



VANGUARD INCARCERATED PRESS

Volume 7, Issue 5

inside
october 2024

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The Center Does Not Hold

By Tony D. Vick

South Central Correctional Facility, TN

The vanishing chance for prison and sentencing reform in Tennessee, and indeed the United States, is another foreseeable consequence of a society reaching the terminal stage of the diseases of racism and classism. What I can say with confidence is that we have learned that “the center does not hold.” And for those who have not yet reached that conclusion, you will.

The insurrection of love and community are most essential when the center does not hold. In many ways, the disintegration of democracy and the rise of fascism in America has been made possible by the normalization of, and our numbness to, prison. Those locked in cages must be their own radical activists, build their own inner communities of support and find ways to love each other. There is no great political party that has a cau-

cus of support that is capable of changing anything in the near future. The men and women behind bars will long be dead or released after years of torture and torment before rational human beings understand that the ideology surrounding incarceration in the US is completely out of touch with reality and not politically prudent for elected members to cast one vote for any change.

The system of retribution, trauma, scarcity, and pain that is the American prison system, is not the logical conclusion of locking



“The questions were asked and answered while most of us slept.”

up “monsters” or “super predators,” rather it is designed to continue a system of enslavement that never ended, only transformed. The product produced is not agricultural, it is human flesh and.... *Continues on page 4*

Abolitionist Notebook: CSP-Sac, A Hive of Scum and Villainy

By Angie D. Gordon

San Quentin State Prison, CA

August 3, 2024 was my final day on ‘B’ Facility at California State Prison, Sacramento (CSP-Sac). I only spent thirteen months there, ultimately leaving in a flurry of intrigue and public scrutiny, but in that time CSP-Sac proved itself to be a front-line battlefield in the current

war to reform the California Department of Corrections and Rehabilitation (CDCR). More than merely a notoriously disruptive and violent institution, Sac is unique because of a strange project that began there a few months before I arrived, a project that brings into daily conflict two contradictory correctional philosophies. Collisions like these always have much to teach, truths written in

the tragic fallout from lives lived and lost, teetering off the edge, headstrong in their convictions. Abolitionist’s Notebook is a series of articles dedicated to clarifying the nature of those pitted conflicts, attempting, through careful account and critical consideration, to unveil the mechanisms of harm upon

which prison is based.

The CDCR is drastically adjusting its strategic mission, attempting to realize a herculean shift away from a strictly security-based objective. It is sluggishly pivoting towards the California Model, aspirations which are altogether foreign to the carceral sphere. The problem posed by this shift, beyond new tactics and training, beyond updated technology and architecture, at its core, is a problem of culture, and prison administrators throughout the state are all faced with a plaguing question: How do you address the sheer toxicity of correctional beliefs, values, and modes of communication, the violent and self-traumatizing ideologies which have formed amidst the unchecked harm and brutality of the last forty years? CSP-Sac is a stronghold of that past, a venerable relic of the worst CDCR has to offer, and for that reason, the cultural shift attempted there is particularly interesting.

CSP-Sac is a super max, high-security institution, designed to lockdown and chain up every... *Continues on page 6*



Welcome to the October Issue!

By Joan Parkin

There's been a lot of talk in the media lately about saving our democracy. Democrats say we can't elect Trump because he will destroy it. Republicans swing back and blame the Democrats for shredding it. But both parties are guilty of perpetuating mass incarceration, which represents the opposite of everything a democracy should stand for. Within America's prisons, people are warehoused for decades. Some experience years in solitary confinement, while others adjust to the daily scenes of violence perpetrated by correctional officers and other incarcerated individuals. Even as San Quentin's death row emptied out, fighting is still a regular occurrence. Glenn Cornwell writes in "Transitions: Departure from Death Row" that "Even though I go to yard with only seven people, and our population here is down to a trickle, the violence of this place still persists. Just the other day two people beat each other bloody."

Where is democracy for people like Glenn Cornwell or, for that matter, for Arnaldo Juarez, who was sentenced to 297 years to life without clemency? Juarez writes to the Vanguard Incarcerated Press in "Wretched Bus Ride" about his horrific bus trip from the county jail to prison: "I was hopeless and mournful knowing that as a relatively young man, I was never going to taste freedom.... Two imposing, robust correctional officers...hastily clasped sheen shackles on my pallid, tender wrists and ankles. They were so effectively firm that they left painful purple imprints."

Nineteenth century Russian novelist Fyodor Dostoevsky wrote that "the degree of civilization in a society can be judged by entering its prisons." If this is true, then the United States is one heck of an uncivilized country. We solve the social ills of our society by locking people in cages.

Our prisons are filled with poor working-class people, who are

"...Both parties are guilty of perpetuating mass incarceration, which represents the opposite of everything a democracy should stand for."



Joan Parkin is the Director of the *Vanguard Incarcerated Press*, the author of *Perspectives from the Cell House*, *An Anthology of Prisoner Writings*, and co-founder and former director of Feather River College's Incarcerated Student Program where she is also a Professor Emerita. She also serves on the Board of Directors for the Vanguard News Network and teaches college English in prisons. She received her Bachelor of Arts from Boston University and PhD in Comparative Literature from The Graduate School and University Center of the City University of New York. She was the coordinator in Chicago for the Death Row Ten, a group of wrongfully convicted death row prisoners who were tortured by former police commander Jon Burge, many of whom won pardons by Governor George Ryan in the victorious abolition campaign that led to historic death row commutations.

disproportionately people of color. Moreover, as Cameron Terhune points out in "The Powers That Be, Be Crazy," "We learned that we can't arrest our way out of social problems, yet we are doubling down.. Those steering the ships have no qualms against imprisoning as many homeless, mentally ill, and drug addicts as it takes to justify the budgets sure to balloon...."

What kind of a society solves its social problems by locking people up? Not a democratic society. In her series "Abolitionist Notebook: CSP-Sac, A Hive of Scum and Villainy," Angie Gordon asks us how we can address "the sheer toxicity of correctional beliefs, values, and modes of communication, the violent and self-traumatizing ideologies which formed amidst the unchecked harm and brutality of the last forty years?" She describes CSP-Sac as a titan of that past, "an old and grizzled dog of war, a venerable relic of the worst CDCR has to offer." How do these medieval-like institutions continue to function?

In his article "The Center Does Not Hold," Tony Vick tells us that "In many ways, the disintegration of democracy and the rise of fascism in America has been made possible by the normalization of, and our numbness to, prison." He believes that the incarcerated themselves must be their own "radical activists." If history is any teacher, then Vick couldn't be more correct.

Most changes within the prison system have resulted from the struggles of the incarcerated themselves. The 1971 Attica prison rebellion took place at the state prison in Attica, New York, and ushered in an era of prison reform. It came at a heavy cost. The forty-four men (thirty-three prisoners and ten correctional officers) represented the deadliest prison rebellion in U.S. history. More recently, the 2013 Pelican Bay Hunger strike, motivated by poor sanitation, poor food quality, limited library access, and extended periods in solitary confinement in

"Most changes within the prison system have resulted from the struggles of the incarcerated themselves."

the notorious Security Housing Unit (SHU), saw the closing of the SHU and reforms throughout California's prison system, making California one of the most progressive states when it comes to prison reform.

There are countless examples of lesser-known acts of courage behind the prison walls. Paul Hinojosa is working with a community of incarcerated individuals to transform the prison. In his article "Transforming Prison from the Inside Out," he writes, "The fact that we are prisoners rolling up our sleeves and getting the work done, keeps me rejuvenated in my push to further engage in social justice."



LETTER
from the editor

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Editor-in-Chief

Joan Parkin



Production Editor

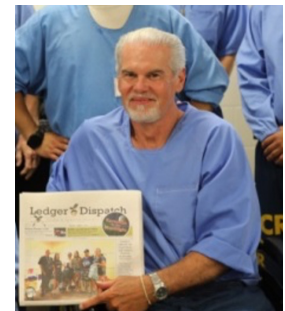
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Angie D. Gordon

California State Prison, Sacramento



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Mule Creek State Prison



Jamel Walker

Mule Creek State Prison

For some prisoners, activism takes the form of writing. Randall Morris in “Why Write and Why Now,” tells us that “Writing helps me do better time and the publication of my various op-eds, essays and true short stories by outside media serves as placeholders for me in a free world that I cannot physically participate in. Therefore, Prison writing is my ersatz freedom.” Still the struggle for many remains elusive.

K. Harris in “Finding Purpose While Suffering” explains just how difficult it is to turn one’s life around. They explain that, “We don’t get a moment to exhale. So to move from this place of darkness, I had to change my thought pattern....Everyone seems to be on autopilot, doing what needs to be done. We continue to walk on by those whose eyes stop sparkling, whose light has dimmed, and chalk it up to a distorted perception—judging others instead of being that guiding hand. People are slipping into darkness for a reason, it’s not just your perception! I speak for those who are in my shoes—silently suffering.” Harris explains that they are exhausted after being locked down for 26 years on an LWOP sentence. They maintain that their struggle is about emotional and psychological well-being. They found that the key to the end of their own suffering is helping others and self-care.

“Change through struggle is still possible and the only way to win is through real and lasting reforms.”

In the face of these individual acts of heroism, the prison system exists, as Gordon writes, to “chain up every conceivable vestige of humanity.” No matter how often politicians drone on about saving democracy, the truth is that they are the architects of the tough-on-crime era that has led to mass incarceration in the first place. We find hope in knowing that people are still fighting for social justice and that abolitionist organizations like the VIP exist and are actively working to convince others that incarceration is not the way to treat social ills. Change through struggle is still possible, and the best way forward is in winning lasting reforms on the road to abolition. *

Who We Are

The *Vanguard Incarcerated Press* (VIP) wants to do more than shine a light in the darkest corners of America’s prison system; We want to build a bridge between the incarcerated and the community through our newspaper. Prisons by design isolate and dehumanize incarcerated persons, leaving them with few resources to connect with a larger community.

A newspaper produced by incarcerated persons working with educators and social justice activists on the outside has the potential to create communities of readers and writers who are no longer isolated from each other but joined by the relationship to our newspaper. When an incarcerated individual sees his/her/their name in print, they know that they have joined a broader conversation of contributors to and readers of the *VIP*.

Our parameters are simple, anyone with a story about prisons or the criminal justice system can submit for consideration. Of course, themes appear around the viciousness of the system, its racism, barbarity and absurdity. While maintaining an abolitionist framework of the system, we remain inclusive of the vast array of voices that make up the carceral landscape. As abolitionists, we plan to join these incarcerated voices in the larger conversation about prison abolition.

In partnering with other organizations, we join forces with the broader abolitionist movement. Our goal is to join our writers and readers in a larger movement to challenge conditions of confinement and the inequities that oppress disenfranchised masses and resist positive change.

Our Mission

The *VIP* publishes hard-hitting news and commentary written by the incarcerated themselves, depicting prison life, human rights issues, and critiques of the criminal legal system. We seek to expose injustices lurking in America’s prisons, empowering a community of incarcerated voices along the way. We are enabling those voices to be heard, without censorship, and creating a community forum where our contributors can engage in civil debate, oppose the brutalities of the carceral state, and challenge the status quo, all in the pursuit of systemic change and prison abolition.

Disclaimer

The purpose of the *VIP*’s monthly publication is educational, providing incarcerated writers with a platform to improve their skills as journalists and exposing our readership to a diversely sourced representation of authentic inside voices. For this reason, the *VIP* does not censor the content submitted by its contributors; The views and perspectives represented in articles from our contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the *VIP*, its affiliates or employees.

The Center Does Not Hold continued... human labor. The reinvention of the plantation system relies as it always has upon the othering and objectification of the peoples and communities trapped within that system, and it is a complete objectification and dehumanization of both guard and prisoner. This is why the rate of prison staff attrition is commonly over fifty percent. You simply can't pay most people enough to sacrifice their humanity. The first step of course in ending this is amending the US Constitution and finishing the job of the Thirteenth Amendment which currently as written does not accomplish the goal of the abolition of slavery, rather it simply carves out an exception to allow enslavement of those duly convicted of a crime. And as we have seen, this exception has swallowed entire communities. In Nashville, for instance, the North Nashville zip code 37208 has the highest rate of

"In many ways, the disintegration of democracy and the rise of fascism in America has been made possible by the normalization of, and our numbness to, prison."

incarceration in the country. Over 400,000 Tennessee residents have been disenfranchised by felony voter laws; not a surprise when you consider that proportionally speaking, Tennessee has the tenth highest rate of incarceration in the world. We are running out of time.

The questions were asked and answered while most of us slept. What would happen if we locked up a million people? What would happen if we locked up two million people? What would happen if we disenfranchised over six million citizens because they were convicted of a felony? What would happen if we built a wall on the border? What would happen if we separated immigrant families looking for a better life, and put two-year-olds in cages and sent them to court unaccompanied by a guardian? What would happen if states passed legislation dehumanizing and challenging the personhood of queer and trans folks? What would happen if the U.S. Capitol was subject to an attempted violent overthrow of the U.S. government by thousands of people fueled by a transparent lie? What if the Supreme Court overturned



a right to privacy and the dominos of personal rights began to fall? What if Christian Nationalists and Fascist Christians became the political and theological identification of millions? The "what if" is now-ushered in by decades of numbness to a growing militarized police state and carceral enslavement.

The center does not hold. The "what ifs" are now "WTF!" Shelter in place. *

1. This line is reminiscent of the famous poem "The Second Coming," by William Butler Yeats. Excerpt: "Things fall apart, the center cannot hold; mere anarchy is loosed upon the world, The blood dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere the ceremony of innocence is drowned."

Tony Vick has served almost three decades in prison, on a life with parole sentence in Tennessee. He was born in 1962 in Clarksville, Tennessee, into a home of Southern Baptist parents and an older brother, all of which have died since his incarceration. Tony lived his life before prison as a closeted gay man, the secrets and lies led to his crimes. While in prison, Tony has worked as a tutor, newspaper editor, and clerk. He has begun book clubs, writing workshops and seminars, elder care programs, and writes about the experience of captivity in hopes to add context to the current prison reform movement.

Finding Purpose While Suffering in Silence

By K. Harris

Central California Women's Facility, CA

For the last week I have been waking each day to find a purpose. My life's purpose is simple: make others' lives easier by whatever means I can, in whatever capacity I can. I am a drug and alcohol counselor here on top of being a mentor, leader, friend and confidant to many.

But this past week something changed. My desire to get up diminished. Shhhh, don't tell anyone because I'm supposed to be exempt from this feeling. I'm a helper, a healer, a voice for others. I have to get up. I have to keep going no matter what. I have a purpose I have to fulfill. I love my purpose, I love the people.

So here I sit suffering in literal and figurative silence, using every tool I provide daily to others to try and help myself. You see, for a week I contemplated suicide. I can openly share now because I'm no longer suicidal, nor do I have any plans to act on it. We all know the right words to use, right? I wrote and drew graphs and charts about my feelings and why I felt them. I examined every thought, feeling, and emotion in real time. I purposefully stayed alive. I did positive self-talk, though I did not believe it. I teach it, so it must work. I talk on.... you're worthy of a good life, life gets better, you're amazing.

I turned for help only to find no one there. I looked in the mirror and said, "You're it." I sat in darkness, pleaded with my heart to have mercy on me, called out to a God I hadn't talked to in years. The feeling didn't subside. I talked to a friend, who didn't really hear me, so I smiled and moved on. I get it. I'm supposed to have all the answers, but I didn't.

After being down twenty-six years on an LWOP sentence, I'm exhausted, as so many are. My struggle was not about hope, faith, or freedom. It was about my emotional and psychological well-being being compromised. Self-care, they call it. We don't get a break to take care of ourselves. We don't get a moment to exhale. So to move from this place of darkness, I had to change my thought pattern. This one percent of a feeling I share with you, I share because this is common with anyone doing time. No one is paying attention. But it is now my purpose to make sure people really get the care they need. We can sit in groups all day, go to college, attend religious services, seek

"...To move from this place of darkness, I had to change my thought pattern."

mental health but most can't share the most common of thoughts and feelings we go through with one another. Everyone seems to be on autopilot, doing what needs to be done. We continue to walk on by those whose eyes stop sparkling, whose light has dimmed, and chalk it up to a distorted perception—judging others instead of being that guiding hand. People are slipping into darkness for a reason, it's not just your perception!

I speak for those who are in my shoes—silently suffering. Those who are afraid to use the resources of the state for it will come to bite us in the ass in the end. Check in with your friends. A smile is sometimes a frown turned upside down. Stop telling them it will be okay. You don't know that! Stop saying, "You got this," clearly, they don't. Just listen. If you need someone to talk to, as I did, take a chance and reach out. I wish I had. We're all just trying to make it in this place. Don't suffer in silence; someone, somewhere, cares about you. Find them. Be that person for someone else. *

"I'm a helper, a healer, a voice for others. I have to get up."

Why Write and Why Now?

By Randall Morris

Advancing age causes a natural and gradual reassessment of values. What was once important becomes trivial (and vice versa) when measured against one's own looming mortality because the remaining sand in the hourglass simply becomes more precious as it runs out. However, there was nothing natural or gradual in my coming to this reassessment of values at fifty-six years of age. In fact, it all occurred within nanoseconds of the impact of a gavel and the resulting echoes of the hard finality that had reverberated throughout a federal courtroom. "I sentence you to 234 months," the judge said before slamming the gavel down and putting to death the life that I had always known and effectively gutting the last remaining quality years of life that I may have left. Still, nineteen and a half years is a long time, so the question for me became: What do I do with my sentence?

Like the main character in the movie *Forrest Gump*, who steps off his porch and reinvents himself by running after losing his mother and girlfriend, I found myself grieving for my lost life and bleak future when I arrived at FCI-Seagoville in March 2023 to begin serving my sentence. And in a conscious effort to cope with my new long-term reality, I, too, "stepped off the porch" but, instead of running, I began to incessantly write. It has been through this writing that I have come to appreciate how much I am shielded from most of the distractions and existential struggles that challenge free world writers.

"Prison writing is my ersatz freedom."

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"I have discovered that I have much to say, a unique way of expressing it and that I still matter."

I have discovered that I have much to say, a unique way of expressing it and that I



Randall Morris is an incarcerated military veteran, a writer of absurdist humor and the editor-in-chief of a prison newsletter serving veterans-in-custody at FCI-Seagoville since June 2023. Writing is his biggest passion. His other passion is education, and prison has motivated him to maniacally pursue both.

Wretched Bus Ride After Life Sentence

By Arnoldo Juarez

Correctional Training Facility, CA

On May 5th of 2008 a Yolo County judge doomed me without clemency to an astronomical amount of 297 years to life. I was in shock, disbelief and in complete gloom over the stunning judgment. Because of the repercussions, I couldn't sleep that night. I was hopeless and mournful knowing that as a relatively young man, I was never going to taste freedom. Shock gripped the tears of sadness that night.

A couple of weeks afterward, a colossal green bus with white lettering (California Department of Corrections and Rehabilitation) arrived to pick me up to transport me expediently to state prison. The highly secured bus was monstrous and heavy, and had metal screens and bars on the dusty windows. The boisterous bus appeared so dreadful that it looked like it was going to callously dump me off at the end of the Earth.

Two imposing robust correctional officers from the large vehicle gave me a navy blue cloth mesh jumpsuit. They hastily clasped shackles on my pallid tender wrists and ankles—they were so effectively firm that they left painful purple imprints. They slowly escorted me with rattling chains up the stairs of the powerful transportation.

In the bus was a multitude of diverse human beings; numerous appeared po-faced, some rugged and a few looked mischievous. They all gave me a hasty examination when I set foot in the quiet bus. Inside the bus was muggy, covered in smelly stale metal, and it had lackluster steel cages.

"The boisterous bus... looked like it was going to callously dump me off at the end of the Earth."

With a high velocity we got on Highway 80 traveling south to the reception center. The motor thundered, cages rattled and chains clanged rhythmically from the swaying of the swift transportation. One officer was driving; another officer watched over us behind a small cage with a shotgun on his side that caused me to become frozen.

We were relatively quiet, but two bald-headed homies covered in tattoos up to the neck were telling each other jokes. "Keep it down!" an imposing voice from the officer in his cage hollered when the homies got loud. As we were on the highway I sat rigid and with a stoic face like most of the prisoners, but I was downcast and high-strung inwardly, for it was my first time going to the penitentiary. And I sorrowed when I thought about my beloved mother but became upset over the boasting and gratification of the DA's draconian sentencing of me that was displayed on the front cover of the *Daily Democrat* newspaper in my hometown of Woodland.

When we finally arrived at the reception center of Deuel Vocational Institution in Tracy, California, my hands became clammy, my clean-shaven upper lip perspired and my heart began to thump harder and faster. The vintage prison looked barren with metal screens on every window. It was heavily embellished in razor wire. Every guard tower had silhouettes of officers with long barrel rifles on their shoulders. Some towers had king-size bright American flags that flapped in the breeze. One dire warning sign entered my psyche: it had brilliant red letterings that stated, "No Warning Shots."

After the atrocious bus ride ended, the front door slammed open. A loud, authoritative voice outside began calling names so we could step out: "Tinney... Bocanegra... Davenport... Juarez." I slowly got up from my seat when my name was called, wiped the sweat off my upper lip with my drooping right shoulder, and then took an eternal deep breath. For the first time, I whispered an earnest prayer of mercy to God Almighty. *

Abolitionist's Notebook: CSP-Sac, A Hive of Scum and Villainy continued... conceivable vestige of captive humanity. The landscape is peppered with tiny holding cages, built to contain a standing human body; security checkpoints enclosed by fences and razor wire, erected on the idea that a mob of ravenous insurrectionists could storm it at any moment; countless concrete encampments, each intended to segment and segregate the incarcerated into smaller and smaller groups, to limit and contain the greatest danger of all: free assembly. Walking the yard, you can see that the walls are littered with pockmarks, craters from bullets shot into combative crowds; orange spray paint is

"At CSP-Sac, murder is common, accidental or incidental deaths are routine, and bloody conflicts... are so frequent that their occurrences are discussed as casually as the weather."

everywhere, marking the pieces of metal which have been carved from desks and lockers and doorframes, steel forged into weapons and wielded by those forced to live out their days here, craven conductors orchestrating their own tragic and frequent folly. Is it fair, though, to say that the incarcerated are the makers of their own brutal discord?

At CSP-Sac, murder is common, accidental or incidental deaths are routine, and bloody conflict (fights, stabbings, staff assaults, riots) are so frequent that they are discussed as casually as the weather. More than mere commonality, a high value is placed on the violence that plays out here, and for that, such violence is celebrated. It is cultivated, and it is depended upon by custody; violence is the chief commodity within CSP-Sac's terrible economy of labor.

This place needs violence, it thrives on it, but why wouldn't it? There is no money in harm prevention. When responding to the life problems faced by the incarcerated, there is ever mounting evidence that care is a more effective pursuit, as it is less costly and it strengthens community; however, although harm destroys community and is grossly ineffective at responding to life problems, in prison, it is the default practice relied upon by correctional personnel. This reality reflects the economy of harm, characterized by ineffective responses, hazard pay and the countless hours of overtime dedicated to investigation and report writing, to use of force training and mandatory gun coverage. Violence means work hours, it means economic security, and whether intentional or implicit, the production of violence at CSP-Sac is hardwired into custodial culture.

In May of 2023, 'B' Facility at CSP-Sac became, in part, a level II Non-Designated Programming Facility (NDPF)¹; however, 'B' Facility also maintained its level IV Enhanced Out-Patient (EOP)² designation, creating what administrators at CSP-Sac refer to as a "bifurcated" program. Both of these populations share the same yard but are segregated to their own housing units and, for the most part, program separately. Where bifurcation, perhaps, has occurred, this is certainly the most drastic delineation drawn between two groups who, as far as program security concerns go, couldn't be more starkly divided.

The principal challenge that bifurcation poses, at least at CSP-Sac, is one of custodial culture, bringing medium-security incarcerated folk in contact with correctional personnel entrenched in high-security modes of interpersonal communication and custodial interaction. This means officers who brood with mistrust, open hostility, and outspoken disdain for the incarcerated, subjecting level II's to confrontational and aggressive modes of communication and procedural engagement typically afforded to level IV's. For many level II's, this type of custodial interaction has never been experienced or (for those who have worked years to descend in security levels) represents an environmental adversity the department assured them they would no longer be exposed to; however, as this series of articles will attempt to demonstrate, CSP-Sac is an uncompromising land of broken promises.

In addition to a bubbling cauldron of cross-cultural conflict, bi-

furcation also brings with it innumerable operational complications, as two segregated populations are forced to share a facility that already has limited space and programming opportunities. Challenges have arisen across the board, plaguing the distribution of carceral resources in every category. At CSP-Sac, employment, education, and rehabilitative programming have all proven to be mires of dysfunction, administrative incompetence, custodial interference, and incarcerated corruption, leaving those level II individuals unfortunate enough to be sent there withering on the vine. The inevitable result from such beleaguered opportunities can be read in the troubling and disproportionate frequencies of community issues that have taken root in the first year of the bifurcated program.

In March of 2024, a drug epidemic swept the facility, resulting in countless overdoses and one confirmed death; however, on the inside, and beneath the sight of institutional reporting, I watched as people with years of clean time relapsed, one after another, succumbing to boredom, the impossibility of gaining employment or continuing their education, and endless waitlists for a minimal number of groups which, as every new cohort began, the brazenness of favoritism and line-cutting left those on the outside feeling forgotten and without hope. No jobs meant an uptick in illicit ventures: no school, no groups, and no in-cell arts program left many adrift and without purpose, vulnerable to the temptation of getting high or drunk, partaking in substances that widespread unemployment had made readily available. Overall, these conditions deteriorated the possibility of building a rehabilitative community and provided the necessary means to construct the opposite. Ill contempt and bitterness flourished, tempers and self-sabotage flared, and people rolled up, one after another.

One of the standout challenges at CSP-Sac is the desolate state of rehabilitative programming. In one sense, numerous problems are created because of space limitations; however, it is also challenging to convince community members to volunteer their time to visit an institution with such a notorious record of violence and instability. Given these limitations, the few existing groups and activities are scarce, thus creating heated competition within the incarcerated community, a competition waged not merely in participation, but also amongst those attempting to facilitate groups. Here the challenges of bifurcation, as well as the overall mismanagement and maldistribution of community resources, paved the way for a highly centralized and thoroughly

"...The brazenness of favoritism and line-cutting left those on the outside feeling forgotten and without hope."

corrupt rehabilitative oligarchy to form—though oligarchy conveys an elite expertise to which this group certainly should not be attributed.

These lack of opportunities, combined with administrators' indulging in the reckless empowerment of questionable characters, set the stage for an unchecked exploitation of communal vulnerability, allowing self-serving carpetbaggers to gain a stranglehold on 'B' Facility's programming opportunities. These wretches took full advantage of the bleak situation, positioning themselves as makeshift rehabilitative tsars, attempting to screen out others from starting groups, asserting corrupt and unaccountable influence on participant selection, appointing subordinate facilitators of indebted tutelages, and politically sabotaging all who opposed their communal abuses. In a strange iteration of official corruption, however, the abuses of this rehabilitative oligarchy became hybridized with the incarcerated

"The inevitable result from such beleaguered opportunities can be read in the troubling and disproportionate frequencies of community issues in the first year of the bifurcated program."



"...The IAC would prove to be a crucial vector for community theft, corruption, and collusion..."

community's representative body, constructing a powerhouse of administrative influence and unchecked control over the programming resources provided to the incarcerated on 'B' Facility.

The primary means by which incarcerated communities in the CDCR are afforded agency, the ability to formally raise concerns about conditions on their facility, is through the Incarcerated Advisory Council (IAC). The IAC is a procedurally safeguarded representative body that every incarcerated population in the CDCR is supposed to be afforded. These representative bodies are granted certain organizational rights, including an office and necessary clerical resources (computer, duplication abilities, etc.), the ability to hold meetings with administrators and keep formal minutes, and the ability to confidentially correspond with members of the legislature and the media.

Given that an IAC is the primary source of an incarcerated community's agency within their institution, it should be unsurprising that, at CSP-Sac, the IAC would prove to be a crucial vector for community theft, corruption, and collusion with custodial attempts to interfere with and discourage the advancement of programming.

In August of 2023, then Sergeant McCoard (who is also a Union Representative Supervisor for Bargaining Unit Six) orchestrated an IAC election many residents claimed to be fraudulent. Multiple sources report that McCoard disqualified eligible candidates and substituted those candidates of her own, and she was seen disposing of official ballots prior to them being counted. The IAC body, which formed from this election, was widely considered by the incarcerated community to be illegitimate, and in the months that followed, it would prove to be so. Officials on this body flagrantly stole community resources, exploited the IAC office and its allotments for personal gain, attempted to gate-keep and screen community participation, circumvented election proceedings to appoint body members, and did all of this while failing to advocate in any meaningful way for the needs of the population. Disgusted by these actions, I joined the body intending to oppose, and hopefully foreshorten these avenues of blatant abuse. I considered my role to be that of a double agent, working within and against a corrupted body, while also trying to wrestle as many resources and opportunities free from the grips of these tyrants as possible, trying to distribute them to my beleaguered community.

Approaching my role as secretary from an abolitionist perspective, I attempted to kick down a number of custodial and administrative doors, which prevented my community from realizing a full level II program. I oriented my work and the fulfillment of my official duty around three central pursuits: 1. the enhancement of community agency, 2. the expansion of programming opportunities, and 3. the improvement of the community members' quality of life. These pursuits were met with consistent opposition, coming both from custody

and self-serving factions of the incarcerated community; in this sense, some frequent barriers and pitfalls impeded my hopeful progress. Approaching these challenges as a journalist, however, and understanding the unique and procedurally safeguarded relationship between the IAC and the media, I kept thorough official notes and record-keeping and disclosed—through confidential correspondence—mountains of internal documents to the VIP. Because of these efforts, I am able to report on my time at CSP-Sac with evidence and accuracy, shedding light on, what by all accounts, is a tightly woven debacle of administrative ineptitude, custodial corruption, flagrant misconduct, and outright villainy from within the incarcerated community.

The various topics mentioned here are all stories unto themselves. It is for this reason that, in the coming months, we will be printing a series of articles which report, in detail, on the events which transpired at CSP-Sac during the year I spent there. This reporting is necessary not merely to expose the abuses that are perpetrated at Sac daily, nor simply to call out the bad actors—in green as well as blue—who are active participants and co-conspirators in such harm, but also to open up a larger discussion on our work as abolitionist journalists living and struggling to survive within a brutal and oppressive institutional landscape. I hope to drive forward a conversation about carceral community building, about purpose and intent, while also presenting my attempts to put theory into action, considering both my successes and failures from a critical perspective.

Through this series, I hope others dedicated to similar pursuits will gain knowledge and inspiration. There is still a war of abolition to be waged from the inside out, and many of us are actively engaged in it. We can learn from one another, fortify our struggle by reading of lessons learned and of battles fought against correctional abuses, which, though having occurred far from where we are, still played out behind prison walls which, ultimately, are all the same. We are often our own worst enemies, and it is only by laying ourselves bare to our comrades, by exposing our failures and shortcomings in truth and humble authenticity, that we can grow as a united force, mending the breaks in our lines and knowing better how to identify and turn out the saboteurs and betrayers that lurk within our ranks. The stories we tell matter, but only if we tell them. Stay tuned for more. *

"...It is only by exposing our failures and shortcomings in truth and humble authenticity, that we can grow as a united force..."

¹NDPF refers to a high-programming, medium security correctional facility design, and which is made up of individuals designated as both general population and protective custody (sex offenders, informants, dropouts, members of the LBTQIA+ community). These facilities are intended to facilitate positive programming through greater trust and familiarity shared between custody and the incarcerated.

²EOP refers to the most intensive level of mental health treatment status in the CDCR. These individuals are required to attend structured treatment groups five days a week, and typically represent individuals with severe personality disorders, mental instability; as well as, individuals with demonstrated patterns of psychotic episodes, the habituated propensity for harming themselves and/or others, and other institutionally disruptive behavior. EOP level IV populations are typically some of the most violent and unstable groups within the department, thus being afforded significant staffing and security oversight resources.

Angie D. Gordon is a journalist and scholar incarcerated at San Quentin State Prison. She has been published in *Critical Criminology: An International Journal* and a handful of incarcerated press publications. Angie is an executive member of the VIP's editorial board and a staunch advocate for the LGBTQIA+ incarcerated community.

Transitions: Departure from Death Row, Part One

By Glenn Cornwell
California Medical Facility, CA

Note: Transitions is a two-part series compiled from a number of submissions sent to us by Glenn Cornwell. Discussing the implications of Proposition 66 on the lives of those housed in California's historic East Block, Glenn shares his account of transitioning from San Quentin's death row to the general population while also reflecting on the last thirty years he spent within condemned segregation.

I arrived on San Quentin's death row on April 24, 1995. Back then, East Block was "off the hook," supporting 570 single cells, five different exercise yards, and every California gang you could imagine.

Violent attacks were common back then, but the way we were released to the yard almost ensured combat to play out a certain way. The problem was we could only be let out on the yard one person at a time, and every time one of each gang made it to the yard, they'd take off on each other. I can still hear the sound of the gunman firing rubber or wooden shots, and I remember having to lay down on the ground, hoping not to be hit by a ricocheting projectile.

Back then, we were under the ten-day lockdown rule for any fights. I was on a yard schedule with two different gangs of the same race but who were at odds with each other. The ten-day rule meant ten days being confined to quarters for anyone fighting, but after about seven of these lockdowns, one side ran out of people, and we were able to have a regular program for a time. Over the years I've seen almost every gang go through a similar routine. Mostly, I saw crowds crashing into each other in numbers, even fighting inside gangs, what they called "cleaning house."

Since then, it's gotten better. The California model has begun to take shape, and it seems that most correctional officers are better trained. Drama still goes down though. Possession of a cell phone used to be a major write-up, but now the state has passed out tablets to all of us, with cell phones included along with several other apps. Even laws that were once ignored are getting many prisoners out of prisons or reduced sentences. One of my friends took a deal for one-third

to life and was released at his first parole hearing. Of course, he'd already had forty-three years in.

I get the impression California is trying to follow the Norway model or something like it. In Norway twenty-

one years is the max, with some exceptions calling for thirty years. The challenge of these changes in California is that all these new applications of the law hinge on what new governor is elected in the next election. Today, it's Gavin Newsom, but tomorrow it could be another Pete Wilson. If you don't remember, Wilson was an ultra conservative whose family was deeply invested in the steel business. So, what does Pete do once he's in office? He built thirty-plus new prisons filled to the brim with steel. Prison is a business above all else, and the lives that rot here are just secondary to that bottom line.

In 2016 the voters passed Proposition 66, which allows condemned incarcerated people to leave death row and program on regular yards. We are supposed to get jobs and pay back our debt to society, rather than just sit around and spoil. That means that all this is finally coming to an end, with everyone on death row being slated for transfer to other California prisons. On February 28, 2024, I was endorsed for transfer to Stockton State Prison.

Since the transfers started, East Block almost seems like a ghost

town, and I've heard that several hundred of the condemned have been shipped out already. It's desolate and empty here, and of my yoga class, everyone except me is gone. I find myself working out alone most days, playing chess with my neighbor, but the hum and murmur of life which once filled the tier is long gone, leaving death row like a tomb filled with echoes and silence.

Now that everyone is almost gone, the air here does seem lighter, cleaner even, but it's still death row. Even though I go to the yard with only seven people, and our population here is down to a trickle, the violence of this place still persists. Just the other day two people beat each other bloody. I live on the second tier, front bar, and the staging cages are right below me. I tend to see everyone get processed after incidents, and on occasion, I have been processed in the same way,

"The transfers have created a tension, an unspoken stress point that rides along the surface of our daily movements and conversations."

looking up at my cell from the cages I typically look down on. The transfers have created a tension, an unspoken stress point that rides along the surface of our daily movements and conversations.

The unknown can be a scary proposition for some, and since people started get-

ting endorsed to leave the Row there have been a lot of grievances filed. A rumor floated through that one of the guys who left was attacked at his arriving prison, but as the story went, he was allegedly convicted of raping and killing an eighty-five year old woman, someone characterized as a saint. You can never put much weight in the stories that circulate around here, but the stories can tell you something about how people try to rationalize their fears away, or try to intensify fear in others.

Someone took their own life on the tier above me the other day, hung themselves. This is not an uncommon occurrence around here; still, I can't help but wonder if it has something to do with the transfers? For a long time on the row this was the only way you would lose people, from them taking themselves out, but over the last five years everything has been different.

Covid really shook up East Block. A lot of folks died from the illness. From December of 2019 to October of 2020 I was relocated to the fourth floor of the main hospital here at San Quentin, and during that time, death row was hit hard. If I had been there, I figure I too would have caught Covid, and maybe wouldn't be here to tell this story. When I got back, they said that they were going to send me to Salinas Valley State Prison. Their reasoning was that I was over sixty-five, had asthma and high blood pressure, and because of my medical risk, I should be sent out. To me that logic seemed flawed, and with the added exposure of being shuffled in a bus with twenty other people, it amounted to a punishment. They took my property for a week as I waited to leave, but then at the last minute they canceled the move. For us on the row, many of whom haven't moved in thirty years, these changes are difficult to adjust to.

This time around, I learned of a completely new term, "trans-packing." I guess it's what everyone not on the Row typically deals with before they leave an institution. They packed up all of my property except what I could fit into two boxes. I don't know if that's the norm, but I sure did appreciate it and counted it as a really generous gesture. So, now I wait, on the brink of departure into the unknown. I don't know what will come next, but I'll keep you posted. *

"So, now I wait, on the brink of departure into the unknown."

The Powers That Be, Be Crazy

By Cameron Terhune

Correctional Training Facility, CA

Doing the same thing over and over while expecting a different result is insanity, and in California, we're gearing up to be more insane than ever.

I entered the Golden State's prison system shortly before its peak: new prisons and yards were being thrown up quicker than jello shots at a kegger. With Three Strikes, "tough on crime," and the war on drugs, the whole world was going to prison, and none of us ever expected to go home.

The swelling population demanded an equally bloated raft of resources to support it. The state legislature opened the money cannon full bore to sate the beast's vast hunger, but no budget would ever be enough. As public safety dollars in the billions were dumped into the prison system (and recycled back to lawmakers through the miracle of modern corruption known as lobbying) the legal system mutated to facilitate this rampant growth. The possibilities—for locking people up—were endless.

Yet as the carceral giant tipped the scales with north of 160,000 souls in its belly, gravity began to pull the great beast apart at the seams. Moral outrage may be a nice fairytale hero, but in reality, countless

"Over the last sixteen years even the miniscule reforms that made it through the legislature have made increasing impacts like a snowball rolling down a hill."

lawsuits, dysfunction, and good old-fashioned greed doomed the eater of so many lives. Slowly, glacially, things started to change.

Living in the midst of this downfall has been a surreal experience. Over the last sixteen years even the miniscule reforms that made it through the legislature have made increasing impacts like a snowball rolling down a hill. While we hardly noticed when they stopped sending parole violators to prison (keeping them in jail instead), and while we saw little benefit when first the emergency beds in the day rooms and then the triple-bunked gyms emptied out, now I am one of a paltry 80,000 and some remaining "incarcerated individuals." While I used to see prisons opening, now I watch them close, shorn of the power they once held over us. No longer do I walk the yard with people serving life sentences for petty theft or drug possession—they're gone, too.

We should be happy: the beast is dying. People who have been in prison for decades are going home—sometimes. Most of us can see a glimmer of hope ahead where once there was only a wall no human effort could surmount. But a dark star looms on the horizon, and into the vacuum of power left in the wake of one titan's downfall steps another tyrant born fresh.

While the prison system is in decline, the last two years have seen the quiet passage of a host of laws regarding involuntary commitment and conservatorship that greatly expand California's already robust arsenal of means by which it can force "residents" into "secure treatment facilities." With Proposition 1 just rammed down our throats, the last puzzle piece clicks into place: the money cannon is poised to spew anew. Proposition 1, also known as the Behavioral Health Services Act, was passed by voters in March of this year's primary election. It has a lot of moving parts, but the gist of it is that the state government assumes more control of the money that goes to mental health services, which dovetails to fund the governor's whole "care court" scheme (involuntary commitment of the homeless, drug addicts, and mentally ill, and forced treatment as a jail alternative). That was passed a couple of years ago and is also tied in with conservatorship, which is being expanded



under that system (they also had mobile judges and courtroom vans that can bring the experience of being locked up directly to the homeless consumer.)

"Our prison system has an abysmal record of results when its scant successes are weighed against the massive financial burdens we've incurred on its benefactors' behalf..."

6.4 billion dollars will be the first taste of blood this new beast gets, money that will flow like water into the various state mental health systems to open the new facilities needed to house thousands of new "patients" who don't even realize what's coming down the pipe.

Even more alarming, nobody appears to be questioning how doing the same thing under a different name is supposed to work magic against the vast host of California's social problems when it failed so exquisitely before. Our prison system has an abysmal record of results when its scant successes are weighed against the massive financial burdens we've incurred on its benefactors' behalf, not to mention the generational trauma inflicted on prisoners and staff alike.

Now that we've made a little progress towards un-mucking the mess we blundered into with "tough on crime," crime seems to be going down alongside the declining prison population. Rather than build on those small successes, we are instead about to get "tough on homelessness" and restart the war on drugs on a different battlefield. We're all set to lock up thousands of people in facilities that will, like the prisons of decades past, spring up all over the place aglow with that new money smell before rapidly descending into dysfunction, corruption, and abuse. Huzzah!

We've done this before. We learned that we can't arrest our way out of social problems, yet we are doubling down. Those steering the ship have no qualms against imprisoning as many homeless, mentally ill, and drug addicts as it takes to justify the budgets sure to balloon as they belly up to the feast our lack of foresight is laying out for them.

Maybe we ought to start the involuntary commitments with these lunatic hucksters selling us such a mad, self-destructive future.

Again. *

"We've learned that we can't arrest our way out of social problems, yet we are doubling down."

Transforming Prison from the Inside Out

By Paul Hinojosa

San Quentin State Prison, CA

Hello! My name is Paul Hinojosa. I grew up in Woodland, CA, surrounded by poverty, drugs and alcohol. It was these conditions that shaped my early life and contributed to bad decisions I would make for money, respect and a release from the pain and trauma of my circumstances. These decisions landed me in prison, where I continued to struggle with addiction. Eventually, I decided to enroll in a drug treatment program, which led me down the path of transformation.

In the following years, I got and stayed sober, enrolled in college courses, served as a teacher's clerk for English language learners, began to study computer coding and reconnected with my Native American roots. Crucially, I became a member of San Quentin Skunkworks, which gave me the chance to draw on my personal experience to support others seeking to transform themselves. At Skunkworks I'm collaborating with a team of individuals striving to transform the prison system from the inside out, one person at a time. The fact that we are prisoners rolling up our sleeves and getting the work done, keeps me rejuvenated in my push to further engage in social justice.

Today I'm blessed to have a strong community that embraces me. It's an honor and a privilege to be of service to others. To anyone who has felt the pain of their circumstances I am here to tell you: "I got you. I believe in you. And try to find the confidence to believe in yourself." Finding the confidence and courage to change isn't easy. But if I can do it, so can you. *



Join the Conversation

"California Model Stated Goals Unreachable"

By Tomiekia Johnson

Central California Women's Facility, CA

The uptick in events, mostly staged and by special invite—chilling the rest of the population; cameras roll to catch snippets, promoting ambiguous California Model events. I'm Cinderella—the woman everyone is looking for, rarely at the ball.

When I reported being stalked by male prisoners, it put me in Ad Seg, and more men stalked me. How's that for "dynamic security?"

The steadfast resist comes from the old guard—staff and incarcerated. CCWF "Paper Trail," our writer's guild, just started. The old inmate guard showed up in heavy presence with their names already on seats; keeping more competitive talent disconnected.

One hundred words will never be enough to fully capture why the California Model simply can't work. *

Tomiekia Johnson is a freelance journalist for Empowerment Avenue and a staff writer at Paper Trail.

From the Inside Editor's Desk

By Jamel Walker

Mule Creek State Prison, CA

Our theme for the August issue of VIP centered on those who have the misfortune to be sentenced to such devastating finality called "the other death penalty," "death by incarceration," LWOP for short. Having been incarcerated since the age of twenty-one, I can relate to our writers' visceral reaction to the reality of such a sentence.

While the VIP encourages our writers to speak their truth, we encourage them to recognize other truths. One such truth is many people could care less whether we die in prison. Others hope we do. The local broadcast media recently ran stories about the California Legislature's revival of Senate Bill 94 (SB 94). For some of us LWOPs in California, it's the miracle second chance we've been hoping and praying for. I say "for some" because it provides a chance for those sentenced to LWOP to petition the courts in which they were convicted to be resentenced to a term of twenty-five years to life, thus providing us an opportunity to demonstrate to the Board of Parole Hearings (BPH) we are no longer a threat to public safety. The unfortunate truth for some is that should SB 94 become law, only those who committed crimes before June 5, 1990, are eligible to petition for resentencing. This means that one would have to serve more than thirty-five years before they could petition for resentencing.

The cold, hard truth is that survivors of our crimes feel thirty-five years is not enough. For them, nothing less than rotting in prison will ever be enough. It doesn't matter how much remorse we feel. Nor does it matter that the vast majority of us are youthful offenders who were victims of childhood traumas, poverty, and racism. Victims of a system that labeled us "monsters" and "super predators," deemed irredeemable, we are doomed from the start to be dumped into a school-to-prison pipeline. After the decades we've served, they care not about the fact that we will die in cages of old age. There is no consideration of how much we've transformed ourselves from the youthful offenders created by a system that feared and hated us because of our poverty and our skin color, into mature adults capable of love, kindness, compassion, and every other great thing they and their children are capable of.

What could we say or write that would change their truth? Perhaps nothing. What could we say or write that would soften their hearts? Perhaps nothing. What could we say or write to harden their hearts even further? Perhaps anything. Nevertheless, we must continue to speak our truth, be proud of the hard work we have done and continue to become the best versions of ourselves. We will shed any semblance of the traits of those who believe it is perfectly fine to condemn poor children and children of color to death by incarceration. We will not hate those who hate us. We will not seek revenge or be angry or bitter. We will continue to raise our voices, calling out the inhumanity of death by incarceration.

Many people believe in second chances. However, like all things of value, second chances should not be given but earned. What can we LWOPs write to appeal to our supporters and detractors that we have earned a second chance? These are the questions I leave you with to contemplate before the next time you write about your experiences living with a sentence of such devastating finality.*

Incarcerated since the age of 21, Jamel Walker is serving his 39th year of a life without parole sentence. While incarcerated, he has earned several college degrees and certifications including, but not limited to, a degree in Sociology, with honors, Social and Behavioral Science, and Arts and Humanities. He is a Certified Peer Literacy Mentor, a Certified Human Services Paraprofessional, a social justice advocate, paralegal, abolitionist, and experienced, published writer. He is a student at California State University - Sacramento working on a Bachelor's of Arts in Communication Studies.

Subscription Information

The *VIP* is a monthly publication distributed free of charge to incarcerated readers; likewise, we share digital copies of the *VIP* to our supporters on the outside. If you are interested in being added to our mailing list, please use the following contact information:

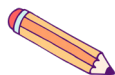
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Outside readers can find copies of the *VIP* on our website www.DavisVanguard.org/vip/ or email us at outreach@davisvanguard.org to be added to the list to receive the newsletter electronically.

A Note on Language

We are staunchly committed to maintaining our anti-censorship policy, as outlined in our disclaimer. However, as of this issue, we are updating our policy on language going forwards: we will change all instances of the word “inmate” to person-centered language, such as “person in prison” or “incarcerated individual.” We do this to acknowledge that many incarcerated people find these terms dehumanizing and to meet the current standards of other incarcerated journalism organizations, such as the Marshall Project. We ask that all of our writers uphold this new policy going forward, or we will edit this language in your piece for you before we publish it.

Write To Us



The *VIP* accepts submissions, either as manuscripts or query letters, from currently incarcerated writers. We are interested in content covering prison and the experiences of the incarcerated. For a more detailed coverage of the content we are looking for, please send us a self-addressed stamped envelope and we will forward you a copy of the *VIP*'s Official Style Guide.

All submissions making factual claims must include their sources and appropriate citations for referenced material; likewise, content which includes interviews with incarcerated people's names, likeness or quoted words must adhere to departmental requirements governing media interviews with incarcerated people.

Generally, we are looking for the following types of articles:

- Carceral Narratives
- Profiles/Interviews
- Investigative Reporting
- Op-Eds
- Prison Culture Analysis
- The Criminal Justice System
- Humorous Anecdotes
- Special Event Coverage
- Program Coverage

Please send **your submission and a short bio** to to the mailing address listed at the bottom of this page.

Note: We appreciate all of our writers for sending us their submissions. However, due to the high volume of submissions we receive, we apologize that we are unable to respond to every letter we receive. In addition, **do not send us the original copy of your submission if you would like us to send it back.** We are unable to send your submissions back to you. And importantly, **we do not pay for articles.** All our writers are volunteers. We are a small staff with a small budget, and we want to thank our writers and readers for being patient with us.

Support Our Work

The *VIP* is a nonprofit publication written and edited by incarcerated people. We distribute our monthly issues to incarcerated readers free of charge; we also provide training courses and mentor services for both incarcerated journalists and scholars. Through the education and equitable empowerment of the incarcerated, we work tirelessly to disrupt the oppressive and violent social hierarchies in prison, striving to create meaningful opportunities for change and personal growth in the lives of those on the inside, but we cannot maintain this important work without the gracious support of our allies and community partners.

If you believe in what we do and have the ability, please make a financial contribution to our cause. For those who are unable to contribute financially, please help us promote the *VIP* and share it with a broader audience, bridging the gap between the prison and the community.

To make a donation and learn more about the work we do, please visit www.davisvanguard.org. Checks may be made out to The *Davis Vanguard*, with *VIP* in the memo, and mailed to the address listed on the right.

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