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NOVA

The University of Texas at El Paso Magazine



The View from the Hill

by Dale L. Walker

Diamond Jubilee Book

About a year from the appearance of this issue of *NOVA* we will be on the eve of UTEP's Diamond Anniversary. Nineteen eighty-eight marks the 75th year since that House Bill created the School of Miners [sic] and Metallurgy at El Paso and plans are already afoot to celebrate this signal year in several ways.

One of the events of the Jubilee, the "flagship" of the celebration, will be publication of a pictorial history of the institution from 1913 to 1988, a 200-page, coffee-table-size book, now in the planning and outlining stage, to be printed and jacketed and ready for sale in November, 1987.

The book, working title for which is *Lamaseries on the Hill: A Pictorial History of The University of Texas at El Paso, 1913-1988*, will be published by the Donning Company of Norfolk, Virginia, producers of elegant books of this kind, and Texas Western Press. The UTEP Alumni Association, under the special guidance of Steve DeGroat, is sponsoring the book, with assistance from the El Paso Community Foundation and President Haskell Monroe.

Nancy Hamilton, associate director and editor at Texas Western Press, who knows more about UTEP history than anybody, is in charge of this project and I will have a hand in it, too.

This is a very expensive undertaking. A book like this, done right, is not done cheaply. Production cost will be over \$35,000 and most of the money has to be "out front."

Over the coming months, you will be receiving more information on this book from the Development Office and through the pages of this magazine. There will be a limited edition, signed by the authors, bound in leather and in a slip-case, for \$100. The regular edition, with a four-color jacket, will sell at \$25.

In the 20-plus years I have edited *NOVA* I have made a special effort not to use this column — or, indeed, this magazine — to sell anything, figuring we all get enough sales pitches and appeals in our mailboxes and that *NOVA* can be reserved for the purpose of telling about some of the important things being done by UTEP's faculty and staff and that these subtly "sell" the institution without adding a pricetag.

But this Diamond Jubilee book is

special and worth urging on every *NOVA* reader.

What I want to urge is that you write to reserve a copy. You can send a check (add \$2.50 postage and packaging if you want the book mailed to you), but you don't have to — yet. Send a note to Jim Peak, director of the Development Office, UTEP, El Paso, Texas 79968 or write to me c/o *NOVA* at the same address and I will see to it that you get on the reserve list.

And one other thing: If you have any rare photographs — good, clear snapshots are OK — that illustrate something of the history, events, or people, of the institution, or which simply show what the place looked like in a given era (the early eras especially), we'd love to see them and consider them for use in this book. We'll take care of your pictures and return them to you whether we use them or not. Send anything you'd like us to consider to Nancy Hamilton at the *NOVA* address.

* * * *

Jon Manchip White, the Welsh novelist, poet, biographer and archeologist-Egyptologist, who spent ten years on the English faculty (1967-77) here, has written the following about UT El Paso in his autobiography appearing in *Contemporary Authors*:

"...the campus on which I worked, with its seventeen or eighteen thousand students, was one of the most original and striking of all the campuses in America, not unworthy of Frank Lloyd Wright and with more than a touch of his Taliesin West. From my room on the top floor of the tower, I could lift my head and take in an incomparable view. To my left lay Juarez, dominated by the bulk of Cerra Bola, with the vast plain beyond that reached down toward Chihuahua. In the center were the hills of Anapra, New Mexico, with a colossal statue of Christ planted on the summit. And to my right, across the valley of the Rio Grande, rose the Franklins, their flanks branded with the prodigious natural image of a Thunderbird with its scarlet wings outspread. A man would have to be very hard to please not to thrive in such surroundings."

Jon today occupies a special chair in the humanities at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville. □

NOVA

DECEMBER

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(Photograph by Russell Banks)



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The Great Wall, summer of 1986.

It was with excitement and also some degree of apprehension of visiting a communist country, that my wife, daughter, and I arrived in Beijing, China, on a Sunday afternoon. (In English, Beijing means North Capital.) The airport was not at all crowded when compared to any medium-sized airport in the U.S.

We were met by Professor Zong-Qi Wang of the Comprehensive Institute of Geotechnical Investigation and Surveying (CIGIS) of Beijing, who carried a "welcome" sign. We cleared Immigration quickly and waited for our luggage. It took about 45 minutes to get our bags, after which we were told that we would not have to go through any formal customs clearance. Arrangements had been made for our baggage, along with the customs form (duly stamped) to be delivered directly to our hotel room. Our room number for the hotel was given to us at that time. We then boarded our bus for the hotel.

We stayed at the Fragrant Hill Hotel, which was located about 50 km from the airport. The hotel was designed by the Chinese-American architect I. M. Pei and opened for business in 1983. The drive to the hotel took about 90 minutes. Road conditions were good, but traffic moved very slowly. When we arrived at the hotel,

Beijing Dynamics

by Braja Das

we were able to go directly to our rooms since we had already received our room assignment. The key was in the door knob of the room. In less than an hour after our arrival at the hotel, our baggage was delivered to our room.

That evening, we attended a reception and dinner at the hotel which had been arranged for the inauguration of the International Conference on Deep Foundations. During the reception I was pleasantly surprised, although it was not unexpected, to see that the faculty members attending the conference came from all parts of China, knew who I was, and knew the name of The University of Texas at El Paso. The Chinese have recently translated my book, *Fundamentals of Soil Dynamics*, and it is used as a standard reference for a graduate course in soil dynamics in all Chinese universities.

The week following our arrival, I took part in several technical activities and in historical sight-seeing trips around Beijing. I left the country with the impression that the Chinese are quickly moving from a highly socialized, commune-oriented dictatorial society to a socialistic pattern where private enterprise and government-controlled industry will be able to compete and co-exist.

Many gradual changes have taken place in China during the last decade. Western culture is no longer considered an evil. High priority is given by the government to teaching English to as many Chinese as possible. They fully realize that, after years of stagnation, if they are to make a quantum leap to modern society, they must communicate in English in order to learn new Western technology. Many, though not all, streets and stores in Beijing now have English signs posted. English lessons are given for about two hours daily by the government-controlled television stations.

Americans are no longer looked upon as the source of all evils for their capitalistic society. During the week along the main streets of Beijing, or in the city parks on Sunday, it is not unusual to see a young person wearing a tee shirt which reads "Michael

Jackson" or "I love Los Angeles."

People we saw were well dressed, though not expensively. Western dress such as suits and ties for men and pantsuits for women are no longer considered evil and capitalistic. Children in schools and day care centers appear to be happy and healthy. We saw no beggars on the streets; however, peddlers could be found in most tourist spots where one can bargain to buy mementos.

The new reforms initiated by the present government have allowed the educated and intellectuals to go back to teaching and research with substantial freedom of movement and speech. I discovered this when the Vice-Premier of China was giving the inaugural speech at the opening of our conference. He referred to the seventh five-year plan of China and new building construction in Beijing. Dr. Yi-Xiang Tong, Principal Geotechnical Engineer of East China Electric Power Design Institute of Shanghai (who was sitting next to me) immediately leaned over and commented that most of the new buildings in Beijing are at the cost of the people of Shanghai. I asked if he could say that openly. He said "Yes, I won't go to jail. However, I can't stop the buildings in Beijing either."

Another example of the gradual sway of the Chinese government from the strict doctrines of communism is the recent opening of the new Stock Exchange in Shanghai, where Chinese can now buy stocks out of their savings if they want to. Newspapers in China are now allowed to publish cartoons of the leaders of their government.

All streets in China are very clean. Many major streets in Beijing are swept two or three times daily by people using brooms (not mechanized street sweepers). Trash receptacles are available in almost every place. Anti-littering laws are strictly enforced. A Chinese citizen can very easily end up in jail, or face a heavy fine, for littering. Most littering is done by foreign tourists.

Most of the individually owned land which was taken over by the government after the creation of the People's Republic of China on October 1, 1949,

has now been returned to the individuals or families who owned it. They are allowed to grow any crop they wish. Portions of the agricultural production from the land have to be given back to the government at a pre-fixed price. However, if the farmers produce more than the required quota, they can keep it and sell it at any price they wish in the open markets, where they are allowed to bargain also. Open markets have recently cropped up all over China, and the Chinese love them since it gives an incentive to produce more and keep a part of the profit for buying luxury goods. In the suburbs of Beijing, many farmers are quickly taking advantage of this new government incentive, a semi-capitalistic approach. Government-controlled television now advertises luxury goods such as refrigerators. People can purchase them if they have saved enough from the now legalized free market enterprise.

The farmers are now preparing to produce vegetables during the coming winter. The winters in Beijing are quite cold, and snow is a common sight. The farmers have built on their land clay walls which are about one foot thick and three to four feet high. Transparent plastic sheets will be stretched between the walls over the plants to create a greenhouse-type of environment, allowing produce to grow throughout the winter.

This government incentive to farmers has resulted in no import of food to China for the first time in decades.

Like Washington, D.C., Beijing is a

city controlled by the central (federal) government. All land not under cultivation is owned by the central government. However, at present people are allowed to build their own homes outside the city limits. Inside the city of Beijing, however, there are numerous multi-storied apartment buildings recently completed or under construction. This is in keeping with the present government policy of quick industrialization. These apartments are usually rented at a subsidized price of about seven to nine yuan per month (\$1.00 US = 3.7 Yuan). The construction techniques of the multi-storied buildings in China is somewhat different from those used in the U.S. The buildings are not framed and built completely from brick and concrete. All walls are load-bearing walls. Generally, elevators are provided in buildings which are more than six stories high. I really couldn't find out why the sixth story is a cut-off for having elevator service.

Beijing is the bicycle capital of the world. The major mode of transportation is the bicycle and almost all major streets have wide, paved bicycle paths which are clearly marked. One Chinese told me that, prior to the Deng regime, it took about seven years' savings for a common person to buy a bicycle. Chinese do not own cars. All cars are for multi-use purposes only, and they are predominantly Japanese-made. Gasoline stations are scarce also.

The Chinese government has taken a hard line towards birth control. The one-child family is the only acceptable

thing in China now. During my week's stay, I saw no more than about six pregnant women on the streets of Beijing.

Since liberalization, many Chinese tourists from surrounding provinces are visiting Beijing. Many could not do so ten years ago. Thus, in all tourist spots, one will see long lines. The Great Wall of China, along the Badaling Pass, has an average of 30-35 thousand tourists each day. So do other places such as the Forbidden City (built between 1406-1420 during the Ming Dynasty), the Great Hall of the People (People's Congress; built between October 1958 and August 1959), Tian'anmen Square (which covers an area of 40 hectares and can accommodate a mass rally of 500,000 people), the Temple of Heaven (built in 1420 during the Ming Dynasty), Beihai Park, the Summer Palace (the imperial garden of the Qing Dynasty of the 19th century), the Ming Tombs and Ting Ling Museum.

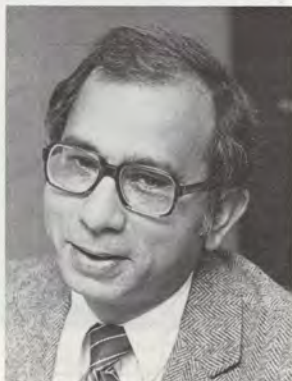
On the last day of my stay in China, I was invited to visit the China Academy of Building Research in Beijing. Dr. Huang Xi Ling, who acted as the interpreter between me and Mr. Xu Peifu, the President of the Academy, asked me during lunch about Juarez, Mexico. I smiled and asked how he knew about Juarez. He told me that in 1949, after receiving his Ph.D., he could not go back home immediately. He taught for two years at Georgia Tech. During the time he taught in the U.S., he took a train from Atlanta to Los Angeles and stopped in El Paso. It felt good to meet someone who had visited El Paso. It is, indeed, a small world after all.

The Chinese look to their lives more realistically now. After talking with many Chinese, I came away with the impression that they consider Mao as a great leader, which is evidenced by the thousands who line up every day in front of Mao's memorial to pay their respects. However, they also think that he was not infallible.

I have received several informal invitations to visit China again and give lectures. Under the right circumstances, I would be happy to go there again. □

Dr. Das is UTEP professor of civil engineering.

The Das family on the Sacred Way to the Ming Tombs: Braja and Janice with daughter Valerie.





River of January

by Walter Taylor

Gray clouds swarm beneath us as the DC-8 begins its descent. "It's probably raining," the man across the aisle says. "Forget sightseeing. When it rains here there's nothing to do but sit at the bar and drink daiquiris."

I can feel Nancy's disappointment. This trip was her idea and she has worked hard to put it together. "Can you see anything you recognize?" she asks.

My face is pressed to the glass. I see a few shapes that look like mountains pushing through the clouds. "No," I say.

"It's just our luck," she says to the man across the aisle. "It's our anniversary and I wanted this trip for him. He lets his work get to him, you know. He needs to do things that get him back in touch with himself."

"What is this, out of touch with myself?" I ask.

"You know it's true, darling," she says and peeks over my shoulder at the clouds running beneath us. "Do you think you'll recognize anything? After all, it was 1945, wasn't it?"

Well, yes, I will recognize it. It will be just as I remembered it, give or take 38 years. *Rio de Janeiro, River of January*: a harbor so big and so long that Andre Goncalves, who discovered it, thought he had found a river. So

named for the month he found it: a hot month, the height of the Brazilian summer. . . .

Like: January, 1945. Midmorning. I emerged from the galley, a bucket of potatoes in one hand and my copy of *The Tempest* in the other, headed for my daily potato-peeling headquarters on number four hatch. Only, this day is different.

I have never seen a harbor like this. From where we are anchored it looks like a huge bowl, almost horizon wide, filled with blue, phosphorescent water, dotted with ships of all nations: two gray United States cruisers, a British destroyer, a galaxy of tankers and liberty and victory ships. And it is surrounded by mountains, purple, wooded and very high, mountains that seem to rise in every direction from the water itself. To the east, hovering over the harbor's narrow entrance, is the oval-shaped rock known as Sugar Loaf; to the south, towering above the city and nestled under a higher range, is the green peak known as Corcovado with its great cross-shaped statue — that same statue that our crew, like every crew before us, sighted from far out to sea. And beneath that statue, the white city stretching up the mountainside.

"Hey Shakespeare!"

I do a double-take. It is Oscar, the oiler who shipped with me from New Orleans, and he is a strange sight. Oscar is naked as the day he was born, and he is leading a procession of five naked seamen. They are running across the deck, dancing as the hot steel burns their feet.

"C'mon, Shakespeare! We're going swimming!"

"Are you out of your mind?" I say.

"I have to do the potatoes!"

"Forget the potatoes!"

I throw the knife into the pail, toss *The Tempest* onto the hatch. I kick off my shoes and clothing, dance barefoot across the deck to the gangway where Oscar and his buddies are already scrambling down the steps, splashing in the blue salt water.

Euphoria: you have to be careful about it. You don't dive into salt water, not even from the deck heights of a loaded grain freighter. Hitting salt water can be like striking concrete, you can break arms, knock yourself cold; in these war years seamen take training in how to abandon ship, they practice again and again at seaman's school how to leap, feet together, arms crossed, chin covered. You practice a thing that much you start wanting to do it. At age 18 there are lots of things I want to do, lots of things I haven't done.

I enter the water easily, just as I have trained to enter it: no splash, just suddenly submerged, shooting downward, my toes curved to flip back toward that warm blue surface where I emerge, gasping, to find myself surrounded by green mountains and blue water and laughter.

"That's right, Shakespeare! Forget the potatoes!"

"How deep is this?" I shout to Oscar. "Is it 30 fathoms?"

Editor's Note: Walter Taylor is professor of English at UTEP. A native of Jackson, Mississippi, he served in the U.S. Merchant Marine, 1944-45, and in the U.S. Army in Korea, 1946-48. He received his B.A. in English at the University of Mississippi, his Ph.D. in American Literature at Emory University. Dr. Taylor is an authority on William Faulkner and author of *Faulkner's Search for a South* (University of Illinois Press, 1983.)

"River of January" earned the 1986 John and Vita White Award for Best Travel Essay among UTEP faculty and staff contributors.

"It's at least 30," he shouts. "Who cares?"

I care. I am suspended over 100 feet of water, 6,000 miles from home, one with these blue waves and green mountains, one with Sugar Loaf and Corcovado and with the old, white city stretching up the hill. And with every seaman who has ever come to the river of January by sail or steam, with every sailor everywhere: one with Conrad and Melville, with Goncalves and the conquistadors.

At least, so I remember it, give or take 38 years.

"I like your cap," Jose O'Shea says and smiles his ironic smile.

I am wearing the old cap I use for jogging: burnt orange with UTEP in white on the bill. It is 10:55 p.m., December 31, 1983. Across the table of this crowded Copacabana sidewalk cafe, Jose and his financee are sipping daiquiris while Nancy and I struggle with *caipirinhas*, the Brazilian drink made from cane liquor poured over lime slices. We know Jose from UTEP where, 6,000 miles from his own home, this handsome half-Irish Brazilian majored in business and literature and farmed out his six-foot,

six-inch frame to Wayne Vandenberg's professional volleyball team; now he works in the Currency Exchange and talks of coming back to the States for his Ph.D. Beside him is Eneida Soto Maior, slender and brown haired, who works in the Customs Office and, like Jose, speaks fluent English.

"I should have brought you one," I say.

"I hate that cap," Nancy says. "He's worn it so long he thinks it's part of him. Why don't you get yourself a new one, darling?"

Jose removes his wrist watch from his pants pocket. "One hour till 1984," he says. "Then you can make your offering to the Devil."

"I made mine in this city a long time ago," I say. Jose smiles. He has heard my story about swimming in Guanabara Bay and has given me a new filip for the tale. In 1945, he says, every sewer in Rio ran into those blue waters. Still, I am feeling some of that old euphoria. Behind Jose and Eneida, the art-deco tower of the Othon Palace marks the center of a strip of white hotels and apartments that arcs some five miles along the Atlantic from Sugar Loaf on the northeast to Ar-

poador Point on the south. On all sides of us bands seem to be playing different sambas and young couples are dancing to all of them on the blue-and-white tiles of the sidewalk. Street urchins scramble through the dancers selling roses and behind them the Avenida Atlantica is choked with taxis and battered buses. Beyond the avenue, so crowded there is literally no place to stand, lies the widest and most perfect beach I have ever seen. And beyond the beach the Atlantic laps methodically toward the shore under a bright half-moon.

"Who are all these people?" Nancy asks. "Where do they come from?"

Jose frowns and leans toward us. All evening he has been trying to explain his country to his friends from the Colossus of the North. Many of these people are from the *favelas*, he says, the squatter shantytowns that cover the Rio hillsides; but most of them are peasants who have ridden all day in those old buses to make their libations to Iemanja, the Goddess, and to Exu, the Devil. "*Candumble*," he says, "black magic. It's African" — and he repeats what we have read: that the rites of Iemanja and Exu came to Brazil on slave ships, that only in later times did these deities acquire the Christian labels of Our Lady and the Devil. Of course, Exu shows a side of the Devil Christians won't admit to, Jose tells us. Exu plays evil tricks but he's not all evil. He shrugs. "Here the Devil is just another part of life."

"Are these the people you call *Cariocas*?" I ask.

"What is this, out of touch with myself?" I ask.

"You know it's true, darling," she says.

Jose shrugs again and smiles. *Cariocas* really means people from the white houses Rio is famous for: *cari*, white, *oca*, house. And yes, the name applies to people in the *favelas* too, only that isn't quite it either. Do we remember Walt Disney's Joe Carioca the



Nancy and Walter Taylor

parrot? Some North Americans think people from Rio ought to be insulted by that, but they like to think of themselves as parrots: happy and a little crazy.

Nancy gestures toward the Othon beside us. "So they're *Cariocas* too, the ones in the hotels."

"Some of them are Europeans and North Americans," Eneida says. "But many of them are from the *sertao*, the outback. They keep second homes in the hotels and call themselves *Cariocas*."

"You live in a rich country," I say.

"Rich!" Again Jose smiles his ironic smile. "In Brazil we are not rich!" Yes, he tells us, they say Brazil right now is where the United States was during the Gilded Age, ready to capitalize its resources. Only his countrymen got themselves so far in debt speculating that the boom never kicked off. He leans toward us, frowning. "But yes, there is money here. We are cutting

some of the dancers are leaving the sidewalks for the beach. Jose looks around us. "Time for fireworks," he says and rises.

We carry our drinks rather precariously across the Avenida Atlantica. There is only a sprinkling of tourists among the beach crowd now: women in Norma Kamali jogging suits, men in Yves St. Laurent chinos, the men walking always with one hand on their wallets, their eyes on the peasants around them. *And no wonder they resent us*, I think, *why shouldn't they?* But then, looking at the black and brown faces beside me, I realize that they do not hate us, not now anyway. Their eyes are on each other, and on the strange little trenches each family has dug in the sand.

We pause before one of the larger trenches. It contains a candelabra of stamped tin with four lighted candles, a white rose attached to each candle. In the center of the trench is a paper

erupt as hotel after hotel joins the display: great starbursts of white and green and blue and red explode from the roof of the Copacabana Palace, then from the Othon, then from the Rio. And now, for what seems an hour but must be no more than 20 minutes, the sky over Rio is showered with a radiance that not even Iemanjá or Exu could provide: sudden explosions that light the midnight with a quick, startling radiance, delayed explosions that flicker red, then phosphorescent white. At last, signalling the end, white cascades of fire fall like rivers from the hotels on each end of the beach and we are left, like the poor people around us, in awestruck silence. Euphoria: it can come so suddenly! I drape my arm around Nancy's shoulder. "Happy anniversary, darling!"

"Happy anniversary!" she whispers, and throws the roses into the sea.

I look up to see Eneida smiling at us. "What a shame you have to leave tomorrow!" she says.

"I have one more thing to do," I say. "I have to make my own offering to the Devil."

There is a big wind blowing in the next morning as I descend the steps to the Sheraton beach. I pull my cap closer on my head and look around me. It is a wide beach, heavy at high tide with all the refuse that the sea throws up: with soggy kelp and splintered boards and strands of rope and shards of broken bottles. I wade through the kelp and find the surf higher than I thought: line after line of blue, white-capped waves moves toward me, some of them head high. The first wave surprises me. I stagger, feeling the sting of salt in my eyes.

Euphoria: you have to be careful about it. Surf can do crazy things, lift you off your feet and crack you against the sand, break legs, strike your head on rocks. . . .

I walk forward, looking for head-high waves. Bubbles sparkle on the surface around me. Waves strike my chest, drive me off balance. I stagger erect and move forward.

Euphoria. I strip off my UTEP cap and fling it out over the waves. I watch as it arcs in the wind, then skips along the surface before the waves take it. My cap, committed to the kelp and splintered planks and broken bottles. I brace myself and stand, 6,000 miles from home, taking the force of the waves on my chest. □

"I have one more thing to do," I say. "I have to make my own offering to the Devil."

down our rain forests for lumber." Do we understand the ecological significance of that? "We are raping ourselves, converting rain forests into cash for the Chase Manhattan Bank while our unemployment becomes epidemic!" He leans back and sips from his daiquiri. Do we realize there is 50 percent unemployment in Rio? That, he tells us, is why you have to wear your watch in your pocket on New Year's Eve.

"They hate us here, don't they!" Nancy says.

Jose sips from his daiquiri. Yes, *Gringo* is a Brazilian word too, he says. But no, North Americans have always been accepted better in Brazil than in Spanish-speaking countries.

"And the CIA? Don't people blame us for the coup against Goulart in '64?"

Jose shrugs and looks rather helpless.

"Many do," Eneida says. "But Brazilians are fond of you still."

The noise of the crowd has risen and

plate containing two baked chicken legs, and at its end a half-empty wine bottle is lodged in the sand. This offering, Eneida tells us, is for Our Lady. "The roses are white." She points to a smaller trench where a bouquet of red roses flanks a half-empty quart beer bottle. "Red is for the Devil."

"And the bottles?"

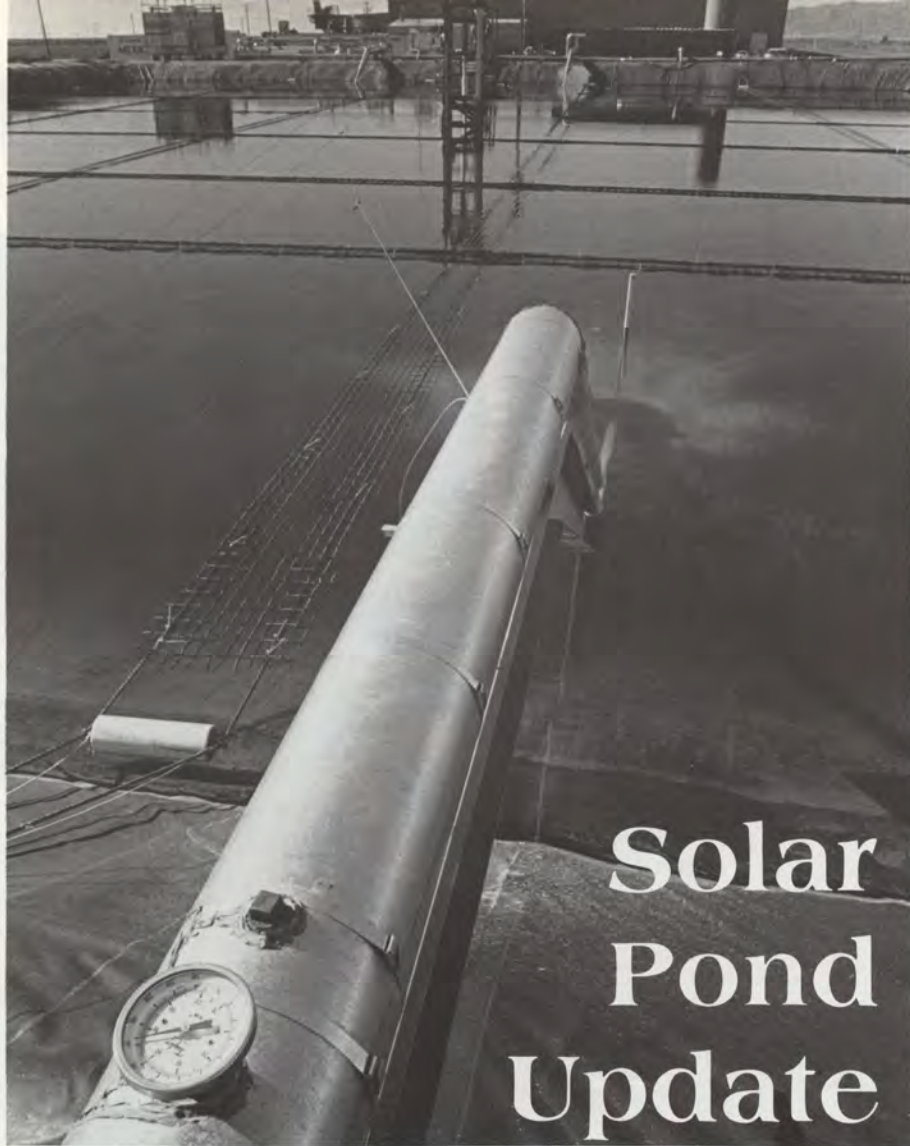
"You share a bottle with whomever you're praying to."

And how do Our Lady and the Devil claim the offerings?"

"They send the tide. If the sea takes the offerings the family is safe for the year. If it leaves them, bad luck falls on that house."

A flower boy passes and Nancy stops him. She buys a dozen roses. "Six for Our Lady and six for the Devil," she says. "We can use all the. . ."

Without warning, a series of explosions rocks us from the northeast end of the beach. We turn to see the first volley of fireworks falling from the sky above the Hotel Meridien. For a moment the crowd is silent. Then cheers



Solar Pond Update

In 1903 someone in Rumania reached into a lake and got a surprise. They knew right away it wasn't a normal body of water because the deeper the hand went, the hotter it got. Most lakes get colder the deeper you go. What was happening naturally is what solar energy researchers are working on duplicating in hopes of meeting the world's need for renewable forms of energy.

The Rumanian lake was filled with salt water. Snow on the nearby mountains was melting and the fresh water running into the lake to create a natural solar pond much like the one UTEP researchers maintain just off Route 54 in Northeast El Paso.

Last September it became the first solar pond in the nation to generate electricity. The only other such ponds producing electricity are in Israel and Australia. It holds another record of having been the first solar pond in the world to supply heat for industrial use

when in 1985 it began sending hot water into the adjacent Bruce Foods plant that makes Casa Fiesta Mexican Foods and Bruce's Yams.

To put the UTEP project into perspective, it's the second largest solar pond in the U.S. at .83 acre. The largest American one is the TVA solar pond in Chattanooga that's an acre large, while one pond in Israel covers 60 acres.

Another first for the UTEP pond is expected next year when it becomes the U.S. leader, and possibly the first in the world, to produce drinking water from salty water.

While UTEP built and operates the pond, funding and help come from not only the Bruce Foods Corporation that provides the site, but also the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation, the El Paso Electric Company, and the Texas Natural Resources Advisory Council.

The Bureau of Reclamation recently provided a 40-ton engine from Or-

mat Turbines of Israel to take the hot brine from the pond and turn it into power. It happens in a deceptively simple system where the hot water boils Freon into "steam" that spins the turbine that generates electricity.

On hand at the demonstration of the engine were representatives of the University, the federal government, the local electric company, private industry and state government. "This is a unique and outstanding example of a cooperative project between these groups," said Robert Reid, professor and chairman of the Mechanical and Industrial Engineering Department, who directs the UTEP team with Assistant Professor Andrew Swift.

The University benefits from having a site at which to conduct solar research. Bruce Foods benefits by receiving some of the hot water and electricity needed to run its food processing plant. The Bureau of Reclamation is learning about the cost effectiveness of such ponds providing large amounts of heat for desalting water in its role of developing water resources. And, El Paso Electric is interested in alternate energy sources.

The whole venture began about two years ago when workers started converting a deep-water shortage pond into a saline pond by trucking in 1700 tons of salt. Again, the resulting process is deceptively simple. As the pond is heated by the sun, the salt water becomes heavy enough to stay at the bottom. Less salty water is floated on top of the heavier layer to act as a transparent insulator to trap the warmth.

How much heat?

Well, enough that you can't hold a glass of water drawn from the bottom of the pond where the temperature stays about 185 degrees. And, since the pond can hold its warmth on cloudy days and at night, it can heat about 20 homes in the El Paso area around the clock on even the coldest days. The expected energy output is 100 kilowatts, enough to meet all the electricity needs for cooking, bathing, laundry and heating in 10 homes.

The next step comes in 1987 when the water desalting system begins operating. Thermal and electric energy from the pond will be used to power a low temperature desalination unit. The project holds a lot of promise for areas of the world, and especially the arid Southwest, where salty water is available, but unusable. □

HOMECOM



ING '86



It was the most successful Homecoming in years. Moving several events from Friday to Saturday resulted in greatly increased community involvement, and added to the spirit and enthusiasm that abounded.

Clockwise, from top left: James M. Day, chairman of the UTEP Heritage Commission, soliciting memorabilia for the Heritage Collection at the Golden Grads Luncheon; rekindling the bonfire tradition after many years; the new "Wall of Honor," at the Library is dedicated, recognizing endowed gifts from alumni and friends of the University; the Beach Boys give a post-game concert at the Special Events Center; heating things up at the chili cook-off; UTEP cheerleaders; Chi Omega sisters enjoying the pep rally; a "beach party" theme float at the homecoming parade; and the second annual 5K scholarship run.



Pat Mora of UTEP:

SHE BLOOMS, SHE STUNS

by Nancy Hamilton

In Mexico people say "Si Dios lo quiere." In Pakistan, it's "Inshallah."

"As the plane takes off in Pakistan, the voice on the loudspeaker gives passengers the usual information about the trip, then adds 'Inshallah (God willing),' says Pat Mora. I felt a kinship with the people I met in Pakistan because the words are used often and in the same sense as we find them in Mexico and here on the border."

She visited Pakistan last summer while her husband, Dr. Vern Scarborough, was teaching at the University of Peshawar under a Fulbright grant. During her three weeks there, she gave readings of her poetry in Peshawar and the national capital, Islamabad, where she shared the stage with Pakistani men and women poets.

"Women in the audience told me my poetry expressed many of their own feelings," says Mora. "I found that a lot of issues that we think of as very local, related to our own border, are really very universal."

At Islamabad a journalist who was fluent in English interviewed her for a newspaper that is published in Urdu, the official language of Pakistan. They have been corresponding since her return home. She sends him new poems she has written and he often publishes them in English before they appear in

part of her life, she says with regret, "I struggle to carve out time to do it."

This year her days are especially busy. Besides serving as assistant to the vice president for academic affairs at UT El Paso, she is spending a quarter of her working time as a Kellogg National Fellow. Under a three-year program, she is developing a research project and participating in seven seminars hosted by the W.K. Kellogg Foundation.

For this fellowship, she explains, she was asked to select a research topic outside her regular area of expertise, with the purpose of broadening her perspectives. At first she thought of doing something related to Hispanic writers, but the foundation encouraged her to look for another approach. "What else might you be interested in?" she was asked.

"Indigenous cultures," she responded, and came up with a project to study the impact of media on preservation of indigenous cultures. "I am exploring how the media work and how indigenous cultures pass on their life-ways, both in traditional ways and through the use of media, especially electronic media."

Her excitement about the work is infectious.

A broad smile lights her gamin face and her dark brown eyes shine with interest as she describes her purposes: "I

the United States. Some of the newspaper readers have written to Mora about her work.

Although writing poetry is an important

want to generally focus on the Americans. I'd like very much to locate an information program that is already in place that succeeds in using the media to help preserve an indigenous culture. The fellowship makes it possible for me to visit such a program and examine it."

She hopes to give a lot of attention to uses of television and videotapes in approaches to cultural preservation.

Some applications, she believes, then can be made in pursuing ways in which Hispanics/Mexican Americans could utilize the media in preserving their own cultures. "What are the issues and the dangers to be confronted?" she asks.

In December she is scheduled to go to Cuba for a seminar on political communication.

Meanwhile, since she began the fellowship last August, friends have been offering her suggestions and reference materials to help with the project. "The challenge," she observes, "is to find time to do some of the reading of professional and trade journals. Also I am trying to learn how we see what we see and why we see what we see as we do — the elements of communication as they apply to my investigation."

The study is open-ended in many ways. In the early months, Mora has been striving to select the issues she feels are especially important; for example, how young people of a culture can be taught to be more intelligent media consumers. Who is in control of the process of preserving a culture, she wonders. How does cultural information change when it is no longer told orally from one generation to another, but through the media? Will the use of

media help preserve indigenous cultures or cause them to become assimilated into other cultures more quickly?

The speed and universality of communications arts were made clear to her at a telecommunications conference she attended in the fall.

On her "wish list" of places and cultures she'd like to explore are the South Pacific islands, Peru, Mexico (especially the weavers of Chiapas), and some of the American Indians.

"I am trying to figure out the best places to go," she says, "because time goes very quickly and I have only one-fourth of my time available for this."

Mora finds that she is frustrated by the lack of time to do all the reading she'd like for her project. She cautions, "I don't want to get so deep into the project I quit writing."

Her first book of poetry, *Chants*, was published in 1984 by Arte Publico Press at the University of Houston and won the Southwest Book Award. Her second book, *Borders*, was released by the same publisher last spring.

Mora's achievements brought her to the attention of the Texas Commission on the Arts which invited her this year to serve a two-year term on its Literature Advisory Panel. The panel reviews applications for the funding of projects related to literature.

Her Hispanic heritage and the desert setting of the border are apparent in most of her poems. She also reveals her inner thoughts as a woman in love, a mother, an observer of life.

"Los Ancianos," one of the poems in her latest book, describes an elderly couple who hold hands as they walk across a plaza, contrasting them with scantily-clad tourists. "I watch him help her/off the curb and I smell love/like dried flowers, old love/of holding hands with one man for fifty years," she writes.

Another poem opens: "Desert women know/about survival." They are compared to cactus with deep roots and protective thorns; "When we bloom, we stun."

Some of her poetry reflects on family life; daughters Libby and Cissy and son Bill are central to "Same Song," "Mananitas: Birthday Song" and "To My Son" in her recent book. In "Marriage II" she sets up a dialog between herself, a poet digging for "blooms,/ still soft and fragrant" and her archaeologist husband, who digs for "echoes,/ shells, jade and pot shards . . . for songs/sung by the past."

Besides her interest in poetry, she belongs to the Society of Children's Book Writers, having written in both English and Spanish for young readers.

In 1983 a special issue of *New America: A Journal of American and Southwestern Culture* recognized her as one of the rising "Women Artists and Writers of the Southwest" and she was nominated for a General Electric Foundation Award for Young Writers. She also won a poetry award that year

Goblin

We laughed double that night,
a desert rain bursting down on us
after "Ghost Busters" lightning
flashier than the show inside.
You pulled my hand gently
jumping puddles, tugging
"You can make it. Jump."
My eleven-year-old mothering me.

I saw a flash
ghost of my future in slow
motion, shakey and gray leaning
on my red-haired daughter firm
of hand, squeezing to keep me
with her.

Busy in the present
tickled by the rain
and my shakey steps in high heels,
you missed my sneak preview, my
spook.

When did your hand grow so?
Yesterday I hid it safe
in mine, squeezed and squeezed
when the wind gobbled my words.
— Pat Mora

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from the National Association of Chicano Studies and her winning poem was published in *Bilingual Review*. A number of journals and anthologies have published her poetry in recent years.

A native El Pasoan, Pat Mora received her B.A. degree in English from Texas Western College in 1963 and her M.A. in English in 1967, the year the college became The University of Texas at El Paso. She taught for the El Paso Independent School

District, El Paso Community College, and UTEP before being tapped in 1981 for the new position of assistant to the vice president for academic affairs.

While academic affairs covers the broad spectrum of everything going on in classrooms and laboratories, she has devoted attention to strengthening some particular services, among them continuing education, encouraging women who did not complete degrees to return to school, and stirring interest in education among Hispanics through special activities such as those held during National Hispanic Week on campus.

Last summer the *El Paso Herald-Post* listed Mora among the "best and brightest" young El Pasoans. She was described as one who "eloquently addresses the concerns of the city's Mexican Americans." She was quoted: "I'm committed to the idea that the University must stay in touch with the Mexican-American community."

Her concern for greater understanding of Hispanics has been expressed in her writings, among them an article published in the *Kansas City Star-Times* in 1983:

"In recent years, attention has been given in this country to human resources: gifted youngsters, motivated employees. Perhaps there is also ethnic resource, a cultural group which if viewed with vision, if allowed and encouraged to know, understand and share its culture, can counter the diminished humanity that chills all of us at times as we confront form letters and computerized bills. . . . What a waste it will be if our American family continues to ignore the values of its Hispanic members, if it continues to view us as a persistent problem rather than part of a solution."

One of her poems, "University Avenue," expresses the sense of being one of the generation of Hispanics who are the first to achieve university education: "We are the first/of our people to walk this path." After examining the heritage they bring to this new path, she concludes: "We do not travel alone./Our people burn deep within us."

It is this deep commitment to her culture that she brings to her new work, the research about people in other places whose cultures are being affected by the swift-paced communications breakthroughs of these times. She will be observing them, not with the impartial eye of a scholar, but with the heart of a poet. □



McBeth with the "Texas Wedge"

James McBeth has been working hard for 12 hours in the hot August sun. He admits that might have made him a little more argumentative than usual when a student entering the library took exception to the sculpture he was putting into place.

"The student, Jerry, asked me how much the sculpture was worth, and like a fool I told him. I should have known better, but after 12 hours of work I get a little testy," McBeth said. The mathematics major told McBeth that amount of money would pay for a lot of books, "and that's when I called him an ass."

Jerry went in the library, but came back a half hour later and quietly asked McBeth to tell him about the art. "I started out talking about the relationship between math and art, something my piece easily shows. Then I asked him how long it took him to read a book. He said about a month. So, I asked him to look at the piece for a month, to give it as much time as he would give a book." Jerry said he would and McBeth apologized for calling him what he did.

Admittedly, the area in front of the campus library took on a new look this past summer when McBeth began mounting 196 square tubes on a wedge. Onlookers weren't sure what they were looking at. Some of them asked "is this art?" Others asked "what is it?" One student said with conviction "I think it's art" as she and her friend moved around the piece.

"Yes it's art, and darn good art" is the belief of the committee that chose McBeth's sculpture from the 70 pro-

The Texas Wedge

by Marilyn McClure

posals submitted from around the nation. The committee was appointed by President Haskell Monroe to include campus and community members. Acting as consultant to it was nationally known sculptor John Pappas.

"I think McBeth's work speaks to both aesthetics and technology," said Charles Fensch, chairman of the Art and Drama Departments. "I see all kinds of wonderful, playful things happening with it. I think it's a good piece to introduce contemporary art to the area. Everyone can relate to it with its intriguing light play and sound."

The "Texas Wedge" is a large triangular piece with 196 square aluminum tubes placed six to nine inches apart and mounted on an aluminum base. The gold anodized tubes are four feet high at the front and rise to 20 feet at the back of the sculpture.

Creator McBeth is an art professor at Weber State College in Ogden, Utah. His previous public commissions include the Park City Library Plaza in Park City, Utah, Weber State College, the Salt Lake Art Center, and the Christian Fellowship Center and Christ Methodist Church in Salt Lake City.

He said he planned his UTEP work to change in color and form as the viewer moved around it. "I wanted to convey the feeling of power and grace in a design of reserved pure geometry that reflected the calm dignity of traditional values, while at the same time expressed the vitality of new ideas and technological challenges in the material and design."

He said it would even take him time to get used to his new piece, so he's forgiving of those who don't take to it right away. "I want to come back and see it in the winter light. I want to come upon it and see it for the first time in a new way. It takes a while to 'see' a new piece, to get to know it. I'm a little awed, frankly."

Since the piece sits on the western side of the building, the setting sun hits the sculpture and changes it from minute to minute from a bright, almost sun yellow to the quiet yellow of fine gold. The wands cast shadows on one another and the ground to add another dimension to the piece, and they move gracefully with the wind.

The piece was designed to withstand winds up to about 85 mph.

The tubes are open at the top, allowing the wind to play over the surface. McBeth said he didn't design his work to "sing" in the wind, and he was happy it didn't while the adhesive was curing. "I was grateful I didn't hear anything just then."

"But, people seem to associate the piece with sound. They ask if it's a pipe organ as they try to fit it in with something they know. I try to explain it's a one-of-a-kind piece of art, like nothing they know, but people still try to relate it to something they've seen. I guess that can't be helped."

McBeth agrees something of his musical background might have found its way into the piece. He plays such reed instruments as the saxophone and clarinet, and is currently studying the bagpipes which are played where he found his original inspiration for the sculpture three years ago.

He was visiting the Stennis Stones on the Orkney Islands in northern Scotland. He said the dark wedged slabs of gray stone gave the place a special presence and he wanted to recreate that feeling of his family homeland in a work of art. There are only five of the stones still standing of a circle of what was probably about 50 at one time. Their meaning and purpose remain a mystery.

The commission for the resulting sculpture was \$20,000, but almost all of that amount was spent on materials, anodizing and transportation. The materials alone cost about \$16,000.

The money came from the original terms of the Library construction. Under those terms, one percent of the building cost was to be spent on art. Such agreements are fairly common for public buildings.

"We are making a contribution to the community through this art. Industries thinking of locating in El Paso judge the city's quality of life and cultural advantages, and art like this helps convey that message," said Diana Natalicio, vice president for academic affairs.

As with all good art, viewers have mixed feelings about the sculpture. Some walk away from it shaking their

(Continued on inside back cover)

By Elroy Bode

About Garrison Keillor

He does not tell stories. He talks, and stories emerge. In his intimate half-whisper he starts telling us about Father Emil and the Tollefson boy, or Ralph's Pretty Good Grocery, and once again we are lured into an imaginary world. As listeners in our cars going down country roads, as friends gathered in a room, as the audience in that now-famous auditorium in St. Paul, Minnesota, we are ready for more news from Lake Wobegon, "where the women are strong, and the men are good looking, and all the children are above average."

... "Tell us a story," children have always said, settling back, waiting, ready to let the words of someone they trust build images for them in their minds. And like adult children, here we are on Saturday afternoon turning on the radio and settling back, waiting for a tall man with a somber Norwegian voice to tell us more happenings from his imaginary home town.

What is going on here? What does this man have to offer that we didn't even know we were missing? What does he satisfy—nourish—in us?

Lake Wobegon Days has sold a million copies and made the author a celebrity, but fans who only buy the books and never listen to "The Prairie Home Companion" do not know — cannot know — what Garrison Keillor

is all about.

What he is about is his voice.

He talks, and we listen. We smile our appreciative smiles. You see, we like his style. There are no false notes, no phoniness (Holden Caulfield would have wanted to write "old Garrison" a letter). But it is not just the rightness of his phrasing, delivery, intonation that we value. It is the use he puts them to. He is telling us truths and he is bringing us beauty: the beauty of insight, of perception, of restraint, of fun, of compassion, of imagination.

He talks, and like a benevolent alchemist he bends humor into pathos and pathos back into humor — sometimes within the same sentence. (He pauses, there is a beat, a breath, and because we are so attuned to him, because we trust him, because his signals are so impeccable, we know exactly how to respond: whether to smile or not-smile, or to smile-and-not-smile at the same moment.) He turns on its head the notion that there are separate categories of experience. He shows us that some experiences, if understood clearly, are kin, are hand-and-glove. He slips on the masks of comedy and tragedy and then, as we listen, we gradually understand that he has been wearing a single mask after all — and we aren't sure which it is.

That is his art.



He is not just painting portraits of small town figures and chronicling their foibles. He is celebrating us — with a passion. It is as if he is saying: These stories contain the immutable specifics of how we are — the DNA's of our humanity. He has given us the opportunity to focus, once again, on the forgotten truth of *Our Town*: that ordinary, everyday living is the most significant living we ever do — the living we never value until it is gone.

Thus his stories are both songs and sermons. As he sings his plaintive, gentle tales about Lake Wobegonians we recognize all the melodies because they are the familiar songs of ourselves. And the text of his sermons is always the same: We must know each other, understand each other, love each other, for we have inherited the earth together and death — like the Minnesota winter — is always waiting for us outside the door of the Chatterbox Cafe. □

Couple in the Park

I was wandering around downtown San Antonio one afternoon and decided to see what Jazz in the Park was all about. It was an easy-going Sunday in September and the people in Travis Park were milling around near the outdoor stage — eating sandwiches, drinking beer, listening to the music. Local bands had been playing since noon and Dave Brubeck was scheduled for eight o'clock.

I got a Coors in a paper cup and watched a pair of frisbee throwers charm a group of kids. Then, as the Herbie Mann Quartet began setting up on stage, I noticed them: the couple on the blanket.

The woman, in her late 30s, was pretty and fair-skinned — with the kind of soft flesh that bruises easily. She had a neatly lipsticked mouth, carefully made-up eyes, and I could almost smell the powder and moisturizer. An expensive red-and-white striped dress smoothly outlined the hourglass curves of her body.

She was lying back on her elbows beside her husband — obviously trying to be a good sport on the blanket-island beneath the tall pecan trees. But she just couldn't keep from yawning — graceful little partings of her lips half-covered by pats of her red-nailed fingers. From time to time she

would lean close to her husband, trying to make comments that he could hear above the music. Occasionally she would slowly, lovingly rub her nose against the hair of his arm. Sometimes she even remembered to move her feet a little with the beat of the music — politely, mechanically.

Her husband — he with the tan walking shorts, the meaty legs crossed at the knee; he with the freckled arms and reddish, clipped beard: did he ever turn in his wife's direction to smile a bit or nod at one of her comments? Did he ever break his sphinx-like stare into the legs of the spectators standing in front of them? You can bet your sweet *fajita* he did not. He remained there, thrust back on his arms — an-

(Continued on inside back cover)

EXTRACTS

by Marianne Fleager

DEVELOPMENT & ALUMNI ASSOCIATION NEWS

'86 Homecoming Brings Renewed Spirit & Attendance to Campus

The 1986 Outstanding-Ex Banquet, honoring Ellis O. Mayfield, broke all attendance records as more than 550 people crowded into the El Paso Country Club for this annual Homecoming event. Mr. Mayfield, a prominent local attorney, was selected Outstanding Ex-Student from a field of 100 eligible alumni. His outstanding service to the University includes his chairmanship of the 1986 President's Associates, his past chairmanship of UTEP's Corporate and Business Gifts Campaign, his and Mrs. Mayfield's longtime membership in both the President's Associates and the alumni Matrix Society, and their annual Mayfield Family Presidential Scholarship which provides for a student at UTEP. In 1986, the Mayfields provided the annual Alumni Fund with a challenge grant which matched any new gifts and increases made by alumni over their 1985 gifts.

In addition to the Outstanding-Ex Banquet, numerous new Homecoming activities were added and many annual events saw increased participation. The Alumni Association 5K Fun Run increased from 200 to 300 participants this year and the annual



The Vowell family participates in the Homecoming dedication of the recently renamed Jack C. Vowell Hall (formerly Old Kelley Hall).

Chili Cook-Off and Parade were both moved from Friday to Saturday so that alumni and community attendance increased. A new and very successful event in '86 was the Bonfire/Spirit Rally which was held in the Sun Bowl parking lot and drew 2000 students and alumni the night before the football game.

Sports activities, beside the Fun

Run, were expanded to include tennis teams, volleyball competition and a flag football game.

Two notable events this year were the dedication of the "Wall of Honor" in the University Library and the re-naming of Old Kelly Hall to Jack C. Vowell Hall. The Wall of Honor in the University Library holds plaques which feature the names of University

Will Your Status Change in '87?

The majority of Americans fall into the category of non-itemizers. Yet in future years, even more taxpayers will become non-itemizers as the standard deduction will increase and several popular deductions (i.e., consumer credit, sales taxes and some medical expenses) become phased out or eliminated. As a result, fewer taxpayers will have enough deductible expenses to itemize.

Even if you itemize this year, you may not be eligible to do so next year. Now is the time to look ahead to see if you will be able to itemize in 1987. If not, consider the added tax savings that greater gifts this year will yield. If you expect to be taxed at a lower rate next year, taking more deductions this year than next can help you save more, while the impact of your giving has an immediate and lasting benefit to The University of Texas at El Paso. □

supporters who have donated either scholarship or endowment funds.

Overall, this year's Homecoming events and participation set the record for all others to follow. □

Ellis & Susan Mayfield Professorship Provided Challenge for Alumni Fund

Early this year, Ellis and Susan Mayfield of El Paso provided a gift of \$50,000 toward a professorship at the University which also served as a "challenge grant" to increase alumni gifts in 1986. The challenge was met by alumni who made new and increased gifts to receive the matching funds. Recently, the Mayfields contributed their second gift of \$50,000 which finalized the formation of

the Ellis and Susan Mayfield Professorship Fund in the College of Business Administration.

Mr. Mayfield is the current chairman of the President's Associates donor group at the University. Both he and Mrs. Mayfield are members of the President's Associates, the alumni Matrix Society donor group, and the Chancellor's Council of The University of Texas System. □

Time is Short for Short-Form Givers

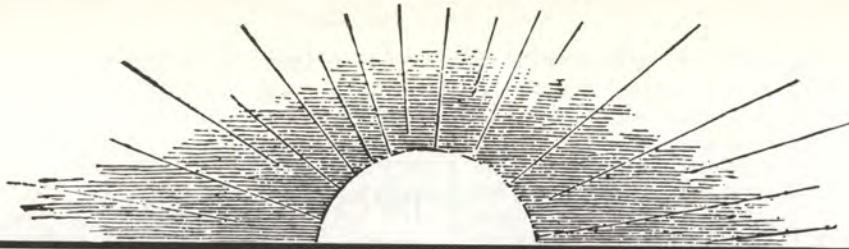
As most have heard by now, Congress has recently passed the most sweeping tax reforms in our history. The provisions which will become law beginning next year have important effects for people who make charitable gifts of any size.

However, one of the most exciting provisions of the Economic Recovery Tax Act of 1981 finally comes into full effect in 1986. For the first time ever, those who do not itemize their deductions are

able to deduct their charitable gifts of cash and certain other property in full.

They can deduct charitable gifts up to 50% of adjusted gross income (30% if appreciated property is given), just as those who itemize their deductions do.

Remember that the charitable deduction for non-itemizers will expire at the end of 1986. So if you have been thinking of making a special gift, 1986 may be the year to do so. □



ALUMNOTES

1920-1949

Trebor B. Morris (B.S. 1927), who retired from Dresser Industries in 1978, is a resident of Houston.

Thomas J. Williams (B.A. '49; M.A. '50) is an attorney in San Francisco.

Nancy Hamilton (B.A. '49; M.A. '54), associate director of Texas Western Press, received the UTEP Department of Communication's Hicks-Middagh Award for Excellence for 1986. The award has been given annually since 1981 and was named in honor of two former department chairmen, Virgil Hicks and John J. Middagh. It recognizes an outstanding alumnus in the journalism field who has been graduated from the department for at least 10 years and is recognized as a leader in his or her profession.

1950-1959

Alfonso Holguin (B.A. '51), professor of epidemiology and administrative sciences in The University of Texas School of Public Health at Houston's satellite program in San Antonio, was selected by public health school students to receive the 1986 John P. McGovern Outstanding Teacher Award. The honor is given for "cultivating confidence, stimulating curiosity, promoting professional development and contributing to students' abilities to think independently." Dr. Holguin joined the faculty in 1974. He earned his medical degree at The University of Texas at Galveston and his Master's of public health degree at Harvard University.

Don Henderson (B.S. '56; Outstanding Ex 1980) is president of the El Paso Chamber of Commerce. He was recently elected to the board of directors of First City National Bank.

Roger Ortiz (B.A. '57), El Paso

by Sue Wimberly

dentist, has been elected director of the Texas Dental Association's Southwestern division.

1960-1969

Three UTEP mining engineering graduates occupied key positions for Chevron Resources Company in starting up production of their Mt. Taylor underground uranium mine located near Grants, New Mexico. **Jay H. Reynolds** (B.S. '61), manager of uranium operations for Chevron, is in charge of the Mt. Taylor mine and also manages the Panna Maria Uranium Mine and Mill complex near Hobson, Texas. **Jack W. Burgess** (B.S. '61) is directing the on-site development and mining, and **Donald K. Winsor** (B.S. '51), senior mine engineer, is in charge of the engineering staff and mine planning. All three men are married to UTEP alumnae. They are, respectively: **Marlene Lavis Reynolds** (B.A. '61), **Kay Crawford Burgess** (B.A. '60), and **Sue Mayfield Reynolds** (B.A. '51).

Michael B. Howe, Col./USA (B.S. '62) has been appointed project manager for the U.S. Army's CH-47 cargo helicopter and MV-22 tilt-rotor aircraft programs at the U.S. Army Aviation Systems Command in St. Louis, Missouri. He is responsible for the modernization of the CH-47 aircraft and introduction of the next major aircraft in the Army's inventory — 231 MV-22 tilt-rotor Osprey. His wife is the former **Diane Hunter** (B.B.A. '63).

Henry Rettig (B.A. '62), vice president of deBruyn/Rettig Advertising Agency, was named Businessman of the Year by the Association for Retarded Citizens of El Paso.

John T. Coulehan, Senior Chief Musician/U.S. Navy (1964 etc.), is concertmaster of the United States Navy Band,

Washington, D.C. In addition to his concert duties, he is first clarinetist and soloist. Coulehan joined the Navy Band in 1967.

Bob D. Gaines (B.B.A. '65), dean of the Division of Business and Industrial Technology at Tyler Junior College, Tyler, Texas, has been selected Outstanding Alumnus for 1986 at East Texas State University, where he received his Master of Science degree in 1981.

Larry Durham (B.S. '66), president of The Durham Companies, Rosemead, California, is president of the National School Transportation Association (NSTA). Durham's contracting operation, Russell Transportation, operates a school bus fleet in California, Washington and Texas. The publication *School Bus Fleet* selected Durham as Contractor of the Year. The award was given to Durham for "leadership in resolving NSTA's insurance crises, bringing sound business practices to the field of pupil transportation and pioneering contracting in Texas."

Joe H. Smith (B.S. '66) has been elected president of the Geophysical Society of Houston.

Robert F. Ruiz (B.S. '66) has been appointed chairman of InterContinental Micro Systems (ICM), Anaheim, California. A cofounder of ICM, he assumes the chairman's responsibilities in addition to his duties as president.

Lynn Spencer (B.S. '64; M.Ed. '67), a professor of English at the InterAmerican University of Puerto Rico since 1974, is presently in El Paso on sabbatical leave.

Carol Beard Feickert (B.A. '66) is special events coordinator for the country club in Abilene, Texas.

Nicholas Mark Pulaski (B.M. '67) was awarded a Master's degree in Biblical Studies from CBN University in Virginia Beach, Virginia.

Karen Jones Howard (B.A. '67) of Abilene, a certified speech-

language pathologist and director of Associates in Speech and Language Services, has been appointed to the Continuing Education Board of the American Speech-Language-Hearing Association.

Pat Ellis Taylor (B.A. '69; M.A. '76), poet and short story writer, has won a UT Austin fellowship at the Paisano ranch, home of the late J. Frank Dobie, where she will pursue her literary interests until February. Her books include *Border Healing Woman*, which won a Southwest Book Award in 1981, and *Afoot in a Field of Men*, winner of the Austin Book Award in 1983.

Diana Higgins (B.S. '68) has joined the faculty of Hardin-Simmons University as assistant professor of education. She has been a faculty associate at Phoenix College (Arizona) and Arizona State University.

Charles M. Meacham (B.B.A. '69), executive vice president and chief operating officer of Commonwealth Federal Savings and Loan, Norristown, Pennsylvania, has been named to the Insured Savings Association of Delaware Valley Board of Governors.

1970-1975

Bertha Morales (B.A. '70) is the manager of the Northeast Texas Employment Commission office in El Paso.

Ricardo Rios (B.B.A. '70), incoming general chairman of the UTEP Alumni Fund for Excellence, is president and branch manager of EGT, an El Paso stock brokerage firm.

Vallard Lee (B.A. '71; M.Ed. '80) has been named Teacher of the Year by the Ysleta Independent School District. Lee is a sixth grade science teacher at Tierra del Sol Elementary, and was nominated for the award by his colleagues at the elementary school.

Dennis John O'Connor (B.S. '71) has joined Watkins Motor Lines as terminal manager in El

Paso. Prior to joining Watkins he was operations manager for Danny Herman Trucking.

Bruce R. Nelson (B.A. '73), is the technical publications editor for the Academy of Health Services, U.S. Army, Ft. Sam Houston, Texas.

James Brundage (B.S. '74), vice president of Rogers and Belding Insurance Agency, El Paso, has been named one of the top performing sales associates of the Commercial Union Life Insurance Company of America.

Edna Mae Walker (B.S. '75), a teacher in the Socorro Independent School District, has received the highest award given by the World of Poetry, a professional poets' association. The Golden Poet Award for 1986 was presented to her in August in Orlando, Florida.

Mary L. Mooney (B.A. '75; M.A. '76), an instructor in the hearing impaired program at El Paso Community College, was honored by the Retarded Citizens of El Paso with their Individual of the Year Award.

1976-1979

Marcia Keller (B.A. '76) was named Disabled Person of the Month in August by the advisory board of the El Paso Multipurpose Center for the Handicapped. Keller, who is blind, is the telephone switchboard operator at Western Bank. The award is given to individuals who have demonstrated outstanding achievements despite disabilities.

Mary Jo Moeri Burton (B.A. '76), formerly senior producer/director for the Department of Biomedical Communications, Media Production Unit, UT Medical Branch in Galveston, has joined the community relations department of St. Luke's Hospital in Kansas City where she is manager of media services. She is in charge of four service units including computer graphic, photography, media production and AV/hospital TV network services.

Brent A. Wells (B.S. '76) completed his doctorate in April at Logan College of Chiropractic in St. Louis, and is now in practice with the Chiropractic Center of Creve Coeur.

Charles N. Taylor Jr. (B.S. '77) is program director with the Adolescent Chemical Dependency Unit, Laurelwood Hospital, in The Woodlands, Texas.

Ana Maria Briones-Masoodi (B.B.A. '77) is sales manager with Sherton Park Place, El Paso.

Timothy J. Hourigan, Capt./USA (B.A. '77), who has

been teaching military intelligence classes at Ft. Huachuca, Arizona, for the past three years, has assumed command there of Company G, 2nd School Battalion, 1st School Brigade, U.S. Army Intelligence Center and School. He was a distinguished military graduate at UTEP, receiving his commission in military intelligence.

Dean Allcorn (B.B.A. '78), a certified public accountant formerly associated with the El Paso Company in Houston, has joined Cooper Industries, Houston, in their international tax department. He is currently in his third semester at South Texas College of Law, specializing in tax law.

Wade Blacketor (M.B.A. '78) is vice president of finance with Schenkein Associates in Englewood, Colorado. His sister **Paula D. Blacketor**, M.D. (B.S. '80), is continuing an OB/GYN

residency at Kaiser Permanente Medical Center in Santa Clara, California.

1980-1985

Ricardo Diaz (B.S. '80) has begun a residency training program in general surgery at the Mayo Graduate School of Medicine in Rochester, Minnesota. He received his M.S. degree at Texas Tech University in 1986.

Kent Morrison (B.S. '80) has joined Executone of West Texas, El Paso, as a sales representative.

Manuel Pacillas (B.S. '82), a process engineer with Inland Steel Company, presented a paper entitled "Inland's ASEA Ladle Metallurgy Station" at their Chicago annual spring technical dinner.

C. Hamilton Davison Jr. (M.S. '84) has been named vice

president of Paramount International, a division of Paramount Cards Inc., Providence, Rhode Island.

Fernando Silva (B.S. '84; M.S. '86) has joined the El Paso engineering firm of Parkhill, Smith and Cooper. An environmental engineer, he will be involved in engineering design of various municipal and industrial waste treatment facility projects.

Mike Juarez (B.A. '85) recently exhibited his art work at the Bridge Gallery in El Paso.

Andres J. Garza (B.S. '85) received his commission of ensign in the U.S. Navy in July on completion of Aviation Officer Candidate School in Pensacola, Florida.

Richard Stephen Bland (B.S. '85) is a juvenile probation officer for Porter County, Indiana (Valparaiso). His father is **Richard L. Bland** (B.A. '65), also of Valparaiso.

DEATHS

NOVA has learned that a special heart-treatment unit at Methodist Hospital, San Antonio, has been named in honor of **Dr. Richard Eric Van Reet** (B.S. 1973), whose death was reported in our September issue. Dr. Van Reet, 33, a cardiologist who died June 4, specialized in angioplasty, a method of removing blockages from the coronary artery by balloon catheter. In addition to his wife, Dr. Patricia Strickbine Van Reet (B.A. 1973), of San Antonio, and his parents of El Paso, he is survived by his sister, Sandra Blystone (B.A. 1971), and four brothers: Edward (B.S. 1980), John (B.S. 1975), Leo (B.S. 1970) and Keith, presently a student at UTEP.

Gene J. Ray (B.S. 1965), a resident of El Paso since 1959, June 14. She is survived by her three sons.

Edwin B. Erhardt (B.B.A. 1951), June 23. He is survived by his sister, Mrs. Jack Dungan, of El Paso.

Dale Stanton Lindsey (B.B.A. 1976), of Arlington, Texas, June 23. Survivors are his wife, Diane Lindsey, and his mother and sister of El Paso.

Horace T. Duffey (B.B.A. 1978), El Paso resident, July 14. His wife, Maravel Duffey, and several children, survive him.

Frederick Anthony Swingle (B.S.N. 1981), July 14. Survivors are his wife, Melissa A. Swingle, and his son Michael.

Rodolfo C. Estrada (B.S. 1954), July 15. His wife, Evangeline Estrada, three sons and five daughters, survive him.

Jack T. Thompson (B.A. 1950), vice president of marketing and customer relations for El Paso Natural Gas Company, July 20. He is survived by his wife, Betty Thompson, two sons and two daughters.

Helen H. Ramsdale (B.S. 1959), retired Burges High School (El Paso) teacher, July 25. Her son survives her.

Marjorie Harris Lowenhaupt (1934 etc.), of El Paso, in August. Her husband, Edward H. Lowenhaupt, and two sons survive her.

James E. Puckett (B.A. 1956), of Dallas, August 5. He is survived by his wife, Nancy Puckett, and his son, Andrew.

Fay Sitton Kleban (B.A. 1969), in El Paso, August 7. Survivors include her daughter and son.

Harold H. Harlacker (B.A. 1933), of La Mesa, New Mexico, August 8. His wife, Ruth Harlacker, survives.

Theodore H. Dunkle, SFC/USA ret. (B.S. 1978), of El Paso, August 12. His wife and several sons survive him.

William Henry Rutherford (B.B.A. 1936), of El Paso, August 18. He is survived by his sister.

Alberto Islas (B.A. 1951), an employee of the U.S. Postal System in El Paso, August 21. His

wife, Margaret Islas, two sons and a daughter survive.

Frank G. Jezl, M/Sgt./USA ret. (B.S. 1978), of El Paso, September 10. His wife, Georgette Jezl, and three daughters, survive.

Patrick Lee Lockridge (B.S. 1932), retired metallurgist of Sinton, Texas, September 13. He is survived by his wife, Clarisse Lockridge.

Bulah A. Liles Patterson, a professor of mathematics at the University from 1927 until her retirement in 1967, October 2. A memorial scholarship fund is being established in her name. Contributions may be sent to the UTEP Development Office.

Joe N. Hamrah (B.S. 1944), El Paso businessman, October 1. Survivors are his mother and several sisters.

Armando Calderon (B.S. 1963), a safety engineer at White Sands Missile Range, October 1. He is survived by his wife, Elvia Calderon, a son and a daughter, all of El Paso.

David B. Martin (B.S. 1971), a resident of Houston, October 2. He is survived by his parents, brother and sister.

Dean Corwin Deupree (B.A. 1956; M.Ed. 1962), a teacher for over 30 years in El Paso public schools, in Shell Beach, California, October 5. He is survived by his wife, Donna Deupree, and two daughters.

ART/MUSEUMS

EL PASO CENTENNIAL MUSEUM: Hours 10 a.m.-4:30 p.m. Tuesday-Friday, and 1:30-5:30 p.m. Sundays. The museum also houses exhibits on natural history, anthropology, and rocks and minerals of the Southwest.

DECEMBER: Biennial exhibit by the El Paso Chapter of the Embroiderers' Guild of America, includes tapestry commemorating the Texas Sesquicentennial.

MAIN GALLERY FOX FINE ARTS CENTER: Hours 8:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m. Monday-Friday:

Jan. 22-Feb. 11 Drawing Invitational.

Feb. 20-Mar. 12 Exhibit by Albert Wong and James Hill.

GLASS GALLERY FOX FINE ARTS CENTER: Hours 8:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m. Monday-Friday:

Jan. 19-Feb. 6 Roger Cutforth.

UNION EXHIBITION GALLERY, 2nd floor Union East: Hours 10 a.m.-1 p.m. weekdays, plus 5-7 p.m. Wednesdays and Fridays:

Jan. 26-Feb. 13 (reception 6-8 p.m. Jan. 26) Local Artists Mixed-Media Exhibit.

DANCE

Feb. 27 8 p.m. in Magoffin Auditorium, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by Ballet de France in their first North American tour, sponsored by the Student Programs Office Arts Committee. General admission \$6, \$3 for card-carrying UTEP alumni, children under 18 and senior citizens. Free to UTEP students, faculty and staff. Discount and free tickets must be picked up at the University Ticket Center.

DRAMA

UNION DINNER THEATER: Time & ticket information 747-5711. Feb. 13-14, 20-21, 27-28, matinees Feb. 22 & Mar. 1 "They're Playing Our Song" by Neil Simon, Marvin Hamlisch and Carol Bayer Sager.

STUDIO THEATER: Jan. 29-31 at 8 p.m., matinee Jan. 31 & Feb. 1 at 2:30 p.m. "Bosoms and Neglect" by John Guare, directed by Joes Zizik.

DRAMA DEPARTMENT PRODUCTION:

Main playhouse, Fox Fine Arts Center. Ticket information 747-5146.

Feb. 27 & 28 and March 6 & 7 at 8 p.m., matinees Mar. 1 & 8 at 2:30 p.m. "Hedda Gabler" by Henrik Ibsen, directed by C. L. Etheridge.

EVENTS

Dec. 19 7 p.m. Winter Commencement

FILMS

All films shown in the Union Theatre at 1 & 7 p.m. Admission is free to UTEP students with a valid ID. For other ticket information, please call 747-5481.

January:

28 Gallipoli (Great Director's Series)

30 Out of Africa

February:

4 Frenzy (Great Director's Series)

6 St. Elmo's Fire

11 Romeo and Juliet

13 Choose Me

18 Kongi's Harvest

20 To Sir, With Love

25 Emmanuelle

27 Prizzi's Honor

March:

4 The Girls

6 The French Lieutenant's Woman

11 Pee Wee Herman's Big Adventure

13 Spring Break

SPORTS

MEN'S BASKETBALL (*denotes home games in Special Events Center)

December:

20 TBA at Washington, D.C., Georgetown University.

22 7:30 p.m. at Beaumont, Lamar University

28-29 7 & 9 p.m. Sun Bowl Tournament: UTEP, Texas, Auburn, Iowa State.

31 *7:35 p.m. Morgan State University.

January:

3 7:35 p.m. at Honolulu, University of Hawaii.

5 7:35 p.m. at San Diego, San Diego State.

9 *7:35 p.m. Brigham Young University.

10 *7:35 p.m. University of Utah.

16 7:35 p.m. at Fort Collins, Colorado State.

17 7:35 p.m. at Laramie, University of Wyoming

22 *7:35 p.m. Colorado State.

26 7:35 p.m. at Albuquerque, University of New Mexico.

31 *on TV 1:05 p.m. University of New Mexico.

February:

5 7:35 p.m. at Salt Lake City, University of Utah.

7 on TV 3:05 p.m. in Provo, Brigham Young University.

13 *7:35 p.m. San Diego State.

14 *7:35 p.m. University of Hawaii.

21 7:35 p.m. Colorado Springs, Air Force Academy.

26 *7:35 p.m. Air Force Academy.

28 *on TV 3:05 p.m. University of Wyoming. WAC Basketball Tournament March 3-7 at the Pit in Albuquerque.

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL (times TBA, *denotes home games in Special Events Center)

December:

20 *New Mexico State University.

21 *Oregon State.

January:

2 *Lamar.

5 at San Diego, U.S. International.

7 at San Diego.

9 at Los Angeles, Loyola-Marymount.

10 at Malibu, Pepperdine.

13 *Eastern New Mexico.

17 at Las Cruces, New Mexico State.

19 at Flagstaff, Northern Arizona.

24 *Howard Payne.

29 at Alpine, Sul Ross.

February:

5 at San Antonio, UT San Antonio.

7 at San Marcos, Southwest Texas State.

12 *New Mexico.

14 -Texas Christian.

28 *UT San Antonio.

Bode...(from page 13)

gled away from his wife for an hour or more. He offered her his profile, his crossed legs, his impenetrable isolation. Toothpick in mouth — in beard — he faced outward like Napoleon gazing across Elba.

So there she was: pretty and affectionate and ignored in her peppermint-stripe dress: an upper-middle-class matron linked on a Sunday afternoon outing to her reclining statue of a husband. What to do? how to pass the time? . . . She twitched her cupid-bow lips in more suppressed yawns. She crossed and recrossed her sweetly calved, moisturized legs. She looked

about at the crowd with slightly widened eyes.

I watched her husband and wondered: Oboist with the San Antonio symphony? computer programmer? psychologist? clothing store heir? I could not tell and did not really care to know. I just wanted to reach up and break off a tree limb and rap him a couple of times across his freckles to get his attention. I wanted to yell at him through Herbie Mann's wildly driving solo: You jackass, that's no way to run a marriage!

But I knew it would do no good. I've been around such marriages before. She would immediately grab his arm and hold him tight while trying to kick

at my shins with her glossy-red toes. And even then he would not respond — would not bother to look at either of us: would just keep on staring ahead, toothpick intact, while his wife carefully, solicitously, began to brush the pecan leaves off his beard. □

Wedge...(from page 12)

heads, and others keep returning to it to see how it has changed with the weather and light. In the end, the best way to judge it is to look for yourself and let it speak to you. As the artist said in leaving the site, "Only time will tell if it works." □



The "Golden Grads," Class of 1936. Top row, l-r: John A. Ferguson, Betty Graves Walton, Jewel Bon Walton, Bertha West Cochran, Dr. Robert M. Stevenson. Bottom row, l-r: Wanda Lenore Howard; Myrtle Evelyn Ball, professor emerita of Drama and Speech; Doris Wallingford Busalchi.