

PALABRAS

Spring 2008



Kary Mathys Inu and Neko

Palabras publishes original research, essays, fiction, poetry, and art by Clovis Community College students and residents of New Mexico.

Palabras is also an academic journal and accepts submissions from students across the United States who are currently working on undergraduate degrees.

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Palabras

Journal of Exchange

<http://www.clovis.edu/web2/palabras/index.asp>

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Spring 2008

Volume 6 Issue 2

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Palabras favors an open submissions policy: anyone who would like to submit, may. Please submit your work in either hard copy format to the Editor (**Faculty Office 509**) or in e-mail format to **palabrasje@hotmail.com**, or in hard copy to the **CCC Bookstore**. Please include a phone number or e-mail address so the editor can contact you.

Submissions should be no longer than 5 double-spaced pages (approx. 1500 words), and if documented, then in either MLA or APA format (or other acceptable format). (If you have an essay, paper, or story longer than the specifications mentioned, please contact the editor at **575-769-4906** or **palabrasje@hotmail.com**, as excerpts may be publishable.)

If you have questions, comments, or suggestions, please write to the editor at palabrasje@hotmail.com.

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Editors' Rabble...

GRASS WARS

RAYMOND E ATCHLEY

With the advent of Spring I have been contemplating the great deal of work I need to do in the yard, which includes my mother's, about which I lie by telling everyone that it's xenoscaped. That's some more of that payment for the nine months of rent I seem to owe from over half a century ago. As I have contemplated my lawnmower – oh alright, glared at my lawnmower – I have given a great deal of thought to the seemingly constant state of war we remain in. I'm not just referring to the conflict in Afghanistan and Iraq; I am also considering the other wars we are engaged in: the war on drugs, the war on crime, the war on poverty, the war on littering, the war on illiteracy, the war on... feel free to fill in the blank for yourself. I'm personally considering a declaration against crabgrass. Which brings me back to my point – grass. The old adage about the grass not actually being greener on the other side is not true and is nothing more or less than propaganda perpetuated by the "haves" to keep "the have nots" well entrenched in their place.

It is this disinformation that is the root cause of our constant social conflicts because the grass is in fact more lush and healthier in the other guy's yard. I really envy the indigenous peoples that populated this area prior to the Spanish incursion of the 16th century (no water so they left), the



Arabic Bedouins that befuddled the Roman Empire in the early years after the end of the Republic, and anybody else that dreams of a good tent or maybe a Winnebago (motor home, not tribe). I just believe that there are some people who would like to move about more than our society can tolerate. And because the way we assign values to behaviors, those people are viewed as being shiftless, immature, flighty, irresponsible and "What's the matter with them?" Can't they drop anchor – form roots – get established – amount to something? I think we should pay people to move; convincing them of the grass-is-greener-truth and bidding them farewell might be a great stress relief for a whole community, or better yet, we go with them. If it's too cold we go where it's warmer and vice versa.

A rolling stone gathers no moss; but who needs mossy stones? Some would counter with, "You can't hit a moving target" (they haven't seen some of our troops with a laser sight and an M-1). If in fact the only true education involves travel then maybe we should spend the money we have for putting people in classrooms (including teachers) and put them on the road to everywhere. Some would counter that there is too much danger, what with everybody shooting at each other, to become a world gadabout. In case you've been missing the news, our campuses aren't the safest places in the world at times, either.

The greatest cure for stress and pressure I think is movement. It's what the atoms do – they move constantly. We could have a world that is like musical chairs. Stay for awhile when the music stops and move as it plays again. Once one returns to whence she started, she knows all about the grass everywhere and the other people who tread on it. As you can probably tell, I need a vacation, but first the grass. I'll make it really nice. Perhaps it will attract some neat visitors so I don't really have to go somewhere else and subsequently prevent war, the war that will ensue if I don't get this yard cleaned. Good break everybody, the music is about to start.

Thank You

The editor of *Palabras* could not bring an issue to press without the encouragement of many people, and so I would like to take the opportunity to thank a few who were responsible for bringing attention to the journal in the Spring, 2008:

- **Liliana Castillo**, for her excellent article featuring the CCC journal in the *Clovis News Journal*, "Flow of Ideas," April 10, 2008. The article captured the spirit of *Palabras* and its editor perfectly.

- **Debi Weir**, CCC graphic artist. Debi is responsible for the vibrant posters we see around campus, and she created the *Palabras* posters featured in the Commons, the Library, and the Bookstore. Ms. Castillo said she became interested in *Palabras* when she spied the poster. Thank you, Debi!
- **Raymond E Atchley**, my associate editor and best friend. Raymond is the one who spurred on the first issue of *Palabras* it is true, but here I'd like to thank him for his dedication to the education of inmates at the Curry County Detention Center, and bring to attention the *CNJ* article featuring his work: "Inmates focus on further education," December 13, 2007.
- **Students**. This journal is also for those who think ideas are exciting and inspiring, and who believe that learning changes our lives.

PERCEPTION IS, OF COURSE, EVERYTHING

GINA L HOCHHALTER

Isn't it interesting. I like to mow my grass (the one I really don't water much). I'd mow my mom's, my neighbor's, my girlfriend's, and Raymond's, too, if I were asked. It's a nice way to tan the arms and legs, get a little Vitamin D goin', lose a little weight, stay in shape. I also think the grass is greener – but I would move right on over without much hesitation, with or without music. And while this is free and easy thinking (and perhaps even "feminist" or "daring"), it may not be so great, after all.

Isn't it interesting. Scott Russell Sanders complains that moving around too much has caused our war on this and our war on that. Well, he doesn't say that exactly, but he does (in a long quote, forgive me) say:

...many of our worst abuses – of land, forests, animals, and communities – have been carried out by 'people who root themselves in ideas instead of in place.' Migrants often pack up

their visions and values with the rest of their baggage and carry them along. The Spaniards devastated Central and South America by imposing on this New World the religion, economics, and politics of the Old. Colonists brought slavery with them to North America, along with smallpox and Norway rats. The Dust Bowl of the 30s was caused not by drought but by the transfer onto the Great Plains of farming methods that were suitable to wetter regions. The habit of our industry and commerce has been to force identical schemes onto differing locales, as though the mind were a cookie cutter and the land were dough. ("Homeplace" 211)

Intelligence, Sanders claims, is not about moving around a lot, but more about staying put. To say it simply, those who move around a lot – like SUVs playing an odder game of musical chairs – tend to destroy the grass underneath of them instead of cultivate it. I just want to mow it; keep it nice and neat, Sir Atchley and I agree. I've no desire to "pillage" it, and I've no desire to "strip mine" it (213). I don't have the desire to escape it. I am, in response to the words of a Crow elder, a one who can feel the spirits speak to me from the earth (213): I pray for rain, and then state with certainty to those who don't understand the nuances, "The rain saves me money."

It's all about perception, since maybe those who ask, "What's the matter with them?" that they can't sit still and make something of themselves, are the ones asking the right question.

And yet, we must realize that here, there just isn't that much grass. Raymond's peeking into the other guy's lawn, and I take flight into fancy (or said differently, I mow mow mow!). Maybe being rooted in a place and in ideas simultaneously is the answer to cultivating our space and saving our sanity. After all, the atoms in this desk upon which this computer sets move around a lot. And yet, the desk goes nowhere.

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MODERN MATERIALIZING: CONSUMERISM IS WHEN...

ELENA CHAVEZ

Consumerism is when society is manipulated by companies and their advertisements. Everybody wants the newest and latest items – the faster, the smaller, the better. Yet, with these luxuries come more expenses.

Our lives are no longer built around the basic necessities of food, water, shelter, clothing; they are accompanied by materials with indecent value. Money controls life, which begins at a young age and is sustained until death.

Everyone, it seems, wants to grow up to become rich by any means of earning money. Some people turn to illegally selling drugs, selling the body, or when worse comes to worst, stealing. Television solicits this; big houses, fast cars, and altering our bodies as advertised. "The new consumerism is also built on a relentless ratcheting up of standards" (Schor 258), standards we just cannot live up to.

In addition to Schor's statement, we are influenced by the media to constantly buy or "update"

our belongings. In reality, our nation's debt is so high, and poverty is becoming as overwhelming in America as it is in third world countries.

Furthermore, the idea of having all new things is malicious and ridiculous. We modify our cars, our homes; we sadly change our bodies. The glory of enlarging breasts, fixing noses, or lazily vanishing (vanquishing) our body fat is not worth wasting hard earned money.

Manipulating what our maker gave us is a mere sin as well as self-insecurity. We must now have "pure" water. Decades ago, everyone just drank water from the faucet. Food is not just food anymore. Franchises have developed, and not only can a person buy a meal that could easily have been made at home, but meals can be added to to give them "value."

We begin to be committed to money as it becomes addiction, therefore affecting our goals, reality, and rearranging our priorities of commitment.

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Tony Ortiz

VOICES

RYAN A ORTH

Blackened creatures fingerprint my surrealistic masterpiece of a shattered and hallowed reality, forgotten and lost in the memories of blasphemy and coronation, these sinister walls in which I'm trapped have baptized the messiah in blood, standing high, crying, fighting, dying, your Jesus is dead, trapped inside this mind I watched him die, all hope and ability to cope died with his mortal soul, did God cry when he forced his only begotten son to die, burning in the fragile head built upon things better off dead, better off left unsaid, things that built this crimson path down which I'm led, down this path to memories of a God that is so dead, to his cross, to his Faust, in my head to haunt, but in this broken mind, God is dead.



Jennifer Atchley

Red Roses on BW Wall

PRESERVED BY ANGELS

ELKE LITCHFIELD

Struggling with emotion, the middle-aged woman staring at the book was confused, concerned, and wondering. What was going to happen to her young son? What about her family? Because of what had just happened, she understood that the only comfort that she would find would be to turn to her Heavenly Father and tell Him her need, trusting entirely in Him to take care of the situation.

A few months before this incident, she had given birth to her third child: a black-haired little boy named Reimar Alfred Christian Schultze. With her previous children, she had received a monthly paycheck from the Nazi government, which clearly supported women having children, as it would build the Third Reich. However, with the birth of this last child, no money came.

She put off her visit to the government office until a few months after her son's birth. "Maybe they have made a mistake or have been delayed," she surmised. Finally, the tall, round-faced and modest woman stepped out of her door to check on why the check had not come.

"What? You think you should receive money? Look at these papers. Your son is a second-degree mongrel! You will receive nothing!" As the officer shouted and raged, the lady burst into tears.

Astonished and numb, she turned toward home, retrieved her Bible, and opened the old, leather-bound book. She looked up Psalm 91:11 and 12: "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." Yes, this was it! She could trust in the Almighty One who had brought her through this far. With the Bible still open to the beautiful Psalm, she signed her son's name and the date by these precious, comforting and true verses. The scribbled wording read: Reimar 9.8.36 (Schultze 46).

During WW2, he and his family lived in the small town of Lauenburg. The Russians were descending from the east, and as the Russian Army

was advancing toward the Schultze family's little village, terror grew. The Russian Army was not popularized as being kind, lenient, and soothing. It was fierce, cruel, and insensitive to the extreme. Reports spread that the vicious troops looted, raped, and murdered to their hearts' content. Many of the villagers preferred by far to fall into the hands of the Allies. Such was the case in Lauenburg as the news dispersed. People flocked out of the town with as much speed as possible.

Blasting over the radio, there came notification that a hospital train carrying wounded soldiers would be leaving from the town station. There was still some standing room between the bunks for the injured. The radio speaker stated, however, despite the multitude of persons wanting out, that only certain ones could go. Miraculously, the Schultze family, now missing a father and obtaining a sweet little sister, met the strict specifications required for the privilege to board the train. God had taken care of them!

After the war, Reimar, now a young man, and his existing family traveled to America. Through the course of many years, Reimar Schultze passed on his life story to his children and then to his grandchildren. They relished the story, and a few of his grandchildren became interested in the German language. Elke, the second-youngest grandchild, saw German as a beautiful language; the guttural depth of the words gave it a strong, stern, comforting feeling.

Her grandfather definitely ignited her aspiration for languages, but it was fueled by her growing desire to become a missionary. When she was a child, she would attend meetings that were held where missionaries would visit and speak. Elke was very much impressed with what they said; however, not only was the young girl impressed with what they said, but also with the passion in which they would enthusiastically exhort, share, and encourage.

Included in the influences that she had were those missionaries and daring Christians that passed on into death many years ago, but whose stories and lives still live on through books. Some of her choice books she read were biographies of Christians who left all for Christ: many were mis-

Editors' Picks



I Am Legend



An Inconvenient Truth

sionaries or prisoners behind iron bars.

One book, *Tortured for His Faith*, describes how the author was imprisoned because he crossed lines with the government concerning his Christian faith. The account explains the torture he underwent, including being beaten, kicked, starved, and forced to not blink his eyes for hours while standing just a few inches from a whitewashed wall. He was falsely charged of being a spy with the Americans. Through all of this he kept believing in God, who miraculously sustained him (Popov 20-34).

Stories like these would thrill Elke to the bone. Intriguing, courageous, and totally sold out for Christ, these believers from around the world stood strong, even in the face of death. It put courage and faith in her, knowing that with God's help she could follow in their footsteps. Their vision put a fire in her to reach out and share with others the wonderful news of Christ, possibly through translating material into their languages. Having a German grandfather, being exposed to missionaries, and reading books about persecuted Christians around the world combined to give Elke a desire to know languages. Now, as she relates her grandfather's story to others, Elke can have the excitement of knowing that the God who was with her grandfather is also with her, and will help her use her gifts, abilities, and fondness of languages for His glory.

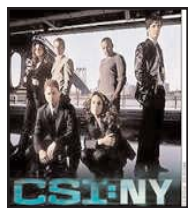
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DNA TESTING UPON ARREST: A NECESSARY WEAPON IN THE FIGHT FOR JUSTICE

DONNA M KIRK

Forensic science has become cool. Thanks to the burgeoning popularity of television, programs such as *CSI*, *Cold Case*, and *Crossing Jordan*, millions of viewers are educated on a weekly basis in the intricacies of a field that once would have been considered ghoulish or boring – and they are loving every minute of it. DNA analysis is unquestionably the forensic star of just such programs as these. The power of this technological breakthrough is not just subject matter for our entertainment value, however. Along with its database counterpart, it has proven to be an indispensable tool in real life law enforcement – helping to convict the guilty, exonerate the innocent, and prevent crime by getting criminals off the streets before they can offend again.



Logic would tell us that, when comparing DNA found at a crime scene to DNA profiles in a database, the more profiles in a database, the greater the odds of a match. So, just how do we decide whose DNA is included and whose is not? Some would pose restrictions out of fear of possible misuse of the DNA samples or concerns about constitutionality. In making these types of judgments we must evaluate whether the advantages outweigh the disadvantages – whether the good outweighs the bad. Society demands a fair and just legal system, so making sure the right person is tried and convicted is in our best interest. DNA analysis, together with an expanded DNA database, is our criminal justice system's best weapon in assuring this need is met. We must be

allowed to use it.

Deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) "is the fundamental building block for an individual's entire genetic makeup" (Ashcroft, Daniels, and Hart 5). The type of DNA analysis used in law enforcement identifies thirteen specific regions (loci) in the DNA. "[T]he likelihood that any two individuals (except identical twins) will have the same 13-loci DNA profile can be as high as 1 in 1 billion or greater" (6). These odds leave few doubting the accuracy of a DNA match, and this precision is exactly what makes DNA analysis such a powerful weapon in the fight against crime and in the search for truth.

DNA analysis alone cannot solve crime. There must be a means by which the DNA profiles are accessed and compared. CODIS is that means. "[T]he Combined DNA Index System (CODIS)... is a computer network that connects forensic DNA laboratories at the local, State, and national levels" (2). When combined, these two powerful tools strengthen our criminal justice system by helping to ensure the right person gets put behind bars, or in the case of Kevin Lee Green, that the wrong person is released.

On November 7, 1980, for allegedly attacking his wife and killing his unborn child, a judge sentenced [Kevin Lee] Green to 15 years to life in prison.... Vaginal slides taken from [his wife] after the attack showed the presence of spermatozoa.... When the DNA offender database was created in California, examiners discovered that the DNA profile in the spermatozoa found in Dianna Green was a match to another felon. Gerald Parker gave a full confession and admitted guilt to five other murders.... Green had spent approximately 17 years in prison for crimes he did not commit. ("Falsely" 82)

Green's is far from the only case of wrongful imprisonment that has been overturned through the use of DNA analysis. The web site for the Innocence Project, "a national litiga-



tion and public policy organization dedicated to exonerating wrongfully convicted people through DNA testing" claims "208 post-conviction DNA exonerations in the United States" since 1989, 15 of which were people who had served time on death row (*Innocence Project*). For those 15 people, DNA was literally a life saver.

Some DNA success stories have led to legislation expanding the requirements for DNA sampling thereby increasing the DNA database and subsequently improving the odds of its effectiveness. Originally, the CODIS consisted of only a convicted offender index, containing DNA profiles of those persons convicted of a crime, and a forensic index, containing DNA profiles from biological evidence collected during crime-scene investigations ("Combined" par. 7). "All SO states have passed DNA legislation authorization [sic] the collection of DNA profiles from convicted offenders for submission to CODIS" (par. 7), but some cases are demonstrating how crime might actually be prevented by the creation of an additional CODIS index – an arrestee index.

In Louisiana, the case was that of serial killer Derrick Todd Lee. Lee had a lengthy history of criminal activity, but no DNA sample had ever been taken from him until a tip received by a state official – that Lee might be involved in a 1992 murder and the 1998 disappearance of two women – led to a warrant being issued for a DNA sample to be taken. DNA analysis resulted in five charges of murder, aggravated burglary, aggravated rape, and second degree kidnapping being filed against Lee (Maclin 167). "Ray Wickenheiser, the director of the Acadiana Crime Lab in Louisiana stated, 'There's no doubt in my mind that with arrestee testing – I can guarantee – four lives would have been saved. If we had proper arrestee information, [Lee] would have been arrested after the first case'" (qtd. in Maclin 167-168).

The 2003 kidnapping, rape, and murder of Kathryn "Katie" Sepich convinced New Mexico lawmakers to pass similar legislation – known in New Mexico as Katie's Law. The case went unsolved "until mid-December 2006, when [Gabriel Avila's] DNA came up as a match

[through the CODIS database] to evidence collected from under [Katie's] fingernails" (Romo B1). Ironically, Katie's assailant was arrested on another felony offense just a few months after her brutal murder. "Had Katie's Law been in effect, DNA would have been taken from him [Avila] at that time... and this case would have been solved much sooner," alleged District Attorney Susana Martinez (qtd. in "Back Up"); and a subsequent felony committed by her killer would never have happened. Katie's parents, Jayann and Dave Sepich, became impassioned advocates for DNA testing of arrestees and, encouraged by the 2006 successful passage of Katie's Law in New Mexico, "vowed to pass similar laws in all 50 states as a tribute to their daughter" (Fehd par. 7).

These laws face opposition from the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU), however. Calling DNA testing of arrestees a violation of the Fourth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, they hail a ruling by the Minnesota Court of Appeals reasoning that "[t]he privacy interest of a person who has been charged with a criminal offense but not convicted is not outweighed by the state's interest in taking a biological specimen from the person for purpose of DNA analysis" (Lore par. 10).

However, the Court of Appeals of the State of Virginia took a completely different stance in the case of *Angel M. Anderson v. Commonwealth of Virginia*: "[W]hen a suspect is arrested upon probable cause, his identification becomes a matter of legitimate state interest and he can hardly claim privacy in it" (Jones qtd. in *Anderson v. Commonwealth* 5). Accurate identification of a suspect is indeed a legitimate concern. Just ask those 208 wrongly convicted individuals freed through the use of DNA. The innocent welcome the chance to prove their innocence.

The Anderson case goes on to equate the taking of a DNA sample with that of the "taking [of] fingerprints and photographs, but with additional force because of the potentially greater precision of DNA sampling and matching methods" (6). The ACLU would argue this point, asserting that

besides identification, "DNA samples... can provide insight into the most personal family relationships and the most intimate workings of the human body including the likelihood of the occurrence of over 1,000 types of genetic conditions and diseases" (National par. 20). However, in his paper entitled "The Constitutionality of DNA Sampling on Arrest," DH Kaye, Regents' Professor and Fellow at the Center for the Study of Law Science and Technology at the Arizona State University College of Law, stated that "[i]n themselves, they [the DNA sequences at the 13 loci of a DNA profile] reveal information that is no more intimate than the particular blood serum enzyme that an individual happens to have, the pattern of blood vessels in the retina of the eye, or the whorls and ridges in a fingerprint. They disclose nothing about the individual's susceptibility to diseases, bodily structure, or mental functioning" (qtd. in Kaye 461-62). Only with further analysis of the DNA sample would the more personal and intimate information be revealed.

The ACLU may still have a valid reason for concern, however. If the laws requiring submission of a DNA sample fail to address what happens to the actual biological sample after analysis is complete, an opportunity for those samples to be used for purposes other than identification does exist. Is there a valid reason to retain these samples? Should a match be found between an offender's profile and that from a crime scene, the match would simply provide the necessary probable cause for a new DNA sample to be obtained from the suspect to confirm the identification. It would appear the original sample would not be needed; therefore, any new legislation requiring DNA sampling will need to address this disposal issue.

Ultimately, the argument as to whether DNA sampling upon arrest becomes the new identification standard in law enforcement may wind up being settled by the Supreme Court of the United States. The procedure itself, a simple cotton swab of the inner cheek, is no more intrusive than fingerprinting – even less intrusive than the photo-

graphing of tattoos and other distinguishing marks – both of which are routinely used and commonly accepted practices in the booking process. Additional testing, at additional expense, would have to occur before DNA sampling would cause any personal, private, medical information to be revealed. So why should anyone be afraid? Why should anyone object? Could it be because they have something to hide? Could it be they know their DNA profile might result in a match to an unsolved crime? Those who've done nothing wrong have, seemingly, nothing to fear.

If and when the issue does come before the Supreme Court, let's just hope its members see that justice will be better served by allowing DNA testing upon arrest to continue so that our national DNA database is as effective as it can be. Our criminal justice system and law enforcement officials must be allowed to use the latest and most reliable technological methods available, because most assuredly, the criminals will.

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SUNSETS CLOSE THE DAY... NATE WOOD

Sunsets close the day in wistful beauty
Bowing gracefully to the moon and stars
The faithful guardians who watchfully
Guide the nights into sunrises
Catering the light of a beautiful dream
And so shall Life and Love pass Timelessly

CURRY COUNTY DETENTION CENTER

OLE SCHOOL

First of all, let me start this journey by saying my name is Ole School; you see, I've gotten that name here in Curry County. You might ask yourself, why "Ole School"? Well, let me break it down for you!

I began doing time in E.L.A., "Cali." I was only 12 years old, went to California youth authority, behind gangs. I was 17 years old when I hit prison; after that I got busted in Tijuana, Mexico. You don't realize how good we have it here in the states. Let me take you on a ride.

I got arrested for drugs. Me and a homeboy. Well, we got snitched on by one of our homies. When you get arrested in Mexico, the *federales* are mad because you didn't pay them to cross with the drugs, so they beat you and rape you. They have no feelings for you. And when they've had enough of you, they take you to their prison, and there they kick you on your butt and say, *que dios te bendiga*, "May God bless."

You don't get clothes, a meal, nor a cell. Everything has a price. If you don't have anyone to help you, you're in trouble. They don't care if you're American; you're in their country. You have your family to bring you food, clothes, blankets, and money. You buy a small cell, no door, you get an electric pan to cook, but you pay for the electricity. You bathe with cold water. There's killing everyday and you just keep praying that you can make it through another day.

Well, after I got out, I ended up in the Texas prison system. I did twelve years.

Texas likes to work you in the fields, rain or shine. You're working and it's, "Yes, Boss," or "No Boss!"

I then came to Curry County. When I walked in, I saw the microwave, sofas, big TV. I said, "Oh, my God," there's a DVD player! I finally hit the La La Land, thank you, Jesus!

But yet, I don't understand why these inmates complain about the smallest things like, "I am tired of eggs" or, "Where's my mail?" I just sit back and watch, and tell these women, Be thankful for all of these things Curry County has given us. As you can see, "Ole School" means a person with a lot of time under her belt...

I NEED REHABILITATION

(BY REQUESTED COMMENT TO "CURRY COUNTY...")
OLE SCHOOL

Most of us females are mothers and we hold a lot of guilt, besides us being in jail and leaving our children with their grandparents or aunts and uncles or some of us, dealing with C.P.S. We don't need anyone to put us down; we do that very well ourselves...

As I sit here in the county jail and see that they have nice carpet and sofas with a big TV (DVD), even a microwave, I stopped and thought, if the county can afford all these nice things for us females, then why can't they spend a little time and money on us for rehabilitation? I now understand that what works for one may not work for another. I believe that everybody has a reason for using drugs and drinking; as we are sitting and waiting to go to court, let's find out why we're here in jail.

Most females here in County use drugs and drink because they have been sexually abused as children, most of the time by a family member or a close friend of the family's. Some even have been raped and don't know how to deal with it – it's easier to get high on drugs or drink and not feel the pain than to deal with the abuse over and over in the mind.

I believe that N.A. and A.A. are very good groups. They help people with drug and alcohol problems and we deal with all the garbage we've been carrying around for so long.

Oh, yes. This new Annex is very beautiful, but

sitting and watching TV and becoming a couch potato can't help with any of these problems. But if these things would be taken away, some females may go crazy and some will just sit and think about when they get out, and who they will hurt and how, and about their next high, but most of all, how we're going to do things better, not to get caught again, as I did...

A MUSICAL TRIP OF THE MIND

MAITLYN MERRYDREW

I'm driving down the road, on my way to pick up my husband from work, jammin' out with the IPOD, my three kids in the back seat (fellow rockers). The song we were listening to comes to an end and I hear the beat for the next song, "Stuck," by Limp Bizkit. As Fred Durst breaks in with "Psycho female breaking up the phone line..." I am suddenly pulled back to my memories of...

Sitting, slumped into the couch like me and the couch have become one, with my boyfriend in his apartment right after a day at school. We are in complete darkness, black sheets covering the windows allowing no light to seep through. The only luminosity in the room comes from the black lights, emanating an eerily blue-violet glow, situated to illuminate the black light posters throughout the room. The light always gives me an other-worldly feel and gets my imagination roaming; although it seems like just another typical stoner, party, bachelor pad, there's something unique about it to me.

Although he rooms with five other guys, it is just the two of us in the living room, lounging side by side, both in our own minds, worlds apart, but somehow still connected.

He hands me the blunt he just lit. He doesn't look at me or my hand as he passes it to his right, and I only look down to retrieve it from him. Then slowly watch it as I pull it closer to my mouth. I



close my eyes as it reaches my mouth and inhale deeply the herbal smoke. I savor the feel of the smoke filling my lungs and then slowly open my eyes as I exhale s l o w l y.

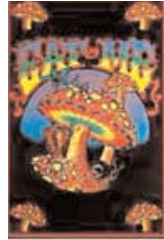
The song goes on, the tempo changing from the rap/rock rhythm of the song to a loud guttural yelling; I can't help slightly rocking my head back and forth with the music, as I get lost in it.

I take another hit and slowly begin to study my surroundings.

Blink once, twice at the smoke, rub my eyes a little and focus on the room, noting right away the thick cloud of smoke blanketing the room swirling, swaying, and rolling on top of itself, as if waves of an ocean. It takes my eyes a minute to adjust to the thick, blurry distortion of the smoke. The music comes from the stereo which is on a long, skinny table placed against the opposite wall to the right. A bottle of Crown Royal filled with a pink fluorescent glowing liquid stands out against the black backdrop, as it holds down the lid of the CD player (ghetto). It's a simple little stereo/CD/tape combo set, but they have connected it to two huge ass speakers that come halfway up the wall, which are placed on each end of the long wall, producing

a deafening sound as the aggression in the song builds.

As the music pulses and hums through my body, my eyes are caught by a psychedelic mushroom poster that looks like it is growing out of the



wall with its bright pink, yellow, and green colors, situated at the far right of the opposite wall, near a long black light bulb. I read the words above the mushroom "EAT ME," and I cannot help but smirk a little.

A glance further left to notice other posters as they come into my line of vision, the busy, blonde Claudia Shiffer in a cute swimsuit.

I close my eyes as I take another hit, deeply inhaling, holding it in for a few more seconds as I pass it back to him, and then open my eyes, and exhale; my eyes begin to focus on another poster to the far left, on the wall I'm facing. He grabs the blunt and shifts a little in his seat until my shoulder is resting slightly on his; my nerves jump a little at the touch and then settle again as I turn my attention again to the poster. It's from the movie, *Trainspotting*, the name of the movie stretched out



Alma Gonzales



in big letters across the bottom of the horizontal poster; directly above are the pictures of the main characters and their names.

As I study the face of Ewan McGregor, I remember the movie – it is a mind-trippy movie that goes where few movies have gone, about a group of friends (focusing mainly on McGregor) who are all IV heroine addicts, four guys and a woman and her baby. It holds nothing back showing them shooting up, and the baby dying after being neglected. Different bits of the movie play and flash through my mind.

Ty slowly shifts positions and my senses jump with alertness as he brushes my thigh with his and I feel the warmth of his leg settle against mine. I rest my hand on his thigh as he pulls me in closer with his long, slender arms. As I nuzzle against him and get comfortable, he rests his elbow on the back of the couch behind me and slowly strokes my shoulder-length hair back with his fingers.

He passes the blunt back and I take it with my right hand and bring it to my lips and breathe in the sweet smoke.

The song continues and I begin to reflect on how I came to be here in this moment:

Six months before, I would've never imagined myself here, "goodie-two-shoes," honor student, now dating a 20 year old, sitting on his couch, smoking a fatty, having just had sex for the first time, listening to Limp Bizkit's "Stuck," a far cry from the sing-song crap I used to listen to. No worries, still quite naive (but after all is said and done, no regrets). I'm pulled from my thoughts by the line of the song "stuck on yourself you whore" – ahh, brings to mind another story...

Another day, maybe...

Belatedly, I realize I have been babysitting the blunt and I pass it back to Ty.

The song ends and with it comes the end of my reverie, as I pull into the jobsite to pick up my husband from work.

GLASS HALF FULL

KARY MATHYS

There were days when there were tears inside, I would flyaway to a corner and hide.

They would flow down my cheeks,
Like water running over pebbles in creeks.

From the darkness in the back of my mind,
Like mold growing on an orange rind.

Then I would let the words flow, The other kids
would laugh and crow.

At my hurting heart and confusion, I
would retreat to my world of illusion.

You told me to do my best,
To forget about the rest.

I've been given words of wisdom,
Now I must try to use them.

I'll be on my own in a tough world,
But not truly alone will I be.

The words will be written and curled,
Plus God will be with me.



Khadija Q Ross

GOOD NIGHT MY LOVE I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU

ANONYMOUS

Can a heart be broken more than once
Everyday can it be torn apart
The people you love just wait to pounce

You try everyday to be in a good mood
Then along comes your lover
And he lowers the boom

When they walk away they leave you in tears
Tearing out your heart
And leaving you with nothing but fears

You want to escape but there's no way out
You are not good enough
You are down for the count

It comes to the point that you hope and you pray
That someone would kill you
As far as you can tell it is the only way

You would do it yourself but you would screw that up too
You can't do anything right
He tells you that daily but what else can you do

You hope someone notices because you will never tell
You know they would blame you
For not treating him well

It must be your fault that no body cares
If you were smarter or prettier
Then it would stop all the stares

You know it's your fault he started to yell
Soon come the bruises
But nobody sees them you cover them well

Now your heart is breaking you pray for the end
Something is different this time
They have called in your friends

Is it finally over it doesn't hurt so bad
Your mother is crying
Your dad seems mad



Tony Ortiz

There are officers here and doctors too
It's finally over I can breathe at last
The light in that tunnel is a beautiful blue

Good night my love
I've always loved you

A TOMORROW WITHOUT ME

JANIE DE LA PAZ

I learned to live for today, it is the only way.

I don't know about tomorrows,
and if they will be filled with happiness or sorrows.

Therefore, if tomorrow never comes,

I hope you'll know how much I loved you.

And if tomorrow starts without me, and I'm not there to see.

If the sun should rise and find your eyes filled with tears for me.

I hoped you wouldn't cry so much, the way you will today.

While you're thinking of the many things we did not get to say.

I know how much you loved me,

Just as much as I loved you.

And each time you think of me,

You know I will miss you, too.

But when tomorrow starts without me, please try to understand.

That God sent his angels to call my name, and take me by the hand.

They said my place was ready in heaven far above,

That I would have to leave behind all those I dearly love.

So as I turned to walk away, the tears fell from my eye.

All my life I have always thought, I don't want to die.

I have so much to live for, so much I have yet to do.

It seems almost impossible, that I was leaving you.

I thought about all the yesterdays,

Our good times and the bad.

I thought about all that we have shared, and all the fun we had.

If I could relive yesterday, just for a little while,

I would have liked to say good-bye,

and hug you and maybe see you smile.

But then I finally realized that this could never be.

Now the emptiness and memories, would take the place of you in me.

But when I thought of all the worldly things,

I might miss, come tomorrow,

I thought of you, and my heart was filled with great sorrow.

As I walked through heaven's gates, I felt so much at home,

When God looked down and smiled at me from His golden throne

He said, "This is eternity and all I promised you.

Today your life on earth has passed, but here life begins anew.

I promised no tomorrows, but eternity will always last.

And since each day is the same way, there is no need to long for the past.

You've been so faithful, so trusting and so true.

Though there were times you did some things, you knew you shouldn't do.

You've been forgiven, and now at long last you're free.

So won't you come take my hand and share eternity with me?"

So when tomorrow starts without me don't think I'm far away

For every time you think of me,

I'll be right here in your heart everyday...

I love you... see you on the other side! Jd



David Martinez

Waiting

CITIZEN KANE

SKYE DAVISON

Rosebud, the immortal word
whispered in a man's dying moments.
Rosebud, a mysterious word
a dying man's last testament to the world.
Rosebud, an important key to a man's life...
or just a simple word...
Rosebud, a secret word
to a secret man's life.

QUESTIONS FOR GOD

CHERRY ANAYA

Many times I feel like I'm losing my mind,
Days and nights my true identity I can't seem to find.

Have I become weak or am I still strong,
Am I living my life right or is it all wrong?

Will I do something I'll live to regret,
Painful memories will I ever forget?

Will someone's love for me ever really last;
Will it quickly fade like it's done in the past?

Will my Prince Charming find me one day,
If so will he forever, in my life, be able to stay?

Can someone wipe away every single tear,
And reassure me that I have nothing to fear?

"God, help me and guide me in the right way,
Please, don't let anything again lead me astray!"

My thoughts and my feelings make me feel crazy,
All I want is for my life to no longer be hazy.

Can I ever again be gentle and kind,
When it comes to love will I always be blind?

Will my eyes and my heart continue to cry,
And will there come a day I'll no longer want to die?

These questions I've asked are only a few,
GOD to better my life I need answers from YOU!

Sustaining the Future:

The Eco-Energy Awareness Movement



EMAIL COMMUNICATION ABOUT THE ENVIRONMENT: “PROFIT RULES IN LIEU OF LOGIC”

Editor's note: These emails are the result of meeting Mark at his Eula Mae Edwards Museum exhibition at the end of 2007. I was especially elated because he took interest in the article I'd written for the Spring 2007 (5.2) issue of *Palabras* entitled, “There's Not Much Food in Our Food, or A Happy Cow is a Happier Person, or We Be Thee Grotesque Incarnate, or Yes, Raymond, Frankly, It Does Smell of Cow!”

Our communication inspired this Eco-Energy Awareness section of *Palabras*, and since last year, it has expanded to include *all* topics of environmental concern.



Mark H Hillard
Imposition

DATE: NOVEMBER 11, 2007

Hi Gina,

If you have a chance, check out the "Wind-Win Solution" on the front page of the Business section, page D1 of today's *Lubbock Avalanche Journal* (11/11/07). A cotton seedmill is putting in ten turbines to power their delinting operation. They will supply cotton seed to dairies as feed as part of their operation. This is a perfect example of what I was talking about when I said wind energy will only accelerate the consumption of fossil fuels. Look at all the rebar in the foundations for the tower! Then think of the pollution created by the production of Portland Cement used in the foundations. The production and distribution of those products is not anywhere close to "green."

Gail Kring, the president of the oil mill says, "Cutting electricity bills allows the company to go after more cottonseed." Well, cottonseed comes from another nongreen industry. By becoming more efficient they will offer a better price for farmers' seed and thus influence more cotton production, etc., etc.

Then to make matters worse, he suggests burning cotton trash of manure which is yet more stuff generated by nongreen activities. The pollution created is merely shifted around and not eliminated. This article is representative of my thoughts associated with a remedial mindset in lieu of preventative and sustainable actions.

I think it's bad for society to be conditioned to feel "green" about wind energy by use of such rhetorical sloganeering. We truly need an alternative voice to be heard.

DATE: DECEMBER 3, 2007

Hello Gina,

All went well with my lecture in Kansas. The day after the lecture I had to sit at a potter's wheel and demo for three straight hours! That's tough. Anyway, the feedlots along the route to Liberal, KS were interesting as there were these clouds of dust lingering around them for miles. You should drive through Cactus, TX where the Swift Company (one of Sinclair's *Jungle* folks) has their packing house. The entire town is nothing but trailer houses; a ghetto. I know every town has a ghetto but this is the entire town! I wonder why we allow the impoverishment of human beings. In Cactus, they must be impoverished financially, socially, intellectually, in addition to their domestic impoverishment.



Mark H Hillard
**Mechanized Assault on
the Ogallala**

DATE: DECEMBER 4, 2007

Hi Mark.

I'm wondering if I could publish some of these emails in *Palabras* as they are in answer to my question, Why don't people in the Clovis area (to include our politicians) care about polluting the air and harming the health of its citizens by promoting dirty industry?

What are your thoughts on this?

DATE: DECEMBER 4, 2007

Hi Gina,

I don't know that politicians in our area care about stuff like this because they are bankrolled by the lobbyists and always follow the money trail. I'm beginning to develop the idea that we, as a society, approach our "vision" of progress through the lens of quantification. I would think that quality should rule quantity.

Big business centralizes the power through the process of destroying the family farmer by "globalizing" him. When the small guy is gone, big business steps into the vacuum left by the small guy's departure. It's actually a totalitarian approach to business in that competition eventually leads to one guy absorbing the vacancies left by the small guy and thus owning everything, therefore effecting a centralization of the consumption of resources; for the sake of efficiency, and the production of product, again for the sake of so called efficiency. The irony is that even the big boys get swallowed by those even larger than they are and so on and so on! Crazy!

We all deplore Washington because it centralizes power and yet we think this local approach to "creating jobs" is virtuous. We are implored to SHOP CLOVIS or SHOP PLAINVIEW and are given only the option of shopping BENTONVILLE. Somewhere a lot of folks lost their livelihoods because of corporations! Thomas Jefferson warned us about this stuff loooooooong ago! I wonder how to educate folks about this kind of thing??? I've thought of organizing a 501c3 but it seems so much work that you'd have to quit your job and "work" for the 501c3.

I just received my latest issue of *Ceramics Monthly* and some potters are using methane gas

from landfills. The article states that there is no pressure from the gas and it's only 50% of the btu of propane or natural gas and a methane burner cannot operate its own pilot so a



propane pilot is needed and a forced air blower is needed to compress the gas for delivery to the kiln. All of this is considered "green." Hmmm, we need fossil fuels and electricity to harvest a "green" fuel. Sounds awfully nongreen to me. It's that theory of cumulative radicalism that I spoke of in my article. I think we are being conditioned to feel it's OK to generate waste because we can find a use for it... eventually. I would think we should just not pollute up front and that act solves our problems. Perhaps that's an oversimplified argument but there is a certain logic to it. Plus, what if the potters go out of business? I'm sure a pig farm would love to capitalize on the infrastructure built by the artist and heat some farrowing barns with methane!

DATE: DECEMBER 7, 2007

I ran across this Cree Prophecy last year while reading something... I can't remember, but I wrote it down and I may somehow use it in my faculty show.

Only after the last tree has been
cut down
Only after the last river has been
poisoned
Only after the last fish has been
caught
Only then you will find out that
money cannot be eaten.



Mark H Hillard
Impasse

Now that says it all! I read that the cow industry primarily "feeds" the fast food industry and not the household. Sounds about right but that's more of that quantifying argument that favors big industry. Lately I've taken an interest in "why" folks do what they do. Wendell Berry suggests that most

folks, including the cow industry folks, believe they are doing a good thing by keeping prices low, feeding the world, etc. Well, I was looking for philosophical works on why people are driven to do these things, not just cows, but pursuits of any kind. I came across a book called *Centering* by MC Richards, a potter, and I'm sorting through that. But I came across the work of Viktor Frankl and his logotherapy theory and a thought from him seems to be the litmus test of the cow industry when he says, "What is to give light must endure burning." Seeing that the cow industry is unsustainable, exploitative, polluting, etc., it must not reside within a virtuous light!

IS WIND ENERGY "GREEN"?

MARK H HILLARD

Most of us have probably heard it on the evening news or read a headline in the local paper touting "the new wind farm at such and such location will produce enough renewable energy for seventy thousand homes."

I'm sure that the majority of us would agree that this is a great thing; however, there arises in my mind two questions that should be asked, and I wonder if there are others who have had the same or similar concerns about judging the virtue of wind energy by the numbers of homes supplied by the supposed renewability of the wind.

Let us first address the seventy thousand – or whatever number is appropriate to the wind farms' output – homes. Would it not be a prudent measure to determine exactly what kind of homes these are? Are they energy efficient? Are they trendy McMansions with excessive square footage per occupant? Are they the abodes of a conspicuously consumptive populace?

It seems that we, collectively, as a society, have a certain willingness to accept the virtue of wind energy development simply by being told the number of houses that a particular wind farm will serve, and that bothers me. In part because there is the implication that the energy will somehow reach

only domestic units of consumption when in fact there is no way to keep the power from reaching industrial sources of consumption once the power goes into the grid. Should we



not be told this also? The other part of this wind energy quantification is the fact that there is no storage capacity on the grid so the fossil fuel burning power plants must remain online, never truly shut down even when the wind blows!

So, why are we not afforded the whole truth about the end use locations of wind energy and how the grid really works? I often wonder why it is that the promoters of wind energy use the domestic unit as the measure of virtue and ignore the other users of the grid.

The second concern that needs addressing is the claim on the part of the advocates of wind energy, that of "no emissions." Well, perhaps there are no emissions at the site of generation but there are plenty of emissions at other stages of the life of wind energy.

What about the metals used in the turbines, towers, and transmission lines? Is the metal extracted with machines using renewable energy? Is the metal smelted in furnaces fueled with renewable energy? Are the turbines, towers, and transmission lines installed and maintained using equipment and vehicles powered by renewable energy? And what about the production of Portland Cement to anchor the grid? Is the production of a ton of carbon dioxide per ton of cement a "green" practice? Are the cement kilns fueled by renewable energy? Is the continued mining of metals a sustainable practice?

These are probably only a few of the many questions we should debate publicly about industrialized wind energy. I sense there to be an incestuous relationship of wind energy to fossil fuels. When combined with a continuation of the lifestyles we have made for ourselves, reflected by our domestic consumption, I am willing to predict that the continued expansion of an industrialized wind energy grid will, ironically, accelerate the consumption of fossil fuels and cause a furthered, deepened, incumbency with non-renewable practices. Imagine the irony!

ETHANOL: IS IT THE ANSWER?

AMANDA HACKLER

Whenever ethanol is discussed in large forums the majority of comments are almost always positive. The farmer enjoys the increased price accompanying the increased demand for his product. The environmentalists enjoy the seeming endless supply of a renewable fuel source that contributes to the ideal solution for a problem that has plagued us for years. The typical American will definitely not be opposed to cheap gas for the vehicle. While it is hard to find fault with cheap gas and happy farmers there is definitely an alternate group of people who would find fault with the production of this fuel source.

It is hard to believe that this fuel could have any opposition at all, but let's examine a group of farmers that might not hold this fuel in as high esteem as grain farmers. For instance, the dairy farmer who buys a large portion of the crops needed for the production of ethanol. The law of supply and demand dictates that if demand increases so does price and if the price of feeding dairy cattle increases so does the price of milk. We can apply this same scenario to many other industries with products that depend on affordable corn such as cattle ranches and feedlots, just to name a few.

Ethanol has quite a few obstacles to overcome before it becomes the staple that oil is. One of ethanol's big stumbling blocks is infra-structure, it cannot be pumped as a blend (gasoline and ethanol)

through existing pipelines and has to be trucked in and blended with gas because of its inclination to separate in the presence of water. There are other issues concerning ethanol's ability to



be used in colder climates. These are just two of many issues that are associated with ethanol. One of the larger stumbling blocks of this product is the claims of several prominent authors and scientists that the energy return on energy investment is 0. **Simplified, this means that it takes more energy to produce this fuel than will be made.** Cornell University Ecologist David Pimentel in the M King Hubbert Center for Petroleum Supply Studies Newsletter concludes that "about seventy-one percent more energy is expended to produce a gallon of ethanol than the energy contained in a gallon of ethanol" (par. 6).

The National Corn Growers Association's website claims that this is a myth that can be debunked ("Ethanol: The Agricultural..."). While the debate is a great way to be more informed on corn production practices and new techniques for producing great yields, their information is not unbiased and impartial, and buying into their "facts" is not a way to be more informed on the ethanol front. The idea that ethanol is a viable alternative to gasoline is at this point not feasible. It is being used extensively as an additive and to that end has worked well. Financially the ethanol industry would lose a lot of its appeal as an investment opportunity if the government discontinued subsidies and tax credits.

Donald Lyons with *Red Orbit News* stated in an article published in July, "Ethanol is a disappointment. It provides one-third less energy than gasoline. It uses 20 percent of the corn produced in the United States and still only accounts for less than five percent of the gasoline sold. If not for the government mandate and subsidies the ethanol industry would have collapsed long ago" (par. 6). David Pimentel's research into ethanol yielded some interesting information; for instance, "The average U.S. automobile, traveling 10,000 miles a year on pure

Perspectives

Articles or Essays of controversy are one of Palabras's favorite pastimes. If you'd like to write a refutation or an alternate perspective to any article herein, please do.



ethanol (not a gasoline-ethanol mix) would need about 852 gallons of the corn-based fuel. This would take 11 acres to grow, based on net ethanol production. This is the same amount of cropland required to feed seven Americans" (par. 10). He goes on:

If all the automobiles in the United States were fueled with 100 percent ethanol, a total of about 97 percent of U.S. land area would be needed to grow the corn feedstock. Corn would cover nearly the total land area of the United States. (par. 11)

So if we grow enough corn to produce enough ethanol to completely replace gasoline in the U.S., we will no longer have enough land area to grow enough crops to feed ourselves, much less trade on an international level. This country has been made great because of our ability to maintain a cheap and abundant food source. We as a country do need to seek alternatives to the situation we are currently in, the situation of increasing more dependence on foreign oil from unstable countries with crazed dictators bent on destroying our way of life. Now when we mention our way of life we refer, of course, to our so-called God-given right to drive a sport utility vehicle that averages about six miles a gallon and to complain about having to pay three dollars for a gallon of gas. Now that last statement is probably a bit of an exaggeration but it is fitting for our culture because we are seeking an alternative fuel source in ethanol that will allow us to keep on driving our SUVs with no worries about tomorrow. This is not reasonable.

An ethanol plant is in the process of being built in the city of which I reside, Clovis, New Mexico. I know there was an abundance of people who opposed this decision. There was concern for the amount of water it was going to use as well as the air it was going to pollute. The *Clovis News Journal* stated in an article on November 12, 2007: "[A]fter a public hearing in September where several citizen groups filed a petition to appeal the ethanol plant's air quality permit... the groups said information about the plant's location was misled-

ing" ("Ethanol" par. 2). It goes on to say that, "[T]he New Mexico Environmental Improvement Board is scheduled to decide Wednesday whether to uphold an air quality permit issued for the Clovis ethanol plant" (par. 1). The *Clovis News Journal* informs us that "ConAgra Foods, the company that owns the plant, is proposing to build a 108 million-gallon-a-year ethanol plant on property it owns along U.S. 60/84, about one mile west of Clovis city limits" (par. 4). It will be interesting to see how the rest of this situation plays out.

For now, suffice it to say that ethanol is not a magic fuel; it releases pollutants just like gasoline and it's not as efficient. The ethanol industry has improved dramatically over the last ten years increasing production and attempting to reduce pollution, but the fact remains that there is absolutely no way ethanol can compete with petroleum based fuels.

There are still many things we as a country can do to improve our situation such as investing more in hydrogen based research. We could also focus more on conservation or even consider opening up exploration of our offshore sites. The possibilities, while not endless, are also not hopeless and we as a society need to be more informed as well as more involved with our global and local positions on this issue.



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