

Hope Across the Razor Wire: Student-Inmate Reading Groups at Monroe Correctional Facility

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Abstract

The 'Jail Project' is an ongoing service-learning project that brings together Nazareth College students in an introductory literature class with Monroe Correctional Facility inmates who have been provided with books for that class, for a series of meetings in jail classrooms to discuss literature and its relation to our lives. Over six years of doing this work, I have encouraged each small group of students and inmates to regard each other as resources, with varying backgrounds, knowledge, talents, and beliefs. Since the theme of the course is 'Crime and Punishment in the USA,' even when the inmates, as the demographics of US incarceration would predict, bring weaker educational backgrounds to the discussion, they often bring real-life experience of the criminal justice system that the college students do not. However, for all my careful preparation and thinking about reciprocity in this collaboration among peers, insofar as I thought about hope at all, I assumed that the college students would be bringing it to the inmates. Although this does happen, a surprising counter-narrative has emerged in the journals that the students and inmates keep during the project. For all their privilege, my students, the majority of whom are white and middle class, often harbour a profound cynicism about themselves, each other, and the world. How remarkable, then, that they find in this group of people, for many of who the 'American Dream' of opportunity and equality has been so relentlessly foreclosed, a spirit of hope that far exceeds their own! Vaclav Havel reflects that hope, 'especially in situations that are particularly hopeless, such as a prison,' is above all 'an orientation of the spirit, an orientation of the heart.' This essay shows the truth of Havel's comments, and how the experience of reading and writing together can cultivate that 'orientation' to hope.

Key Words: Pedagogy, hope, prison education, incarceration, service learning, detective fiction, literature.

Across time and across cultures, one of the dominant themes of prison writing is hope. From Bobby Sands to Ngugi wa Thiong'o, from Ruth First to Jimmy Santiago Baca, prisoners have consistently recorded the crucial place of hope in the experience of incarceration: the difficulty of finding and maintaining hope, and its central role in the preservation of

dignity, sanity, even life itself. In parallel with its function in progressive political movements, hope works for prisoners of 'criminal justice' systems that often work toward the preservation of wealth and power in the hands of a few, to sustain, animate, and give courage for the struggle. For instance, following the description of the brutal beating that opens Sands' prison narrative, *One Day in My Life*, he rebukes himself 'for dangerously playing with thoughts of self-pity and thinking too long and too much of the hardships.' He then wonders about the dinner, and entertains a 'vague hope that it might be served hot and with salt on it.' He continues, 'I don't know why, because it never was. Maybe it was just something to look forward to.... Wasn't it all just living from one stinking cold meal to the next, creating false hope for oneself, clinging to every rumour that came your way? *Scéal, Scéal, Scéal!* The Irish word for news or story that was now so worn out that even the screws [guards] used it.... It was perfectly understandable. You had to have something to hope for, to look forward to, to speculate on or to cling to. The way a good bit of *scéal* could liven up the wing was unbelievable.'¹

Sands' quick transitions - from brutality to hope, and from hope to stories - nicely encapsulate the central themes of this essay. I'll be focusing on a project that I've been conducting for the past six years, one that brings together students in a literature class focused on the theme of Crime and Punishment in the USA with inmates at Monroe Correctional Facility who have been provided with the books for that class, for a series of meetings in a jail classroom to discuss literature and its relation to our lives. Projects like this, in which students leave the college or university campus as part of the requirements for a credit-bearing course, to work in what are usually less-privileged settings than the college community, are experiencing something of a vogue in American academia, under the banner of 'Service Learning.' This is an unfortunate label for what is mostly a salutary trend, as it implies a highly asymmetrical relation in which students learn by serving the less fortunate, rather than the collaboration of individuals from different communities and backgrounds, with different needs and resources, that has always marked the best such projects. It was in that spirit of collaboration and reciprocity that I designed what my students have dubbed the 'Jail Project,' recognizing at the jail a rich fund of knowledge and experience of the criminal justice system from which college students could benefit, and at the college a source of books, and strategies for discussing and understanding them, that the inmates were eager to access. In fact, as an aside I would note that if the inmates' jealous love for the books they receive and the meetings at which they are discussed were the only thing my students perceived in their visits to the jail, the project would be worth doing for that lesson alone. But there are a good many other things that come out of the project, as I hope to suggest using passages from the journals that the students and inmates

keep over the course of their collaboration. One of the most surprising outcomes to me has involved hope, and the frequency with which the inmates, the majority of whom are poor, poorly educated, people of colour, express far greater hope for themselves, their collaboration with the students, and the future of their communities, than do the college students, the majority of whom are white and middle class.

For all the obvious demographic differences between the students and inmates, there are some important similarities that subtend my project. Both groups are mostly in their late teens and twenties, though with significant numbers of older individuals as well. Both groups are, for better and for worse, institutionalised, fully accustomed to the routines and expectations of their institutions, often chafing under the restrictions on freedoms of choice as to how they spend their time, their mobility, and their diets, but also often finding surprising, creative ways, within and outside their respective systems of control, to meet their individual needs and express their individual selfhoods. Both groups understand their current activities and lifestyle as temporary, as a stage on the way to doing something else - thus both students and inmates are in an important sense 'doing time,' a similarity that is easy to overlook, given the obvious differences in power and privilege that produce their different locations. These similarities are clearly evident in two journal entries, each recording a participant's experience of the first meeting of what the inmates call the 'book club':

When we left for the jail I didn't really know what to expect. Who was I, a sheltered, small-town girl, to waltz into the Monroe County Jail as if I had something to contribute? Was I mature enough for this?

These questions pounded in my ears as I plastered the smile on my face and went to meet my group.

As we drove listening to music and watching the other cars, I tried to imagine myself unable to pop any CD in my player, unable to just hop in the car and go somewhere. I was surprised at how difficult it was.

When we reached the jail, we traded our IDs in for visitor's badges. It was kind of like trading in my identity as preppy college girl and stepping into a different world. I wonder if the inmates felt that same loss of identity? I'm sure they did, probably to a much greater extent. I was still wearing my own clothes; they had uniforms. I was leaving in an hour; they were leaving when their sentences were over. I

would go back to school for the week, back to my room with my things and return as a visitor; they would still be in jail.

We filed into the classroom and set up the tables. The two minutes we waited for the inmates were the most anxious, apprehensive two minutes of the whole afternoon. Finally they walked in. The door slammed and six men entered. I was a little intimidated. Anthony came over, introduced himself, and sat down next to me. I could breathe again.

We went around the room and introduced ourselves. A couple of the inmates told us they had college degrees already. I couldn't help but wonder why they were in jail. They said they were doing this program because they liked to read and wanted something to pass the time. It made me think of how it seems like such a chore to do the reading for some of my classes, when to someone else it can be such a huge privilege to even have access to books.

The conversation went in all kinds of directions from there. We began talking about Sherlock Holmes and ended up talking about our favourite books. I surprised myself with how much I had to contribute. I usually have trouble articulating myself. But I didn't seem to have as hard a time.

I could tell that at first the atmosphere wasn't very comfortable, but once the conversation picked up we heard from almost everyone. The hour went by pretty fast. When the time was up, we all said goodbye and shook hands.

After I exchanged my visitor pass for my identity from the guard, I thought about how much I had learned in an hour. I've decided that you can't really be educated about the world until you have really lived in the world. We can read about things in books, watch movies, and still never be involved in the world. How can we know anything without experience? I hope that the inmates will get as much out of this project as I think I'm going to. The past hour gave me a little insight into reality, and it reminded me that people are just people anywhere you go, even in jail.²

I was kinda nervous, however, feelings of shame overwhelmed me. Now that a piece of the outside world has enter my circle of existence, thoughts of me being locked up, incarcerated, away from society, is not for me. I look at these members of the book club and wonder if I am a guinea pig in their classroom experiment. As we introduce ourselves my feelings change, I began to get a sense of why I joined this class, and what it is all about. It was about the book, my perception of it, though I still have all these feelings going on. I guess I can say envious feelings because they can walk out those doors at any time to freedom.³

The two women share many of the same uncertainties about their readiness for the experience and the attitudes of the people they'll encounter, and they both express doubts about the value of the program. They are each relieved to find an open, articulate group of peers eager to work together for common goals; however, they also share an appropriately discomfiting awareness of the *differences* in their situations, once each meeting is over.

Also apparent, even from these two selections, are the varying literacy levels of the program participants. Predictably, both in terms of media stereotypes of college students and inmates, and in terms of the actual demographics of the two populations' educational backgrounds, the above-quoted student has a greater facility for grammatically 'correct' self-expression in standard written English than does the above-quoted inmate. Although the inmates who are admitted into the program are selected in part for their greater likelihood of success with a college-level literature syllabus, the broad educational demographics – in New York State, two-thirds of jail and prison inmates have not completed high school⁴ – certainly inflect the differing abilities of the inmate and student participants. Of course the educational disparities are by no means universally true, and participants in the groups are frequently surprised to learn that one of their inmate colleagues has had significant undergraduate (and in several cases, graduate) education, or that one of their student colleagues has had significant experience in the criminal justice system. It is also important to remind participants, as they note the differences like those apparent in these two journal entries, that there are significant differences in the motivations for writing and conditions under which participants write. The college students write, in part, for a grade, and in a physical and social environment expressly designed to facilitate such activity; the inmates write voluntarily, in the raucous din of an overcrowded housing unit, in a social milieu that can be quite hostile to academic pursuits.

Especially given those circumstances, the college students are nearly always impressed by the inmates, by their intelligence, determination, and generosity - all of which completely contradict the stereotypes of inmates they have learned from American television and film. Again, two student journal entries illustrate this idea:

Suddenly - and I'm not even sure how it started - the women began telling us all about their lives in the jail. What time they woke up, the showers, the meals, other inmates, men, infractions - everything. It seemed like this was bound to happen and I'm thankful it did. The women couldn't talk fast enough and they were all adding in their own experience when something had been left out. It was great. It totally broke the tension and in a really natural way. We were all laughing and the tone was very light hearted.

I think this progress is going to lead to lots of great discussions. One of the women actually felt comfortable reading from her journal about our last visit. She read how she was jealous of our hair, makeup, clothes, and shoes - we even smelled good she said. They started telling us about all the crazy things that some of their fellow inmates did just to create a sort of makeup - using Kool Aid packets to dye their cheeks and lips red and using a pencil for eyeliner and packets of jam as hair gel.

All of the women in our group though talked about how far beyond that they are now. In order for them to get through this experience they said that all of the artificial, materialistic stuff couldn't matter. I was just amazed by the amount of depth these women had. They were extremely in touch with who they are - and even more - they were secure about it. I walked out of their being envious - wishing I was secure enough to walk out of my home with no makeup and my hair not done. It's small - I know, but it made me think.⁵

One of the inmates discussed how she made a promise to herself and God that she'd stay herself while in jail (this went along with a brief discussion of 'Norton #59900' and how the author had to 'wear a mask' around other inmates)... I sat there in pure admiration of her, as well as

the others who shared their stories. They're in jail, yet have such high spirits and strength of character to endure their time in jail.... It's sad to think there's only two meetings left. One of the women asked if they'd be getting any more books after this. I felt my heart sink when I heard that.⁶

Above all, the students are impressed by the inmates' attitudes to education, beginning with the simple fact that they're choosing to read works of literature and then gather in a room to discuss them, without receiving college credit or any other benefit from the activity beyond their own edification. Of course, such attitudes toward education are always interwoven with ideas of hope, as one inmate's journal expresses clearly:

Interesting 'things' going on. Mostly, the awareness, the comprehension that arises once one's perspectives is in order. That's the greatest gift of education - or better yet, the gift of the mind. It's ability to overcome obstacles - both abstract and concrete and to share that situation with others. This process is repeated constantly every day in here or at least it should be.

There are men, who are fighting, scratching and clawing our way out of the pit of failure. Failed marriages, relationships, jobs, school...life period. Young or old, Hispanic or WASP, there's really no economic-social-ethnic barriers to our sorrows. It's universal.

That's where we meet. Through the tears, the fears, something happens. A metamorphosis takes place as experiences are shared and learning occurs. First, it's on a basic level, just to survive and get through the terrors of having your life controlled and changed. For some it's easier and not as traumatic, for whatever reason.

But a certain group of inmates, we'll seek out mental release from these bonds. First by gravitating to like-minded individuals (i.e., peaceful, intelligent, or quiet!), sharing good conversations and memories. Then it's usually something to read, good novels. Which naturally, entices us to seek out any educational programs.

Here at Monroe County Correctional Facility, there's a vast assortment of programs. Vocational, GED and various

counselled/assistance classes. Then once in a while something extraordinary is offered, that truly feeds, stimulates, and influences our minds to want MORE! Nazareth College's Book Club is such an experience.

We're given a chance to read a selection of literature, that although I personally may not have selected these types of books, nevertheless had/has me devouring the pages! Then as an added bonus, we interact and exchange opinions and experiences with students as well. And is not that the greatest freedom; when one is allowed to build up a mountain of intellect, that's strong and lasting, because it's composed of a vibrant and growing knowledge. Not narrow-minded or one-sided, but rather fresh, new and alive.⁷

This extraordinary exuberance at receiving any educational opportunities, and the confidence in the value of education as a form of freedom, is a lesson that my students, many of whom regard even college education as a kind of birthright, need badly to learn. It's a lesson made all the more poignant by the fact that this inmate regards the small handful of plumbing classes and A.A. meetings available at our local jail as 'a vast assortment of programs' - clearly bespeaking the paucity of educational opportunities he has been afforded prior to his incarceration.

The failure of the U.S. jail and prison system to educate inmates is, of course, the greatest crime of all - a truth that this project illuminates for all participants. The students learn what many inmates know too well, that post-secondary (college or university) educational opportunities for inmates in the U.S. have virtually disappeared since the 1995 legislation eliminating inmate eligibility for federal Pell Grants. While never extensive, post-secondary correctional education (PSCE) programs did grow in U.S. jails and prisons throughout the 1970s and '80s, along with a wave of other rehabilitative programs instituted in the wake of the famous riots at Attica and other prisons in the early 1970s. However, the 'tough on crime' rhetoric and policy that has dominated U.S. criminal justice since the 1980s has produced a steady erosion in funding for and emphasis on rehabilitation, including education. In 1982 there were more than 350 PSCE programs in the U.S.; by 1995 there were fewer than 12.⁸ Although inmates retain the Constitutionally-mandated right to pursue a high school equivalency diploma, the job market value of that diploma has seriously eroded in recent decades. At the same time, 'tough on crime' legislative and judicial policies (Rockefeller drug laws, mandatory minimum sentences, 'three strikes and you're out' life sentence laws, and more) have resulted in a dramatic increase

in jail and prison population. The U.S. currently incarcerates 2.3 million of its citizens, the highest reported per capita rate of incarceration in the world.⁹ The economic costs of that level of incarceration are staggering (in New York State, it costs about \$32,000 per year to incarcerate each inmate¹⁰ - a figure that does not include either initial prison construction costs or the lost economic productivity of the incarcerated person); the social costs, especially to the communities from which the incarcerated are removed (predominately urban, poor, racial minority communities) are devastating.

We commit vast resources to incarceration despite the near-universal understanding that the system is failing at almost every level. The clearest evidence of this failure is the inescapable fact that between one-half and two-thirds of released inmates are re-incarcerated within 5 years. The steady turning of the 'revolving door' of U.S. incarceration is audible throughout every aspect of the jail and prison experience for everyone involved - not only inmates, but corrections officers, administrators, educators, and volunteers like my students. Study after study has shown that PSCE is the most effective intervention in reducing recidivism. A 1997 U.S. Department of Education study found that PSCE reduced overall recidivism by 29%, and saved two dollars in prison costs for every dollar spent on PSCE.¹¹ Despite the overwhelming evidence of the effectiveness of PSCE, in both social and economic terms, of the more-than 600,000 inmates to be released from U.S. jails and prisons this year, two-thirds will have received no educational programs behind bars and three-quarters will have received no vocational training.¹² Perhaps the saddest testament to this sad situation is the profound gratitude displayed by so many inmates for the admittedly paltry, non-credit bearing 'book club' we provide. That gratitude is evident in the inmate journal entry quoted above, and in this one, which also recognizes in reading a kind of freedom, as she travels imaginatively to the settings of the various books in that semester's curriculum:

Stop! Stop Her! She's getting away!

'Whew!' Can't catch me now I'm back in San Francisco, maybe after I help solve this case, The Maltese Falcon, I'll take me a trip to the Big Apple, go to Harlem for some fun, music, fast cars and faster people. Think I'll head down 125th St. for some action.

No, can't stay. It's lights out, which brings me back to Rochester NY, Monroe County Jail, 500 unit #34 bunk....

I will never again read any book without thinking of you guys and your Crime and Punishment course. I am not the

only one affected. Other inmates and I have talked hours after you have left about the profound difference your class has had in our lives. How we look forward to Weds. There is not much to look forward to in here.

They tell you in here. Change people, places, and things. The recidivism rate has gone down by 1. I'm going to seek out other people who enjoy books as much as I do. I will be avidly seeking to join a book club when I'm released. Changing people is easy, places – just move out of your old neighbourhood. I find it's the things to do that get me in trouble.

Now I have a new direction to seek and find something that I enjoy. (instead of drugs etc.) Thank you again. Oh! Oh! Wait a minute. I think I'm going on another adventure. I can hear them now:

'Give her another 7 yrs for escape.'
Bye! I'm headed for Seattle, Wash.
'Catch me if you can.'¹³

I find the exuberance and hope displayed by this journal entry and the one quoted previously at once heartening, in that these inmates are clearly benefiting from the Project in many of the ways it is designed to accomplish, and also deeply disturbing, in that this experience may be fuelling a phenomenon Roland Bluhm analyses in his essay in this volume, of 'self-deceptive hoping.' Ernst Bloch describes a similar danger in his monumental work, *The Principle of Hope*: 'Fraudulent hope is one of the greatest malefactors, even enervators, of the human race, concretely genuine hope its most dedicated benefactor.'¹⁴ Of course we want to give inmates both courage and 'genuine hope' for the dark days ahead, not only during the remainder of their sentences but especially on their release, when they are likely to face economic pressures exacerbated by their incarceration (greater indebtedness, blighted employment prospects), and social pressures also intensified in their absence from the streets (untreated addictions, strained familial and social networks, greater fear and doubt in their abilities to stay drug-free, get work, and help their struggling communities). But the recidivism rates tell a dark story - and it would be delusional to think that our too-brief reading and discussion group, culminating in a certificate signed by the jail's educational coordinator and I, is going to provide a meaningful bulwark against any of these forces. If we were enabling them to earn a degree, or even make significant progress toward one that would be different.

But there's simply no funding in place or on the horizon for that to happen. Despite that grim reality, the many stories of inmates who *have* escaped - not from prison itself but from the revolving door cycle of re-incarceration - and the frequency with which those inmates report that reading and writing has been important to their self re-invention, give me hope that the hope expressed in the above journal entries is founded in the real possibility of change, and not in self-deception.

On the other side of the razor wire, one of the most significant benefits of the Jail Project is the way in which my students begin to read differently, knowing that they're preparing not only for the class meetings on campus but also for the discussions at the jail. As one student puts it after the first jail meeting, 'From now on I am going to read and write thoughtfully with lots of insight so I have ideas to share with [the inmates in her group], so I don't let them down.'¹⁵ And the inmates' perspectives on the books influence the students' understanding, as this student journal entry reveals:

We talked about the end of the book [Chester Himes' novel *The Real Cool Killers*], the whole marriage thing, like we did in class, but the inmates brought up some different ideas. If I remember right, in class, we talked about how the author might be playing with the reader's expectations, and how the ending doesn't really fit. The inmates thought the ending was optimistic, realistic, believable, and even hopeful. They said that Sonny and Sissy would have a better life together...

This was intriguing to me. Not just because it was a different interpretation to the end of the book, but also because it was so optimistic. I felt cynical for having such a negative outlook. I thought it was interesting that people who were spending time in jail could easily find the positive aspects of a situation.¹⁶

One can think of many reasons that the particular group of inmates who participate in this program might manifest a surprising degree of hopefulness; most obviously, these are inmates who have chosen - and often waited, pleaded, and competed - to enrol in a program about literary reading. And as countless published prison writers have shown, it is often hope that leads prisoners to read, in search of beauty, clarity, support and affirmation, and then to write, in search of all those same qualities and one more - visibility, in resistance to a form of punishment that works specifically to erase, to depersonalise, to 'disappear' the incarcerated. Jimmy Santiago Baca speaks for many when he writes:

Writing bridged my divided life of prisoner and free man. I wrote of the emotional butchery of prisons, and my acute gratitude for poetry. Where my blind doubt and spontaneous trust in life met, I discovered empathy and compassion. The power to express myself was a welcome storm rasping at tendril roots, flooding my soul's cracked dirt. Writing was water that cleansed the wound and fed the parched root of my heart.¹⁷

Participants in the Jail Project find hope in the act of reading and writing together, and above all, in the act of gathering to share their responses and ideas, their stories and dreams. Vaclav Havel reflects that hope, 'especially in situations that are particularly hopeless, such as a prison,' is above all 'an orientation of the spirit, an orientation of the heart.'¹⁸ The ways in which the Project's participants' hearts are re-oriented by the experience gives *me* hope, for social as well as individual transformations, changes that will lead to the abolition of a prison culture that Christian Parenti rightly dubs 'Lockdown America.' I'll close with one final quotation, from life-sentenced inmate Irvin Moore, who is serving time in Pennsylvania, a state in which life sentences are almost never commuted. Moore offers a new perspective on the old cliché that 'where there's life, there's hope':

Life to us has two meanings. Life is life - the generic term. Being alive, waking up every day. Life is also a sentence to serve. In Pennsylvania, life is to be served until you die.

That life term - you can't get away from it. If I succumb to the pain of it, it would indeed be dangerous; it could do things to the mind, to the spirit. But a life sentence can and should be served with your mind open, aware that life is all around you. That life is being influenced by you, and life is influencing you. We happen to be isolated, but that doesn't limit the mind. Since I've been incarcerated, I've travelled the universe. I've met a host of people, but, more importantly, I have met and come to understand myself as a person, a member of the family of life.¹⁹

Notes

- ¹ B Sands, *Writings from Prison*, Roberts Rinehart, London, 1997, p. 13.
- ² Anonymous female student, Jail Project Journal Entry, Nazareth College, Rochester NY, 2001. This and subsequent journal entries are quoted anonymously and by signed permission. Inmate anonymity is protected by law; students have chosen to remain anonymous as well. Journal entries are transcribed as written, with no editing of any kind.
- ³ Anonymous female inmate, Jail Project Journal Entry, Nazareth College, Rochester NY, 2006.
- ⁴ The Graduate Center at the City University of New York and Women in Prison at the Bedford Hills Correctional Facility, *Changing Minds: The Impact of College in a Maximum Security Prison*, City University of New York, September 2001, viewed on 7 April 2007, <<http://www.changingminds.ws/>>.
- ⁵ Anonymous female student, Jail Project Journal Entry, Nazareth College, Rochester NY, 2003.
- ⁶ Anonymous female student, Jail Project Journal Entry, Nazareth College, Rochester NY, 2003.
- ⁷ Anonymous male inmate, Jail Project Journal Entry, Nazareth College, Rochester NY, 2006.
- ⁸ I Buruma, 'Uncaptive Minds,' *The New York Times Magazine*, 20 February 2005, viewed on 7 April 2007, <<http://www.nytimes.com/2005/02/20/magazine/20PRISON.html>>.
- ⁹ U.S. Bureau of Justice Statistics, cited in The Sentencing Project, 'Facts About Prisons and Prisoners,' December 2006, viewed on 7 April 2007, <<http://www.sentencingproject.org/PublicationDetails.aspx?PublicationID=425>>.
- ¹⁰ Buruma, *op. cit.*
- ¹¹ Cited in D Karpowitz and M Kenner, 'Education as Crime Prevention: The Case for Reinstating Pell Grant Eligibility for the Incarcerated,' The Bard Prison Initiative, n.d., viewed on 7 April 2007, <<http://www.bard.edu/bpi/>>.
- ¹² The Sentencing Project, 'Prisoners Re-entering the Community,' September 2001, viewed on 7 April 2007, <<http://www.sentencingproject.org/PublicationDetails.aspx?PublicationID=485>>.
- ¹³ Anonymous female inmate, Jail Project Journal Entry, Nazareth College, Rochester NY, 2002.
- ¹⁴ E Bloch, *The Principle of Hope*, vol. 1, trans. N Plaice, S Plaice, and P Knight, MIT Press, Cambridge, MA, 1986, 5.

¹⁵ Anonymous female student, Jail Project Journal Entry, Nazareth College, Rochester NY, 2004.

¹⁶ Anonymous female student, Jail Project Journal Entry, Nazareth College, Rochester NY, 2001.

¹⁷ J Santiago Baca, 'Coming into Language,' in B Chevigny (ed.), *Doing Time*, Arcade, New York, 1999, p. 99.

¹⁸ V Havel, 'Orientation of the Heart,' in P Loeb (ed.), *The Impossible Will Take a Little While: A Citizen's Guide to Hope in a Time of Fear*, Basic Books, New York, 2004, p. 65.

¹⁹ I Moore, Untitled, in H Zehr (ed.), *Doing Life: Reflections of Men and Women Serving Life Sentences*, Good Books, Akron, Pennsylvania, 1996, p. 10.

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