



# What is People for Change?

People for Change (PFC) was founded in 2011 at the Toledo Correctional Institution) after the inaugural class of the UT/ToCI Inside/Out Prison Exchange Project.

PFC assumes all the people of the world, inside and outside of prison walls, require education about all things related to prisons and criminal justice. PFC itself, as an organization, is about promoting such education. In addition to raising awareness about prisons and issues in criminal justice, we make many different kinds of opportunities for education about topics taught in institutions of higher education available to incarcerated individuals.

Members of PFC learn how to organize collaboratively toward common goals. PFC consists of students from Toledo Correctional and from the University of Toledo who have successfully completed one of the Inside/Out Prison Exchange classes offered by University of Toledo faculty members. The members run the organization

democratically (within the limits of institutional rules). The membership changes with changes in peoples' lives, transfers down in security, release dates, and class and work schedules. We agreed long ago that the requirement for membership was showing up consistently when possible and taking responsibility for contributing to the work of the group. If an individual needs to take a break, or has a schedule conflict, they will always be welcomed back.

PFC welcomes any and all who have completed an Inside/Out class to attend our meetings currently scheduled for the second and fourth Thursdays of each month. Outside students should email Dr. Renee. Inside students should kite Ms. Ceglio.

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## EDITOR'S LETTER

My name is Dakota. I graduated from Dr. Renee's course titled "Law, Justice, and Mass Incarceration" in the fall of 2015. We delved into the histories of prison around the world, learning about the steadily increasing rates at which America incarcerates, contrasting that history to other democratic countries that incarcerate at far lower rates.

Robert, Ruben, Dr. Renee, and I are co-editors of the Lantern. We strive to bring you news, good insights, and uplifting words from our peers. And we plan to keep things informative and relevant. Our goal is to make sure many voices from the inside are heard! We have been voiceless long enough. Now, in the Lantern, we speak for ourselves! The PFC Lantern is the dawn bringing the light. We, the writers, are the true beacons. ◦

Dakota, *Inside PFC Member, Co-Editor*

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Second chances are freely given only to a few of those who truly need them. To most they are offered only begrudgingly. All second chances should be given to ANYONE who recognizes both their own self-worth and community values! That person, regardless of race, gender, sexual orientation or transgression, in the name of human dignity, should be given the opportunity to show personal growth and mental maturity. Any man, woman, or child judged by their worst transgression will never be seen for their best attribute because the man with the stone in his hand will forever be blinded. God forgives! Who are we not to??

A beautiful rose wilted by the icy flames of winters clutch.

This is how I describe my soul's infection by prison's touch!

Originally weak minded, weak willed, a SIMPLETON!!! Until I decided I was worth more than the life I was living...My Third Eye is no longer resting. It is time to live again! Knowledge is here for the taking. Even your mistakes can be counted as pitching in. Explaining every lesson learned, just think about it...

Find your future and do more than just dream about it!

My roots deep within are warming up. I know my past...

So, honestly! I've been warned enough. My mistakes were the research that led to this beautiful mental rebirth! ◦

Dakota, *Inside PFC Member, Co-Editor*

# Personal Reflection

As more of our brothers and sisters fall in the streets because of thoughtless actions, we grieve! Yes, "Black Lives Matter," as all lives do. But those who are most commonly victimized deserve a higher level of concern, not because their lives mean more or are worth more than other groups, but because of differences in the history of subjugation of African Americans than of other groups. True change is made with love and justice, both are equally important.

Justice brings about fair and serious investigations and indictments when justified. Love brings the truth of the value of life. Justice without love, or love without justice misdirects. This world is ours to share! We remain strong, now more than ever, and with love, strength, and faith, we will overcome! Peace and Love. ◦

Dakota, *Inside PFC Member*

# Another Chance

It is often said that everybody deserves a second chance in life. Second chances are absolutely necessary because it is inevitable that human beings will make mistakes. Despite what we may think of ourselves, no one is perfect or without fault.

Some mistakes come with no consequence, they just teach us life lessons so we will know to use better judgment in the future. But those of us whose mistakes get us charged, tried, and convicted have a real appreciation and full knowledge of what a “second chance” means. For many convicted of crime the trials and tribulations that we endure while incarcerated make us wiser, sharper, better men. For myself, a second chance would be like breath being put back into my body; I would accept it with a clear mind and a mission to take full advantage of what, to me, would be considered a blessing.

That “everybody” deserves a second chance “transcends cultures, race, demographics and age.” From a child we were taught this very message and found comfort in the fact that although there may be consequences for our mistakes that we would always be able to have a “take back” or be granted that second chance. But for those of us whose mistakes land us in prison a second chance can prove to be as elusive as Barry Sanders on a Sunday. Society is full of contradictions, because they tell you it’s okay to make mistakes but not which mistakes; there are some mistakes from which there is no coming back.

Personally I can only speak from my own journey and experiences. My experience has shown me that our judicial system does not take into account different ways we grow up, live, struggle, and the fact that not everyone was blessed to be raised in suburbia where they face few serious challenges. Laws were not made from a perspective that caters to the less fortunate, but are made by those with privileged lives and sheltered minds. We who are in prison are judged by those who do not have a real knowledge and understanding of different environments; the fact that in their own lives those who write the laws are jumping out of airplanes and bungee jumping shows that they have to seek out challenges, whereas for many of us in prison, everyday life provided challenge enough. We take risks daily by just stepping out of our front doors in our neighborhoods. To these people in powerful positions our mistakes make us unworthy of second chances.

Do not make the mistake of thinking that a release date is a second chance; your release is actually a gift wrapped “we’ll catch you later.” I say this because of the conditions under and into which we are “released.” We are not provided with or equipped with the necessary tools to integrate and be productive members of society. Without a made up mind and the desire to live life positively and the diligence to stay on course, even when doors are shut and times are hard, that “second chance” becomes “another chance” for us to add to the rate of recidivism. ◦

*Cortez, Inside Contributor*

## RECENT HAPPENINGS & EVENTS



Inside Out Family Day, November 2016



Closing Ceremony Presentation, December 2016

# Second Chances

In the broad society of 21st century America, Second Chance is the name of a re-sale boutique in Monroe, Michigan; a brand of puncture-resistant vests made in Ontario, California; and a science fiction crime drama currently running on Fox, about a sheriff who's killed in a robbery but brought back to life as a younger version of himself.

Divorcées and widowers get second chances to enjoy a happy marriage, and men who weren't there for their kids the first time around sometimes get the chance to raise another son or daughter later in life.

In the American corrections system, however, the phrase "second chance" has just one meaning, and it's a term typically used by the party with the power to grant the opportunity or withhold it. In his Message from the Director that leads off the ODRC's 2015 Annual Report, Gary Mohr writes that the department's new partnership with the Ohio Department of Mental Health and Addiction Services will increase the availability of treatment, thereby offering individuals with substance abuse problems "a second chance for success." In 2015, President Obama authorized the Department of Education to conduct a Second Chance Pell pilot program to see whether providing inmates with high quality post-secondary education reduces recidivism. And under the Second Chance Act, the Department of Justice funds grants to state and local governments and non-profits to "improve outcomes for people returning from state and federal prisons, local jails, and juvenile facilities."

I've never been given probation when the law would have allowed the judge to sentence me to jail. Never been given a warning by a highway patrol officer who could have slapped me with a speeding ticket. I've never had to beg for another slot in a state-funded rehab program after failing to stay clean after my first round. Never been called back for a second interview when I'd blown the first, some perceptive h.r. manager having glimpsed potential behind my crippling case of nerves. Unlike my great aunt Betty, unlike my mother's younger brother, Bill, I never found in a second marriage a contentment I'd missed in my first. I've never even had a teacher give me the opportunity to rewrite a crummy paper I'd dashed off the night before.

I've never needed a second chance. Or have I?

Proponents of sentence caps often ask their conservative opponents some version of the question, "How would you like your life to be defined by the worst thing you've ever done?"

I have a proposal. The next time the Ohio House and Senate meet, have the members of each chamber reflect upon three separate times they themselves broke the law. Don't have them answer right away. This is a homework assignment. But do let them know they will not at any time have to make a public disclosure of this illegal behavior. A month later, pose the same question. Give them paper, pencils and a half hour of silence to write. After 30 minutes, call them up to a shredder one by one and have them ceremoniously destroy the evidence of their confession.

Then give them more paper and another half hour to reflect on any additional changes they wish to make in Ohio's criminal code.

Why do I include a one-month waiting period? Because when I asked myself what the worst thing was I'd ever done, I came up with nothing more incriminating than a misdemeanor. It took months for the more felonious acts to surface through layers of memory.

What misdeeds might a legislator recall? A senator might remember the days when, as a sleep-deprived mother of a crying infant, she'd shaken the baby out of frustration (aggravated assault; endangering the welfare of a child). A representative might dredge up the drunken New Year's Eve he'd driven the babysitter home and touched her "inappropriately" (sexual assault; DUI). Another senator, nearing retirement, might remember a boyfriend she'd let stay at her apartment when she was an undergraduate – even after he started selling who knew what kind of pills from little cardboard boxes that filled the top drawer of both end tables in the living room (complicity in trafficking a controlled substance).

I have observed that in many institutions – schools, mental hospitals, prisons – standards of conduct expected of the children or patients or inmates are far stricter than those that prevail in the outside world. I understand the slippery-slope reasoning that inspires them. But still. In the library of a school for autistically-impaired children, a beautiful, brilliant boy with Asperger's syndrome looks up from the book he is reading when a gust of wind makes the venetian blinds chatter like playing cards clothes-pinned to a bicycle wheel. He is reprimanded by a teacher. In a mental hospital, a woman draws on the cover of a fellow patient's notebook and has her telephone privileges taken away. In Texas, an inmate has a full year added to his sentence for leaving the cafeteria with two tablespoons of peanut butter.

In a criminal trial, when the prosecuting attorney has finished examining the witnesses for the State, he may say, "Your Honor, the People rest." Because we are the State. All criminal charges are brought in our name. We are the People. And we should be ashamed to make a man spend a year in prison for taking peanut butter from a dining hall.

As we on the outside self-righteously close our eyes to the personhood of incarcerated men and women, we need to acknowledge the undocumented, often unacknowledged second chances most of us have already been given. ◊

Susan, *Outside P.F.C. Member*

# GOING HOME

## WISE WORDS FROM THE ELDERS:

An interview with Karlos from the west side of Detroit, MI, 46 years old, incarcerated at the age of 17 for aggravated murder in Cleveland, Ohio.

### 1. What is the first thing you want to do when you are released?

The first thing I will do is see my family. I come from a close-knit family; my second cousins and third cousins are all tight. We are all Bobos. We came to Detroit from Memphis, Tennessee to get jobs in the auto industry. My daddy was a hustler; he drove a Cadillac Fleetwood, wore platform shoes, and kept an afro with a perm. He had two brothers. My momma was a short, beautiful woman, she had fourteen brothers and sisters. I watched my parents fight all the time. Momma was small but she was a fighter and I grew up thinking that was how things were supposed to be. Daddy was the definition of a man to me. But that was wrong.

### 2. Have you had any success in prison?

Yeah, cause I'm still living. Success for my family is not being the head of a Fortune 500 company; its having many kids that are healthy and strong. My grandfather was successful. His name was Calvin George Bobo. He died in 1999. He had twenty sons and two daughters, strong and healthy. They all grew to be men and women with houses and families. My grandpa had sixty-two grandkids. They all live here in Toledo and send their love and what money they can to me. They don't need to see me locked up. CG, my grandfather, wanted to see us all be better people. He carried two .38's; one was black and one was chrome. He shot four people, all in the left butt cheek.

### 3.

If I hadn't been seventeen there is no way I could have done this time. I have no kids. I have twenty-eight years inside. If I worked for the state of Ohio I would be the director of something by now. That's how much I know about the ODRC. But I recently started connecting with all twenty of my uncles. I used to work with them; fixing mini-bikes, driving bulldozers and all that. If I had caught the case any older, they would've killed me. We would have had a shootout right in the middle of the streets. I have done more time then everybody in my whole family combined.

### 4. Has prison changed you?

Prison has not changed me at all. I was already molded. Prison just confirmed what I was. Which was what? A dude trying to maintain and stay out the way... I'm light skinned. At seventeen I had twenty uncles and I wanted to be known as the baddest person in the

family. They fought all the time including on holidays, ten or fifteen of them would be in the front yard fighting. My grandpa would have to shoot his gun in the air to stop them.

### 5. Advice to others?

Do not be scared of a hard day of work, and have patience. You learn patience in prison one way or another. I had the whole world at my disposal; all I had to do was go get it. But if you rush to grab something, thinking you are grabbing money, you going to end up grabbing the bars of the penitentiary. I could've stayed back and chilled. My uncles gave me motorcycles, jewelry, and Cadillac's. I'm light skinned so most of the fights I got into were over girls. I would pull up in a sweat suit and tennis shoes, jumping out of Cadillacs. It never crossed my mind that I could've worked a normal job. At seventeen I was hustling instead of working. I would not listen to people saying "gone got a job", "let life unfold."

### 6.

You cannot be taught to use patience. You gotta learn it for yourself. Because the way they teach it to you is not worth a damn. I did everything in here but get out. Been through stuff that makes other men kill themselves. I didn't – only because I do not have the courage to kill myself. Family played ninety percent of the role in this time I have done. They were all upset cause I wouldn't take the eight years plea deal. But I did not know the brotha I was with was going to tell on me. So who went to hell, the dude I shot or the one that told? The dude who told went down anyway and died in prison.

### 7.

Juvenile bound overs. Kids do not come up with the shit they do; when they are little its cute, when they older its bad. But the parents should correct it when it is cute. I hear these youngsters these days say bitch this, bitch that to each other and I remember my momma used to talk on the phone with her friends like that. I never talked like that with my friends because of my uncles. But these kids, they smoke cause their parents smoke, drink and pop pills cause their parents do. ◦

INTERVIEW CONDUCTED BY:  
Darrell, *Inside PFC Member*

## PRISON

What is prison? What's its purpose? Do we, as a society, want people to go there to change or to languish? Are we satisfied with prison's results? Why is prison a multi-billion industry? Have we, as a progressive and civilized society, decided that it's more progressive and civilized to punish our lawbreakers rather than rehabilitate them? Have we noticed the obvious contradiction that we are the land of the free and the world's leading incarcerator? Are we okay with being a breeding ground for contradictory policies? Have we forgotten that people in prison are still human before, during and after they serve their sentence? Or does being in prison somehow make somebody less than human? Do we really expect people to experience years of prison and come home

changed for the better? Do teenagers belong in prison? Is it just to give someone life in prison or the death penalty for taking a life? Is eye for and eye justice? Are there better alternatives? If punishment is what we want for our lawbreakers, is years the only punishment we can think of? Are we content with throwing away so many lives? Would prison exist if there were no "have-nots"—if we lived in a more equal society? Have we lost our empathy for the less fortunate? Is prison only acceptable because it is hidden away from everyday life?

ARE WE QUESTIONING THAT WE AREN'T  
QUESTIONING THE SYSTEM? ◦

Darrell, *Inside P.F.C. Member*



### Broken Hearted

Scary thoughts of being broken hearted.  
Daily my hopes and dreams are slaughtered.  
Every night, late nights, no sleeping. My mind remains busy but not dreaming. It steps on shattered glass and broken screens.  
No mirrors, because reflection makes my soul scream. Brutal honesty torn with self-conflict over four decades to life.  
Sadly, that pain is self-inflicted.  
I've been conditioned to believe I'll never achieve. I'm just a monster; unsaveable!  
Even at fifteen, why are they afraid to show case the true Him.  
He was only a child being human put in an environment and he survived.  
Whoever said that isn't human nature, they lied!  
I'm not afraid of mistakes; I'm only afraid that my choice to change will be mistaken as the lies of a cold hearted convict.  
Convicted sure, yet surely my acts of kindness contradict the acts of the heartless ... I know they are real, but I give them away freely so no one could ever say "I can't believe I bought this!"  
True enough, tears fall as I hang on to broken hearted bits. Because I still can't comprehend why they think I couldn't have ever thought this.  
Until they figure it out I guess I'll remain a desolate, tortured artist who at the moment remains broken hearted. ◦

Dakota, *Inside P.F.C. Member*

### Excerpt from "Throes of Poverty"

"Black Diamond"  
Listen to the wind and follow the path of the wise,  
The inner voice that is speaking to you is meant to be your guide,  
How can man define you when you know who you really are?  
Stop acting like you do not deserve it when you really are a star.  
Listen to the wind, take time to hear the rain,  
If life is meant to be enjoyed, why are we feeling pain? ◦

Robert, *Inside P.F.C. Member*

EXCERPT FROM THE BOOK

# THE BOY FROM DOWN TOWN

I turned 20 a month before I went to the hole. I had only been in prison for 3 months and I was already on my way to maximum security. The living was hard. It was unusually cold for September and during the summer somebody had busted out the window in my cell. Now I dealt with constant cold blasts and no heat. My only protection was a thin blanket and two sets of clothes. Mice rummaged through my mail every night loudly looking for food and I fought off roaches in my bed as I slept. Every other day we flooded our toilets for one reason or another.

We tried to make light of our miserable predicament by making fun of each other. But the living was hard and it was only the beginning.

I started hearing stories about where I was headed. Stories that shocked my 20-year-old imagination. I heard stories of police beatings and hangings, stories of stabbing and killings, stories of men being starved into submission, stories of men filling their mouths with feces and spitting it in other people's face; these were horrific stories from men who had been where I was going: Lucasville Correctional Institution.

Any nervousness and anxiety for what I was about to endure at Lucasville was overshadowed by my nervousness and anxiety about that very day. For that day was the day I was to see Tatiyana. All types of nervous questions filled my head as I paced my filthy cell and waited on the C.O. to come and get me for the visit. Will she still like me? Will she reject me? Will she give me the cold shoulder? I had heard about how prison destroyed and dismantled relationships and I wondered if our relationship would survive.

Tatiyana came into my life a year before when I was in the county jail. Even though we never touched each other, I fell madly in love with her and anticipated her weekly visits. That day was to be the first time we hugged and kissed. I was a nervous wreck.

My ears caught the jingling of keys coming down the gloomy walkway. Here they come. My hands started to sweat terribly. As soon as I wiped them on my orange shorts another sheen of sweat replaced the last.

The chute to my door opened and a pair of white hands holding handcuffs appeared, "visit" the face in the glass said. I went over to the door and placed my wrists in the open cuffs. He closed the cuffs around my wrists and opened the door. There was a leather belt attached to the cuffs and the C.O. strapped it around my waist then we headed out. The block was dark and loud and only got quiet when there was activity out on the range. There were cages all around the ranges, I think to prevent suicidal people from jumping.

The brightness of the hallway outside the hole took some adjustment. This was the general population hallway so I looked around as we walked for people I knew, but I couldn't spot anybody.

Down the long bright hall, through the gate to the left, and down another hallway I went. The ankle-irons I had on chewed into my ankles like a bear trap. My next stop was the strip-out room. After going through the degrading process,

they put cuffs and ankle irons back on me but this time there was a metal chain that wrapped around my waist and connected the cuffs with the ankles. It was uncomfortable, but it was as it was.

My heart pounded as I walked around the corner into the visiting room. Nobody else in the room was dressed or restrained like me. When I stepped out from under my rock, all it took was for one visitor to notice me; one by one everybody cut conversations short to turn and see what everybody else was looking at. Me, with my thick facial hair, wild afro with lint in it, and my messy orange shorts plus shirt. Damn, I hate being the center of attention. I looked around for Tatiyana. There she was, first table to the right, staring at me. She was beautiful, with big brown eyes and gorgeous hair with a pink bow in it. She had on a little pink outfit and little pink shoes. She somehow recognized me and used the table to work her way over. The irons restricted my movements greatly so I had to sit down to be able to hold her. I picked her up, sat her on my lap and kissed her on the lips. She giggled and smiled brightly. All the questions that polluted my mind had blown away.

To hold my daughter for the first time, to feel her heartbeat compete with mine, to smell her hair and bounce her on my knee made me see that I was now whole. The hole in my heart had finally been filled and I was complete.

The two and one-half hours I spent that cold September day with Tatiyana made the traumatic journey I was about to embark on a little more bearable. I always felt I had something to live for but now I had somebody to live for. Another year and some odd months went by until I could hold her again. By that time I was well acquainted with Lucasville. ◊

To be continued ...

Darrell, *Inside P.F.C. Member*

## PRISONERS OF OUR OWN MINDS

Raynald III, a fourteenth-century Duke, ate like a hippopotamus. During a family feud, his younger brother had a room built around Raynald. They had no bars on the windows, and no locks on the doors. The doors measured slightly smaller than normal. But, because of his great size, Raynald could not squeeze through to freedom. He needed a self-controlled diet to gain freedom and his own crown. However, his brother knew Raynald's weakness. Raynald loved food. Each day his brother sent him a large variety of delicious foods. Instead of growing thinner, Raynald grew fatter.

Our lives can be like Raynald's. Our minds can become prisoners of I WANT, I NEED, I DESERVE, I HAVE TO HAVE. Perhaps you recognize some of the (WNDH&H) in your life. (Abusive relationships, gangs, drugs, lust, gabbling, anger, power, possessive, revenge, violence, hatred; or alcohol.) Before long, our lack of self-control today will forfeit the control of our tomorrows... Jesus sets prisoners of the mind free by giving us the mind of God, so that we can be free of all human vices.

Robert, *Inside PFC Member*

## Remnants of the American Dream

**“Only through diligence, togetherness and the power of our minds can we envision a better future to see our lives through.”**

—Angela Davis

Another massacre has occurred in America. It's become a common theme for Americans to witness mass shootings of innocent people. The nightclub shootings in Orlando reveal a fragmented America. A nation where the expression of individuality can be punishable by death. A great gulf exists in America; 52.6 million people have chimed into social media to witness the brutal deaths of Alton Sterling and Phirlando Castias. We are living in tumultuous times; the sleepers enjoying the American dream are being awakened by a nightmare.

Every day I wake up to the eerie captions at the bottom of my tv screen “49 dead countless injured due to nightclub shooting”; “2 killed at least 16 injured.” “Over one hundred shots fired into car killing two.” The news headlines are not only startling, but represent an accurate account of America; one where violence trumps peace and individualism rules the world. Is this the America that you and I envisioned as being the land of the free and the home of the brave? Or has America truly lost her way?

Americans have to stem the tide to that which is counter-productive and self-destructive. We must set aside our differences and look beyond the color barriers that so easily entangle us. We cannot afford to sit idle and wait for policy makers to draw up measures to solve all of our problems. It's time for people from all walks of life to unite and focus their energies on bringing about change. In order to bring about change we must first acknowledge that there is a problem, and then we must address the problem with practical solutions.

We live in the greatest county on this earth. In no other country in the world will a person be afforded the opportunities and freedoms that America provides. We are a resilient nation; but we are not perfect. The United States of America is on trial. Millions of people all around the globe are witnessing this trial. How America responds to the call of unity will dictate its fate. United we stand divided we fall! The American Dream doesn't have to be a nightmare any longer.

Robert, *Inside PFC Member*

## Environmental Difference

Most (not all) people see the world in colors. If anyone denies that, they are not being realistic. Every human being on this planet is a product of the environment in which they live. We are all molded by the influences that are around us.

Most people in the world perceive that somehow we are all different. But in reality we are so much very alike. What separates us is the way we view one another. Most of us learned about other races by hearsay because we are not born in integrated neighborhoods or go to integrated schools. Or we learn through what we were taught by our families. So most of us started off on the wrong foot, because our views of other people were molded through someone else's eyes and not from personal experience. And when you do not grow up or socialize with other races, most of what we learn is stereotypical.

And EVERY RACE is guilty of this. It is so easy to hate or dislike what we do not understand. It is so easy to look at the flaws of other people and try to attribute it to the race of a people. In reality, it should be attributed to HUMAN NATURE. Case in point: whatever you find in one race you can find in all. Across the country poverty produces the same result, high crime rates, high number of drug abusers, high rates of kids dropping out of schools, single parent homes. Whether you are on the west side of Chicago or the trailer parks in Kentucky, the results are the same.

But when this affects one race more than others, this is where the perceived differences come in. The fortunate begin to look at the less fortunate as being “less than.” And those in poverty view those who are fortunate as the oppressors. But this blanket approach that most people use, leads us to view each other the way we do. And this is where the stereotypes come in. Most blacks believe that most whites in our country have money, come from two parent homes, and had a good life growing up. And most whites believe that all blacks are from the ghetto, are poor, and come from broken homes. Little of this is based on fact, it is simply based on stereotypes.

It is easy for any of us to fall prey to this because of the way our societies have been divided for centuries. What we learn from others about those who seem different molds our views. Until we realize that conditions and environment, and not some naturalized category like “race,” constitute who we all are, we will continue to view each other as different. And some people will have a difficult experience with someone of another race, and they will attribute that characteristic to the entire race, instead of attributing it to an individual. And truthfully, that is how most stereotypes began. We hear them all the time, Blacks do this, Mexicans do that. But the reality is that all those characteristics can be found in any race. Human nature is the same worldwide. But until we change how we are educated about each other through stereotypes, our views will continue to be the same. I am speaking from experience. Being the father of a biracial son and an African American daughter being raised in two different households, I can say that they each view race relations differently because the people around them have shaped their views. And even though people in general say that they do not look at a person's color when making a decision about them, the sad reality is most of us do. Our environments have already molded our thinking in that way.

Archie, *Inside PFC Member*



# Leadership

I chose this topic for several reasons, which I will get to in a moment. Leadership is very important and dear to me. Even though I went to college and have a master's in administration, leadership, and human resource, I don't look to this formal education to make me an expert on the topic. Yes I have a lot of different ideas about what is effective and non-effective leadership. However, I feel what makes me an expert in this field is that this is a God given ability that I have been blessed with. In this particular essay I will be discussing (1) what it takes to be an effective leader and (2) ineffective leadership styles and how ineffective leadership can destroy lives as well as nations.

WHAT IS EFFECTIVE LEADERSHIP? According to Colin Powell: there are no secrets to success. It is the result of preparation, hard work, learning from failure. Norman Schwarzkopf states; "the truth of the matter is that you always know the right thing to do. The hard part is doing it. Dwight D. Eisenhower said: "The best morale exists when you never hear the word mentioned. When you hear a lot about morale, it's usually lousy," George S. Patton Jr. states; "Lead me, follow me, or get the hell out of my way!" I will give two more quotes before going on to my perspective on effective leadership. Dwight D Eisenhower also states; "Leadership is the art of getting someone else to do something you want done because he wants to do it." George S Patton said; "no good decision was ever made in a swivel chair."

All of these quotes are from famous men who knew what it took to be an effective leader. The reason why I started my essay by quoting some of these great leaders is that I feel that they deserve honor and respect for how they have tried to be effective leaders. We can honor and respect them by learning from their words.

In my opinion, an effective leader can also be a great follower. I would never tell or advise anyone to do something that I am not willing to do myself. In other words, if everyone wants to be the leader nothing will get done. I had never asked God to be a leader because I knew what come with being a leader and it is great responsibility. You are responsible for what you say and do. I knew that in being an effective leader, there are no vacation days or personal days that you can take because even when there is no one around. I knew that my character made a big difference. We can see in our world when effective leadership is at work. One way of seeing it is when all hell is

breaking out around you and you can't afford to get sensitive and sink into your feelings. But you must do what it takes to get the job done.

Effective leadership is when you have a realistic goal and vision; always focus on the outcome. You are willing to take risks because you realize that it is not about you. It is about bringing harmony to those who are around you and also to these in future generations to come. This is not something that I read in a textbook. This is coming from real- life experiences. It hurts, but you know that one day the pain will be worth it all when the sun appears and transformed before your eyes, and you see how your effective leadership has help others to live on and to become better people. We are all that we've got. If you aren't willing to roll -up your sleeves and get dirty and help people in the mess then you won't be able to see effective leadership.

However, if you are willing to help someone's mess become their message and to help people when they are tested to have a testimony, it may be sooner or it may be later that good comes of it, but that's not what's important.

I would now like to transition and briefly discuss what is non-effective leadership. Non-effective leadership is not giving a damn about anyone but yourself. Your character traits may include selfishness, rudeness, anger, or deceit. We can see in our nation the seeds of non-effective leadership. Some examples include terrorism, fatherless children, children having children, all types of crime. You have shootings in schools; shootings in movie theaters. I could go on and on. All of this is a product of non-effective leadership. You can't even turn on the local television without seeing and hearing about the effects of non-effective leadership. It is toxic. It is infiltrating our lives slowly, killing our organs until we are no more.

In conclusion, we must decide on effective leadership to help reduce drug laws that are killing our people. We must cultivate effective leadership to decrease police brutality, mass incarceration, as well the effects prison has on kids. It takes a village (effective leaders) to build community and to raise our kids. No one person can do it alone. We all can be effective leaders right where we are. And in doing so, we can change the environment and ultimately - the world. ◦

D'Marcele, *Inside P.F.C. Member*

# Report on Heidering Prison, Berlin Germany, opened in 2013

What is “new” about this new prison in Berlin, Germany?

At the entrance to a new prison built just outside of Berlin, Germany a golden man stands high above the ground atop a wind-powered device. He turns in a circle with his hand to his brow as he gazes off toward the distance.

He is in street clothes with no cap or hat; he holds himself like an “ordinary working man” but he holds the pose of a seeker. He looks out over the heads of those who come and go. Officially, according to the head of the prison and the architects and artists who designed the prison, he symbolizes for visitors, staff, and the men incarcerated at the facility the purpose of the incarcerated men’s presence at the prison: that is to use the time spent there, confined on an involuntary basis, to imagine and lay the groundwork for new and more expansive futures upon release. There is nothing about the Golden Man that suggests “punishment” as such is the purpose of the institution he looks out over and beyond.

The interior décor of the prison includes art installations created by a camera located on the Golden Man. The camera turns with his body, powered by the wind machine on which he stands. It took pictures of the landscape in each season, pictures in the round, that include flaws created by the slight motions of the wind machine on which the Golden Man is placed. These four landscape surrounds are installed in circular glass pieces about four feet above eye level at various points in the public hallways of the prison.

The German government holds out the principle of transparency as crucial to avoiding the horrifying past being repeated but also as a principle any democratic state should respect. The famous dome of the Reichstag, which houses the German parliament, sends the visitor up a ramp circling an inverted cone of mirrors that reflect the visitors and the scene that is Berlin, the capital city of Germany. The dome is open-air, constructed of glass and mirrors, with wide-open spaces for visitors to sit and look out or in. The hall where parliament meets is below. It cannot be clearly seen, but it is visible looking down through the inverted cone of mirrors, with its special, color-copyrighted chairs, designed to signify the absolute neutrality of the space where politics happens.

The design of Heidering prison also reflects this spirit of transparency. The new prison, located just outside of Berlin in a rolling landscape of farms and fields, is closed in with a fence. The staff explained that the fence also signifies transparency and sends the message to those incarcerated in that facility that

they should be looking outward, to a future beyond the prison.

We should note that in the United States, prisons built in the last fifty years are also surrounded by fences, not by solid walls. These fences are not referred to as sanctioning transparency, but as cost effective and more secure. They are often electrified. There is no aesthetic representation of purpose built into the design of new US prisons (though there is plenty of aesthetically oriented work of all kinds produced within them, by the people incarcerated there and those who work there). The newest prisons in the US are built not according to principles of “transparency,” but according to ease of surveillance. Given the climate of fear inspired by the media and political rhetoric in the US when crime or criminality is addressed, a version of the Golden Man at a US prison would be interpreted as watching, not seeking—guarding what is within, not projecting to the future outside.

The point here is that prisons in the US are built with purely instrumental ends in mind. Security and efficiency of the practices necessary to hold thousands of individuals in custody are of primary concern. Prison architects, administrators, and staff have the unenviable task of managing the movement and everyday activity of thousands of individuals who are involuntarily confined. All of this is equally of concern to those designing the Heidering Prison. It is a secure facility. Prisons are spaces of involuntary confinement, no matter whether the interiors look like Ikea showrooms or include only spaces made out of polished up metal and laquered cement (the director of the New Mexico prison system, when visiting Heidering in 2015, used the Ikea reference to describe the interior colors and furniture).

However, the building of the prison in Berlin deliberately included aesthetic and symbolic representations of the goal of the prison; that is, to “resocialize” those confined there (usually for two years or less—prison sentences in Germany are far shorter than those in the US) and send them on their way.

Let me be clear. This goal and the aesthetic touches are not apparent in the “big houses” located in most German cities. Heidering is one small prison, holding about 650 men out of the 52,000 individuals held in German prisons. Germany has plenty of prisons, of remand and also for sentenced offenders that look just like the huge jail/prison complexes of US cities. Massive walled structures are attached to the courthouse for ease of movement between the courtrooms where “justice” is done and the cells where punishment is done. In Germany, experts and prison staff alike complain of these old prisons that “modern”

punishment cannot properly be carried out inside their massive walls and tiered cellblocks.

But arguments for building new prisons are hard to make in Germany. The German prison population has been steady at about 90 individuals incarcerated per 100,000 for decades, with slight ups and downs (in fact the Heidering Prison was approved when a slight uptick in numbers caused concern about overcrowding—that has recently become a downturn, but the prison was built anyhow, on the grounds that the old prisons were simply becoming uninhabitable). In contrast, the US prison population increased dramatically between the 1970's and about 2010 when it finally began to level off. We currently incarcerate 750 per 100,00 of our population. So while the US went on a prison-building binge starting in the 1980's, Germany continued to use prisons built in the second half of the 19th century.

In short, while German penal practices have always been oriented toward reform more so than punishment, the German prisons built in the 19th century reflect the thinking of that era about how to do that work. The majority of prisons in Germany resemble the old “big houses” in the US, the Eastern State Penitentiary and Graterford in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, the Ohio Reformatory in Mansfield, Ohio, or San Quentin in San Francisco.

However, the Golden Man and artwork created from his camera were deliberately designed to signify a shift in the carceral imaginary in Germany. This shift in thinking about punishment and prisons was written into statutory law in 1976 when the German parliament passed the Prison Law. It did not translate into new building to improve upon the old, however. Heidering is the first closed security prison to be built in Berlin in over 100 years. As noted above, the arguments for continuing to build it shifted in the process from overcrowding to the fact that the old

prisons simply cannot fulfill the standard set out in the Prison Law that says, for example, that prisons must provide for “as normal living conditions as possible.” It should be noted that new buildings, designed to meet those standards, were crowded into the limited space inside the walls of the old prisons. But they ran out of space for modernization within the walls of the two main prisons in Berlin and Heidering was completed.

The architecture and interior of the new prison, JVA Heidering signify an ongoing commitment to the purpose of prison as a site of “resocialization,” of the cultivation of the constructive capacities of incarcerated individuals.

That kind of commitment is part of the history of the prison in the United States. It has been marginalized by retributive sentiments on the part of the public, opportunism on the part of politicians, and prison administrative practices focused primarily on security. Again, the sheer numbers of individuals our criminal justice policies require that prisons hold in custody may have rendered a myopic focus on security necessary in some sense. But a famous philosopher named Karl Marx once said, “Men (and women) make their own history, albeit not in conditions of their own making.” We can see from Germany that it is not necessary to punish with long sentences or to keep individuals in barren conditions to achieve both justice and public safety.

We can look out over and beyond our own criminal justice and prison system, as the Golden Man looks out over Heidering prison, temporarily limited by the walls and fences that confine him, but always thinking beyond them. We have the potential, together, to draw on the best impulses of our own history and see a different future; to envision more expansive and generous ways of conducting ourselves as we figure out how to manage the conflicts and harms that are inevitable in any society. ◦

*Dr. Renee, Outside P.F.C. Member*

## Closing Thoughts

Those that know me know, I have a different outlook on what can,” help us come together.” For years we as a people/nation were quiet when it came to justice and injustice. People have been taken away from their loved ones rather it has been death or incarceration. Now, more than ever our nation is starting to wake up and see the injustice in our justice system. What can we do about this plight in our justice system? We as a nation can rewrite history and turn our government up side down by coming together and put together laws that are more suitable to today's time. We as a nation can see the destruction of the laws at play which imprisons minorities, most of all Blacks and Latinos. Although; we need to have more compassion, conviction, and empathy for our fellow man, justice and love are equal entities. As I end this out, I would like to ask a question. How can anyone judge another without love and compassion for the natural order of life? Black Lives Matter but, so does everyone else. ◦

*Ruben, Inside P.F.C. Member, Co-Editor*



## Valuable Resources

Send your writing to the American Prison Writing Archive. Ask your family or friends to find it at [www.dhinitiative.org/projects/apwa](http://www.dhinitiative.org/projects/apwa). Members of People for Change also have access to forms and information through Dr. Renee from the University of Toledo.

## The Written Law

The Criminal Justice Recodification Committee plans to have a recommendation laid out for the legislative session of 2017 for revising the state's criminal code. The Ohio legislature is currently inactive because of election season. Little of substance happens in election season or before the new legislature is seated in January of 2017. It is a good time to catch up on what we need to watch in the coming year.

Of note: the CJRC is due to consider a 20-year cap on minimum sentences for violent offenses. The Toledo Blade endorsed this idea in an editorial on April 18, 2016 on the grounds that all evidence indicates that individuals not only "age out" of tendencies toward violence, but that as those held in prison age, the costs for everyone go up. We can also look at other democratic nations where life sentences are capped at 12-15 years, even for the most heinous acts of violence. We should not define individuals forever by the actions that get them to prison in the first place. People change. So this revision in the Ohio Revised Code makes complete sense from the perspective of citizens as taxpayers and as fellow human beings who would probably not wish to be forever identified with the worst thing they ever did.

The Department of Labor issued a grant of 1.2 million dollars for recently released prisoners returning to Lucas County. This grant money will be used to train newly released prisoners and teach them a trade, in which they can earn a wage of \$15 an hour during the training process and \$30 an hour upon certification.

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Prisoners must show proof of a Lucas County address and must be recently released; no more than 6 months elapsed from release date to receive training. Training includes carpentry, brick laying, pipe fitting, masonry, mechanics, HVAC, welding, ironworking, and sheet metal working.

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**Note:** Readers may notice how articles are signed using only first names. We in PFC wish for the public to read what individuals who are incarcerated have to say, so are committed to distributing the newsletter in the community. The trade off is to have all of us, inside and outside authors, identify only with first names.