



The College of Southern Idaho's Literary Journal
A Collection of Regional Writing and Visual Art

"Sunlit Aspen" by Ann Keane

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Focus

Silo is a journal of creative writing and visual art that focuses on the work of students from the College of Southern Idaho and writers and artists from the surrounding region. While the region boasts more sagebrush and open land than writers and artists, we believe that the talent of our local work is shaped by a geography and way of life that results in a unique perspective that even readers outside the area will enjoy. When early explorer John Astor visited the area, as recounted in Washington Irving's 1836 book titled *Astoria; or, Enterprise Beyond the Rock Mountains*, he and his company had crafted canoes and were floating the Snake River when he logged, "A wild and desert solitude extended on either side of the river" (176). This collection hopes to portray the diversity and talent that exists today in this still "wild and desert solitude."

Editors

Judy Grigg Hansen
Jim Irons
Kory Lloyd
Ben Lustig
Kim Madsen
Debra Matier
Robert Mayer
Betti Carol Taylor
David West
Michael Youngman

Technical Advisor: Ken Bingham

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Name Withheld

The Man I Married

Listen –

He was the man I married.

He was the father of our daughter.

He was the man who brought home the green and silver.

He was the man who wasn't truthful.

He was the man who danced with his coke.

He was the man who boozed open the door of his own reality.

He was the man who betrayed.

He was the man with her.

He was the man who left me.

He was the man who became my roommate.

He was the man who made a fool of me.

He was the man who liked my niece a little more than needed.

He was the man who stayed at the "big house."

He was the father whose daughter was glad she changed her name.

Listen –

He wasn't the man I married, not anymore and not for a long time.

Listen Though – Who was I?

Chelsea Buxton

Chalk Pastel



Gary Robinson

A Few Fond Childhood Memories

LET me begin by saying that my happy childhood memories are few and far between. What ones I have center around my maternal grandparents, Rankin, who was also known as “Mike” to friends and family, and Esther Rutherford. As a young child, my weekends and summers were spent at their secluded ranch. These days were the only escapes I had from an abusive home life. It was at my grandparents’ home that I learned to ride and take care of horses. I also learned to hunt and to fish and that life didn’t revolve around being afraid all the time. The love and freedom I felt with my grandparents was so different than the strict life that I had at my family home. At my grandparents’ house, being a child was encouraged and mistakes were forgiven. There were always sugar cookies and hugs, and never once did I feel like I was unwanted. I looked forward to the weekends because that meant I would be picked up by my grandparents and whisked away for two days of happiness.

My trips to my grandparents’ ranch always started out the same way. “Grandpa Mike” would pull into my parent’s driveway in his big, purple Oldsmobile and wait in it while my grandmother came into the house to get me. Once in the car, the argument between the two of them about where to go eat would begin. My grandmother always wanted to go to the Rogerson Hotel; whereas, my grandfather preferred a steak house. I do not ever remember eating a steak. The Rogerson had

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waitresses who wore white dresses with black aprons. There would normally be four of these creamers on the table, and I would drink them all since nobody ever told me I could not. It was there that I could order anything I wanted, and did so. The Hamburger Deluxe plate with its delicious greasy fries was normally my first choice; although, a hot beef sandwich occasionally won out. These burgers were nothing like the dry thin ones my mother made. They were thick, juicy, and covered in mustard and catsup. I can still remember how my eyes would close in delight with my first bite. I would slowly savor every morsel and leave nothing on my plate, not even the parsley. It was years later when I realized parsley was a garnish and not meant to be eaten. After finishing my meal, it was time for ice cream, and that was something I never got at home. To a five year old boy, the decision on a flavor to choose was almost an insurmountable task, but after much consideration, a choice would be made but, with all the possible flavor combinations, this task sometimes took little bit of time.

After having lunch, our next stop was to the Woolworth store right across the street from the restaurant. That meant I would be getting a toy or a plastic model. My grandfather acted like he was annoyed by all this but he really was not. The entire basement of the store was the toy department with rows and rows of magical items. I would wander up and down the aisles, carefully evaluating the merits of each toy. I would imagine how much fun each toy would be before making my choice. My grandmother would wait patiently because such decisions are a serious matter to a

five-year-old boy. I would eventually pare my choices down to two or three toys and ask my grandfather his opinion. He always had the same answer, and that was to get them all. He would then pick me up and carry me to the cashier. Once there, he would pay for my treasures and purchase a roll of Butterman Lifesavers for a little game we would play on the trip to their house.

The trip to their ranch, southwest of Buhl, Idaho, was an adventure on its own. My grandfather was not the most patient driver and may have been the basis for the term “road rage.” He basically had two speeds, 15 or 80. To a five year old boy, driving fast down the three mile dirt and gravel road which led to the ranch was like being in the Indy 500. We would be kicking up so much dust that the view out the rear window looked like a desert sandstorm. Being engrossed in whatever novel she had at the time, my grandmother was completely oblivious to the mortal threat to our lives. Several times, my grandfather had to swerve to avoid cows that had wandered out of the pasture and end up driving through the barrow pit. I would be bouncing all around the back seat and screaming in delight. By the time we arrived at the ranch, the Oldsmobile that was once purple was now a shade of tan from the eighth of an inch of dust that had settled on it. The first thing I did was grab the garden hose and spray the car clean.

The ranch consisted of a main house with a wrap-around porch, a five car garage with an attached corral, and the big horse barn where my grandparents kept their thoroughbred horses. Every morning, I would go to the barn to help feed and

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water the animals. I still remember the smell of hay and manure and the sounds of the horses' excited whinnies. Grandfather would let me pitchfork the horse feed, though I probably spilled more onto the floor than I got into the troughs. After feeding the animals, the two of us would go back to the house for breakfast. My favorite was a big bowl of Special K cereal with enough sugar to surely trigger diabetes. I would then proceed to the living room and sit down in front of the television to eat. This was something I was never allowed to do at home. There was also the fact the television at the ranch got two broadcast stations, and this was the greatest thing ever. I could watch Mickey Mouse Club and that was something I could not do at my parents' house. Later, I would sit and rock in my Grandpa's oak rocking chair and read one of the hundreds of westerns that were on the bookshelf, and after that, a well-deserved nap.

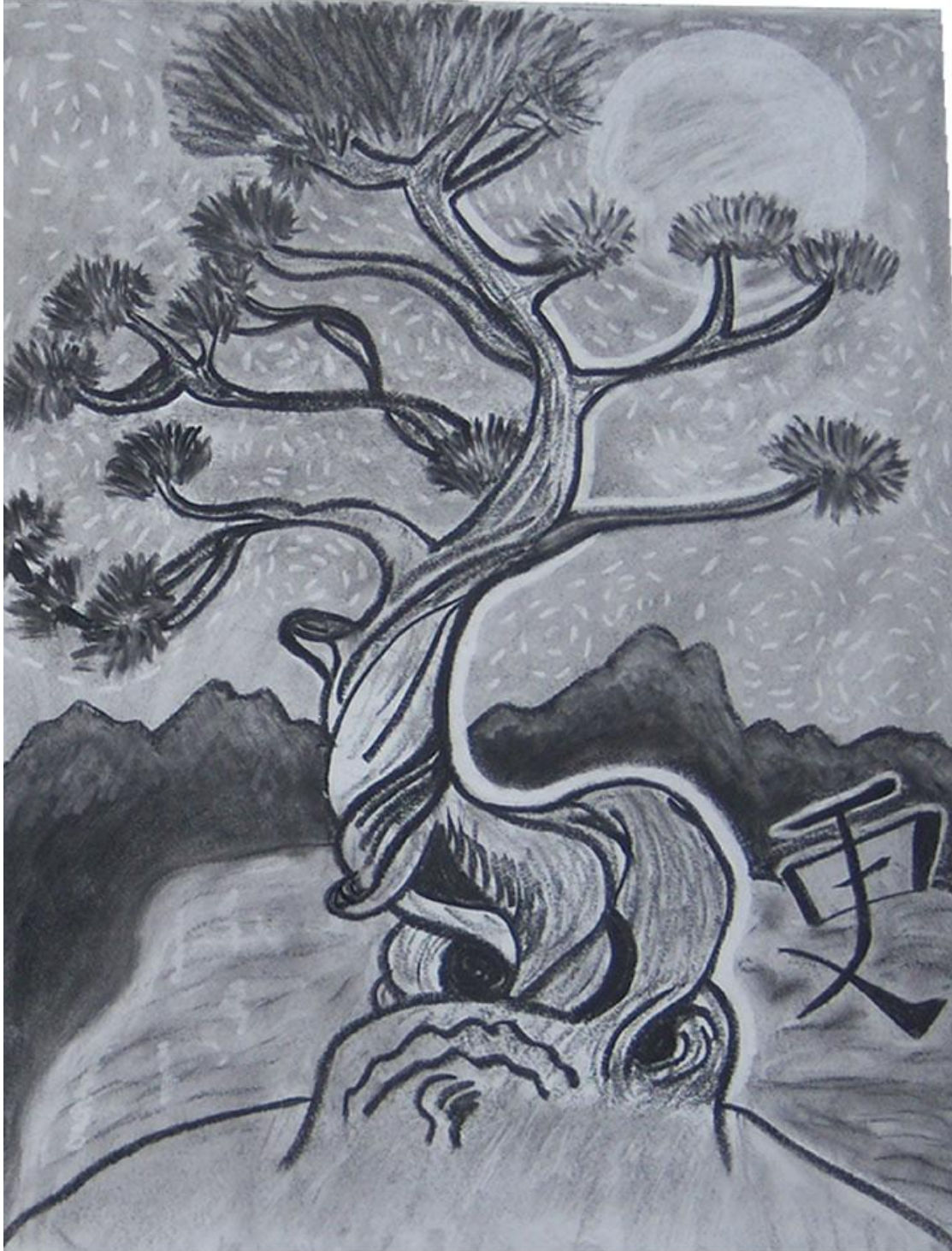
All in all, the memories I have from that time in my life are the only clear ones. The anticipation of being picked up is still a tangible feeling. I can still taste the Hamburger Deluxe from the Rogerson Restaurant and feel the cold ice cream on my tongue. The excitement of going to Woolworths to choose my toy still is with me even as an adult. I still remember the laughter, and more than a little fear generated by the drive to the ranch. The smell of horse barns still takes me back to being a five year old. I am still a card carrying member of the Mickey Mouse Club, and Special K is still my favorite cereal. I guess what I'm saying is even though I am fifty-eight years old on the outside, these memories will always keep me five years old on the inside. I can still

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smell the smells, hear the noises, and feel the love from that big house. The memories of my grandparents that I have from my early childhood are the only happy ones I can remember, and I am eternally grateful for them and the love they showed me.

Noe Garcia

Charcoal



Kory Lloyd

Fawn

THE swather cuts through the bright green alfalfa at an impressive speed considering its age. The large donut-like wheels on the front crush the cut alfalfa stems. Stained with green, the worn treads roll smoothly through the field, oblivious of the bumps and lumps.

None of their equipment is new, but they manage to keep things running by working in the shop through the cold, blowing winter days. She runs to town for parts while he cusses and swears at stripped bolt threads and rusted nuts.

She loves swathing. The smell is sweet, like fresh-cut lawn grass, but on a much larger scale. The old machine cuts a twenty-foot wide swath of alfalfa down to a single windrow of nutrient-rich hay, ready to dry in the high desert sun for baling in the next few days. He does the baling; she hates managing the tensioner and fixing the stringer when the twine tangles. She cuts and he bales. They both stack it, taking turns with the Stackwagon.

The sky is pale, steely blue. She imagines the wisps of stringy clouds moving to the sound of the cutting deck. The blades whirr back and forth, slicing the juicy green stems of each leafy stalk. The alfalfa is their lifeblood. Their small herd of cattle survives each winter in relative comfort because of the work during the summer hay season. She hates the winters, and looks forward to each spring and summer. The joy

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of irrigating and raising hay and grain tempers the hot dry months of July and August. The cows currently range on the BLM near Elk Mountain. They fatten on the mountain grass, and the spring calves grow quickly.

She adjusts the ripped foam keeping her butt protected from the old metal bucket seat. Her hands rest lightly on the levers, pushing them forward. She adjusts each lever forward and back to maintain the straight windrow trailing behind her. She leans slightly forward, watching the back and forth progress of the sharp blades below. The stalks tumble over at her feet like towers toppling to an unstoppable foe. The auger rotates, carrying the cut alfalfa to the middle gap where it piles in a jumble that snakes underneath the swather and tails her as she moves back and forth across the eighty-acre field.

The cool morning is like the cut hay: new and fresh. Like a child could be.

She spins the swather at the end of the row, slightly thrilled at the speed of the turn. The morning is growing late. Heat from the sun radiates from the rusty metal roof above her. She looks across the field toward the house and shop to see his truck pull into the yard. The sun reflects and glints off the large square side mirrors of their old International. Les curses when the old pickup breaks down, but he loves working on it. She understands his satisfaction of getting more life out of something that should have died long ago. She still falsely hopes and wonders, but she is long past child-bearing.

She remembers standing in the den years ago. The desk is covered in bills and statements. The canal company share allotment. The power bill. Parts listed from a pump still in pieces in the shop. His choppy handwriting is scratched on papers and envelopes. Phone numbers and notes cataloging the last ninety days.

The doctors said nothing was wrong, but something was. She walked behind the desk. A couple of lines from his notebook stowed in the top drawer gave it away: "IVF 41% under 35," "\$8,500," and "fert. drugs" were scratched under a Boise phone number. She had been thirty-seven at the time. They couldn't really afford alternative means, but she knew Les thought about it often.

When he stares from their worn front porch at the horizon, she knows his thoughts. They're the end. There is no one for the ranch beyond them. She'll grip his hand and pull him down to the porch swing. They'll sit together and watch the sun set on their existence.

Movement to her left. A doe jumps up from the tall, standing alfalfa. She slams both feet to the stiff, double brake pedals and pulls back on the steering levers. Too late.

The doe runs toward the barbed-wire fence, but stops and turns. She curses her inattentiveness. The carnage splays about at her feet. Bones, blood and soft tan hide scattered in a small ragged pile against the cutting deck. The blades still scythe back and forth; the auger catches a small hoof and jerks a cut and bloody leg from the standing, uncut alfalfa.

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She stares at the black, shining split hoof. The fawn is cut in pieces. *It didn't feel it. It was too fast.* She shudders and pulls back on the levers. The swather lumbers backward. She pulls the cutting deck out of gear and kills the engine.

The coppery tinge of blood in the air makes her cringe. She hates herself. The doe jumps the barbed wire and flees, bounding through the scattered sage brush adjoining the alfalfa field.

The depression of the doe and fawn's bed lies in a half circle at the edge of the cut alfalfa. She imagines the doe hearing the machine approach: her panic as she tries to wake her fawn, nudging it to move as the beast approaches.

The cutting blades sliced through the legs and into the abdomen. Blood speckles across the light-dotted fur. Gray intestines and bright blood mix with the green, jagged points of alfalfa leaves. The fawn's eyes are open, but they stare incomprehensibly.

She pulls a short-handled shovel from the cab. The indignity of scooping up the dead baby with the tool makes her weep. She piles the fawn and its pieces to the side. The coyotes will be at it tonight, but there is no help for it. She's not going to dig a hole and bury it, not going to uproot the plants in exchange for sanctity.

Savannah Landrum

Charcoal



Ann Keane

Rhythm of the Mud

For my dad

Back and forth, back and forth
He shovels the mud and
Flings, flings, flings.
He mustn't let it dry.
Get that hose on. Sprinkle that mud.
He is singing the rhythm of the mud.
Mud is his life.

He works it until it is hard and useful.
Bumpers, sidewalks, walls and
more forms, forms, forms.
He works to provide, no slacking
allowed.
Never mind he is over 80 years of age,
Never mind his body is worn,
Never mind that he gets dizzy and
sways.

It is off to sing the rhythm of the mud.



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Christina Lewis

Collateral Damage

"FLIGHT 1583 will be boarding in thirty minutes. Passengers please make your way to the gate."

Hassan Shakir was awakened by the beating of his own heart trying to escape from his chest. His eyes darted back and forth, taking in his surroundings. The imprint of his sweat formed a cool, damp silhouette where he had been sitting. People of the airport turned their heads up from their cellphones to suspiciously eye him, which was nothing he wasn't used to. He had stepped from one nightmare into another. For a moment he lay in silence letting the images of his dreams burn on to the back of his eyes while he steadied his pulse.

April 3, 2003. He would never forget that date. At the time he had been working as a cardiovascular surgeon in the heart of Bab Al-Moatham. The country had been experiencing attacks on various cities for the past three weeks, but many citizens of Baghdad had been doing their best to continue as normal. A number of the wealthier families had fled the country, but for Hassan and his colleagues, fleeing was not an option. In the middle of an American invasion that left countless civilians wounded, a medical presence was needed more than ever.

It had been a long day of treating patients, and Hassan had barely left for home at the unusual hour of 8:00 when the first bomb hit. It impacted in less than a second,

and shook the earth in waves that would continue to rattle the foundation of their lives. Before the passengers of the bus could understand what had happened the subsequent onslaught was already underway. Bomb after bomb, wave after wave that sent spiraling clouds of gray smoke into the sky and set the city ablaze. The bus came to an uneven stop just outside of Al-Adhamiyah, and Hassan was swept out with the river of bodies that poured into the streets. He attempted to gather his bearings as panicked citizens crashed into him and resolved to continue the final mile home on foot.

The following memories flipped before him like flashcards. The discordant orchestra of screams, crying, and sirens faded into the white noise behind his disquiet mind. Sparkling granules of sand kicked into the air, the heat transforming them into glass before his eyes. Grainy clouds poured out from every nook and alley coating his brown skin with dust and blood. The remains of a youth lay haphazardly on the rubble, his skin peeled back in the front revealing the muscle and tissue that bound him together. Hassan prayed that the boy wasn't a nephew, a community member or a friend as he hurried past. There was no way of knowing now.

The rural district of Al-Adhamiyah had been reduced to an unrecognizable form. From structure to chaos. Men in outfits of varying shades of brown and green filtered through the streets shouting at one another in English. Children called out for their parents, while parents called for their children. It was several hours before Hassan found his own family. His wife was buried in their old apartment complex, her

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stomach impaled by an angular sheet of broken glass. Of his twelve year old daughter, who had been playing outside at the time, he found a dismantled arm and nothing else. The American operation of “Shock and Awe,” whose objective was to eradicate the will to fight – Hassan would go so far as to say the will to live – had been a success. Hassan moved to the United States shortly after to provide medical care to those who couldn’t afford it. Every night for a decade he had been visited by these nightmares, but today was finally the day. No more nightmares.

Hassan readjusted in his seat. An edition of the *Rolling Stones* was laid out open-face on his lap. The page that was showing featured an interview with Paul McCartney discussing the artistic process of “Eleanor Rigby.” Hassan used to daydream about his American life on long, lazy days at home while a record of the Beatles reverberated through his apartment. The first four chords had the magical property of sending him back to his living room, where sun filtered through the curtains illuminating his wife's face while she crocheted and his daughter’s shadow danced on the wall as she dodged through the hallways.

He was brought back to the present when a young mother walked past, dragging her screaming son. Hassan peeled himself from the seat and oriented himself toward the gate. On a television hoisted in the corner, a blond woman talked about the rising death count of Muslims in Iraq as if she were listing off the ingredients in green bean casserole. In the United States, they had a word for the civilians and families whose lives were taken or affected by the actions of extremists: victims. They

also had a word for civilians outside of American borders whose lives were taken or affected as a result of the actions of those extremists: collateral damage. Damage, like a dent in the hood of a car; damage, like the result of too much wind on a house; damage, like a vintage comic book that had been stripped of its cover.

Hassan made his way through the airport with relative ease. He had come to accept the dirty looks from white men in Harley Davidson tee-shirts as an inevitable element of American culture. When he swore on a Christian bible to exercise the rights that he would be inheriting, he knew he was also swearing to hold his tongue while racists mispronounced, “Allahu Akbar!” and told him to return to his country. He couldn’t blame them though. They were citizens of a nation that wallowed in the fear that the blond lady on the television broadcast every morning: fear of the next terrorist attack, fear of losing their loved ones in a cloud of smoke, fear of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. He could relate to that.

Hassan joined the bustling line that filed into the plane. A woman holding a baby bounced up and down impatiently. “What’s the hold-up?!” she asked, as if having a child warranted a spot at the front. But the line continued. A young man in orange, damp with sweat, directed the passengers on board like a cowboy herding a group of pushy cattle. Hassan felt a bulky bag of luggage dig into his lower back with every step, urging him forward.

After fifteen minutes had passed, Hassan finally found his designated spot: G4, window seat. He cautiously tucked his bag into the overhead compartment. It was a

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miracle that he was able to make it through airport security, but they had made the fatal mistake of assuming that as a Muslim, he was incapable of intelligent thought. So while their judgmental eyes were busy scanning every inch of his body, his pistol was making its way through the baggage screener, stealthily concealed, amongst his medical equipment. When they had finished their thorough pat down, the checkers paused reluctantly, perplexed by the findings that contradicted their existing stereotypes.

“Am I free to go?” Hassan asked with a cool calmness that only a man who had been working in emergency rooms for most of his adult life would have. He glanced suggestively over at the next gate where a checker indifferently waved his wand over a business man’s suit and sent him through. Over the years and many heated conversations Hassan found that the only thing most Americans hated more than people from the Middle East was being labelled as racist. And so with that paralleling glance, security let him go.

Hassan made himself as comfortable as he could in the seat. Passengers from all walks of life filled in the spaces around him. A frightened grandchild tugged on her grandmother’s coat, “You promise me that we aren’t going to crash?”

The grandmother hissed as she gripped the child’s shoulders, “Don’t talk like that, there are a lot of people who are nervous, and you aren’t doing them any good.” Then she dropped the grandchild into her place by the opposite window.

The airline was presently featuring a showing of *The Shawshank Redemption*. Hassan must have seen the movie a hundred times; it was one of his favorites. While Red made his famous speech about being approached by Andy Dufresne for the first time, he mouthed along with the words. To anyone who was observing, he must have looked crazy, but when a person's entire existence is under constant scrutiny they begin to become desensitized to the opinions of other people. The doctor had become so absorbed in the film that he had hardly noticed the seat next to him remained empty, until his eyes caught glimpse of a tall, muscular man in varying shades of green and brown emerge in the archway.

Hassan felt his chest tighten as if all his organs were simultaneously trying to expand on one another. A wetness was accumulating in the pits of his shirt; he removed his jacket. He did his best to create a countenance of normalcy while he focused on his breathing, hoping that the man in green would walk by.

The man made his way down the aisle in short steps, pausing to glance at his ticket, then at each of the corresponding rows. Hassan watched him go through the letters of the alphabet until he stopped, finally, at G5 taking one final glance at the ticket to make sure he was correct. He was. The man in green, who wore a nametag that read "Lauda," gave Hassan an obligatory smile. "Hello," he said with a nod as he tucked his carry-on next to the other bag.

Hassan returned the nod, "Hello."

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This was the extent of the two's conversation. Shortly after the exchange, the pilot's voice replaced the audio of the movie to discuss the course of the flight – from Fort Lauderdale to Arlington Virginia where the Marine Corps Headquarters was conveniently located. This was followed by the presentation from attractive, young stewardesses which covered the basic safety procedure if the plane was – in theory – to lose control, as well as where the lavatory was located.

The soldier and doctor's silence carried on after the preliminary procedure. It continued into the takeoff, and at each interval of elevation. At a thousand feet they said nothing. Nothing at five or ten thousand either. Even when they had stabilized at thirty-five thousand they didn't say a word. There was nothing but silence and the turbulence of Hassan's mind. Silence, which was only occasionally broken by a person who stopped to thank the man in green as they passed by on their way to the bathroom while trying not to give Hassan a disapproving look. Every week Hassan provided medical care to hundreds of patients, was he not a hero too?

Once they were given the permission to use their electronics, Sergeant Lauda popped headphones into his ears. The stewardess turned the television back on. *The Shawshank Redemption* was replaced by *Terminator* and Hassan eased into his seat closing his eyes. He found it suiting that the last movie seen by the passengers would be about the end of the world. Since that day in April, Hassan was incapable of seeing soldiers in their outfits without also seeing the images that had haunted him for years. An impaled abdomen, a dismantled arm, bodies littering the streets of a once lively

neighborhood. The thought of it made his stomach churn. He cupped a hand over his belly.

“Nervous?” The word shattered the silence like a broken plate.

Hassan hadn’t noticed how tightly he had been gripping the arm rest, drawing attention to his white-knuckled discomfort. Suddenly aware of his nerves, his mind raced with paranoid thoughts. Had he given himself away? Could this man who was sitting next to him suspect his intentions?

Hassan opened his mouth to speak but the soldier continued, “Let me tell you. I have been on a lot of flights since I enlisted, but no matter how many times I do it, I still get nervous.”

Hassan was at a loss for words: generalized anxiety about flying. All this time *that* was what was keeping the soldier quiet. He didn’t suspect a thing. “A bit.” Hassan responded.

“It’s not so bad once we get stabilized; it is the takeoff that I don’t like. Something about the shift in atmosphere makes me feel like the plane is going to fall apart.” Sergeant Lauda let out a sigh of relief.

“I’ve heard that most plane crashes happen during take-off. So from here on out, all we have to do is wait.” Hassan assured the man in green.

“I sure hope so,” Sergeant Lauda chuckled. He wrapped his headphones in a loop and tucked them in his pocket, swapping out a small leather wallet. With it, he ordered a drink from the stewardess who was making rounds down the aisles. When

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she left to retrieve it and he went to put his wallet away, something caught the soldier's eye. "The appreciation and discounts are nice enough," he began, "but I wouldn't be able to do this all the time if it wasn't for my girls. Do you have any children?"

"No, I do not." Hassan said as memories of his dead daughter flooded his mind.

"You're lucky then. Sometimes I feel bad about leaving them behind for my career."

Hassan felt a hatred building in his war-ravaged heart. *Lucky? What a word to describe it.*

"What do you do for a living, if you don't mind me asking?" The soldier said.

"I am a cardiovascular surgeon," Hassan said despondently, growing tired of the conversation.

"A surgeon, huh? Wow, I feel like I should be thanking *you* for *your* service. My daughter Caitlyn had to have her appendix removed last summer. I couldn't thank those people in the ER enough for saving her life. Here, I have a picture of the two."

The man in green tugged at the edge of a worn photograph that was jammed in the insert of his wallet. Once he wedged it free, he handed it to Hassan. The image on the photo was of a blonde woman, smiling, with her arms lazily wrapped around a smaller version of the same woman. They were sitting on a white porch on what looked like a vibrant summer day. "Beautiful, aren't they?"

Hassan was unable to form a response. Yes, in fact, the girls were quite beautiful, but their beauty was the last thing he noticed. When Hassan looked at the photograph with bent edges, he didn't see a mother and daughter with blonde hair sitting on a front porch. Instead, he saw countless warm days and cold nights. He saw studying faces and delicate hands wrapped around produce. He saw swaying hips down neighborhood streets lined with palm trees. He saw fingers of two different sizes woven together. He saw his wife's mouth forming promises that would never be fulfilled. He saw his daughter breaking through the banner at the bottom of the stairs on her sixth birthday. He saw emergency rooms, and temples and bedrooms framed with arched legs. In that photograph he saw a hundred images, and in one of those images he saw that he and this man dressed as his enemy had very much in common.

Tears formed in the corner of Hassan's eyes. He handed the photo back to the soldier wordlessly, holding back his weeping in the same way that he held back his hatred for the last decade. Hassan turned to look out the window at the blue, cloudless sky that united the earth below. A blue sky like the one in the soldier's photograph, a blue sky like the sky that rained bombs that day in Baghdad.

Jason Rost

Ink



Tania Delval

Dream Act

FOR many years, congress has had sessions about passing bills regarding immigration, which has caused tremendous dispute. On December 8, 2010, by a vote of 216-198, senators passed the bill called the Dream Act. The Dream Act (acronym for Development, Relief, and Education for Alien Minors) is an American legislation proposal for a multi-phase process for undocumented immigrants in the United States that would first grant conditional residency and upon meeting further qualifications, permanent residency (Gonzales). Not all minors can get accepted; they have to go through specific qualifications. The Dream Act qualifications for citizenship will improve the economy, education, and military of this country. The experience that I have personally had with the Dream Act has changed my life: I have been given freedom, growth, and a dream for my future.

The qualifications for the permit take months, although in the future the participants can have the possibility to become a citizen. The first step is to figure out if the Dream Act is right for the applicant. The eligibility is strict and very specific and has to be completed in the right way. According to Abaddon in the article, "Basic Information about the DREAM Act Legislation," an applicant must "have entered the United States before the age of sixteen, must have been present in the U.S for at least five consecutive years prior to enactment of the bill, must have graduated from a high

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school, have been accepted into an institution of higher education, or at least be fifteen years old at the time of application and must have a good moral character.” To make sure that all the requirements are done correctly, a lawyer is recommended who then gathers all the application documents. The verifications include a copy of school reports, student identity cards, and report cards as proof of enrollment. Finally, a fee \$465 should be ready to be sent by a money order. The article, "Educators for Fair Consideration," states, “The processing time is different for each applicant. Currently it is taking anywhere from two to six months. Once an applicant receives a notification that they have been approved for the Dream Act, they will receive a work authorization card valid for 2 years.” I went through all these steps, and now I am working towards my associate’s degree to fill all the qualifications. By the end of the six years, I will apply for citizenship.

Not only is the Dream Act beneficial to the “Dreamers,” but also to the United States economy. In the American Community Survey data, the \$148 billion in higher earnings that result from Dreamers being able to work legally leads to increased spending on goods and services such as houses, cars, and computers. This spending ripples through the economy, supporting another \$181 billion in induced economic impact, the creation of 1.4 million new jobs, and more than \$10 billion in increased revenue (Guzman). This estimate shows how the U.S economy would tremendously grow over the years and create new opportunities for the economy. By participating in society, young immigrants are being productive, contrary to being a menace to the

country as some believe. I work while going to college, and in the future I will achieve a better job in the medical field. Overall, the Dream Act is an opportunity to show how minor immigrants can utilize their hard work and talents to expand the future for all Americans.

The work authorization card is not only useful for economic growth, it is also a chance to increase possibilities to pay for college. Before the Dream Act, many undocumented students were discouraged to apply for college because they could not have a job to pay for school. Some schools will not allow them to enroll due to not having social security or other necessary documents. Now with the Dream Act, there are high expectations for dreamers to pay and enroll at a college. Persuading dreamers to become citizens will give them a chance to get an associate's degree and have better-paying jobs. Research from The Center of Immigration Studies shows that "the Dream Act will create the impact of adding roughly one million students to state universities and community colleges on the educational opportunities available to American citizens" (Camorata). While I was in high school, I wanted to apply for college, but I found out I couldn't because the application always asked for my social security number. When I applied for the Dream Act, I enrolled for college and was accepted. Furthermore, students will now have the capability to further their education, achieve an associate's degree and become citizens.

In other circumstances, the military is another way for Dreamers to participate and be able to apply for citizenship. The Dream Act allows dreamers to join the

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MAVNI (Military Accessions Vital to the National Interest), a recruiting program that allows legal non-citizens with in-demand skills to join the Army in exchange for expedited U.S. citizenship (U.S. Army). The requirements are that dreamers must have a high school diploma, pass the Armed Forces Qualification Test, and must be 17-34 years old. After finishing the program of ten weeks of basic combat training or being accepted as Army Officers, they will become naturalized U.S. citizens. Other benefits include earning money for college, gaining leadership skills, earning a steady income for soldiers and family members, and attending high-quality training. I believe that if an individual is willing to sacrifice their life to save the country, they should be granted citizenship.

My family immigrated to the United States for a reason: to achieve a goal and have a better life. Along the way we experienced a dreadful situation. My journey started when I was nine years old. I remember the sunlight bright on my eyes, making it hard to glance ahead at the everlasting desert. I didn't know what was going on or why my parents made me walk so far, to the point where I had blisters on my feet. I felt relieved when I saw a road and a car pulled up in front of us. Our family got in the car, and my mom asked me to hide under her feet. Even though I didn't understand why she felt nervous and scared, I was glad not to walk another step further. As I got older, I understood the significance of the journey we had to take. Now I'm considered a Dreamer. Dreams carry us on a long life journey and give us a desire for a better life. Since I obtained the Dream Act, I feel free, have grown, and I

now have a dream for my future. I will be one of the many who will obtain an associate's degree in radiology and soon be a citizen to help build the future of America.

In conclusion, The Dream Act was meant to give opportunities for minor immigrants and help the economy, education, and military service in the United States. The qualifications are strict and specific to those who may apply. A work authorization is given with other beneficial documents as well. The opportunities include better jobs, better education, and military service. Once the six years are over, one can apply for citizenship with the qualifications of an associate's degree or military service. I took the advantage of becoming a dreamer, and I have the opportunity to be free and further my education. The journey that my family took helped me have a better future and contribute to America. After six years, the Dream Act will have provided a way for me to be an American citizen. I am thankful for being part of America and that I was given this great opportunity for my future.

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Tammy Broderick

Collage



Syerra Nava

The Women Underneath the Stripes

STRIPED clothing has often been thought of to emphasize the curves and weight that one carries on their frame. In my personal experience, I can agree with that largely accepted idea of fashion. So striped clothing is something that I choose to not wear often, if I ever wear it at all. On the other hand, there are others who aren't as fortunate as me to have the same opportunity to make that choice. Striped clothing is often the attire of people who have been convicted of felonious crimes and reside in correctional facilities, also known as prisons. It's within those correctional facilities that thousands upon thousands of people sit wearing their striped, prison issued clothing, inside cold, concrete cells, and ponder about their lives that are lived behind bars. Thousands of those prison inmates behind bars are females who are forced to endure major issues within the prison system that was not originally designed for them. While it is true that people should be held accountable for their wrong doings, including females, it is also true that no punishment should be cruel, or unusual. Also, if a female finds herself convicted of a crime, and living behind bars, it is unfair if she is forced to endure problems of a failing prison system that she did not create, or that was not intended to meet the needs that she has that differ from men.

Within Idaho there are approximately eight thousand adults in some phase of the prison system and a portion of those inmates are women. Those eight thousand

inmates are spread throughout Idaho in ten different prisons, and four community re-entry centers (Idaho Department of Correction, 2015). Only one of those is specifically designed to house women offenders, but those women are also housed in the other facilities that were not originally designed to house them. It is no secret that women differ from men in almost every way, and this is also true about the way women serve prison sentences differently than men do. Women are often faced with special challenges and different needs than their male counterparts. Men tend to be less emotional, while women tend to be more emotional and are at higher risk to suffer from mental and emotional disorders or illnesses. That higher risk stems from a lot of problems and predicaments that women usually face long before they even enter the prison system. The prison system set in place in Idaho often fails to meet the unique needs of the women who serve sentences within this system. Women within Idaho prisons are faced with many challenges that are not properly assessed or addressed by the failing system, and specifically could greatly benefit from improved mental and medical evaluations, more addiction treatment options, and more correctional facilities where they can serve their prison sentences.

Although women who serve prison sentences within the Idaho prison system suffer from mental disorders more often than not, they are not offered proper treatment for those disorders. It may be difficult for correctional officers to properly diagnose women with these types of issues, especially more so when there is not a specific screening process set in place. Also, they often have a lack of resources or

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knowledge and training to deal with such disorders. With the lack of resources and knowledge, the women in the prison system who suffer from mental disorders often go untreated and undiagnosed. To illustrate, there was a study conducted within a correctional facility in 2001 in Chicago, which was used to better expose the commonality and patterns of severe psychiatric disorders among young female jail inmates. This study was conducted by three doctors: Abram, Teplin, and McMlelland. The doctors pulled a random sample from those females who were being booked into the system, and it was found that “nearly one-fifth of the women in jail have severe psychiatric disorders, double the rate among women in the general population and higher than the rate among male detainees” (p. 1007). In many cases those disorders stem from abusive trauma that began as early as childhood for these women, and is where many of them credit how their start within the prison system happened.

Furthermore, in efforts to cope with these disorders, women often turn to illegal drug use that leads to a life filled with crime, which is how they usually find themselves in the prison system. Abram et al. (2001) further elaborated on their study, and identified the main reasons why the study was initially important, and claimed the study was:

2. To improve treatment for high-risk women. Persons with comorbidity have different and often worse outcomes than those with only one disorder and require different treatments.
3. To improve

screening for high-risk women. Jail detainees with severe mental disorders have a right to treatment, although few receive it. (p. 1007)

To further illustrate the lack of mental evaluations within the Idaho prison system for women, inmate #89632 (personal communication, November 12, 2015), has been in some stage of the Idaho prison system since 2010. As of now she is currently housed in the Mini Cassia Criminal Justice Center, a county jail due to the fact that she is not currently enrolled in a prison rider program, and there is no space to house her within another Idaho prison. She disclosed that she had been molested by an older half-brother as a child, and then turned to addiction to cope with that and other trauma she suffered throughout her life. She started out recreationally smoking marijuana, and is now currently a recovering heroin addict. She stated, “I been down [term used by inmates meaning incarcerated] since 2010 for a possession charge and parole violations. I been on Zoloft the whole time. Never got an evaluation, they just give it to me, and when I tell the nurse I don’t think it’s helping my depression or mood... they just up the dosage.” This inmate’s case is not rare. Mental disorders often go without proper evaluation or diagnosis in the prison system, and women are left without the proper treatment to overcome the disorders they face. This inmate and other women like her could greatly benefit from proper mental evaluations, screenings, and other treatment options such as counseling.

Next, women in the Idaho prison system are not offered proper medical examinations, and thus, serious medical conditions could be mistreated, or left

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untreated altogether. A woman's special medical needs can range from a number of things, but they most certainly have needs that differ from men. Since there is a lack of correctional facilities within Idaho (as well as around other parts of the country) that were designed to specifically house women, it is difficult to address their unique needs. While they are subject to punishment for crimes, they still deserve to be treated humanely and with a certain quality of care. Perhaps the greatest unique medical need that women face in prison is that they are pregnant at times while serving sentences, and are forced to carry to term and deliver while they are still a part of the prison system. The prison system is not where quality care for expecting mothers usually happens. In the words of noted authors, Skerker, Dickey, Schonberg, MacDonald, and Venters (n.d.):

A second challenge to the provision of antenatal care for women in prisons is the high rate of pre-existing conditions that effect maternal health, including sexually transmitted infections, hepatitis, mental illness and substance abuse. Consequently, pregnant women in prison often need coordinated antenatal, medical and behavioural health services. Women infected with human immunodeficiency virus (HIV) and/or affected by opiate dependency are routinely denied safe, effective treatments for these conditions when pregnant, often due to a lack of educated health staff. (Improving Antenatal Care)

While it seems that the issues within prisons, including Idaho prisons, have not gone unnoticed, it also seems as if little action has been taken to correct those issues. The studies about these issues are few, but are prevalent, and could be a step in the right direction. Former Idaho prison inmate, Jane Smith (name changed for anonymity, personal communication, November 29, 2013), agrees with that notion. She served over a year in jail, with the majority of her sentence being served at a prison rider program that was held in a men's prison in Boise, Idaho. She shared her prison experiences, and touched on the issue of poor medical care in the system. Ms. Smith stated, "Man, everyone in prison is on some type of medication, and I mean everyone. It's cuz they don't care, and they don't do proper evaluations. Someone could say they have severe stomach pain, and they just shove Tylenol down their throat." This type of poor medical care conducted by uneducated prison medical staff often leaves female inmates with a lack of quality care, and serious medical issues left undiagnosed or mistreated. Those medical issues range from many different things as minor as a stomach ulcer, and as major as being a malnourished, pregnant woman with a dependency to opiates. Women in the Idaho prison system could greatly benefit from more educated prison staff capable of conducting more efficient and accurate medical examinations leading to a greater quality of medical care.

In addition, women within the Idaho prison system tend to be addicted to some illegal drug before entering prison, but receive little to no treatment for their addictions after they get there. Many female inmates are under the influence of illegal

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drugs at the time of their initial arrest. Eventually the drugs that are present in their system wear off, and they begin to physically recover from the effects of the drugs, but have no resources to recover mentally and almost immediately are forced to battle their addictions once integrated back into society. The steady supply of drugs is cut off when female inmates are behind concrete walls inside of prisons (although there have been cases of illegal drugs found inside of prison that have been smuggled in), but is still in society when they return. An addict can serve years in prison away from drugs, but not receive a single treatment option during that time, leaving their addiction lying dormant until they are yet again face to face with their illegal drug of choice. There have been many arguments made that addicts should receive rehab treatment options to get to the root of their addictions, instead of serving lengthy prison sentences. That concept is most likely argued do to the fact that the majority of female inmates are not only drug users, but also non-violent, thus, posing no threat to others. After a survey was conducted by the Bureau of Justice Statistics, it was found that only twenty-one percent of women were, or had been previously incarcerated for a violent offense, and that percentage only rose when those women had been victims of violent crimes themselves. The survey also found that over fifty percent of women had used illegal drugs and battled addiction within the month prior to their initial arrest, and that percentage rose to seventy percent when those women were victims of violent crimes. The percentage of female drug users was even more astonishing when looked throughout an inmate's whole life, and not just the previous month prior to

her arrest (Harlow, 1999). With such a high number of drug users in the prison system and no concrete treatment options in place, it is more than likely that those who are addicts will return to prison after being released. This feeds a never ending cycle of recidivism that conflicts with what prisons are said to be designed for, such as rehabilitation that doesn't seem to exist. More addiction treatment options within Idaho prisons could be the start of battling the never-ending cycle of recidivism. Researchers Belenko and Peugh (2005) touched on this topic and explained, "Growing prison populations in the U.S are largely due to the drug-related crime and drug abuse. Yet, relatively few inmates receive treatment, existing interventions tend to be short-term or non-clinical, and better methods are needed to match drug-involved inmates to level of care." It's the common idea of many experts, and the wish of many inmates to have more addiction treatment options while in prison. That same wish is shared by women in Idaho prisons, and they could greatly benefit if those types of options were implemented into the system.

Finally, women in the Idaho prison system do not have many different correctional facilities where they are able to serve their sentences, so often times they are housed in correctional facilities that were originally designed to house male offenders. It's that misplacement that could lead to female offenders feeling as if they are being mistreated, and that their unique needs that differ from males, are not being met. It is this lack of available bed space for women that also leads to overcrowding in prisons. Overcrowding can then, in turn, lead to a number of other problems. First, it

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could be that women are sleeping on cold, hard floors leaving them vulnerable to cold conditions that could lead to sickness. Then, overcrowding could lead to higher risk of tension and violence among women who are fighting for space and supplies that were intended to service a lower population of female inmates. The most dangerous inadequacy that could possibly be caused by overcrowding is a disproportioned correctional officer to inmate ratio. That disproportion is a risk for violence and chaos in itself. Another major problem felt by female inmates is that they are often far separated from children whom they were the sole care providers of before entering prison. In a related article titled, "Women Don't Belong in Men's Prisons," Kim Pate stated, "The confinement causes their conditions to be exacerbated. What they really need is human contact, support, interaction" (2001). That statement was made in reference to women who were serving prison sentences in maximum security men's prisons. If non-violent female offenders were afforded the opportunity to serve their sentences closer to home, or in rehab centers if they have drug addictions, they could avoid overcrowding issues as well as avoid being far removed from their children who offer support and a sense of comfort. If women in the Idaho prison system were offered more appropriate correctional facilities or rehab centers that meet their unique needs where they could serve their prison terms, an array of issues could be avoided.

On any given night of the year, there are upwards of eight thousand people within Idaho who wear striped clothing. A portion of those people are women. Many would ask why a woman would dare or choose to make a fashion statement that

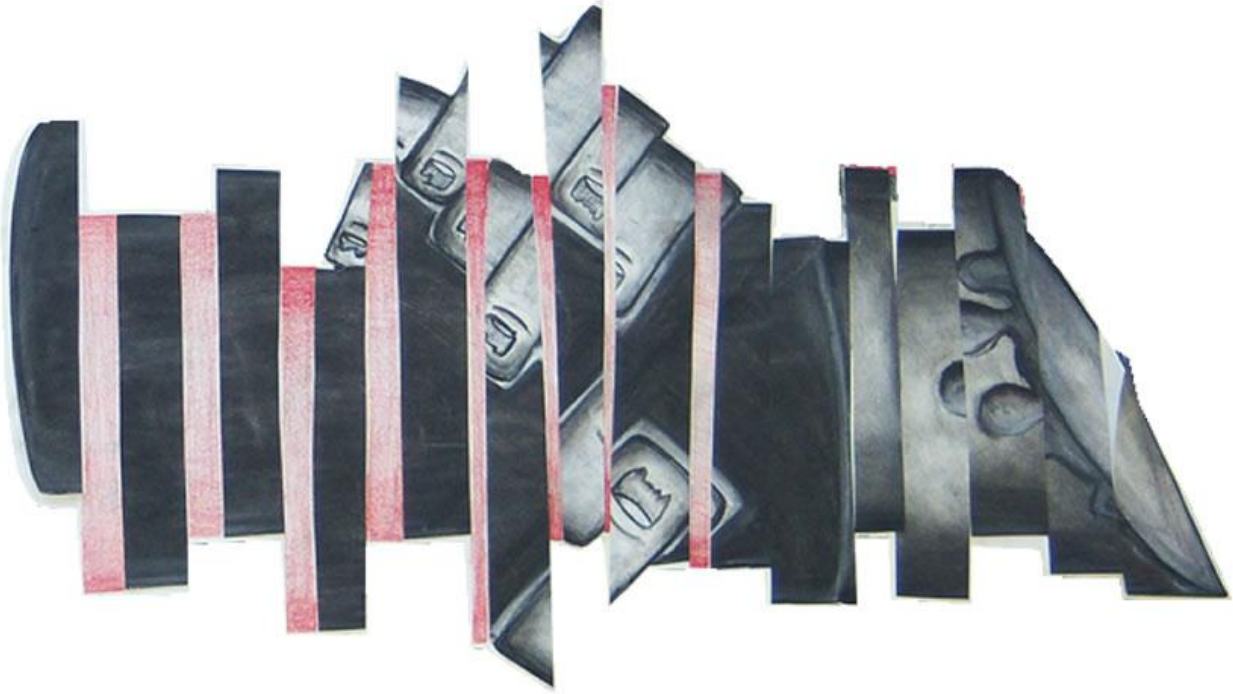
would emphasize the weight she carries on her frame. Most women would not choose that. In fact, those women do not choose that attire. That attire is demanded and required of them by the correctional facilities they find themselves in. Those correctional facilities, also known as prisons, do much more than just dictate what type of clothing those female offenders wear. Those prisons, specifically those in Idaho, often fail to meet the unique needs of the females they house. While no working system, including the Idaho prison system, is perfect, there is much to be said about a system that nearly infringes upon the rights of the people that it affects the greatest. Women in the Idaho prison system should be held accountable for their wrong doings, but should also be treated fairly and given the right opportunities to fulfill the initial intention of the prisons. If female offenders received better mental and medical evaluations, more addiction treatment options, and more correctional facilities to serve their sentences, their unique needs would be met and the Idaho prison system would improve greatly as a system and fulfill its intended purpose. For this reform to take place, change needs to happen, and change begins with knowledge and exposure of issues. I encourage all to gain as much knowledge as possible and expose issues, not just of the Idaho prison system, but of all systems that may be examined. It only takes one person to generate change.

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Ron McKinlay

Chalk Pastel



Matthew Johnson

Capital Punishment

CAPITAL punishment is a controversial policy that has been debated for decades. Numerous and various studies and statistics have proven it effective in deterring crime rates, but at the same time, other studies and statistics have shown it to be ineffective. Statistics and numbers can deceive and lie. Whether these studies and statistics are skewed to fit a certain agenda, or whether there are other factors that have not been taken into consideration is unknown. And thus, because of this, it is important to look into the aspects of capital punishment that do not rely merely on numbers or statistics. Some aspects include: justice, deterrence, the possibility of closure and the cost of the state putting someone to death. In analyzing the aspects of capital punishment, there is no credible evidence on whether capital punishment is useful or serves any pragmatic purpose, and thus capital punishment does not serve what is in the best interest for the people and the societies in which they live.

Justice

To many, the idea of justice is about equality and paying a violator what he or she is due. Or, simply put, the ancient demand for an eye for an eye. This notion of justice would mean that if two people committed the same crime, then they would both receive the same punishment. If this definition of justice, however, were to be applied to a much graver offence, like murder, it would incur a punishment of

execution that would, in many cases, be logically unsound and fallacious. For instance, if a person were to murder a single person, and is sentenced to death and dies, then the equality definition of justice would be sound. If another murderer, however, murders three people and is sentenced to death it would be logically inconsistent because that murderer cannot be executed three times. This inconsistency of justice could also be applied to a person who rapes, tortures and kills another person. This would be an inconsistency of justice because the eighth amendment, the prohibition of cruel and unusual punishment, would prevent the rape and torture of the person who committed those crimes. In most states, however, the eighth amendment would not prevent the killing of the perpetrator, and so only a fraction of the crimes committed could be paid back to the perpetrator. Therefore, punishment through equality could not be achieved. Justice, at least when it comes to capital punishment, cannot be defined in such an elementary manner. Regarding capital punishment there needs to be a more philosophical definition to be applied that would further the logical consistency than simply an eye for an eye.

The philosopher Aristotle in *Ethics* had a different view of justice. Aristotle viewed justice in two ways, what he called special justice and general justice. Special justice is concerned with the fairness of sales, trades, exchanges and distribution of goods. It mainly applies to the economic order of services and goods. General justice, on the other hand, has nothing to do with goods or services. To Aristotle, general justice is about the welfare and common good of society. Writer Mortimer J. Adler

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(2000), on the topic of justice, cites Aristotle in his book *How to Think About the Great Ideas* and wrote that:

What Aristotle means by general justice is something quite different [than special justice]. He looks at a man as acting in relation to other people, acting for the common good, acting in such a way that he does right, wrongs no one, does good to other people. ‘And such a man,’ he says, ‘is generally just, a man who is virtuous, quite virtuous, in his conduct toward his fellow men and is in the service of the common good or the general welfare.’ (p. 267)

Aristotle’s general justice revolves around the interaction between individuals. The people and their actions are considered just depending on if those actions benefit others, the common good and general welfare of a society. As opposed to the idea of justice being about equality and its logical inconsistencies, Aristotle’s definition provides a logical, clear and concise criterion for justice. In regard to the argument of capital punishment, the question would now be: does capital punishment benefit people, the common good and the general welfare of society? In considering this question one must take the aspects of capital punishment, such as deterrence, and delve into it to determine whether it benefits or harms society.

Deterrence

The concept of deterrence is one of the most powerful aspects in the debate for and against the utilization of capital punishment. Some numbers and statistics say

it deters, and a collection of the same elements say that it does not. Some argue that it benefits society, and some argue that it does not, and that it is actually harmful to society. In *Does Capital Punishment Deter Crime?*, Professor of Jurisprudence and Public Policy at Fordham University, Ernest van den Hagg (2005), a proponent for capital punishment, thinks that it is a deterrence and that it does benefit society and save innocent lives. He proposed an interesting social experiment that would supposedly provide empirical evidence that would determine whether capital punishment does produce a deterrent effect upon the masses. Hagg (2005) explained his experiment:

We could threaten capital punishment for murders committed on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays (MWF) and life imprisonment on the other days. If fewer murders are committed on MWF, the death penalty would likely to be more deterrent than life in prison. However, the MWF murders do not deserve more punishment than the others. It would be morally capricious to impose the death penalty just on MWF murderers. (p. 26)

Other proponents of capital punishment, such as William Tucker (2005), author of the article “Capital Punishment Reduces Murder Rates,” sees Hagg’s experiment as unethical. Tucker does not think that society should be subjected to any experimentation; however, Hagg deems his experiment as “morally capricious” because he thinks that the MWF murderers would receive a greater punishment than those who did not kill on a Monday, Wednesday, or Friday. If Hagg is correct in his

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assertion that the death penalty deters murder more than life in prison, then it may give murderers the courage, confidence and encouragement to commit murder on days other than Monday, Wednesday and Friday. This is because he thinks that murderers fear death more than life in prison. This encouragement could lead to increasing murder rates, if such an experiment were implemented. This experiment would be harmful to society and not beneficial. The harmfulness of Hagg's experiment would be that murder rates may increase in his attempt to empirically prove that capital punishment is a deterrence. However, this is all assuming that Hagg is correct in his assumption that murderers or potential murderers fear the death penalty more than life in prison. A large flaw in Hagg's experiment is that it really only applies to premeditated murders. Hagg never takes murders of passion or murders that occur outside the realm of one's reason into consideration. It is important to look into factors, such as passion or emotional duress, which could limit or eliminate one's ability to think clearly or logically when concerning deterrence.

Deterrence is a complicated issue. Some find it quite astonishing, because all those who think that capital punishment deters others from committing murder are under the impression that the person committing murder is thinking clearly or is aware of the consequences of his or her actions. Opponents of capital punishment argue that most murders are not premeditated, but rather, are impulsive acts leaving no time for reflection or second thoughts. In the introduction of *Does Capital*

Punishment Deter Crime?, a philosophy professor named Hugo Adam Bedau (2005) argued that:

‘Most capital crimes are committed during moments of great emotional stress or under the influence of drugs or alcohol, when logical thinking has been suspended. Impulsive or expressive violence is inflicted by persons heedless of the consequences to themselves as well as to others.’ In addition, Bedau states that ‘the threat of even the severest punishment will not deter those who expect to escape detection and arrest.’ (p. 8)

According to Bedau, most murders, or capital offences occur at times when one is under emotional duress, is drunk or under the influence of some other substance, or any other time when one is unable to think clearly or logically about the problem at hand. Therefore, the criminal is not thinking logically about the consequences of his or her actions. These actions can even be so severe that they would lead to the death penalty. What is interesting about Bedau’s last sentence in his quotation is that even those who do commit premeditated murder, and know the consequences of their illicit actions, are not deterred. Capital punishment, considered to be the most severe of all punishments, does not deter. This is because those that commit premeditated crimes do not plan on getting caught.

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Closure

Closure theory is another aspect of capital punishment that deserves inspection because some argue that it is important to the victim's families. Proponents of the death penalty argue that not only does capital punishment operate as a deterrence, but it also gives those wronged by the perpetrator a chance to achieve closure or relief. This closure or relief supposedly comes after the family or loved ones of the victim witness the execution of the perpetrator. If this were true, then capital punishment would be within the interest of the common good and welfare of society. Paul Howell, who lost a daughter in the Oklahoma City Bombing, in the hope of closure or the desire to see McVeigh suffer for his crime said that he wished that the survivors could have stoned him to death. This was before McVeigh had been executed, and although neither Howell nor any of the survivors ever got the chance to stone him to death, those that chose to attend and witness McVeigh's execution did not feel the way that they thought they would after the execution. *Capital Punishment Current Controversies* (2005) states that:

But some who hoped for vengeance reported feeling unsatisfied after the execution. This is common. 'More often than not, families of murder victims do not experience the relief they expected to feel at the execution, says Lula Redmond, a Florida therapist who works with such families... Taking a life doesn't fill that void, but it's generally not until after the execution [that the families] realize this.' (p.135)

Therapist Redmond's interpretation of closure theory is valid. It would make sense that those who had witnessed the execution of McVeigh would feel unsatisfied. This is because the damage had already been done. The wounds inflicted had been inflicted, and the loss that the families suffer will continue or lessen with time and acceptance. Witnessing a man die will not heal nor bring loved ones back.

Another important aspect about closure theory that needs to be examined is the time that it takes for the perpetrator to be executed. McVeigh's bombing of the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City transpired on April 19th, 1995, and McVeigh was apprehended that same day. McVeigh was not executed until 2001. In this timespan, one must wonder what it would be like to be a family member of someone who was killed in the Oklahoma City Bombing. Were they howling for blood? Were they expecting to gain something from witnessing McVeigh's execution? If the families were expecting to gain something from McVeigh's execution, and if nothing was gained from the execution, then the families must have felt cheated. The long wait for the supposed closure may have exacerbated their pain with the realization that there is nothing that can be gained, or healed, by witnessing the culprit die. Therapist Redmond would be correct in her assertion that "taking a life doesn't fill that void." And thus, it is not within the interest of the common good and wellness of society.

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Cost

From a financial point of view, life in prison without chance of parole is actually cheaper than capital punishment. The aspect of the economics and cost in regard to the death penalty is one that is not often broached by proponents of the death penalty. This is because capital punishment is far more expensive than life in prison without chance of parole. One proponent of the death penalty, Marvin E. Wolfgang (2002) in *The Death Penalty Opposing Viewpoints* gives a facile argument that averred “the reason it is so expensive to execute someone is because of the numerous frivolous appeals” (p. 104). Wolfgang is, essentially, deriding due process for the high cost of capital punishment. In his characterization, he deems that due process is frivolous. Because due process is the Fifth Amendment, many would not deem it as frivolous. It is the rule of law, and gives the right to appeal. Even some proponents of capital punishment are concerned about the cost of the death penalty and are, paradoxically, seeking ways to abolish it. Such is the case with Kenneth Feinberg, an attorney who served as special counsel to the Senate Judiciary Committee. According to *Capital Punishment* (1985), “Feinberg, who supports the death penalty, nonetheless offers a reason to ban it. Capital punishment, he says, ‘has become a luxury which effective law enforcement cannot afford’” (p. 25). If life in prison saves the tax payers money and allows it to be spent on necessary and meaningful things, then it would be within the common good and welfare of society to ban capital punishment. This is especially true if the state simply cannot afford it. Opponents of capital punishment,

of course, share Feinberg's view. Shortly following Feinberg's quotation, philosophy professor Bedau (1985) states that "the only way to make the death penalty a 'better buy' than imprisonment, is to weaken due process and appellate review, which are the defendant's (and society's) only protection against the grossest miscarriages of justice" (p. 25). Bedau's analysis of capital punishment and how it pertains to money and the fifth amendment is legitimate. This is because if a state absolutely needs to have a policy that allows it to put people to death, then the only way to afford it would be to amend the constitution: specifically the Fifth Amendment. But this, according to Bedau, would lead to major injustices or "miscarriages of justice."

In examining the aspects and arguments for and against capital punishment, it is clear that the death penalty ought to be abolished. Life in prison is a much better alternative than the death penalty. This is because capital punishment does not meet Aristotle's definition of justice. It does not serve the common good and welfare of the people and society. The idea that it is a deterrence is founded on assumptions. Closure theory does not heal, but can potentially hurt, and the expense of capital punishment is too high; it is a burden and diverts tax dollars from meaningful and useful programs. Capital punishment has no place in today's world.

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Key Willett

Cut Paper Collage



J. J. Lin

Prismacolor



Biographies

Gary Robinson lives in Southern Idaho and was recently a student at CSI. He has lived an eventful and memorable life and enjoys sharing his experiences with others.

Kory Lloyd lives in the country and loves hotrods and BattleMechs. He is a teacher, mechanic wannabe and welder. He also enjoys time with his family, working on his century-old house, and pecking away at the keyboard to bring the stories in his head to life.

Ann Keane is a native of Twin Falls and has been an employee at CSI for over twenty years. A couple of semesters ago, she took Jim Iron's poetry class and fell in love with poetry in an exciting and different way other than what she had always known. The class opened up a new creative way of journaling and getting in touch with her inner self. She tries to keep a small notebook with her at all times. She explains, "One never knows what might bubble to the surface."

Christina Lewis is a twenty-three year old aspiring author and English student studying at the College of Southern Idaho. For now, she strives to find balance in the spiritual, physical and mental areas of her life through the tools of art, yoga, travel and music.

Tania Delval was born in Chihuahua, Mexico and is currently enrolled in the Dream Act. She is attending the College of Southern Idaho to pursue a degree in radiology. Her dream of being a citizen of the United States will soon be a dream come true thanks to the Dream Act.

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Syerra Nava is currently working towards an associate's degree in Addiction Studies at the College of Southern Idaho. She hopes to impact the lives of those who are suffering from drug addiction. It was her life experiences that sparked such a dream. She feels lucky and beyond grateful to be attending CSI, and gives special thanks to all her professors, especially her English professors who gave her the tools to write effectively and the opportunity to share her writing with others.

Matthew Johnson currently lives in Twin Falls. He earned a BA in English with a Literature Emphasis from Boise State University. He now is studying education through the ABCTE online certification program. Ultimately he plans on getting his master's degree in English and perhaps a doctoral degree in English as well.

Submissions

Silo is seeking works of creative writing (including poetry, short fiction, personal essays, and creative non-fiction) and works of creative visual art (interpret as you will). We are currently accepting submissions for our fall 2017 issue. You may send fiction, creative non-fiction, and/or essays of no more than five thousand words and/or up to five poems. At this time there is no limit to the number of images that an artist can submit, but please submit visual art in JPG format. We accept submissions year-round, but to be included in next year's issue, please submit by May 30, 2017.

Please send your work as a file attachment along with the following:

A cover letter with name, address, phone number, and email address.

A short (50 words or less) biographical statement.

Please email your submissions or questions to klloyd@csi.edu.