Yes, this has been more than just an experiment. The main thing that got me was that—it's hard for me to talk to this microphone—probably won't be coherent for a while. The big thing, I couldn't decide whether the prison experience had really freaked me out, or whether I induced that freaked out thing. Gees...how can you talk coherently into a microphone, it's really....

How was it more than an experiment? One thing I realized is that my ideologies were crossed and that I acted according to my ideologies, and I found out that the way I acted—I didn't mean to act according to my ideologies, I just did, you know, and then the remarks that followed the way I acted is what I believe in. Anyway, maybe I should describe that. I'm, I believe, like lying, I react properly to the situation, and so it was normal that I get upset and want out, and when too, I believe in collective action, but if I believe in collective action, me getting out was not a collective thing. Well, the only guiding principle looks like selfishness, huh? Um, but the only reason you believe in collective action is because it's best for you, so you know I don't know if they are in any way contradictory—anyway, another thing I learned is the thing is—was I really upset? I knew I wanted out of the experiment, you know, so I, and if I want out of the experiment, I want out of the experiment, so I have to get out. About, I think it was about noon, the day I got in I decided I 'want out' and then I went to talk to you guys and everything, and you said 'no' and you bullshitted me and everything, and I came back and I realized that you were bullshitting me, and that made me mad, so I decided I'm getting out and I was going to do anything, and I made up several schemes whereby I could get out. The easiest one, the one that wouldn't hurt anybody or hurt any equipment, was to just act mad, or upset, so I chose that one. When I was in the Hole, I purposely kind of built it up and I knew that when
I went to talk to Jaffe that I couldn't, I did wanta release energy in the Hole, I wanted to release in front of Jaffe, so I knew I'd get out, and then, even while I was being upset, I was manipulating and I was being upset--I was still upset, you know--how could you act upset unless you were upset--you know, I don't know, that's--you can't, it's like a crazy person can't act crazy unless he really is kinda crazy, you know. I don't know whether I was upset or whether I was induced, or it was probably cognition. Could you please describe as fully you personal reactions? Yeah, I was mad at -- God that's such a big question! I was mad at the black guy and what was his name, Carter? something like that and you, Dr. Zimbardo for oh, making the contract like I was a serf or something, you know, I was kina, and I fell for it, and the way you played with me afterwards, but what can you do, you had to do that, you people had to do an experiment. Geez, what do you say about that, I mean there's just too much to say, it would take too long. I'll go on and if I forget, I'll add something to that.

Q1a. What are the things that's made it realistic? The guards were arbitrary, we were confined; that was the big thing. I was confined. I was--I'll described this, what I want to describe now, to, I described it to Suzie and to Haney, Craig Haney. It's hard to describe, but I'll try to describe it again. Um, it's kinda, it has to do with choice, or something. You see, I could explain this much better if I didn't have to write it down, if I had somebody feeding back. When I first went there, it was a simulated experiment, an experiment, and I knew it was. Then after a while I got mad and I wanted out because it wasn't any fun, and I wasn't getting of to read, and I had thought if I went to prison I'd get to read, but you didn't get to read. It was boring, and it was confining and so I wanted out, and so I, you know, I'd expended all that energy rebelling and leading rebellions and everything, and now that part of it was cut so that
I wanted to do something else, so I decided to try to get out, and when I tried to get out, you said no, and then I realised that I didn't have control over the situation any more, like. Always before, in the rebellions, I was—had control over myself, but now, since you said no, I thought, Gee, you can absolutely keep me in here, and so the choice—whether I get to get out or stay wasn't mine anymore—it was turning into somebody else's, and that's the thing, that was realistic I think, but in prison there's no choice, you're in, so that's—both questions in one unrealistic and realistic—a and b—is in prison, there's no choice, you're confined, so I imagine rebellion would be a much harder thing to do in prison because of the hopelessness. Because rebellion is hope, and it's control, it's power, but see, that as soon as I saw that I couldn't—the choice wasn't mine, it was getting like a real prison...

I was actually in there, and I would have to put up with that... guards and stuff, then it was getting like a real prison and I was going to resort to—and I was going to resort to every means possible to get out of that real prison-like situation, so that my whole thing could be looked at—I was trying to avoid a true prison situation—that's what bugs me. That must be it! I just figured that out. I was—always before it wasn't, and now, I mean not now, and Haney but when you said, Dr. Z and the black guy, said I couldn't get out, now that was turning real you know, and like, I don't think there was anything weird about that reaction—everybody wants to stay in control of themselves, I would think, and so, I don't know if it's a control or what, and when you're losing control you try to gain it, and I was willing to gain back the control because you know, I had nothing to lose. That unreal—you didn't have anything to lose—the guards couldn't hit you, they couldn't kill you—you knew you'd get fed, maybe you couldn't piss, but you knew you could get fed.

The material conditions, like the guards, the cells, that didn't really matter to me—like when I was nude and in chains, that never bothered me.

It was the head part, the psychological part that was the worst, that's why
(116) question that I'm answering to, you know, realistically unrealistic, that I did answer to. Did you understand that? If you don't understand that then I'll answer it some other time.

Q.2. What were the worst things about the experience for you? What made it most oppressive? Knowing that I couldn't get out if I wanted. That must be the most oppressive thing. The guards were oppressive, the guards bugged me because--like I saw in the guards, you know, beyond the role playing, and some, they were obviously putting out a part of their personality, and it bugged me to be around so many people who were being ass holes--you know, just being ass holes--you know the guard situation makes for being an ass hole I guess, so... what am I talking about?

I hated being around all those people who were acting like pricks (?) (133)

but more--you know I didn't like not being able to go to the bathroom, all those kind of things you when I wanted to, or didn't want to. I didn't mind--those things have to do with choice again, you should be able to do what you want when you want. I didn't mind being in chains--yeah, like when I was in chains it was final, so maybe if was a prison wouldn't be. Maybe this right here tells why all of us freaked out so soon, is because in prison it's final, like when I was in chains, it was final, and I didn't care about that so much. That wasn't confinement to me. But when you have that choice, it's the choice that's the tearing apart thing -- choice isn't probably the right word, but it's when you know you have a chance, and then that's when you blow up because you'd do anything to get that chance--
you know, have the option, and in prison maybe they would be rebellious, and maybe they would do things, cos like it's final and there's nothing they can lose kind of garbled (147)

What were the worst things about the experience for you? Just being confined--materially confined, but that psychologically, you know, I'm bound up.
Can you describe the changes you went through from day to day since you've been here? etc. Q.3.

When I started out I was--I was you know kinda awed by the polic car and going in there and everything, and I had to figure out the situation and then I realized—that this is the important thing...I realized that you couldn't hurt me, there was nothing I could do—I didn't like the situation—that I could totally abandon myself to --I could--like in my political real like world I always have to be reserved, because, you know -- the FBI and everything, but here—you could just say, "screw you guys" and they couldn't do anything to you -- they could lock you up in chains and take your clothes and bed away and food. So I realized about—that night or the next morning, that maybe we could fight for some better conditions. It was a natural reaction, it was like they were treating us bad so maybe we should fight for what's better. --the same argument you can't compromise with imperialism—you got to fight, or the bosses you can't be good and expect the imperialists/or the warden to give you life, because they're not going to do it. If you had a good like he'd be out of prison, you'd shoot him, you'd kill him...so then the only thing to do is rebel. you've not choice. I'm talking too much of what I think, of what I don't know—I'm trying to figure out too many things over this thing. I'll try to stay just to the questions now. Now I've figured out how I'm supposed to answer....

Can you describe the change ... ok the second day I got more rebellious and I organized, me and Stu, organized to—we were to get only $30 a day, so we organized the prisoners $ for everything— we knew most of the prisoners wouldn't go for that—$30 this was too big a thing, so we did little things—getting hsi vitamin $ pills which he never got, getting peoples' glasses—not doing exercises, things like that—not doing the things the guards want—we were planning on later—going after the big things

Could you outline your major reactions? ok so passive, passivity and then rebelliousness, and then at the end, I want out.
and rebelliousness wouldn't get me out 'cos you can't--that isn't mental or physical illness, so the only thing you can do is to act upset and I acted upset. But I was only upset because I wanted out and you wouldn't let me out.

I was confined, you wouldn't let me out, therefore this was the only way I could get out--I knew this was the only way, therefore I had to be upset, and was upset.

Q.4.

A sense of time. Well it was funny. [It went fast, the hours went fast the days went slow.]

Q.5.

I don't think there was much difference. 'Cos I could imagine some of the prisoners as some of the guards, and some of the guards as some of the prisoners. [I mean our society breeds—we've all that prisoner and that guard in us.]

Q.6.

Good prisoner? Personal point of view. What the hell is a good prisoner?

There is no such thing as a good prisoner in this society—unless it was somebody who totally acquiesces. Bad prisoner—in what light? I mean—a prisoner—if the prisons were a place where they retrained people or they tried to help them out, but they couldn’t be that, I mean prisoners are political they are wired 90% of the people born black in there. This is a political question here.

What’s a good guard, what’s a bad guard? Good guard’s one that doesn’t hassle other people. — good guard somebody who doesn’t hassle, bad guard is someone who hassles the prisoners. Good prisoners, bad prisoners—I don’t know.

Q.6a.

Good prisoner in this society would be me, of course—you rebel, that’s what you’ve got to do 'cos the whole thing’s wrong, it’s wrong to be a prisoner.

Me, Stew, the guy that always yelled "hey screw" the tall guy in cell 1, he wasn’t too good though, well he was reacting to the situation we weren’t in a prison, we were in a simulated ṭhọ/ experiment, and he was reacting to that—he had he didn’t give a damn he wanted the money a lot. But if ṭẹm ever wanted anything, if he had wanted—he was in there just for fun and games it seemed to me, so I don’t know. Who’s a bad prisoner? There’s a sub-political motive (garbled)

( I just can’t talk about it. The prisoner part—I’ll talk about the guard t Good guards were—the two brothers 'cos they were good ṭụ/ guards. Bad guards were Tex, John Wayne whatever his name is, the tall blond short hair’d guy
whatever his name is, and the guy that's on with him, the guy with the black hair, they both had, I don't know, sadistic power fixations, and who else was bad—the guy with tennis shoes that has long hair, he's a prick. In fact I can tell which are the guards I would and which are the guards I didn't like and so the good guard, bad guard personality thing. The ones that would smile and look a little more human would were the good guards. The bad guards were the ones who were more aculturated to the capitalism.

I wanted to become a guard when I was getting out. You know, we discussed that—what I would do—I was going to help organize the people—not organize—yeah, organize, and hope for more wages or more importantly (garbled) help people escape. We didn't want to get me fired so we were working out how I would do it...we thought if I couldn't make me a counselor/guard so I couldn't help people escape, but then I thought if I was a counselor/guard I could at least help organize the prisoners.

Let's talk about the prick guards: the bad guards—if they were my prisoners what would I do. I don't know. You see I would never act according to the experiment rules—I wouldn't act a guard at all I would think....because there's no sense in this kind of prison. These just don't do anything, they're just stupid, I mean, they're just prisons are places where guards release their energy—so there would be no—I mean—if you remain a guard how would you behave? Why, if the guards were prisoners I would let them out too. And what if they didn't want to go out. Some of them, would be like Sarge, what would I do. Hell, I don't know. To the remaining prisoners? That's just what I said before.

Yes, for myself, I'm middleclass—that kind of shocked me, that I was above it all, that I'm very middleclass. Otherpeople, no not much. The nature of prisons? Yeah, I don't want to go to prison ever. I didn't realise it was quite that bad—you know how it could be bad. I would hate to go to prison. I always knew prisons were like that, but living it it gives you a better
personal acquaintance with it.

You know this questionnaires that I just finished, I could have answered it much better if someone was here, because my head won't stay in one place, when and, I don't know if I'm answering the questions -- you know what I mean -- I'm just wandering around -- there are so many things I haven't figured out and I just this questionnaire just makes my head wander more so I don't know if you're getting anything from that. There's lots of other things I could talk about that would be more pertinent because they would be more to the point, 'cos this just -- like I have things in my head, but this doesn't ask 'to the point' questions relevant to me... but they're relevant to you -- well -- good luck. (162)