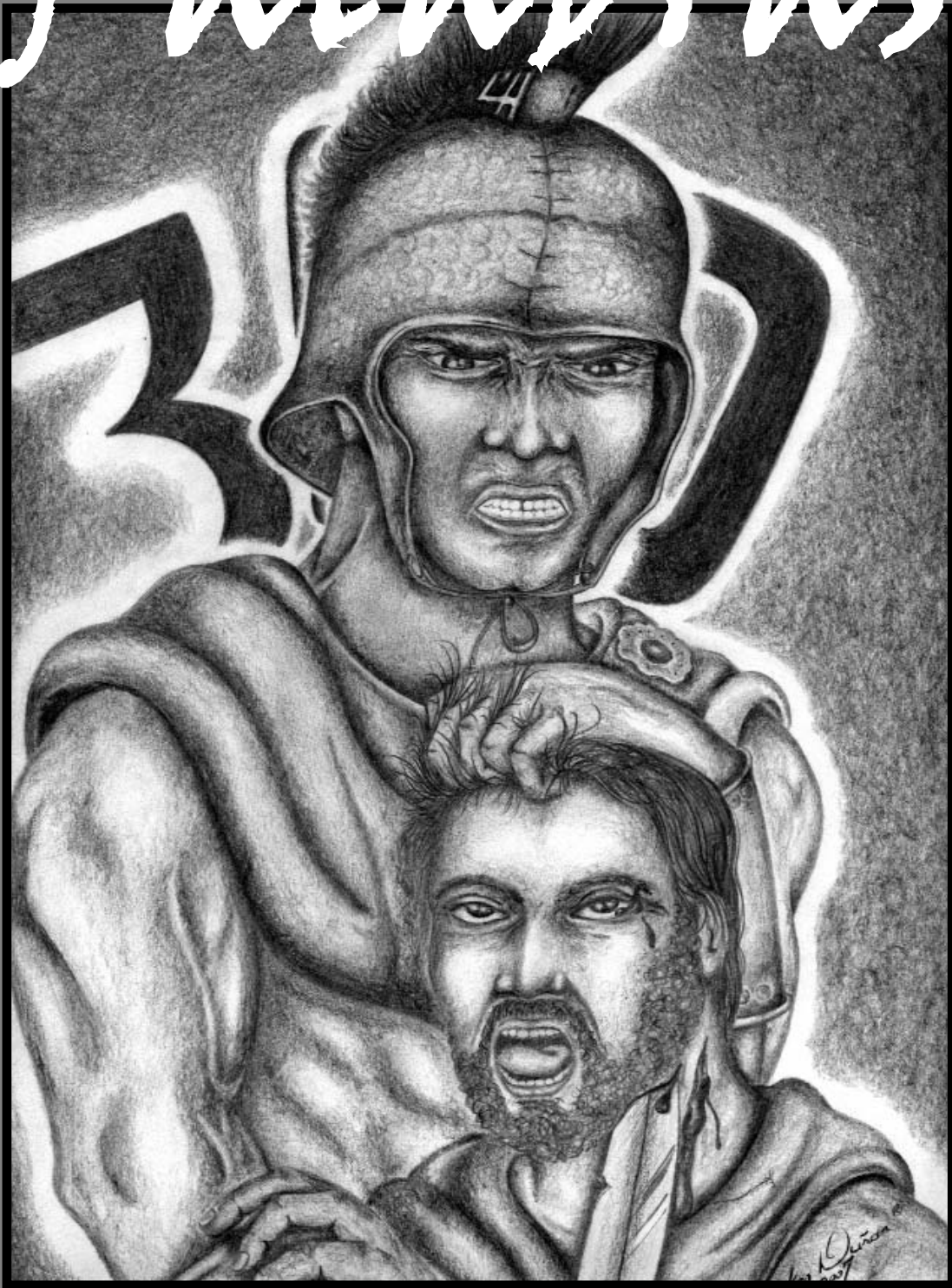


Palabras



Spartan Oppression

by Leo Duran

www.clovis.edu/web2/palabras/index.asp

Fall 2007

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

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by Leo Duran

SUBMISSIONS

Palabras favors an open submissions policy: anyone who would like to submit, may. Please submit work in either hard copy format to the editor in **Faculty Office 509**, 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, or approximately 1500 words. If documented, then in MLA, APA, or other acceptable format. If you have an essay, paper, or story longer than the specifications mentioned, please contact the editor at **505-769-4906** 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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from the Editors...

FROM THE OUTSIDE

GINA L HOCHHALTER

Recently, the Associate Editor of *Palabras* has found himself directing education at the Curry County Adult Detention Center, and as such, we've added another group of people to our intellectual and artistic family. To say it more plainly, *Palabras* has now two direct audiences of contributors: those in jail and those out of jail. I like to describe this issue, with its ups and downs, its within and withouts, as a pastiche, defined in the postmodernist context as a collage.



It is the most wonderful thing when people, considered to be so very much at odds in a culture, find themselves sharing the same space. First of all, the differences begin to waver, and clear lines begin to disappear.

Second of all, as said by Berger, "When you step back from a collage, you see that the various selections, like tiles in a mosaic, give you an aesthetically interesting image. Like pastiches, collages combine materials... to create a complex image" (5). The "bits and pieces" that make up a collage are similar to the "bits and pieces" from life and consciousness that make up this issue of *Palabras*.

This issue is what I call our black and white issue – there is literally no color because there is plenty of beauty without it: it's not clear as to which personality has created which piece. Instead of thinking that black and white represent two clear and delineated ends of a spectrum, think more about *Palabras* as inclusive, spanning an array of gray. Let me articulate this canvas of *Palabras* in a different way.

In our modern world, the postmodern view¹ asserts that society has become a "cinematic, dramaturgical production" to the point that "[r]epresentations of the real have become stand-ins for actual, lived experiences" (Denzin qtd. Berger 14). This is caused in part by plasticized consumerism,

or the wish to be people through the things we buy. This desire to buy our way into the people we might really not be has arguably caused us to also be plastic, unreal. We defend our external appearance but lose our internal being; we no longer can tell the difference between illusion (the lie) and reality (the true) – worse: we fail to see that the difference between them matters.

But even though we'd seemingly rather be fake than sincere, even though we see our roles to be more important and valuable than who we really are, and even though we feel that reality "pales in comparison" to the "mass-mediation" of *the televised* and *the computerized* (Berger 15), this issue is much more transmodern than postmodern: even in our posthuman age, it cares about people, whether we are real or not.

Real or not, we impact each others' lives precisely because we coexist. Because we have no choice in this matter, interesting consequences emerge. Unlike the postmodern view that suggests we are so beyond meaning that we have none, the selections in this issue beg wholeheartedly to disagree, declaring that we are so very real and filled with meaning that our differences created in this pastiche at times present a cacophony of pulses: the dark comes across the light, the negative brushes up against the positive, and we really can't sometimes tell which is which, and we really can't at times tell which way we should go: turn away or read on? balk or bask? shout at or attend to?

It is many times indeed because of awkward and intense disagreements or confessions that dialogue can take place at all. If ever there were an issue that "considers both sides of an issue" or is "two ways of looking at the same thing," this one presents that encounter on a very human level. This issue has an honesty and a zing that brings its own color to the pages. This 10th issue is (as were the previous 9 issues) definitely my favourite!

Work Cited

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¹ There are many views.

FROM THE INSIDE

RAYMOND E ATCHLEY

The 17th century English poet, Richard Lovelace, wrote:

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

(To Althea, From Prison, 1649)



Lovelace was no stranger to the realities of incarceration. According to the online encyclopedia *Encarta*, he was imprisoned in 1642 for promoting a politically incorrect stand on "restoration of the Anglican bishops," and again in 1648 after

his return from serving with the French army during the Civil War. His introductory stanza has over time become a "worn adage," an "old chestnut." And while the romantic notions about having "freedom" in love and "innocent" minds accepting the confinement as a "hermitage," rest assured, jail in its usual form, sucks. Or as one of my students would lament: "It sucks big!"

In this issue of *Palabras*, we offer contributions from some in our community who have fallen to the legal sanctions of confinement. In this issue, we seek to remind the community that just because a person has run afoul of the old *mala prohibita*, it certainly doesn't diminish these folks' intellects. Contrary to some well-entrenched myths, people in jail are, and will remain, people – with all their human foibles and genius still intact. Innocent or guilt is not of our immediate concern.

The reasons for these people being "locked up" are varied and for the most part, at least for me, unknown. I choose not to delve into their legal charges. I am their teacher – that they may be

In Memoria

This issue is dedicated to (and the following quote copied in memory of) Mark Reinholz, my friend in Bozeman, Montana who passed away from a sudden onset of liver cancer August, 2007. Thank you for your *thinking*, Mark, for helping me to create the Prologue of the novel I hope to publish before my own demise, and for your contributions to *Palabras*: "What I Look For?" in the very first issue (August 2002), the brilliant "Castaway" (Spring 2003), and now "The Moose Walked In..." (Fall 2007). Ah, we were such intellects, so this quote I claim in memory of you:

Post-modernity is neither optimistic nor pessimistic. It is a game with vestiges of what has been destroyed. This is why we are "post" – history has stopped, one is in a kind of post-history which is without meaning. One would not be able to find any meaning in it. So, we must move in it, as though it were a kind of circular gravity. We can no longer be said to progress. So it is a "moving" situation. But it is not at all unfortunate. I have the impression with post-modernism that there is an attempt to rediscover a certain pleasure in the irony of things, in the game of things. Right now one can tumble into total – the definitions, everything, it's all been done. What can one do? What can one become? And post-modernity is the attempt – perhaps it's desperate, I don't know – to reach a point where one can live with what is left. It is more a **survival amongst the remnants** than anything else.

– Jean Baudrillard, "On Nihilism," *On the Beach* 6 (Spring 1984): 38-39. (Bold added.) As quoted in Berger's *The Portable Postmodernist*, 2003.

interested and eager to improve their lot in life – that is my primary concern, subordinated only by security considerations.

One must remember that the difference between a prison and a place such as where I ply my trade, a detention center, the latter holds a majority of people that have yet to be convicted of any crime.

Be that as it may, and given that my supervisor has made a great deal of improvements and reforms in the housing and treatment of inmates, jail is jail. The residents are not free to unconditionally leave at any time or indulge in certain behaviors that they may be accustomed to. We are forced to consider another old adage: the one about gilded cages, no matter their gilding, remain cages, designed to deprive freedom from whatever subject. Nothing can replace freedom, even humane treatment and limited access.

Are some of these subjects considered monsters? You bet, the old "bogyman" myth remains alive and well in the hearts and minds of many a citizen, and that they are "bogeymen" is without doubt to persons who have likely suffered a wrong or encroachment. It's hard to consider some people as human when they seem incapable of mercy or fairness; especially when viewed as the main actor in a heinous crime against another, especially if that other is of special significance, like one's child or spouse. I would contend, though, that we are a nation which prides itself on our collective value stemming from redemptive ideals and beliefs and as such, we would do well to continue to search for alternatives in our society as to how we deal with those who violate our laws and behavioral expectations.

As you consider the art and writing in this edition, give thanks if you are free. Give consideration to how easily you might not remain free. And think about what you would want if suddenly your domicile was not of your choosing and you were suddenly cast into a labyrinth with no end in sight, whether justifiably or not.

Raymond

DEFINING JUSTICE

JANE FLORES

Corruption has been part of the nation's history from the beginning of time, and not one corner of the world is immune. Experiences of inequality endured by victims with skin of color, lack of health care and proper nutrition tolerated by the poor, and civil wars and conflict suffered by refugees are some examples of the injustices caused by corruption. In a world of uncertainty and disorder, can one embrace the security that a structure, such as *justice*, will bring order to such unfairness? What exactly does *justice* mean? The following essay, in my opinion, defines justice. First, justice is the discipline for which one depends on to be served when surrounded by chaos; second, justice is that which derives from honor and correctness; it is integrity; and lastly, justice is the act of what is moral, ethical, and equally fair.

Justice is the discipline for which one depends on or expects to be served when surrounded by chaos. Given is the example of refugees who are inflicted by homelessness and separation due to civil wars and conflict in their country of origin. The refugees are simply civilians living their daily lives when interrupted, with no warning, by shooting, yelling, crying, and people running for their lives. In *Embracing the Infidel*, author Behzad Yaghmaian quotes a young Angolan refugee boy, named Roberto, who becomes confused by such chaos and as a result is separated from his family to never see them again:

We were asleep in the house. All of a sudden the shooting started. There was noise everywhere. We all ran for our lives. Everyone was running. I left the house and followed a group of fleeing villagers. The armed men killed everyone. They killed children and women. (78)

How cruel and undeserved is such doom on a people who did nothing to warrant these attacks. In Roberto's case, did he deserve to live without his family forever?

People depend on discipline, order, punish-

ment, and control to be served to those who created such disarray for these refugees. In my opinion, we can only hope that no crime goes unpunished. If justice is not served and seen in this lifetime, then it shall come to pass in the next.

Secondly, the term justice is also that which derives from honor and correctness; it is integrity. Justice is about honesty, truthfulness, and what is good and right at all times. Given is the example of the poor and their struggle for healthcare and nutrition. A hypothetical example of a healthcare issue the poor face would be if a medical emergency should take place, one normally would go to the emergency room for treatment. However, the first question asked is, "Do you have insurance?" In the case of a poor individual, "No" would be the answer and she or he would consequently be turned away with no treatment for the ailment. In some cases, if the person is treated, s/he is then later billed even though the professionals know that if the poor individual can't afford insurance, s/he can't afford the bill.

In terms of nutrition, the poor in third-world countries depend on donated food and contribution because of a lack of resources of their own. Given the contributions and limited medical help, these people are still dying in numbers. According to an article reported by Nathan Liehtman of *Current Health*:

Some advocates believe that governments around the globe don't spend enough on feeding the hungry or farming. Conflict and economic problems were the main causes of more than 35 percent of food emergencies between 1992 and 2003, according to the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization. (12)

How long will the poor continue to breathe such misfortune at the hands of the powerful who can not agree and appropriately distribute funds or of the rich who seem to get richer? Quoted from the *New Living Translation Bible*, the Lord promises the poor and humble that, "My mercy and justice are coming soon. My salvation is on the way. My strong arm will bring justice to the nations. All distant lands will look to me and wait in hope for my powerful arm" (Isaiah 51:5).

Lastly, justice is the act of what is moral, ethi-

cal, and equally fair. Given is the example of the experiences of inequality endured by victims with skin of color. Contrary to popular belief, racism and discrimination continue, even if silently. Sowell states, "Discrimination is also one of the many factors operating against equality" (par. 6). John and Catherine MacArthur, from Research Network, acknowledge the following few of nine experiences as painted of daily life by discrimination: being treated with less courtesy and respect than others; receiving poorer service than others in restaurants or stores; people acting as if others are not smart, that they are better; and being called names or insulted (par. 5).

In conclusion, as the baffling question goes, "Why can't we all just get along?" If everyone would have an open mind, heart, and positive outlook, they would see that the more color and diversity – the more beautiful the woven tapestry. If everyone would just love others more than themselves they would feel compassion toward the ones who hunger, are manipulated and lied to, and displaced. Narrow-mindedness causes one to view only the side that calls it what it is, and they conclude that pandemonium is meant to be, and possibly, that life would not exist without it. Still, in my opinion, there is no room for such excuses when it comes to justice.

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I COULD HAVE BEEN FAT AND HAIRY

LARA C GURULE

She screamed, "Get back here you little tweaker bitch!" as she hurled her 370 pound massive body on top of my petite frame, knocking me onto the pavement. *What is wrong with this crazy woman? Why did she pick me out of all the delinquent kids in this apartment complex? Does she not realize that I'm in front of my friends and they now know I speak to her? Great. Now people will think I'm a loser.*

Dayna, the fat hairy lady, was lying on top of me. I was looking straight into her dirty face and beady eyes, "You're better than them losers, and you're gonna stay with me tonight." *What the hell is she thinking! Does she know what I've been through today? We got raided by the Drug Enforcement Agency. Luckily, I had nothing on me and was let go. Now we have to go tell Felix off since he was the one who ratted us out. "Why would I stay with you, Dayna?"*

"You're gonna stay with me cuz if you don't I'll call your parents and tell them where you at and then you'll have to live with them again." *What a bitch!*

"Fine, get off me, NOW! I can't breathe." She heaved her body off of mine. By then my friends were walking away laughing their asses off. *Whatever.* We walked into her trash heap of an apartment. She stomped her way through clothes, food wrappers, dirty dishes, and cigarette butts which were snubbed out in plates, the sink, plants, and were even laying on the floor. She opened the fridge and pulled out two packs of cigarettes. She threw one at me. *Gross, GPC's. Oh well, they are free!* Her house smelled like mold, dirty sweaty feet, and hot cheese all at the same time.

Dayna was not a good housekeeper, or mother, or friend. Really she wasn't good at anything but being on time to collect her welfare check for the kids she didn't raise. They all lived with different dads, or her mom, or her step-mother removed. She stomped back through the mess and landed in her obvious spot on the couch. It was caved in at least a foot. The couch was probably a three or four generation hand-me-down and the way it

looked now, I don't think the dump would accept it. It was black, but used to be cream color, and was stained with what looked like old gum on the side walk.

"Thanks for the cigarettes," I said.

"No problem, what do you wanna watch?" Dayna turned on MTV and we sat there in filth listening to the Goo Goo Dolls.

I felt like I couldn't breathe, her apartment was so nasty. My mom had a motto. "Don't put it down, put it up!" There was never anything out of place at home, and my mom wouldn't have it any other way. This was obviously very different; Dayna must have had her own motto. Maybe something like: Never pick it up, eventually it will absorb into the carpet.

Not that I was missing home or my family!

I tried to sit and listen to her newest drama with the youngest baby's daddy, but her house was consuming my every thought. "Dayna, why don't you let me clean your house? I have all this energy (*only because I had smoked dope right before she knocked me down*) and I want to thank you for letting me stay."

"Sure that sounds great; let me go borrow the vacuum and some bleach from Faye." *Gee, do all the welfare women around here share cleaning supplies? They obviously don't use them on a daily basis!*

Dayna came back with all the necessary cleaning tools. We jammed out to whatever was playing on *MTV After Hours*. We talked about the guy I was dating, how my parents didn't understand me, and how my little brother was always around and wouldn't leave me alone. All this was just too much to deal with.

Dayna told me that the reason she was so overweight was because she had emotional problems stemming from one of her step-fathers raping her at a young age. She thought that was why she slept with so many different men. *How could anyone have sex with her, and how did she end up getting pregnant by every other one?* She told me that ten years ago she got the Depo shot, and the doctor never told her about the side effects. So this was why she had a beard. Dayna made excuses as to why she couldn't work, lose weight, or get her kids back from the state.

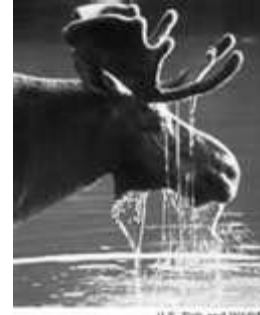
As we poured our hearts out, I scrubbed, shined, sorted, and even chipped through those three-day old dishes that were lying around. All the while Dayna sat in the hole in her couch. After three hours, four hefty bags of garbage, and eight piles of laundry later, I was standing in a glistening one bedroom apartment. I sat down and lit a cigarette; it tasted like bleach and comet, but I smoked it anyway. Dayna decided she was ready for bed. So she heaved herself out of her hole in the couch and stomped off. "Good night," we pleasantly said to each other.

I sat there on the couch for hours. I thought about all I had left behind when I ran away from home: a clean home, parents, and a brother who loved me, and most of all safety from the things in the world I had no business being around. I realized that Dayna and I had some things in common: we both left home at an early age, neither one of us knew what we wanted, and both were very lonely.

I wondered if I would end up like her. My heart told me that if I kept traveling down the road I was going I most certainly would. I finally fell asleep and woke up the next day at three o'clock in the afternoon. I jumped off the couch and ran to the gas station. I called my parents, and told them where I was and asked if they would come and get me. Without hesitation they jumped in the car and were on the way.

As I was walking back to Dayna's, I saw the paper stand and something caught my eye. "Tucumcari man gunned down." I looked in the window and read that Felix had been jumped, beaten, and then shot. My friends had killed a man and after they were done they threw him in the canal. Charles Dunn of Dunn's mortuary said that "what had been done to this young man was devastating; in all my years in Quay county I have never seen something so brutal."

Had Dayna not intervened, my life could be completely different. I would be sitting in prison right now, not waking up to this beautiful new beginning. I asked my mother if she ever thought I would come back home and she said, "I always provided you with enough love to carry you through any situation. I knew that someday my love would bring you back home."



From MSN Images

THE MOOSE WALKED IN... [THE MORNING SHOW]

MARK REINHOLZ

The Moose is a radio station in Bozeman, Montana

The moose walked in and
with a roar from its head
awoke the sleepy town from its bed

with a trump and a frown we knew it was time to
get on the road and
get to work on time

The radio asked for something new to play
Breakfast with the Beatles had gone a medieval
way
with a hope and prayer they asked each ear to be
aware

We all listened as we drove down the lane
What would be next
When would we be told
What song would take us from our jobs
and put us on the slopes of home

Would it be the hallowed voice of Nat King Cole a
merry old soul or another as yet untold

What song would catch the boss's ear
that when I walked in late
I would hear it said I didn't see
the clock I was in my car
Listening to my favourite song
and time was not there

THE MADNESS WITHIN

BENITO VALDEZ

I need to tame this madness within, but I do not know where to begin, I feel like I'm on the other side of the wall of my mind looking in. So much frustration and anger that keeps raging within. All this that is ~~said~~ ^{said} no one has ever been told, I feel ruthless and wreckless deep down inside uncontrolled. Confusion and loneliness stir up tension in my thoughts. Could it be that I'm forever lost in my emotions, unable to figure out a solution to cure myself of this insanity. It seems I have insomnia, I can't sleep, and my mind is desperately seeking relief. At times I feel depressed and scared, ~~confused~~ ^{confused} and lost, like there is nothing but an unbelievable darkness that has engulfed and surrounded me. I also feel a frustration and an uncontrollable sense, like I can hardly keep the insanity contained. The madness wants to be released and make its presence known. I feel lost to the world, like nothing else matters, it's just me all alone! It's somewhat miraculous that my sanity still lingers. How much longer will this last, the answer is unknown. My mind keeps on suffering through anguish and pain and like the wall will tumble down and I will no longer be able to keep myself controlled. I think all of the feelings and emotions are gonna finally take their toll. When it happens will I cry like some kind of a breakdown or will there be laughter from the madness that swarms the walls of my mind. As my actions become unpredictable and my feelings are impartial, the thoughts of my mind are truly becoming insane. I need to find relief, but I don't know where to look. Truly, I am scared because I don't know what I'll do, there's just so much chaos in my brain that I feel like a time bomb ticking away and awaiting its time to finally explode!

I feel as if I am living in some terrible nightmare that never improves. I still can't understand or comprehend how I've seemed to make it this far without losing control. How can it be that I just haven't snapped and lost contact with reality? How will it affect the way others will see me and the way things are now? Will anyone understand all of the pain and anguish that my mind has been going through or will I just be visualized as some kind of a monster wrecking havoc on the world? Will this type of behavior be expected from someone such as me or will others just pass judgement about what they know about me? How will I be viewed in the eyes of others if I let my emotions come tumbling out, I don't even know if I'd be the same afterwards. I know not what to expect if the walls of my mind came tumbling down like the mighty walls of Jericho. At times I feel like just banging my head off the walls to stop the talking in my mind, I believe I'm not schizophrenic, but my thoughts are insane and I feel unpredictable. Like a sickness that creeps up on you in the night. Again, how am I in contact with everything around me? Is this even life that I'm living or is this Hell and I just keep walking deeper inside of the pit. I hope that at some point all this madness can come to a halt and peace can finally settle within, but in order for that to happen I must find recovery and put the madness to an end.

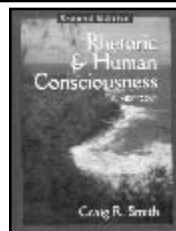
Editor's Picks



Elaine Pagels's *Adam, Eve, and the Serpent* (1988)



Lynda Sexson's *Ordinarily Sacred* (1992)



Craig R. Smith's *Rhetoric & Human Consciousness* (2nd ed., 2003)



Kate Mosse's novel, *Labyrinth* (2005)



Jan Lloyd

Black Forest

BEING POOR...

"Being poor..." is a continuation of opinions as inspired by The Chicago Tribune's "Being Poor" by John Scalzi (published September 15, 2005 online).

Being poor is not being able to bond out of jail.
– Porcella McDonald

Being poor is walking everywhere you go even as an adult.
– Carey Sumner

Being poor means living in the projects.
– Stacy Lopez

Being poor means being hungry and asking for a bite.
– Elizabeth Betancourt

Poor is wearing the same clothes for months at a time without a wash.

– Lahoma Ranson

Being poor to me means living in a vehicle because one can't afford any house or a motel room!

– Adela Montoya

Poor to me means you don't have nothing.
– Billie Yarbrough

Being poor is going to the Hope Center and only getting enough food for two days that is supposed to last a month.

– Michelle DesRoches

BEING POOR... CONT'D

Being poor to me is living in a HUD home and being on food stamps.

– T. Anthony

Being poor is waiting in line at CCADC to get a star punched in your ID bracelet.

– Diane Ross

Being poor means having to sell dope to live a decent life.

– Vanessa Sisneros

Being poor to me is when your “cellies” are getting commissary and you’re not.

– Maria Gonzalez

Being poor to me is knowing everyday and every place commodities are given.

– Krystal Sanchez

Being poor is having to take your kids to a friend’s house to give them baths and get them ready for school... all week long.

– Lisa Hutcheson

Being poor is having to get a loan to buy your kids some shoes and getting a loan of \$50 and making it buy three kids’ shoes.

– Sylvia Martinez

Being poor to me is borrowing from another.

– Kathryn Mollett

Perspectives

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



FANCY, OPPRESSOR

H G LEIGH*

Fancy Clothes,
image of oppressor:

take take take;

control our minds

how much we spend

where we go

what we think

how we believe

why we learn.

take take take.

Make us shut up or
get out.

Backwards we go –

backwards, dark ages...

again. Those in fancy (of course)

suits, oppressor,

refuse to

learn from those who

know more

than legislating

fabrication and fear.

oppressors, in fancy clothes,

Stop your control

Open your ears

to, what's that?

Listen! Beyond your

silk acrylic polyester

cigars:

Smoke in faces

of those

who you'd be – or are –

not fancy (should I really say
nothing?) without.

Smoke blown in faces

of those who you should trust.

Listen.

Watch your own fall.

Scuff knees, fancy

clothes: take take take

will no longer work

Now that everyone good

is gone.

* pseudonym

THE GREATEST STORY

Editor's Note: Hip-Hop Flava

It happened long ago in a place called Heaven, an angel named Michael got his army and he kicked him down to Earth
Then God created ADAM and a woman named Eve and you read about an apple and a snake in a tree
Then Cain killed Able and you reap what you sow a, he kept the seed alive till it got to Nocha
Then it started Rainin and they all got on a boat water covered Earth and all they did was float
The Ark came to rest so they sacrificed a bird and they multiplied the herd
In a place called Babel the people built a tower So God confused the language as to weaken thier power
But he kept the seed Alive so we wouldn't be damned, till it rested in a prophet named Abraham
Now with him He made a promise that his people would be blessed, But what he still didn't know was that he had to pass a test
Take your Son sacrifice him to me, to test his faith and to see if he believed
So he bound up his hands and lifted up his knife, But God called out and saved his life
Said Abraham my son don't Kill that Boy to not withhold his son gave God much joy
So Isaac grew up and gave his father much wonder as they conquered many kings and give a tenth of the plunder
Isaac had a son who gave his father much pride, and Jacob was the father of Israel's tribes
But Joseph was his favorite, the apple of his eye, So his brothes sold him to, some people pass'in By
He ended up in Egypt workin for this guy, but his wife couldn't do him so she wanted him to die
So, they put him in prison with a Baker and a Bearer, he interpret their Dreams and it made one scared
The Bearer went back and the Baker lost his head, they knew it was exactly what Joseph had said
Then the Pharaoh had a dream that no one understood, he asked everybody in the whole neighborhood
The Bearer thought of Joseph who was still in Prison, so they brought him into Pharaoh he said now listen
you got 7 years of Plenty then 7 years of drought, you've got to save from the plenty cause your gonna run out
Pharaoh knew this was wise So he made him a ruler over all of Egypt so that life would be cooler
Cause Joseph was blessed with the will of the Lord, and everything he did the people adored.
Then came the famine and there was no rain and his brothers came to town so they could buy some grain.
But Jacob kept the youngest one, the one called Ben, cause he was affraid that it would happen again.
Joseph cried Spie's go back again get Ben come Back and then
Simion will live But they didn't know why they didn't recognize the Man who was the apple of their fathers eye
Jo said look come closer to me Im the brother that you sold into slavery
They cried many Tears and gave Lord Praise and they got the many blessings they were promised in the early days
But many years later they were driven into bondage so they cried to the Lord to give them know ledge
of the man that would come and set them free from the heavy yoke of the ruler Rameses,
Moses was spared the death of the infants and he recognized the problems of his very own desendants
he was cast in the desert where he could be purged he could be the one to fulfill God's word
He said Moses my son go back unto Egypt cause I hear the cries and it's not the way I'll leave it
he did many wonders right from the start but Pharaoh didn't care God hardened his heart
But after the death of the Pharaoh's son he let the people leave with the chosen one
But he didn't give up, nope, wouldn't let it be, he chased them right through the parted Red Sea
Then the water came down on Pharaoh and his horse, he paid the big price for doubting God's force
They wandered through the desert for 40 years for the next generation He would dry thier tears
and conqvere 31 Kings, 7 nations, Inherit the land with the God of creation
a young Shepard boy with a rock and a sling killed a Giant and became thier King
Now David was wise, and so was Solomon, John the Baptist cleared the way for the Holy one
Mary concieved a child in the spirit, But Joseph was mad cause they hadn't been married yet
An Angel told Joseph about the Son of the Sire that the child she carried was the Holy Messiah
A Star appeared to Glorify Him and Jesus was born in a town called Beth la hem
He grew up strong, and He grew up wise, and as a young boy He pleased God's eye's
He answered every question and He had great knowledge tho He never went to school and He never went to college
so word spread quickly all over the land about a great man with the healin hand
He heal'd the sick, He heal'd the blind He walked on water He was humble and Kind
And tho He never sined the High Priest's plotted to have Him Killed so His name would be blotted
The Pilat found no resone so he washed his hands and gave the crowd a choice between a killer and the Son of Man
So they beat Him with sticks and crowned Him with thorns and nailed Him to a cross and People mourned
But 3 days later He raised from the dead and the people that knew Him remembered what He said
That He sacrificed Him self to take out sin so that we can be with Him when He comes again
For a thousand years of peace and then in Heaven and throughout eternity His love we will dwell in
His love is all I need His word makes me wise His blood washed my sins His death saved my life,

THE UNSPOKEN, ACCEPTABLE ADDICTION THAT IS KILLING OUR HAPPINESS

JENNY MOSLEY

Technology has progressed rapidly over the last few centuries. Televisions were introduced into our homes in the late 1940s and were highly popular the moment they entered our homes. They were bulky contraptions, rather large compared to the tiny black and white screen they housed. Families would gather around the television and watch shows like *I Love Lucy* and *The Andy Griffith Show* (Bell 372). As technology progressed, the ability to watch shows in color became available. Today, almost every home in America has at least one television set; most have more than one.

They are in our living rooms, our bedrooms, our children's rooms, and even in our garages. It is all but impossible to eat without watching TV. We have access to hundreds of stations with the touch of a button. Televisions are increasing in screen sizes while decreasing in weight. There are even TVs available that are just a few inches thick if we prefer, though they cost a pretty penny.

The advances in technology mean that televisions are now more available and more affordable than ever. Televisions are also ubiquitous. They are in doctors' offices, in restaurants, and in airplanes. There are updated versions of the VCR to record shows when we are unable to be home for a particular show: simply tell these devices what show and time to record, and it stores the episode in its memory to be played back whenever convenient. (All this possibility without a bulky video tape.) Televisions are no longer considered to be an "extra" when purchasing a vehicle; they come standard. They are everywhere in today's society.

Programming on today's TV shows has had to change over the years, as well. *The Andy Griffith Show* and similar shows with morals (Bell 373) are

no longer of interest. Fairy tales and happy endings are no longer in demand (374). It has to be reality, or real life drama, such as *Dog: The Bounty Hunter*, *Dancing with the Stars*, and *90210*.

This televised abundance comes, though, with a price. And this price does not affect the wallet. The advanced technology of televisions is putting space in our relationships with the ones we love the most. Television – this technological wonder-trap – is causing us to short change the efforts we put into maintaining our relationship with our significant other, our children, and ourselves.

In today's society, we are turning to the television for intimacy and love instead of to our husbands, wives, or companions (McCovey 116).

With society's obsession of beauty, it is hard to turn on a television and not see a gorgeous man or woman. There are shows solely based on beauty, and what others think is hot and sexy. There are shows that shine the light on infidelity, and hopping in and out of bed with strangers. People watch shows and movies where the sex is passionate and orgasmic every time. Television is capitalizing on sex (Bachtel 477).

The problem with this idea or theme of television is that people will watch it and not be able to tell the difference between what is real and what is "Hollywood." They may question why their lover is not as sexy as Orlando Bloom or Eva Longoria. They do not understand that Hollywood is not a reality so they compare their lovers and themselves to what they see on the television. This leads them to feel ashamed of themselves and their bodies and they wonder whether or not they can do better in picking a mate. It takes more to make a relationship work than great sex alone. Lust is only an initial attraction, but it fades with time. We should base who we find attractive or unique by what we like and how we share common interests, not what some show says is desirable.

With the presence of a TV – or four or five – it is very difficult to be intimate.

Televisions create space within the relationships we have with our partners because we choose to sit in front of the television and watch TV instead of



talking to one another (McCovey 116). Trying to cram in a conversation between commercials does not count as quality time! We are so concerned that we might miss something on TV, even though they will recap what just happened a zillion times.

Whatever happened to going for walks and holding hands? Whatever happened to playing a game or putting a puzzle together and simply enjoying being around each other?

Our relationships with our children suffer when a television is present in the home. Some parents rely on educational programs to teach their



child basic skills such as counting (Bachtel 478). Therefore, there is no interaction

between parent and child. Whatever happened to parents taking their child for a walk and counting all the dandelions they find (Bachtel, 478)? Or counting chocolate chips in a just-baked cookie that a child made (478)? It is a sad message parents are sending their children by sitting them in front of a TV (478). It is telling the child, "You are a burden to me; watch TV and get out of my hair."

Some parents get too wrapped up in their "shows," and completely lose their cool if their child gets in the way of the TV or interrupts by asking a question. They will scream and holler, "Get out the way!" or "Shut up!" This is if the child is lucky. Some children are simply ignored, as if they do not exist. Think about the message this is sending to the child: "You are not important enough for mommy to acknowledge." And these reactions all because they are about to announce the winner of *American Idol* or because some ditz blonde bimbo died of a drug overdose and they are airing a special on her life. Imagine all the beautiful masterpieces that have been colored by these innocent children and then shunned for a dumb television show. Think about the damaging effects having a parent addicted to the TV has on a child's self esteem. Imagine the effect if both parents are addicted.

The TV is also hurting the relationship we have with ourselves. Many of us are allowing television shows and ads to control our thoughts and feelings about ourselves. Watch thirty minutes of television and there will be ads for 'quick' fixes, such as diet ads and skin cream; 'no credit, bad

credit, no problem' car ads; as well as drugs for sexual enhancement (Cherry 270). Who do they think they are advertising to? Is all of society unhappy, overweight, with horrible credit? Of course not, but it fills our heads day in and day out.

If someone is overweight, why not educate the person about how to lose weight? Trying to convince someone to buy a certain product is not the answer. But, let's watch a show about the *Biggest Loser* instead of being one ourself by getting off the couch and exercising. There are shows that profit from women not knowing who their child's father is, and the audience absolutely loves it when they are wrong for the fifth time! Isn't that a sad fact that certain programs are influencing us to be happy because others are in a pickle?

Television has turned us into a society prone to convenience and one which seeks instant gratification (Bachtel, 477). Television has made us impatient. God forbid we have to sit at the doctor's office and wait in the waiting room without a television to entertain us. God forbid we entertain ourselves in a fashion that stimulates the mind and requires us to think for ourselves, like reading a book, instead of sitting back and allowing the television to take control of our minds. God forbid we spend quality time with the ones we hold dearest by doing something other than watching TV, such as sit on the front porch and talk (McCovey 116). Television is entertainment, plain and simple.

And maybe it should be recognized as being one, but not the only, tool for entertainment (Bachtel 478). It is great to be entertained; to be able to put on a great movie or watch a sporting event in the comfort of our own home. But it has gotten out of hand in America. There is a difference between watching a football game every week verses having three satellite dishes for the "ultimate football package."

Television has become an obsession. America has tuned out families and tuned into the "latest and greatest" Hollywood has to offer. We have put unrealistic expectations on ourselves as well as our loved ones because we have been influenced by our television. We are being influenced subcon-

sciously by machines that are not alive, by machines we must go out and purchase. We bring them into our homes willingly. They do not think, breathe, or love, yet we put them over the living things in our houses, our families and companions.

Society should take a long, hard look at the effects of owning a television. TVs are great inventions when used in moderation, but we should be made aware of the negative side effects when one becomes addicted without even realizing it. Just like any addiction, we must first educate ourselves and become aware of the addiction. Then, we must try to get a hold on it.

Simply put, limiting TV viewing will improve quality of life. We would find ourselves more content. We would find happier couples and happier children, not to mention, healthier ones (Bachtel 477). We would be better rounded individuals.

More people should stop relying on the television for entertainment. We should be unique and step outside of the box and experience life as it never has been before. Varying our forms of entertainment can only improve our quality of life. We would realize that we are sexy and beautiful just the way we are. Let's not short-change our relationships, ourselves, and our lives because of this nasty, hidden, unspoken addiction.

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Images of TVs are from MSN Live Search Images, Retrieved 4 November 2007.

THOMAS

CANDICE ERWIN

It was the year 1593, and it's another gloomy day in London. The Plague was thick in the air. It was hard enough just to stay healthy; but my one true passion, play writing and acting, I sincerely missed. It was hard to find work in my field with all the theaters being shut down for days and days at a time.

Growing up I was told tales of Rome: its soldiers, heroes, and the magic of this great Empire. Oh, how I could not wait to jump back onto that stage; sharing that gift of story with others. I could almost smell the fresh paint on those freshly carved out props. If I closed my eyes, I saw the theater over-flowing with people; I listened to all the gossip of this new play and what they thought it would be about.

Sitting in the crowded bar, my drink in hand, I saw him walk in. I had heard so many things about him from my peers. I heard about him, the best one could hear about any play-write; but from the locals, I heard how he had stirred up so much controversy. As mentioned before, he affected many artists dealing with play-writes, actors, or anyone who had an imagination. Many of these people would do anything to have the opportunity to work with him.

He leaned up on the bar and asked me, "What is your name?"

I replied, "Thomas, but friends call me Tom."
"Well, Tom, you can call me Will."

I could not believe that we were sitting in this crowded muggy bar speaking of everything, about travel, art, plays, and, of course, the stories that we both grew up listening to. As young and naive as I was at the time, I opened my mouth and began to boast of all the wonderful things that I had heard about him: how my peers spoke so highly of him, that he would become the best English language writer known in history. He gave me a slight smile and left it at that.

I told him that I was somewhat new to the area with no job; and to my surprise, he offered me a spot in his theater. With no hesitation, I jumped at this chance. At first, it was mostly cleaning and running errands for Will. One day, he asked for my opinion. He was creating a new play, and he wanted me to read his initial draft. Without hesitation, I

agreed. As mentioned before, I too had a taste for play writing.

He handed me a stack of papers held together with a thick black ribbon. I took it back to my quarters that evening after my chores were done. I lit my new candle and sat at my desk. I untied the ribbon and began to read. I read and read till dawn; wax covered one of the corners of my desk, but I did not care, for I was thrown into a new world. I was so amazed that these simple words on paper could create such an incredible world in my mind. I felt that every play, every story that I had ever been in or heard was nothing compared to what I had just encountered. I was nothing compared to Will. This man was truly gifted. Everything my peers had said about him was true. I had had no idea.

With no sleep whatsoever, I tied the black

ribbon securely, blew out what was left of my candle, and ran back to the theater. I was filled with such ideas, excitement, so many thoughts and theories that it was overwhelming. I told Will that I wanted to help with his new play, which consisted of a love triangle with a twist of fairy-tale comedy. We began to toss ideas around. Just as the lives we led were full of twists, this particular play began with one: two young men after the same young woman, but she has love for only one of them. Yet the father doesn't share the love the young woman has for the man she chooses, for he had made plans with the other man to be her suitor; and who could forget poor Helena, the one in love with the suitor the father favored?

We worked on this play for a year and finally finished it and were able to preform and share it



Melynda Crouch

with others. With the full cast, we included a fairy queen, fairy king, the four young adults, a character named Puck, and a man who acquired a donkey head all blended into an elaborate story. The title was "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

It was stories like these that gave me more of a

passion to keep writing; and they opened my imagination to endless possibilities. I knew that I would probably never be half the play-write he was, but his work would later inspire me and many others across this world. Through his stories, he will live forever; and when we tell ours, so will we.

(POETRY, THOUGHTS ON CHILD PORNOGRAPHY, MOLESTATION, PROSTITUTION, ABUSE)

JANETT JOHNSON

I. "Our Future"

Children

once voices of hope, laughter, contentment.

Today

voices of despair, pain, and sorrow.

Without

voices of hope, laughter, contentment,
this planet Earth will suffer.

II

"What happened?"

AMERICA.

Land of Opportunities.

Those,

not used by all.

Many

stalk in the swamps of darkness,

Getting stuck on

Rape, theft, violence, and greed.

AMERICA.

Land of Freedom.

Land of Opportunity.

What happened to your Beauty?

II

"Speechless"

Women,

once

often

victims without voices.-

Victims

to the blow of a man's hand.

Women

were craving equality.

Changing.

from powerless to powerful,

continuously fighting for this goal **today.**

Many

men found other

voiceless victims.

Children.

According to psychology:

Man looks for his reflection of his image in

another human being.

If

A man

Violates a child

How small is his image of himself?



Marcos Velasquez

PEN & INK RAM'S HEAD

Marcos Velasquez, a 28 year old former resident of Portales, drew the Ram's Head over a period of three months. The drawing was created on a handkerchief using a standard ballpoint pen for his 11 year old cousin, who is a great football fan and likes the Ram mascot. Marcos remains incarcerated, and as a 9th grade dropout is intent on pursuing a better life through education. He usually works in construction but is being encouraged to further his artistic bend.

MY FIRST CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN

JUANITA DE LA PAZ

I can see the countless Christmas trees around the world below
With their tiny lights all aglow,
Just like the stars of Heaven shining on the snow.

The view is so spectacular,
Please wipe away those tears.
You see there is really nothing to fear,
For I am spending Christmas
With Jesus this year.



I hear the many Christmas carols that people hold so dear,
But the sounds of that music can't measure up to
The Christmas choir up here.

I have no words to tell you,
The joy their voices bring.
For they are beyond description,
To hear the Angels sing.

So be happy for me, dear,
And be glad for me.
Because I'm spending Christmas,
With Jesus this year.

I sent each of you a very special gift,
From my heavenly home above.
I sent each of you a precious memory,
Of my eternal love.

After all,
Love is more precious than gold.
It was the most important thing,
About the stories Jesus told.

Please love, and keep each other,
As Jesus said to do.
I can't tell you of the blessings and love,
He has for each of you.

So have a Merry Christmas,
And wipe away that tear.
Remember, I'm spending Christmas,
With Jesus Christ this year!



In memory of those who are gone but not forgotten.