it's really divorced

from it. Obviously it's not. And

here is where I come in. I'm

really a military man. Something

that most Americans are

unaware of. They think I just

have a big mouth. They think

that that oversimplified analysis

goes to the crux of the

problem. Well it does and yet

only partially. You see I was

the chief engineer of Ham-

burger Hill or was it Hot Dog Mound. I can't seem to remember. It's not important anyhow. You see now why all those white haired generals are always coming over here to the Black House. Coincidental isn't it, how the Chief redactor and the President Pest both live in the Black House. Needless to say they get along well with each other if they don't meet their psychoanalyst. Then he has to divulge the truth. That they're both schizophrenic. But as I was saying the generals come over here and you should see me yield my big stick. Just imagine those generals all cowering over there under my little ole stick. And me who didn't even go to Annapolis or West Point or any of those other places where they make chocolate soldiers. Chocolate soldiers? I must mean something with paper with it.

**Anon.,** Let me ask you something very serious. Don't you have any qualms about the human life that is being squashed on both sides of the war?

**Ag-No!** What do you mean both sides of the war. There's only one side. You think I give a holy damn about them little gooks. Man they've got funny little eyes. And if that don't qualify them for the zoo, I'm sure their little bow legs will. Besides they breed like rabbits. Disgusting!

**Anon.,** But how do you account for the fact that we enlist the aid of the South Vietnamese?

**Ag-No!** Simply as expedient. In war, everybody is expedient. Everything! Of course the leadership never is. And you better understand that, and not just know it. See, if the same situation had occurred in England that has in Vietnam, we would never gotten involved. It would be tragic to see that pure white skin kill itself. But with the gooks that's another thing. Remember, every-



body and everything is expendable for war, except the leadership. And I emphasize the word leadership. That means those in power, like me. Those Nuremburg trials were a crime. They should never have taken place.

**Anon.,** There is quite a bit of talk about dissent in this country. Some of it's violent and has been compared to the administration in its tactics. There is another faction, peaceful in their demands but radical in the notion of asking for change. What do you think?

**Ag-No!** It makes me want to get rid of my first name Spit. It's just too damn glib. And that's what the kids like. Now, about these kids that use violence. It's a shame that they're on the other side. They have just that degree of violence that I enjoy. But, our own violence will take care of them. You know what really makes me sick?

**Anon.,** No, what?

**Ag-No!** It's those punks, those peace lovers. I bet you they like to do nasty things, like, for instance, the boys like the boys, and the girls like the girls, and . . . probably love each other too.

**Anon.,** But, sir, wasn't it reported over the AP that you were found frolicking with General Happy Jack under his bed sheets?

**Ag-No!** Right, but you must remember, during a war, any port in a storm will do.

**Anon.,** That was the time you visited Vietnam on your fact finding tour, which, I believe, lasted two days.

**Ag-No!** Three.

**Anon.,** Ah, yes, three. Now, may we discuss Christ with you, and your belief in the Supreme Being?

**Ag-No!** That's private. But I wish to clarify one thing, I believe! I believe! I believe! And if you want more information on the matter, read, "The White Manifest Destiny". It's

a must reading for all Americans today.

**Anon.,** Sir, what do you believe in?

**Ag-No!** That's private. Next question.

**Anon.,** About your sex life, you said you would discuss that with us later. Will you discuss it now?

**Ag-No!** Sure, that's easy enough to talk about. Once a month will do the trick. Any more than that tends to deteriorate the body and you know what that can lead to?

**Anon.,** No, what?

**Ag-No!** To insanity and blindness of course.

**Anon.,** Are you talking about masturbation?

**Ag-No!** No, about sex. You know the good old one, two.

**Anon.,** The reason I ask if you were talking about masturbation is that it has been proven that that doesn't lead to blindness or insanity anymore. As a consequence it is one of my favorite pastimes. Of course, I didn't know that about sex.

**Ag-No!** There are many things we don't know. That's why we must listen to our leaders. They know everything. So, you masturbate do you?

**Anon.,** Yes, uh, I think it's time we conclude this interview. It has been a . . .

**Ag-No!** Wait a minute! I remember the first question I wanted to ask you. Why is it that you are anonymous?

**Anon.,** Because, to tell you the truth, I hate interviews.

**Ag-No!** That's not what I mean. Back at headquarters we don't even have a dossier on you. That's why I volunteered for this interview. I think I can admit that it hasn't been too bad.

**Anon.,** Thank you.

**Ag-No!** You're welcome.

**Anon.,** Thank you again.

**Ag-No!** And you're welcome. Now stop this! Why isn't there a dossier on you.

**Anon.,** Where is the CIA or the BIF?

**Ag-No!** Neither, it's a secret. But, where's your dossier?

**Anon.,** I don't know! Did you check to see if you had one on yourself?

**Ag-No!** What do you mean to see if I had one. I run the g?d-d?mn place!

**Anon.,** You don't have to blaspheme.

**Ag-No!** Excuse me.

**Anon.,** Perhaps I'm clean and they didn't want to waste the money on keeping a file on me.

**Ag-No!** Nonsense, nobody's clean. Besides that's what the government's money is supposed to be used for in the first place, to uphold freedom.

**Anon.,** I guess that's right, Freedom does depend on others, doesn't it?

**Ag-No!** Excuse me. It all depends on this week's ideology. And as much as I hate to admit it I haven't read up on it for a few days. Maybe tonight. My wife will be playing bridge with our two year old son.

**Anon.,** He must be a genius if he knows how to play bridge.

**Ag-No!** Not really. Well, yes, yes he is! My wife gives him a complicated problem like a bridge and he figures out how to blow it up.

**Anon.,** Well thanks again Mr. Ag-No! for the interview.

**Ag-No!** Any time, any time and for Pete's sake, fill out that d?mned voluntary patriotism questionnaire.

**Anon.,** Sure, goodbye.

**Ag-No!** Goodbye.





# Richard Santelli

## Loafing

What if you loaf your life away,  
or butter up  
one piece at a time?

## Coffee on the Porch

Three cockroaches waiting for dinner  
on what the worms will soften  
further  
and the wind will turn to cloud—

three cocks, kingly in creation,  
await the meat.  
As it drinks another coffee  
over Hamlet,  
they breeze about the worm.

The trinity philosophizes  
on the worm  
between soliloquies of coffee  
and decides that it must be  
a figment

They stir  
and scatter  
in the wind—  
and damn!

A bug in my cup

## Night Music

The musician in evening dress  
strikes his chord,  
a call to mate  
or meet the cockroach  
beneath the cold sun.  
Undulant violin  
tells the dark half  
of heart rhythm  
under the house  
where the cricket lives.

## "Star Scene"

—for Joan Miro

Kiddy colors daubed on black  
stoned ink—  
it's a genuine Miro.

I bought it,  
but who owns it?  
Not me, or maybe  
just my part of  
this limited edition  
of the universe.

Not Miro,  
who peeks out  
laughing with the money.  
Did he know  
the cross-eyed  
crazy pregnant cat  
the stars are made of?

## Goodbye, Goodbye

Sobered up in spite—  
drunk, in spite.  
Free wheeling,  
wanting better,  
what it meant.  
The girls,  
ugly,  
of a piece,  
one-night-stand, and so,  
forth  
upon the world of surprises,  
slick  
rooms  
and greasy dull,  
lived in but never—  
lived out of.  
The stream, sometimes, runs all  
night long,  
footsteps down the crazy ledges  
of an old, old hell.

## The Lamp

Don't go without me.  
I knew I couldn't go.  
I plug into the wall  
for power,  
my bulb is burned out,  
and it isn't  
dark out there anyway.

## Another Age of Man

The soldiers marched downtown—  
the drums, the guns;  
the troopers beat the tune  
of the drums with their boots.

The soldiers hand salute,  
file on file pass the flag,  
pass in from another age  
where their uniforms were bolted on  
with brass.

The soldiers swing their arms  
in the sun  
as their standards wing along  
singing eddies of the march.

The soldiers match the music of the  
wind  
in the cracking of the flags  
that swallow up the drums,  
and the brass and iron baggage  
retreats into the sun.

The soldiers marched downtown  
in the sparkle of the sun.  
The line of march is littered  
and hides where it has gone.

The soldiers march to town,  
in another age of man,  
and stayed to watch no man's  
parade  
go marching out again.



# Markings

## Trilogy on Education

### I. Public Education

"It is not possible to spend any prolonged period visiting public school classrooms without being appalled by the mutilation visible everywhere — mutilation of spontaneity, of joy in learning, of sense of self. Because adults take the schools so much for granted, they fail to appreciate what grim, joyless places most American schools are . . . what contempt they unconsciously display for children."

Notwithstanding this condemnation of American public schools by Charles Silberman, *Fortune* editor who visited more than 100 schools during a 3½-year study sponsored by the Carnegie Corporation, parents today seem anxious to begin their children's formal education at earlier ages. Today's parents seem to have accepted, without reservation, the popular opinion that the best teacher for one's child is a public school teacher. They apparently do not consider the possibility that the early regimentation that formal schooling represents might stifle their child's independence, or that such regimentation might adversely affect any learning that might occur during these sensitive years.

In any event, when formal public schooling begins, children are immediately thrust into a situation and an atmosphere that is hardly conducive to their growth and flowering as creative human beings. Efforts to encourage individuality are, at most, minimal, or lacking altogether.

One day in an American public school is often enough to point out to the sensitive and careful observer that the natural expressiveness of children along with their creative imaginative individuality have a slim chance for survival.

Almost immediately the child is introduced to the concept of competition in education, upon which the public schools are based. In the public schools the child sees his classmates not only as friends but, contradictorily, as competitors. The grueling system of tests and grades soon makes for tense children and overly-concerned and "pushy" parents. The school, eventually, can seem like a prison to the child. He often finds himself forced to attend school against his own better instincts, in order that society might culturally educate and carefully discipline him.

This is the unhappy system to which parents, knowingly or not, hand over their children; in effect, incarcerating and impressing them into a long, long process of educational coercion and mis-direction. In a recent poll conducted by *Life* magazine, a group of American parents stated exactly what they want from the schools: "Teach the kids to understand our existing values . . . discipline them to conform." Also discovered in a recent Gallup poll: "most" U.S. adults think that their community's schools are not strict enough.

Unfortunately, this process of dis-

ciplinary education can become more destructive to young people as their education progresses. Especially during adolescence, that exploratory period of life when the young are seeking to discover their identity, the repressive attitudes of the educational system becomes more intense. This system grinds on, and instead of improving, in the university systems, by granting more freedom, based upon responsibility, it often becomes even more despotic. The young university students, "pressured to study more and more (22 years from 1st grade to a Ph.D) enjoy it less and less . . . (while) youth's prolonged segregation in school create boredom and rebellion." (*Time*, Dec. 7, 1970). Those who remain (60% of collegians quit before getting degrees), often strike out at the symbols of the society that has foisted this sort of education upon them. They view most of their elders as insensitive to new ideas, new attitudes and new life styles. These young adults seem to be refusing to join the society of non-feeling, unimaginative, non-intellectual and unemotional people that they feel surrounds them.

It seems as though our educational system often does double damage to the personality of the growing child that is placed in its trust. The process of education itself, being stark and serious, with little play, pleasure and enjoyment available, is often responsible for changing the



character and personality of a formerly free, creative, imaginative and feeling individual to a constrained non-feeling conformist.

Also, an educational system which posits the person as a "something" to be used to further the "health" and stability of the economy, can only reduce and negate the individual's view of his own personal worth. According to Charles Silberman in his recent book, "Crisis in the Classroom" (Random House): "What is mostly wrong with the public schools is the mindlessness — a failure to think seriously about purposes or consequences . . . it simply never occurs to more than a handful (of educators) to ask WHY they are doing what they are doing." Silberman's ideal is that schools should help "create and maintain a humane society" by making their first priority the development of "sensitive, autonomous, thinking, humane individuals."

## II. *Educational Perspectives*

"It seems perfectly clear that most parents are thoroughly unsympathetic with or unaware of their children's aspirations for participation and involvement in determining the role and function of their schools. Reduced to its simplest terms, the generations disagree on the most fundamental question of all: What is Education?"

According to Werner Jaeger in his book *Paideia*, every civilization, after acquiring a degree of sophistica-

tion, strives to perpetuate its particular characteristics through education of its young. The basis of all education, then, is a general consciousness and awareness of human values as perceived by the community. Through education, society's cumulative accomplishments in terms of its history, its art, its folkways and its science are consciously transmitted to the young of the community.

The handing down of tradition and cultural values through education is invaluable in making each individual member of the community feel at home within his environment. It is also true that the young individual, wherever he accidentally finds himself, must accept the impress of community education, or else become inoperative in terms of his society. But, ideally, the process of imposing cultural standards upon the young should have just this limited purpose: to make its citizens feel at home in the world. Community education must *also* allow its citizens to operate in freedom and to responsibly challenge its system. For, as history has shown, if this is left undone society will stagnate and become corrupt.

Fortunately, individuals within societies are not generally willing to accept, without question, traditional values and cultural standards. It is more in the nature of the young to question the existing order, hopefully, in order to intelligently preserve what is good and improve what is

not. Most of the vocal young people today perceive the community as the arena where they may examine and test current values in order to determine their subjective validity and meaningfulness.

These instinctive tendencies of the two generations harbor inherent pitfalls. If the older community refuses to acknowledge and understand the natural questioning inclinations of its young as an inherent good, and instead maintain that they, the older community, alone have the sole power to direct their young and the future course of their society, then ultimately a confrontation between the advocates of tradition and the advocates of change will occur. When the community fails to understand its own role as just one kind of educator, without acknowledging a primary or, at least, secondary role to the individual as educator of the community, then the whole process of education becomes ineffectual.

Invariably, whenever two segments of society hold totally divergent views on the nature and purpose of education, battle lines are formed. If we wish to avoid violence then we must avoid polarization. If the older community desires to perpetuate itself and its traditions, it must do so not by simply controlling education with a firm hand, but by inviting its young to express their individual integrity. The community can develop healthfully only through open, cooperative community eval-



# Future Education--

## *"life educational experience"*

uation.

Inevitably, in such a process, some form of compromise must occur. Alternative solutions bringing to consciousness the best ideas of both groups should be the proper working method for eradicating discord from society and, eventually, bringing about reconciliation between the two points of view concerning the nature of education.

### III. *Future Education*

It seems obvious that if ever reasonable changes are to be made in American community life, a vast new reeducation and rehabilitation program for the young and for the old must be established.

Since university education today seems to many to be unrelated to contemporary social needs, I suggest that we declare a moratorium on university education for the young. I propose that we do away with the process of youth university education temporarily and substitute a "life educational experience" instead: that we return to an older educational practice of sending out the young to discover, first hand, within the community, the tasks and techniques necessary to function in society and affect change. (This is, in no way, a new idea. The Carnegie Commission on Higher Education chaired by Clark Kerr recommended something along the same line.)

By a "life educational experience" I mean an apprenticeship system, whereby a young person, upon graduation from high school, would be-

come associated as a worker-student in his chosen field. I feel that this would be more natural for the young person and most beneficial for the older community. In this way the natural passions and energies of the young could be immediately directed towards the goals of finding a place in society and changing it from within. The older community should be willing to accept this hitherto untapped reservoir of youthful energy and idealism, and be willing to teach them the skills necessary to become a creative and productive part of society.

The advantages of accepting this new approach in education would be threefold: 1) The young would immediately translate their dreams and aspirations into tangible experiences; they would do the things they want to do immediately and get paid for it. 2) Communities would immediately benefit from the influx of these young people in terms of utilizing a potentially creative work force. 3) Parents would become free of the financial burden of sending their children through four or more years of college; thus freeing themselves *earlier*, for more meaningful and creative activities.

Our universities could then become the place where mature people could retire from the active business and social community and spend several years studying, thinking, learning and reflecting. After years of practical experience, they could perhaps seek out a new career,

or choose an area of interest for study and investigation, or, perhaps, just enjoy the pleasure of spending several years in the pursuit of wisdom. In any event, this return to the "new university," where older people could live, work, study and create, would contribute to the growth and dignity of the older community and, I believe, thereby help stabilize society.

Such a university experience might help to effect a bond between the young out in the business world and their elders on campus, since the university experience for the older person, reviving as it must the questioning and idealistic probing that is instinctive in youth, should enable the "new" college student to understand and join with the young in a further reconstruction of society.

Bertrand Russell, commenting on mankind's future in a BBC interview, said, "Sometimes in a vision I see a world of happy human beings, all vigorous, all intelligent, none of them oppressing, none of them oppressed. A community of human beings aware that their common interests outweigh those in which they compete. Feeling themselves one family. Working together towards those really splendid possibilities that the human intellect and the human imagination make possible. Such a world that I am speaking of can exist, if men choose that it should."

HOWARD TRUSCH  
UNIVERSITY PROGRAM ADVISOR



# Charles Mayfield

## Guide to the Student Senate

Because there seems to be great confusion circulating about the campus over what the Student Senate is and what it does, *El Burro* proudly presents this "Guide to the Student Senate" to those uninformed and/or confused about the Senate. This guide is divided into three parts, the first part is a basic explanation or introduction to the Senate; the second part is on the personalities and interest groups of the Senate; and the third answers miscellaneous questions about the Senate.

### **Introduction to the Senate**

Every Thursday night on the U.T.E.P. campus, a strange spectacle occurs on the third floor, in the southeast corner of the Union; the strange spectacle is the weekly meeting of the U.T.E.P. student senate, of course.

The senate is composed of representatives from all the schools on campus; the senators meet to discuss and act upon matters of student concern, non-student concern, or no concern at all.

### **Personalities of the Senate**

### **and its Interest Groups**

In the Senate, personalities and interest groups hold life or death over any bill or appropriation. The majority of the senate personalities are associated with several interest groups, of some kind or another; these main interest groups are the Conservatives, Moderates, "Shaggy Hairs," and the Chicanos.

The Conservatives are led by the fearless, peerless Pat Mosher, one of the two current Student Association Presidents and the YR's answer to Paul Russell. The Conservatives' power lie only in the veto power which Mosher has on Senate legislation.

Spokesmen for the Moderates include one of the two senior statesman of the Senate, Richard Robbins, former secretary of the Senate and famed chaser of the opposite sex.

Best organized interest groups and with the largest numerical advantage are the Chicanos. Chief spokesman for the Chicanos is Gabe Loyola, out of Senate temporarily due to

a problem with transcript.

But although the Chicanos number a good many, they don't have a two-thirds plus one majority to override Pat Mosher's inevitable veto so to obtain working majority they often join forces with our fourth interest group, "The Shaggy Hairs" to get their legislation passed. The "Shaggy Hairs" who are more commonly known as the white radicals include the other senior statesman of the Senate, Ron Vincent, his understudy Ira Davis, and Long Beach's gift to Texas, Mike Kral.

### **Miscellaneous questions asked about the Senate**

How does one get money from the Student Senate? Answer: With difficulty! The last time that a financial appropriation actually resulted in some money given out it was listed in *El Burro* under the column of Unusual and/or Unique Incidents.

When are the meetings of the Senate? Answer: Never when they're scheduled, usually they're scheduled at around 8 p.m. but the meeting doesn't start until 8:30 p.m.





Models by Mannequin Manor  
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*Cindy is a student at Mannequin Manor Modeling School and hopes someday to model professionally or become involved in fashion merchandising. Her friendly smile and captivating figure assures her success in any endeavor. Cindy describes herself as a "typical hamburger or steak girl". She likes to swim and ride horses.*

*Her summer plans include 4 weeks in Saltillo, Mexico, studying Spanish and the Mexican culture. Ole!*







# In the Spring of '71

Photos by  
Richard Smothermon  
Barney Napolske III

*Lovely Rita, a freshman psychology major at UTEP, knows not what the future will bring her, but we are certain she will never find herself out on a limb, even though she does "love to climb trees". This vivacious beauty also enjoys bicycling, crocheting, broccoli and spinach.*

*Rita, a Mannequin Manor model, keeps her pretty face scrubbed clean and always looks fresh on assignment. Her eye-catching figure is preserved by natural exercise and proper foods. She is unattached, and unlisted.*









## Kelly La Rue

### So Kind to His Mother

The front door slammed, cutting off the shrill voice that had been slicing through the screen door into the hot stillness of the summer day. Mrs. Welleby was the only one listening, but what she hears becomes community property.

"I've told them and told them about that damn dog but it doesn't do any good. They let it run wild over the neighborhood. You know how I need my sleep, but every morning that damn mutt is barking and raising Cain till I'm about to go out my mind." The small, slim and very shrill old woman sat down and began fanning herself with a newspaper, "It's all right, they've had their chance; is it fair for me to suffer just because of some selfish people down the street? *Well, is it?*"

"Now, Mother, I just, uh, don't know, it doesn't seem right . . ." George was also slim, very slim, a little taller than average, good looking and had a slight, permanent slump. At this moment his mouth was open because he had just been interrupted by a very impatient shout:

"OF COURSE IT'S ALL RIGHT! Now there you again worrying about the other guy when your own flesh and blood is in trouble. All you have to do is coax it into your car and take it to the pound; what could be simpler? I

told them to do something about that dog but they just got mad that anyone would have the nerve to say anything against their precious mongrel. I gave them their chance. You must admit that! I warned them but they wouldn't listen. I'd do it myself but dogs hate me and besides you have a way with them . . ."

However reasonable and logical she might have been, it was all wasted on George because he had quit listening at this point. He knew her dialogue on this sort of thing by heart anyway. He usually went along with her schemes because argument was useless and besides, as he had recently forced himself to acknowledge, he was afraid to defy her. But this time he felt she was asking too much. He could see her side, and he sympathized, but this was stealing, and tall, slim, good looking, slumped George did not like stealing. In fact, he would rather listen to his Mother's shrill raving than steal something. However, that comparison may be meaningless because there are some that think George *just might* enjoy listening to this gray haired old hag's ranting. George did not think he enjoyed it, but then it was only recently that he had realized that not everyone's mother acts like this. That in fact some mothers like to hug and kiss their children (George

was shocked and embarrassed the first time he witnessed such a display).

George clapped his hands together to stop their trembling and looked longingly at the pitcher of Kool-Aid in the kitchen. "Well Mother, I need time to think. What would my wife and the people at Church think if they found out . . ."

George's mouth hung open again. George's mouth hung open a lot when he talked (?) to his mother.

"WHO'LL FIND OUT? And what's there to think about? I can't understand your reluctance when it's so obvious I'm right. It's not like we're taking a well cared for family pet. In fact we'd be doing it a favor, just ask Mrs. Welleby how they treat him."

That gossip. When she and his mother got together they could convince themselves of anything. He should just get up and leave, just walk out without a backward glance (George had been having rebellious thoughts lately). Leave her with her junky furniture, her torn and stained wallpaper, and her straggly flowerbed. Ever since he'd been born into this dump he'd known nothing but scheming, manipulation and guilt. Especially guilt, it blanketed his life like Alfred Prufrock's yellow fog. She beat his father down until he was a nonentity in the



home and then acted the part of a martyr when he disappeared instead of returning from work one day. It really made little difference to George except that now he received the full benefit of her attention, and it was something less than benevolent. All through high school he labored under her influence until he went to college with a scholarship and loans. There he got married (secretly). And there he made a decision of dubious worth, to return to his hometown, where he was once again caught up in his mother's yellow fog. It goes without saying that he still hasn't made up for getting married, ( I worked, slaved, and sacrificed for you George and now you . . ."). George closed his eyes as thought about his wife. Although his wife's looks were ones of pity, they held the threat of contempt. And George knew that someday they would fulfill that threat. What was George to do? All his life his mother never considered what he might want, or what anyone else wanted for that matter. She never considered anyone's feelings, always assumed the worst of people, always thought they were double-dealing her. Paranoid, that's what she is, neurotic and paranoid. George's father had figured this out ten years ago, but he didn't have her for a mother. George's face

burned hot from these thoughts and his limbs numbed with fear.

"George! Are you listening?!"

"Why yes, you were saying something about the dog."

"Exactly! Now, are you going to do it?"

"Yes, yes, I guess so."

"Good, good, I knew you'd come through. Now here's my plan . . ."

Damn! Just like all the other times. But this time George wasn't sure he could really go through with it. Maybe his mother didn't have any scruples, but he did. And under the influence of his wife's silent stares he was being forced to look at and understand his relationship with he mother. And with this understanding came contempt. The same contempt his wife promised. Something must be done, but it just *had* to be impossible to say no. His mother could turn his insides to gelatin any time she felt it necessary. Even the serious consideration of resistance had this effect when George lay awake at night thinking about his problem. He felt a momentary blaze of hatred for the dog. But of course it wasn't the dog's fault, besides something like this was bound to happen sooner or later. So now George had a problem: if he tried to tell his mother "no," she would stuff his backbone down his throat without lifting a

finger. But George found the thought of stealing most distasteful and felt that he just couldn't. Maybe he could find the dog a new home. No, that was the same thing his mother had in mind, only with a nicer ending. Actually the people probably loved the dog; he had only his mother's side of the story and he knew how she could anger people she talked to. There had to be some way out of this mess . . . some way besides open defiance that is. George knew what happened when he tried that (his mother stuffed his backbone down his throat without lifting a finger). Maybe he could talk to the people himself? Say, now there was an idea. People usually liked him (harmless fella you know) and it just might work. He might be able to soothe their ruffled feelings from their one or two encounters with Mother and make them see that no good was going to come of this. George felt suddenly weak from the excitement of the idea. He stood up shakily.

"It's an excellent plan Mother and I'll do it as soon as I can; but I gotta run."

"But George, I haven't finished . . ."

"Don't worry Mother, I'll use my common sense and take care of it. Bye."

George's heart pounded from the



## *"The house was . . . small, ratty and old . . ."*

strain of asserting himself as he hurried to his car. He really hadn't asserted himself that much but his thoughts were of such a radical nature that George was about to burst. He pulled away from the curb immediately so that his mother couldn't call him back and parked around the corner to think. It was dangerous to go see them now, besides they might not be home, but he could feel his resolution slipping away. His head began to throb. He wiped his sweaty palms on his pants legs. What to do? Suddenly he thought of the years and years he'd been pushed around and perhaps for the first time in his life felt angry at his mother. He sat for a moment savoring this foreign sensation and then jerked the door open, got out, and slammed the door behind him, (he usually closed cardoors gently.

George marched across the street with confidence but it began ebbing away when he got to the walk. The house was as small, ratty, and old as the others on the block. The grass was spotty and the yard had children's toys scattered here and there intermingled with holes the dog had dug. George could feel the presence of his mother's house which was just five houses down and across the street. All his old fears came rushing back, he felt like running. George went up the walk like a zombie and rang the doorbell. He

waited fearfully for someone to answer, ever conscious of his mother's house. The dog came around the corner of the house and stared at George. It was a large yellow mongrel with a friendly face and a square head. George closed his eyes and rang the bell again. The dog wagged his tail, walked up to George and sniffed at his feet. The scene suddenly took on a dreamlike quality for George, he felt like he no longer had any control over anything. Everything seemed to be moving in slow motion, he brushed the perspiration out of his eyes. He was sure he would start screaming if the dog began barking. He rang the doorbell again while the dog sniffed at his pants. George jumped when the dog licked his hand. He leaned on the doorbell as his Mother's house loomed larger and larger! It took every shred of his self-control not to turn around. George began to tremble and stood on the porch for a few seconds trying to remember why he was here; the dog nuzzled his hand and brought him back to reality. He realized no one was home and turned on shaky legs to go back to his car. He glanced toward his mother's house and his insides curdled, the curtain on his mother's favorite window was slowly and sadistically closing. The blood left George's head and he walked un-

steadily back to the car. He leaned against the trunk of the car in despair. *How* could he have thought he could get away with this? What could have possessed him? And it was all that damned dog's fault! He could expect a scathing phone call tonight and his wife's damned pitiful looks as he toed the line. If only he had a gun . . . his stomach churned so much that he almost threw up.

The dog backed off at the look George gave him, but when the car took off he chased him eagerly nipping at the tires and barking.

Mrs. Welleby had some hot news for her neighbor concerning the dead dog in the street. ". . . I tell you I saw everything from start to finish! He deliberately ran over it! Definitely not an accident, steered right into it! And then instead of stopping, he backed up over it with his tires squealing, even smoking, he went back and forth over it, right out there in broad daylight. He was cussing and yelling something terrible. It was horrible, and tears were just rolling down his cheeks, and such a look on his face, it scared me to death! Now what on Earth could make a nice boy like George do a thing like that?!"

FINIS



number of the Viet Nam casualties. When the Vietnamese war dead totaled 45,000 approximately 8 to 10,000 were Chicanos. We are 4% of this country's population, yet we fight 20% of its war.

We do not need to prove our right to be Americans. Our labor, our toil, our knowledge, has developed the Southwest for 300 years. Nor are we recent immigrants, as is often charged, seeking to escape the poverty of Mexico. Government surveys indicate over 85% of the Chicano population is born in this country. Yet, if one must prove his right to this country, the Chicano has shed blood from Okinawa to France to Viet Nam to safeguard a nation in which his people are the poorest ethnic group, have the lowest educational level and whose vast majority, (almost 80%) are working at unskilled, low-paying jobs, and who even the United States government admits are: "subjected to unduly harsh treatment when arrested."

The Chicano Movement is burgeon throughout the Southwest as a reaction against

the injustice suffered by a people since the Mexican War. When the first anglos arrived, the Mexican taught him the ways of the desert. He taught him to irrigate, to cultivate the land, and how to raise cattle. The lariat, the Western saddle all sprang from the Chicano. He gave the anglo a new architecture suited to the land. Robbed of our land by a foreign people, treated as a conquered race, the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo ignored, our culture deprecated, stigmatized into a feeling of inferiority, the Chicano shouts "Ya basta!" No longer will our youth seethe as we hear our ways, our language, our people maligned and held up in ridicule. The automatic relegation to a second-class position that comes with a Spanish surname will no longer be tolerated. This is the Movement. The Movement says that CHICANO is a word overflowing with pride—pride in our culture, and in oneself. The Movement stresses that it is not necessary to divest oneself of one's soul in order to conform to the prescribed standards of society. The In-

dio, the meztizo, we are the RAZA COSMICA. In our veins runs the blood of every racial group in the world. This is the "orgullo" that must be instilled in our children, this is the heritage they must grasp not the wretched and negative self-image of the chili-picker and taco-vendor. No longer the greaser, the spic, the wet-back, the "culturally deprived," the "under-achiever", but the Chicano, is glad he has brown skin, and is aware of the beauty of a vibrant, living culture. "Chicano" is a word that comes from the Raza—it is imposed as was "Mexican-American." The Movement is not a trend of recent times. As long as there have been Chicanos willing to help others who have not "made it", to look back into his origins in the barrio, to give of himself that other Raza might advance, there has been a Movement, and it will continue to expand and to thrive as long as we feel the bond that ties one Chicano to another.

NORMA CARDENAS



## Anthony Isaac Victor

# ACIREMA

**Time and Place:** 1917; the Italian-Austrian war.

**Scenery:** Old wooden desk with papers scattered about it.

**Characters:** Captain - about 30 years old, his hair is gray on the sides.

Guard-in his early 20's, unconcerned.

Prisoner - a private about 21.

Clerk - wears glasses

**Background:** Firing of cannons is heard faintly, it is around 8 A.M. The Captain is sitting behind his desk writing on a paper. He suddenly looks up at the guard who is searching through the files.

Captain: Have you found that record on the pri-

vate???

Guard: Yes—Here it is, Sir.

C: Give it to me.

G: Yes, Sir.

(Captain receives the record and begins to read it).

C: This man has received the medal of valor. I am curious about him—Bring him in.

G: Yes, Sir.

(The guard leaves and returns with the prisoner. The prisoner is standing in front of the Captain's desk. The prisoner has his head bowed as if looking at the floor)

C: Leave us!

(The guard turns and leaves)

C: Why did you do it?

Don't you realize what you have done?

(Prisoner continues to look at the floor.)

C: Speak up! Say something! Can't you defend yourself?

(The Captain takes a deep breath and stares directly into the face of the prisoner)

C: My time is limited and your time has run out! Guard!

(The guard re-enters the room)

C: Take the prisoner and have him shot!

(The guard begins to remove the prisoner through the door. The prisoner for the first time turns and looks at the face of the Captain and begins to



speak)

Prisoner: What good would it do for me to speak in my defense? —You're going to kill me anyway.—Besides, you wouldn't understand—Your business is death.

C: (Addressing the guard) Leave us. (The guard leaves the room)

C: You don't have to die. By your past record you have proven yourself a worthy soldier. Perhaps it was your nerves that gave way —You don't remember that you ran in the face of the enemy? Yes! that is what happened—Do you agree?

P: I ran because I am sick of killing! I do not want to kill! We must close this waste of human blood. We are not animals. We are humans and have our right to live, not to die.

C: You speak of a right to live! There is no right to live, only might to live. This is war — What was your occupation before the war?

P: I studied at the university.

C: What did you study?

P: Everything—that interested me — life, I guess you could say. I craved knowledge. One must have knowledge to be a successful writer.

C: A writer? What kind

of writer?

P: I wrote children's stories.

(Captain is becoming interested in the prisoner)

C: Did you have any published?

P: (Speaking softly) Yes, Sir. I've had three of my short stories published. I published under the pen name of Anton Marcel.

C: I always wanted to write, but everytime I sat down to write, nothing came out—Did you write the book entitled "The Bear's Brother"?

P: Yes, Sir.

C: That is the favorite bedtime story of my little boy. At home that is the only story that would put him to sleep. "Papa, read me bear story," he would say. He is such a little angel, my little boy—Tell me, how did you ever think up such characters?

P: I don't know. They just came out that way.

C: You have a great talent — someday you will become a famous author . . .

P: You too, are a dreamer. How strange to find a dreamer in your position — I thought all dreamers had ceased to exist.—Sir, may I ask you a question?

C: Yes.

P: Do you believe in war?

C: Yes. One must defend his country. It is our

duty to be soldiers.

P: Sir, is it not true that most of our lives we have been taught to love our fellow man and live a constructive life? — Sir, I believed in the cause. I believed in the war. I went along with what our leader said — and when they said we must fight, I did not question the validity of their statement. I put on my uniform and marched off to war.—I have been on the front lines for eight months. I have killed. (The Captain looks at the record of the prisoner and interrupts him)

C: And you have been wounded three times.

P: Never once did I question the cause — We were the good guys and they were the bad guys —This I believed in!— Then it happened. — I met the enemy face to face.—There's a difference when I shoot a man from a distance. You never know him. You may see him fall, but you never know him.—I was sent out on patrol to find out if the enemy had received any reinforcements. And there he was, with his back to me. I sneaked up behind him and with my hand held his mouth and with the other hand I drove my dagger into his side. He grew limp in my em-



brace and fell to the ground—I looked into his face—He was a baby! A kid, a stupid kid! He wasn't dead — He began crying and asking for his mama. I told him to shut up! — I wanted to help him, but I couldn't he was the enemy. He kept crying—shut up! I yelled! Be quiet! — I stabbed him again and again and again. He wouldn't let go of me! Mama! he would say, Mama! Finally, he let go of me. I knelt there beside his body—He looked as if he were sleeping—but I could see the flow of blood from his mouth—I was not a human. I was an animal! — A damn animal! And this was wrong! Killing was wrong!—What the hell did this kid do to me? It didn't make any sense—This kid didn't want to be out here—Our leaders have made us animals! Filthy animals! Filthy rats! We are filthy rats! I cannot kill no more!

C: Do you think I like this war? Do you think I like seeing these young men die and writing letters home to their parents and telling them that their son died gallantly fighting for their country? No! I say, I do not; but one must do his duty: You ran from your responsibility—When you be-

came a soldier, you lost your rights to think of what is right and what is wrong. Your existence was only to obey orders — not to think — what if everybody had your ideas, what would happen?

P: There would be no war.

C: Only slave camps perhaps.

P: No, I don't think so.

C: You don't think so! Are we to lay down our arms and not kill because you don't think so?

P: Yes! If that's what it takes to bring peace!

C: That is treason you speak of!

P: Is it treason to want to live and let live? To live in harmony with all men?

C: It is impossible!

P: Sir, is it really? — You're wrong, Captain. It's not impossible — Men must do this —

C: You had to create this problem for yourself, didn't you?—If I give you your life and write on the records that you were dazed and lost your sense of direction, will you go back to the front lines and fight?

P: No Sir, I cannot.

C: Man! Do you know what this means?

P: Yes, my Captain.

C: As a human being, I feel for you—but as a soldier, I see before me a deserter and a traitor. You leave me no

no other choice than to carry out my duty. — Guard! (The guard enters) Carry out the execution immediately! (The prisoner looks at the Captain)

P: (Sincerely) Sorry I made you do it—Good-bye.

(The prisoner is led out the door. The Captain looks at the desk and picks up a package of cigarettes. He removes one and throws the package back on the desk. He lights the cigarette slowly and takes two puffs nervously. The volley of gunfire is near. He removes the cigarette from the holder, drops it on the floor, and crushes it with the heel of his boot. The Captain looks at his watch, picks up some papers from his desk, and calls the clerk.)

C: Clerk!

Clerk: Yes. Sir.

C: Take this down—

To the parents of Antonio Marcello:

I regret to inform you that your son was killed in action on this Sunday. I knew him personally. He was a fine soldier. Be proud of him. With my deepest sympathy.

Captain Ansano

Clerk: Is that all, Sir?

C: Yes.

(The clerk leaves the room. The Captain remains seated at his desk—thinking)





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