

2-1952

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El Burro

"Reflecting the Collegiate Panorama at T.W.C."

35¢



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Miss Mary McKnight

Western Day

TWC

February 13th



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 **Mademoiselle**
Are you frigid? Page 42

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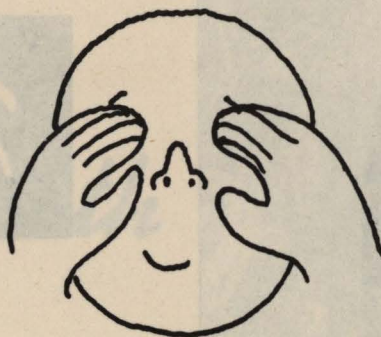
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El Burro

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Gerri Sue O'Shaughnessy

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Volume 9 Number 5

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El Burro is published monthly during the school year by Student Publications, Inc. at Texas Western College of the University of Texas at El Paso. Subscription, \$2.50 a year, 35 cents for single issue.

Pinup

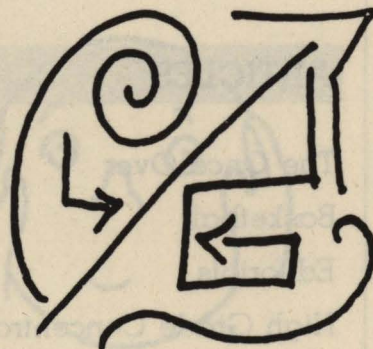
*Slag and
Tailings*



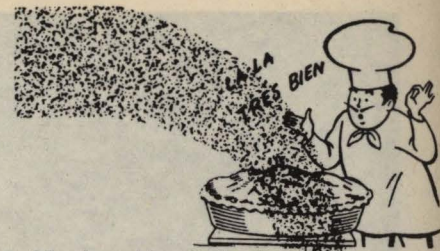
"MARSHA!" . . . "John."

by
**Tony
Canales**

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You... J.R.



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The VOGUE
AT MILLS AND MESA



From where we're standing

... at the wrong
end of El Burro

by Linda Hassel

With finals and the rigors of registration safely behind, and with the new semester, complete with solemn resolutions to "study this term, to quote the most over-used platitude of the times, approaching, El Burro settled down to the business of publishing the first issue of the new term. Hanging a sign reading: *UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT* of the outside of its private iron curtain, the ideas of this month's editor, John Rechy were put into effect. To give the readers some insight into the *new* El Burro, we present to you the contents of

THIS ISSUE

You cannot have proceeded this far into the issue without having noticed a striking change in the cover of the magazine. With the greatest thanks to Holly Thurston for her excellent work last term in creating "Burr", El Burro returned to the pictorial cover in order to give recognition to TW students. Mary McKnight, one of TWC's most popular coeds, is the subject for the interesting cover this month, while the photography is that of Tony Canales. "Retreat," an unusual and almost poetic story by Victor Hovious, is presented for the reader's enjoyment on pages 8 & 9 of the mag. The story is well written in the modernistic trend to depict a highly unusual psychological situation.

Basketball, a pictorial feature on pages 10 and 11 of El Burro intro-

duces the team, and gives pertinent information concerning their activities.

Martha Jenkins appears for the first time in the magazine to demonstrate her talent in depicting humorous situations in a modern manner. Her feature, *Circus: An Opera in Two Acts*, is a series of cartoons which catch the "feeling" surrounding sophisticates at one time or another.

Two poems by Jeffrey Wise appear on page six, and opposite them is a full page "mood" picture of Julie Eastman. Kaleidoscope, a picture feature prepared jointly by Lucius Casillas and John Rechy, completes the material in the magazine. There are, of course, the regular features: Personality of the Month, High Grade Concentrate, and the editorials. Now

A FINAL WORD

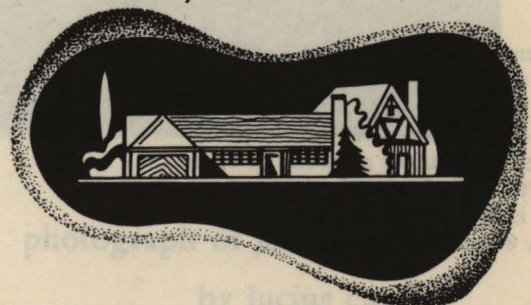
I should like to extend my thanks to the Board of Publications for allowing me to publish El Burro, to the staff for all of their wonderful cooperation, and to the students for the suggestions and criticisms which have aided us so much. It has been a great opportunity for me, not only from the standpoint of a gain in knowledge, but more important due to the many people whom I have met and known through the magazine.

Percy McGhée

Architect A. I. A.

1013 First National Building

El Paso, Texas



Two Poems . . .

by Jeffrey Wise



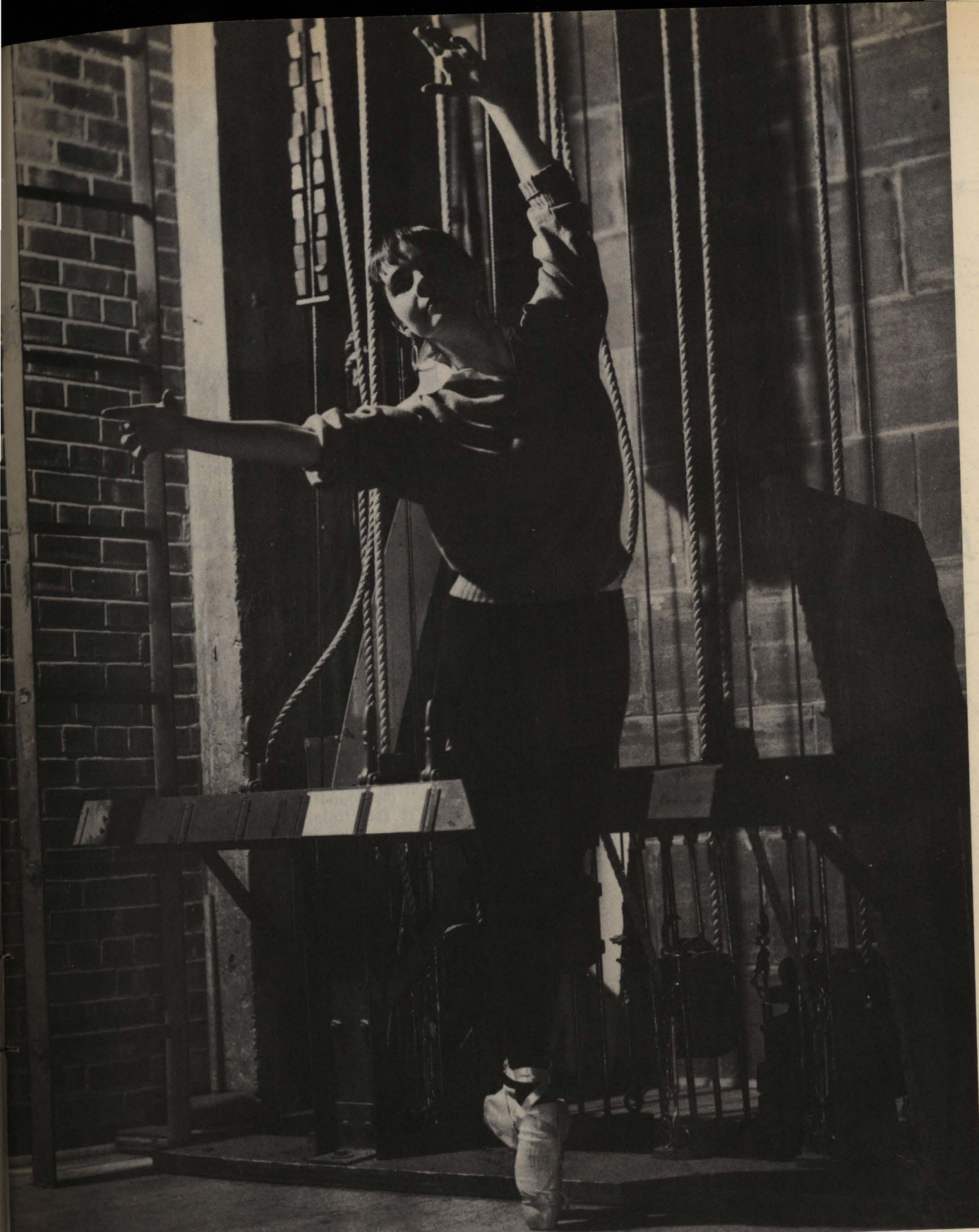
by Lucius Casillas

Stars and I

Even as people are drawn all together
In mutual affection and trust,
So heavenly bodies to orbits are tethered
And dust is married to dust.
Even as planets are held in space
By travelers lost in the night,
So is my future built and based
On events beyond my sight.

The Deserted Mine

Vacantly from the warped and broken door
Stare the words "Keep Out,"
Useless in defiance of the world.
Long ago the rotted door ceased
To perform its task.
Still the tired letters say "Keep Out,"
Even the cheerful chipmunk with pouch full,
Scurries past the scowling reminder
Of more successful days,
Heedless, unknowing,
As a child runs in church.
Behind the door is the mine,
A giant worm twisting, turning, groveling
In its lust for the earth's hidden treasures.
Years ago, the echoes of oaths, of men at work
Resounded through the maze of tunnels.
Now, only the small noises of pack-rats
Disturb the deep silence.
As the vein of ore lasted, so the
Miners stayed, ever hoping to realize their ambitions.
But now all is gone.
All signs of industry
Have left.
The ore,
The men,
All are gone.
Yet still the rotted door holds its useless vigil,
And still the sign says "Keep Out."



photograph of julie eastman
by lucius casillas

RETREAT

by Warren Hovious

AT LAST we are happy. We have finally found each other. The unpleasantness is gone; the harsh demands need no longer be answered.

The beginning is rather hazy. I remember that we were discontented with the triviality of our life. I felt vaguely that we were on the fringe of something greater—something terrifying and awesome. I remember that there was a place I had to go to every day, and disagreeable things I had to do. There were people that we disliked—people to whom we were obligated for some reason. But their names and the reasons and the things we had to do have all slipped past the bounds of my memory, slipped down into an abyss of forgetfulness.

And we are not sorry. We have found the only thing. We have found a haven of safety with neither lock nor key because there is no door nor any way that others may enter. Our world exists only in the music now. We are safe.

The music and the darkness. It is very dark in here now. Only a little moonlight sifts in under the door, and there is a faint orange glow coming from somewhere inside the phonograph. But these serve only to underscore the darkness that envelopes our world—a world that extends no further than these four walls. No, not even any further than our two minds, which are again only one.

And the low music is a soothing balm. We sit here quietly in each other's arms and let it caress us. Then she stirs and begins to speak.

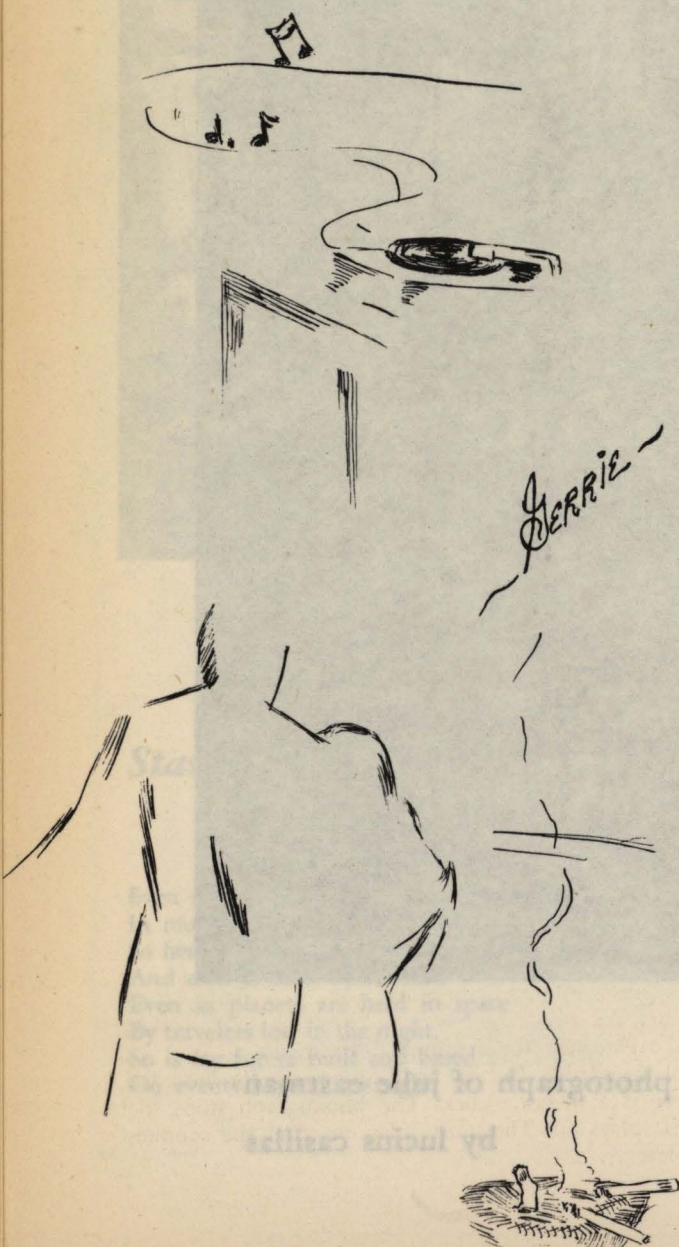
"Do you know," she says, "we're very lucky. Think if we had never met each other. What if we had each found someone else? How unhappy we'd be."

I shudder. "Don't talk that way. Just be thankful. Everything is pure chance. Everything is coincidence. If we think of what-might-have-happened we'll go mad."

"I hate everything but this," she says. "I hate noise and people and light. Music and darkness. They're the only things I love. Music and darkness and you."

"Yes. Darkness is wonderful. It's like sleeping with your eyes open, isn't it? You can see anything you want to. Nothing to interrupt, nothing to destroy. And the music. It's a sort of stimulant. The same as opium, but infinitely more beautiful."

"Yes," she sighs. "I'm so glad."





I am glad, too. When we found that we were the same, a whole new region of delight opened up before us. We hate and love the same things. At first, we would exclaim with happiness when we found that we were thrilled by the same harmonies and passages in some great symphony or some sad-sweet melody. But gradually we accepted it and were content merely to listen. But the magic would be lost if our eyes were free to wander about the room or beyond the window. So we would listen in darkness. Half the night we would spend huddled together in this chair, drinking in the powerful beauty. The strain would tell, and we began to dread the daylight. I cannot remember why exactly—the details of our old existence become increasingly difficult to grasp—but the garish horror that came with the sun lingers with me yet and drives me further into our sanctuary. Then she said what had been in both our minds, and we did what she said. One by one, we cut all the ties that bound us to the outside. It was very gradual, I know, because it was many nights ago. In retrospect, however, it seems as though it must have happened quite suddenly. It was painful, at first, to surrender all contact with the outside world, but eventually the pain was deadened and subjugated by a more intense pain—the ecstasy of the music. We would take to our bed by day, and with the nightfall we would awake and creep into each other's arms and seek protection within the mighty fortress of the darkness and the music. At first, we would surround ourselves with food. She would go out and buy a box of chocolates, or we would eat sandwiches and drink hot coffee. But eating was troublesome, and it detracted from our listening, so we dispensed with it. We would sit and watch the red ember of our cigarettes and see the wraith of smoke dissolve into the darkness, but soon that too was forgotten. Our bodily desires mean little now. Our senses are deadened—all but one. Hearing. Thank God for hearing. Our ears have taken the place of our mouths, and sound has become our food. Everything else—time, sensation, desire—hangs suspended in a trance. The music wells up like a tide and pulls back with it everything that is tangible. The powerful crescendos and the piercing, singing tones soak into everything and saturate our bodies, the room, all the air of the universe.

Then I feel her shiver. "What is it?"

"I'm afraid," she whispers.

"Afraid? Of what?"

"I can feel everything slipping away like sand under my feet. I'm happy, I don't care, but it frightens me."

"The music is like a giant lodestone," I tell her. "It's claiming its children. Don't be afraid of it. Lie quietly and let it take you."

She is silent for a bit, but presently she pulls away from me and sits up.

"Turn it off," she whispers.

"What?" I exclaim. "Why?"

"Just for a minute," she pleads. "I can't listen to another note. I'm full."

"All right. Just for a minute." I hate to do it. I am afraid of the silence. But my hand gropes out for the knob, and there is a metallic click. The phonograph stops, but the music plays on. The music play on. And the conquest is complete . . .

Basketball

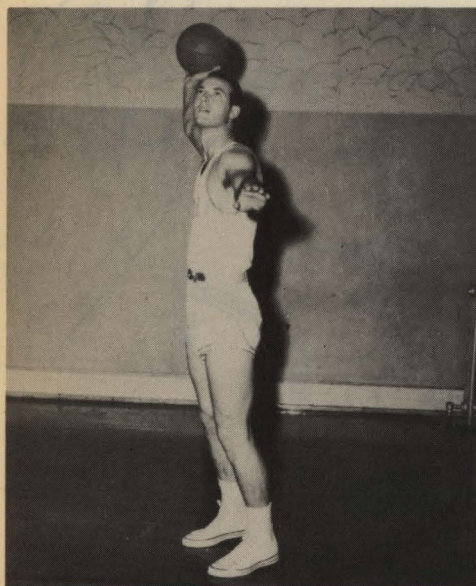
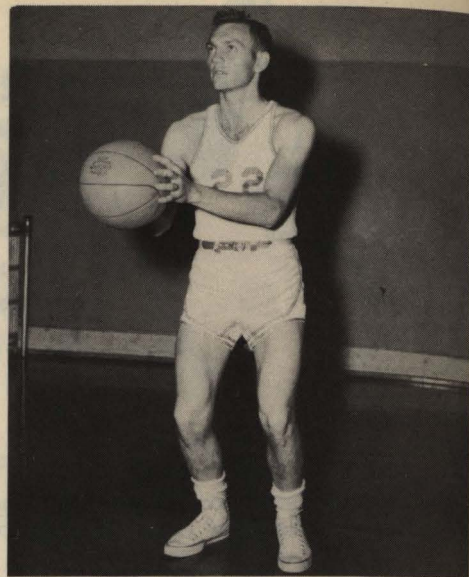
With Basketball taking its place as THE sport of the season, El Burro felt it would be timely to present to you those Miners whose names you all know, and whose fine work you have all heard of.

SCHEDULE

February	2	University of Arizona	El Paso
"	4	Texas Tech	El Paso
"	8	Hardin Simmons	El Paso
"	11	Arizona State (Flagstaff)	El Paso
"	15	Arizona State (Tempe)	El Paso
"	18	Arizona State (Flagstaff)	Flagstaff, Arizona
"	19	Arizona State (Tempe)	Tempe, Arizona
"	20	University of Arizona	Tucson, Arizona
"	23	New Mexico A & M	Las Cruces
March	1	University of New Mexico	El Paso

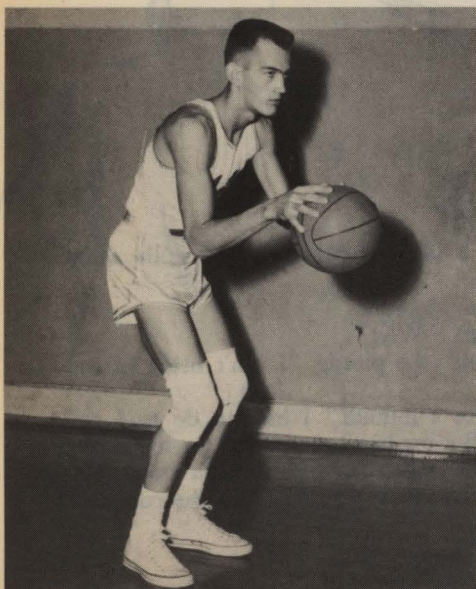
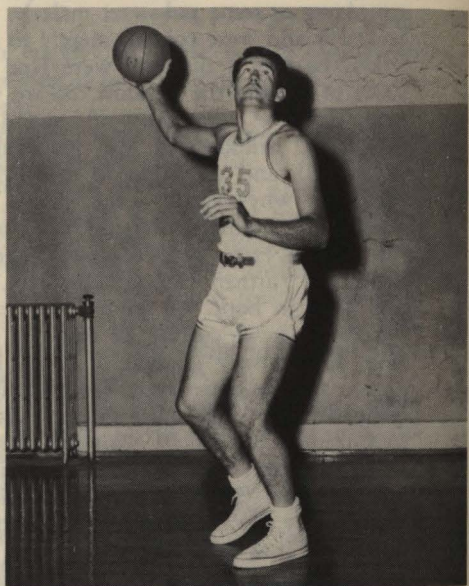
MERRILL AUTRY,

co-captain



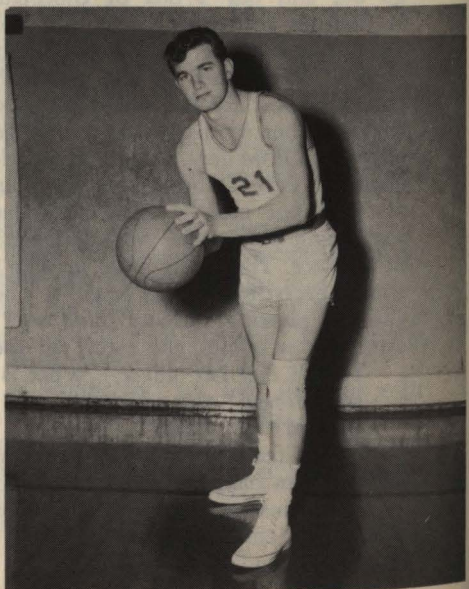
GERALD ROGERS, co-captain

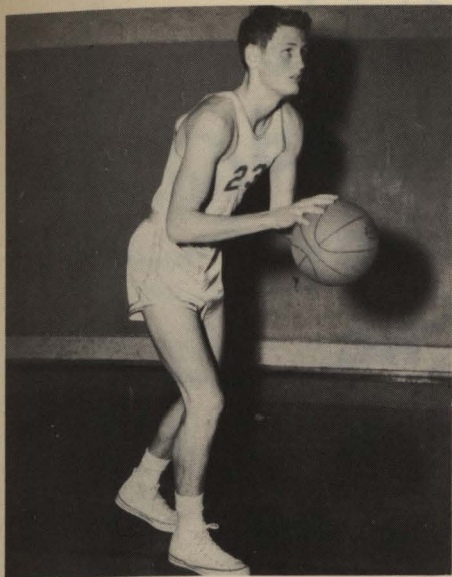
BILL HUMPHREY, Forward



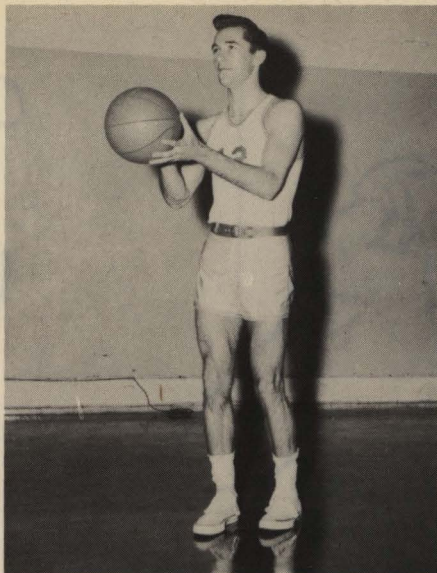
BILLY REX JOHNSON, Guard

BILL TOMPKINS, Forward

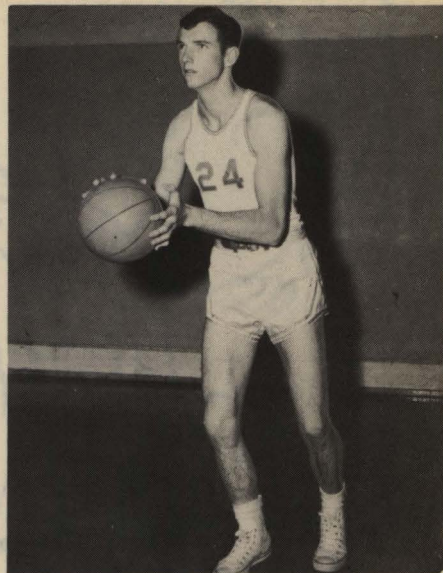




HOWARD CREAMER, Forward



LYNN MULLEN, Guard



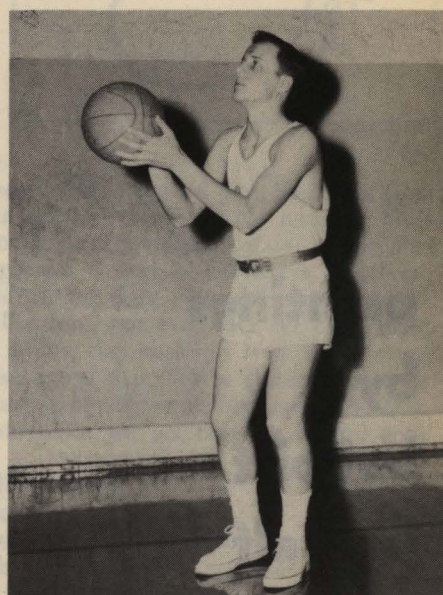
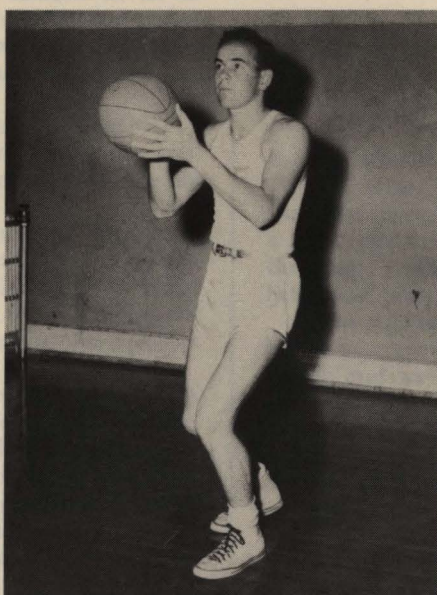
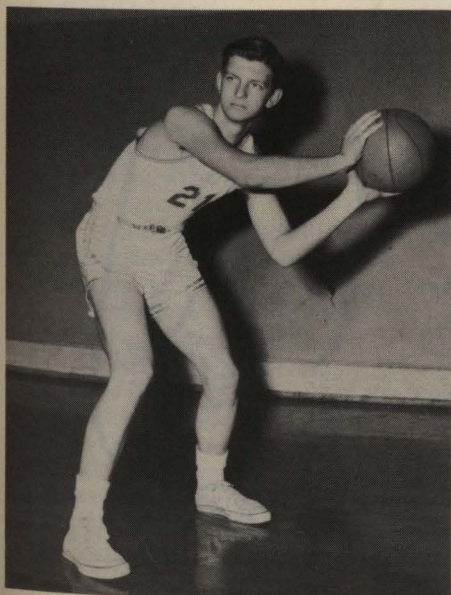
PAUL BRANCH, Forward



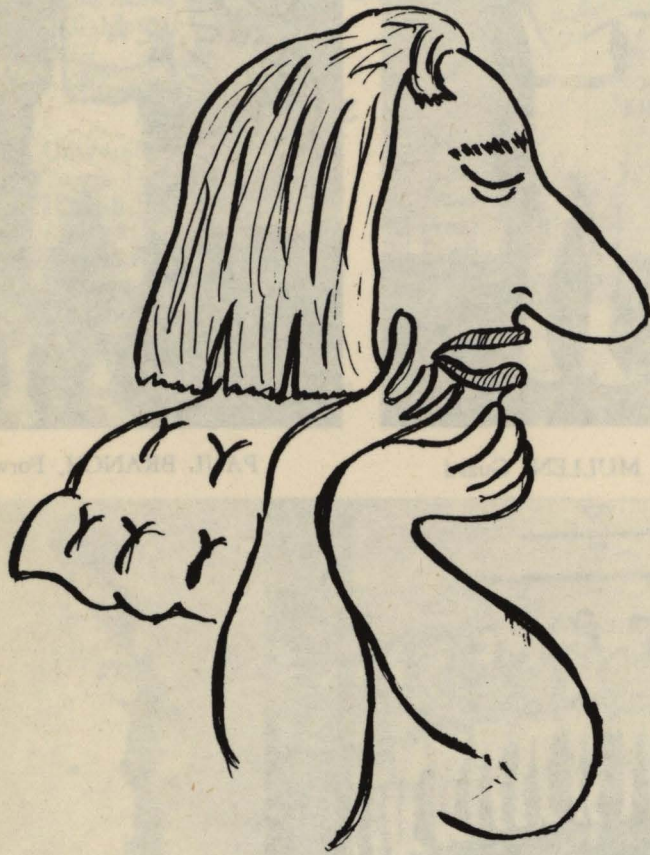
ED VAUGHN, Forward

KENNETH MYERS, Forward

TOMMY CRITTENDEN, Guard



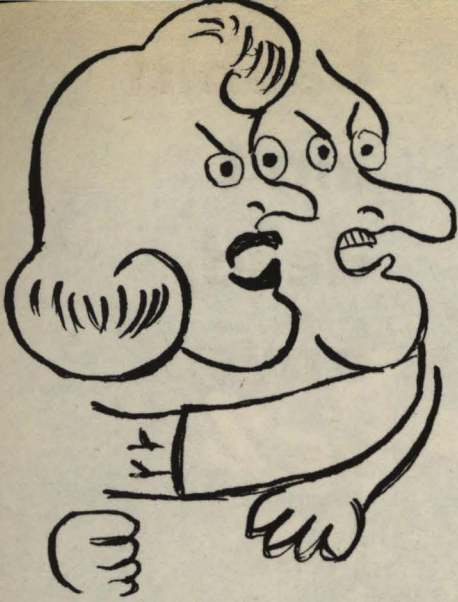
**babbitt
ain't
dead,
boys;
he
just
went
to
college**



(Since such indignation and resentment greeted last month's article on modern art, we are giving certain Texas Western students something which —perhaps— can be understood without too much straining of the intellect. —Editors.)

**paintings
by
babbitt
himself**





by John Rechy

Ye have made your way from worm to man, and much within you is still worm. Once were ye apes, and even yet man is more of an ape than any of the apes.—NIETZSCHE.

THERE ARE MANY THINGS wrong with American colleges and universities, things intrinsic in the very organization of the educational system. These things are perhaps irremediable, at least until the dawn of a Utopian time. But there is one thing which is not only wrong but disgusting, revolting, appalling, nauseating, absurd, filthy, rotten, foul, obscene, vile, and quite incredible in view of our time.

And that something is the spirit of Babbittry (oh, Mr. Lewis, could you be here to see the back-slapping and hypocrisy, the sliminess and nonsense, the stupidity and sheep flocking!) which hovers over American campuses—specifically small college campuses—as persistently as a mosquito lured by the filthy odor of stagnant water.

And keep in mind that this is not a matter to be shrugged off and pushed away with, "Oh, well, colleges are wrongly administered, what can we do?" This has nothing to do with the administration, does not even vaguely point the finger of accusation toward the faculty.

It is an indictment of the students themselves, an indictment of a false system of values held by our unfortunate rootless generation, values which are not really values but something shoddy and immature and adolescent and ugly and frightening.

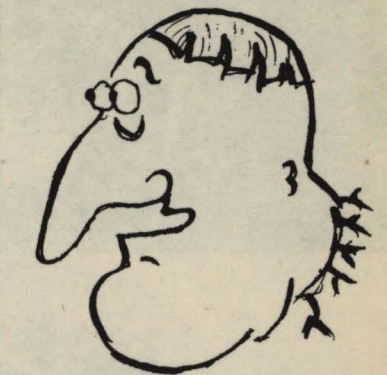
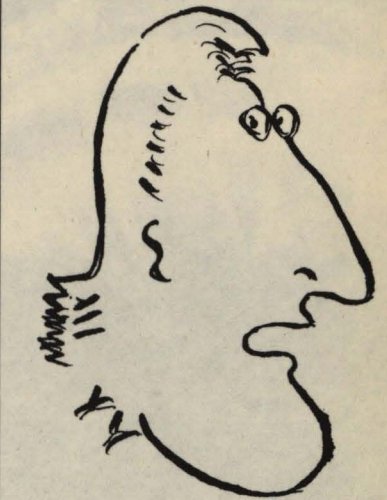
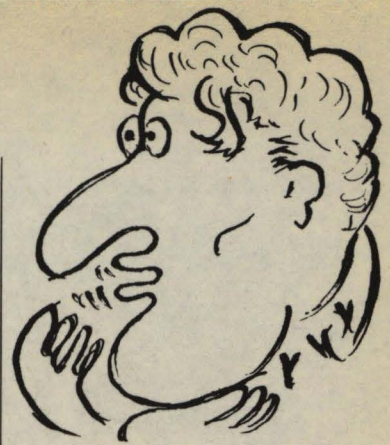
In what way, you say, is this condition evident?

Look around you, any time, anywhere. Notice the anti-intellectuality, the fear of new ideas, the hatred of the not conventional.

(Listen: "He's so different... we mustn't change... follow the road of other schools... don't let them think; it's queer to think... I can get along with anybody, I just never disagree—yes, yes, yes, yes!" The false smiling, the back-slappingness, the shoddy double-dealing, the freakish two-facedness.)

We'll straighten up when the time comes, you say. This is college-toyland-high-school-number-two. This is college, time for fun, don't scare us with anything new, don't remind us of tomorrow. So you say: Drink beer, read dirty jokes, cheat as much as possible, this is college-playland-dizzy-carousel, to hell with everything else.

But tomorrow is not quite so indefinite. Tomorrow is



the day after today.

And what is today? "He's a good guy, he comes from the hills, speaks our language, laughs at our jokes... She's a sport, got a lot of brains, but doesn't show it, acts like the gang... George and Robert and Thomas and Neil. Sally and Mary and all the Joes. We like them."

"But we don't like him, nor even him, we can't stand her because they're adults, they make us seem shoddy and stupid, and we mustn't feel that. We're children, and we love it, and you mustn't be different, because we'll show you what we can do when we get together behind your back."

"So tell me a dirty joke.

"Slap me on the back.

"Speak about me, but not to my face."

And the flies buzz, lured by the stagnant pool.



Kaleidoscope

photographs by lucius casillas



I. space and motion fuse into
eternity
the reckless-insane carousel
turning, whirling, spinning
where?
oh, time, time, time
ineluctably

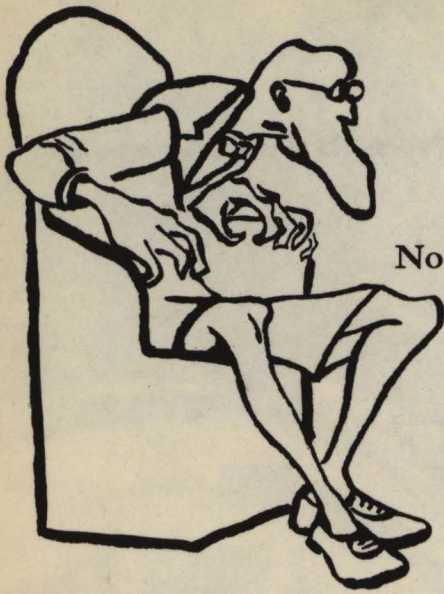


II. the sea recoils moaning
like a hand from fire
and the many-branched tree
of doom hangs suspended
while life retreats against
the crushing rocks
sighing



III. electric lights and modern life
are one
and men
like protozoa through a microscope
or worms beneath a wanton child's
sun-distilling magnifying glass
weeping

by john rechy



No culture -- just the almighty dollar.

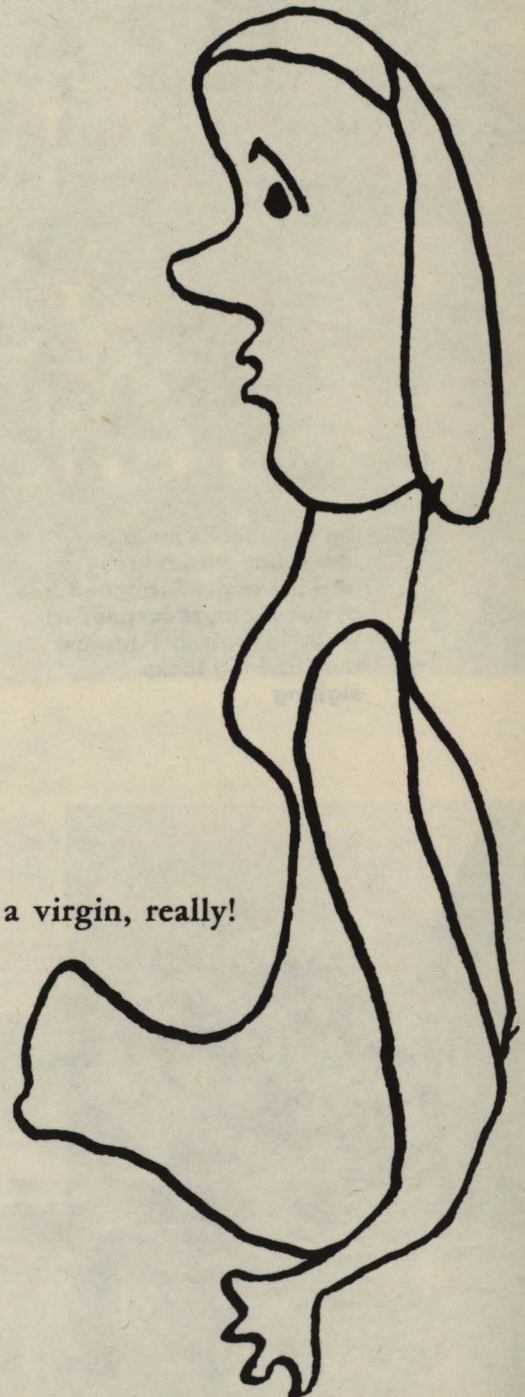
CIRCUS:

an opera in two acts

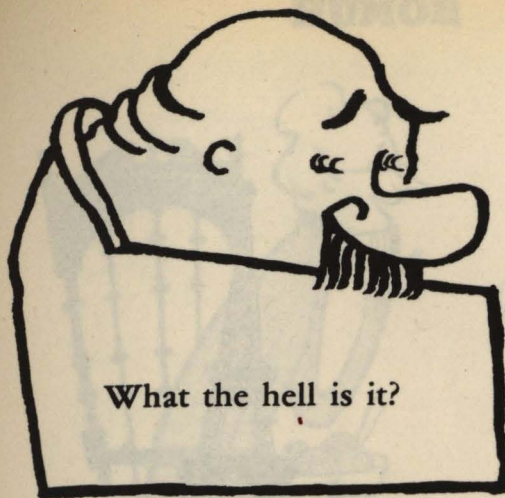
by Martha Jenkins



Batavia is hotter than Poughkeepsie
and devoid of Vassar girls.



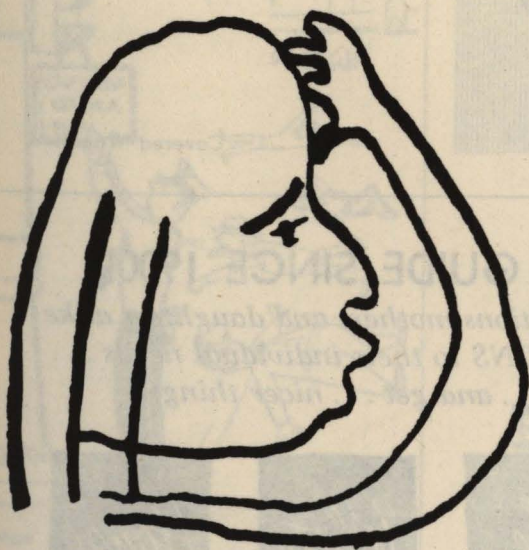
I'm still a virgin, really!



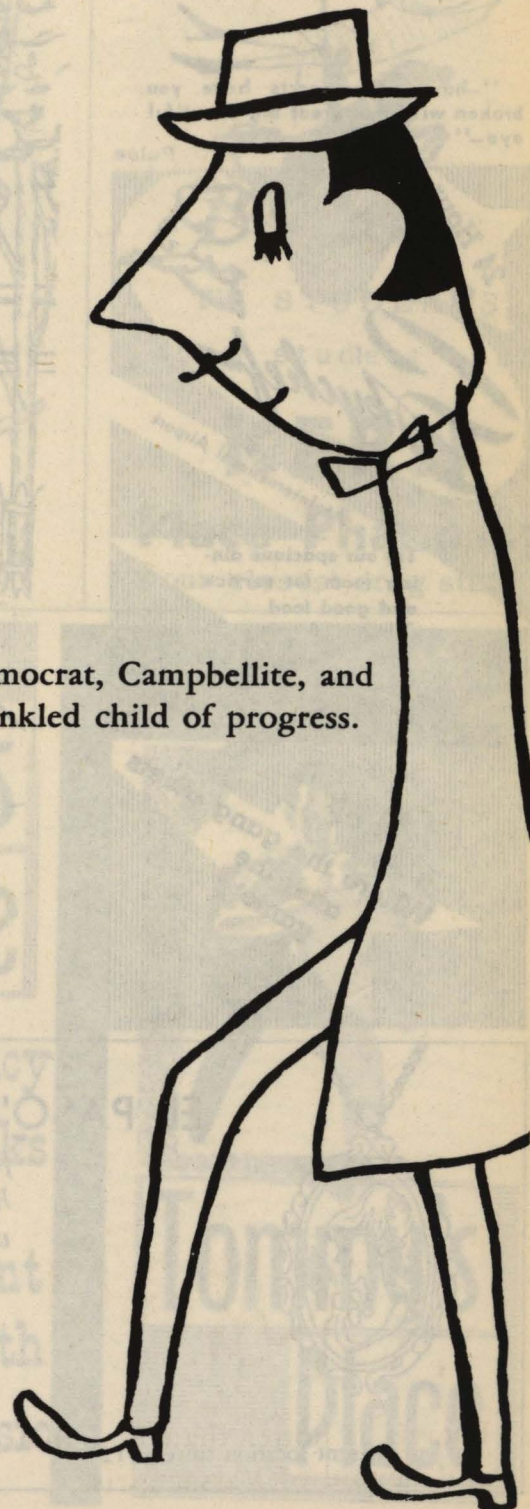
What the hell is it?



I believe in the soul.



I Know I had my glasses.



Democrat, Campbellite, and
wrinkled child of progress.

From other Mags



"...how many hearts have you broken with that great big beautiful eye..."

Pulse

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HUMOR



"Doctor Kinsey was here this morning, and I shocked hell out of him."

We Never BUCK

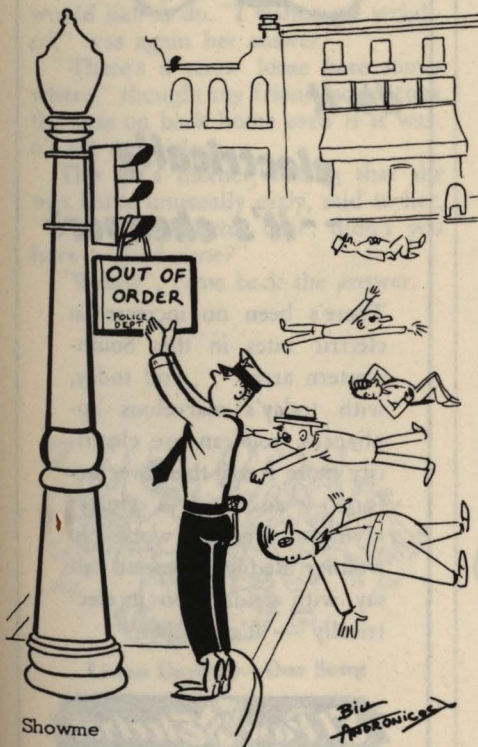
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Thick Juicy
Steaks

Entertainment
with
Mood Music



Tommy's Place

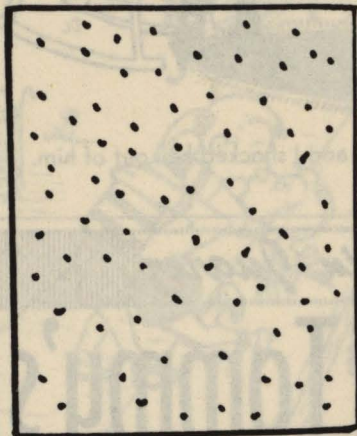
"makers of
fine
impressions"

*Guynes
Printing
Company*

printers of

El Burro

Cartoons



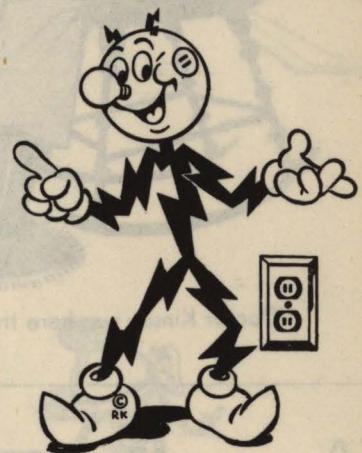
I'm one of the crowd.



Don Edlwell
"Would you wear my pin?"



Engineering Supplies.



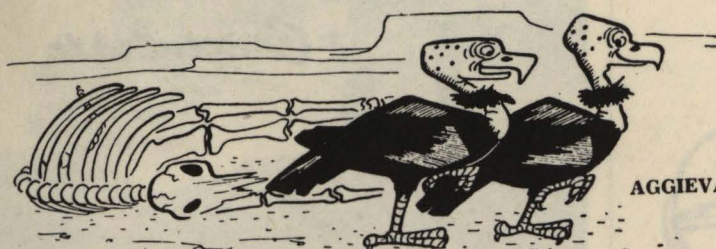
**do it
electrically
-- it's cheaper!**

There's been no increase in electric rates in this Southwestern area . . . and today, with today's marvelous appliances, you can use electricity more freely than ever before — and with a greater saving of time and work. No wonder Reddy Kilowatt can say with pride "Do it electrically — it's cheaper!"

El Paso Electric
COMPANY

A BUSINESS-MANAGED
TAX-PAYING PUBLIC UTILITY

Very Significant



You can't beat Camels for taste—and they're milder tool

JACK

The music in the joint was so bad that when a waiter dropped a tray full of dishes, everyone got up and started dancing.

A friend of mine took a blind date to a carnival. They went for a ride on the merry-go-round. The ride completed, she seemed kinda bored. "Now what would you like to do?" he asked. "I'd like to be weighed," she replied. So he took her over to the weight guesser. "107", the man said—and he was absolutely right.

Then they rode on the whip, after which he again asked her what she would like to do. "I wanna get weighed," was again her answer.

"There's a screw loose here somewhere," thought my friend, so he took the base on back home even if it wasn't yet ten o'clock.

The gal's mother, noting that she was home unusually early, said to her, "What's the matter dear; didn't you have a good time?"

"Wousy", came back the answer.

Then there was the scotchman who bought a car when he heard his wife had gas on her stomach.

First Engineer (math exam) How far are you from the correct answer?
Second Engineer: Two seats.

He: Are you afraid of the big bad wolf?

She: No, why?

He: That's funny, the other three pigs were.



Listen Darling—Our Song

TEMPO

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DRY DAWN

by Wilma Daniel

Small squares of night stare in at me,
a nocturnal eternity;
Tomorrow hides her face to grieve.
Sorrowful, I must believe
That here and now are only brass
and, head hanging, pass.
Then consciousness at last will blur
into midnight, into myrrh;
And when the night is fully slept,
I awake and have not wept.



High

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STAR SONG

by Don E. Self

This is a song the Spacemen will sing
As they ride the jets through space:
We travel far, but know no fear.
We're burned of face, but stout of heart.
A life at home we've never lived.
All space is ours, and that's enough
For any man who loves the stars.
They're ALL our home, so brightly shining,
Hark their names, and tremble Earthling:
Rigel, Arcturus, Sirius B, Procyon II, and Betelgeuse.
Their planet's lands have known our tread
But never the weight of a decent bed.
We come to mine, and then move on,
But all of us speak some alien tongue.
We love the stars, and the vast black reaches
Of outer space, but most of all we love
Old Earth, from whence we sprung.





by Johnny Walker

Emotions, words, and 'isms sworn
 In print or on a human tongue.
 Of gusts of rain, of gales unshorn
 And storms that die—to be reborn.
 Are goodly oaths in all degrees
 To living nature's man-like pleas
 For hardfought bliss to life's indignant
 Cry for rain if drouth's malignant.
 When nature cries, her heart afire,
 Should rain come down to make a mire?
 Or give relief another way
 That only troubles a future day.
 Then give us rain, O Lord of ours,
 That we may drink while the storm devours
 Our crop and all its total reap,
 Yes, thus is life, oh let us weep.



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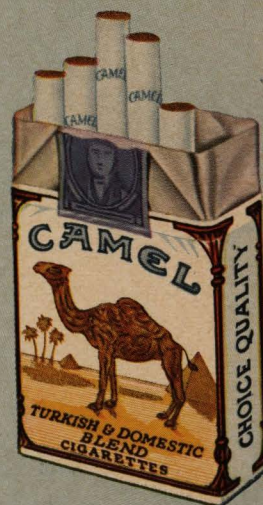
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No. 13—THE MOUNTAIN GOAT



He thought they were trying to make him the butt-end of a joke when he was asked to judge cigarette mildness with a mere puff of one brand and a quick sniff of another. The fancy foot-work didn't dazzle him! He knew that the pinnacle of pleasure comes from steady smoking... and that there is only one test that gives you enough time to permit conclusive proof. Smokers throughout America have made the same decision! *It's the sensible test...* the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test, which simply asks you to try Camels on a day-after-day, pack-after-pack basis. No snap judgments! Once you've tried Camels for 30 days in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), you'll see why...



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