

GIVING THE FLOOR TO WHOM?

Does *Le Groupe d'information sur les prisons* (the Prisons Information Group, the GIP) corpus actually give a voice to prisoners or does it merely echo the speech of Michel Foucault himself?

The faithful communication of truthful prisoner speech is a crucial component in ending the abuses inherent in incarceration. It is impossible to overstate the importance of providing a demonstrable and irrefutable answer to the question, "Are these really the words of prisoners?" Still, Foucault did little to draw distinct lines of demarcation between his work with the GIP and his own perspectives. At times he invoked the GIP's "only watchword": "Speech to detainees!"¹ At others, he injected his own philosophical themes of the right to freedom of sexual expression² as well as the problems inherent in the carceral society that results from a capitalist economy.³ He refers to his "former preoccupations,"⁴ alludes to personal problems with Jean Piaget and Jean-Paul Sartre,⁵ yet scolds Niklaus Meienberg, "Don't constantly go back to things I said before! When I say things they are already forgotten. I think in order to forget."⁶ As for the GIP, any Noam Chomsky devotee (or high school debate team member for that matter) could point out that the structure of questionnaires necessarily affects the answers they solicit. The GIP therefore framed the very prisoners' speech they worked to amplify. The GIP acknowledged this fact⁷ but made little effort to elucidate how the

questions were chosen or by whom. Throughout their work, the GIP's participants made clear to their French contemporaries that they were modeling their "organization" after the French Resistance.⁸ But after a decade of employing such an alluring image, Foucault still expressed dismay and disappointment at the kind of interest it inescapably piqued. In the end, Foucault and the GIP's choice not to comment more concretely served as an indirect invitation to tease out the scripted from the spontaneous, the calculated from the organic. Of course this invitation raises a question of its own: Who should do the teasing?

At the time of this writing, I am serving my twenty-sixth year of a life sentence in the Colorado Department of Corrections (CDOC). Almost seventeen of those years have been served in long-term solitary confinement (Administrative Segregation, or Ad Seg), my last extended stint being from 2001 to 2009. During my time in General Population, I have often been the inmate representative, a kind of Public Defender for prisoners facing solitary time themselves as a result of being subjected to disciplinary reports. In that role as official advocate, it has been my job to assure prisoners' rights to speak for themselves and, at times, to actually speak for them when they can't find or don't have the words. Gradually, maybe inevitably, my role evolved into that of jailhouse lawyer, a guy versed in criminal and civil rights law, ghostwriting other inmates' legal pleadings for them. This finally led to my filing suits of my own, one of which resulted in the revamping of the CDOC's review process for prisoners subjected to long-term solitary confinement. Seeing 321 (almost one-third) of the state's Ad Seg inmates get returned to General Population as a result of a

suit I filed *pro se* (representing myself) solidified me in the eyes and ears of convicts, prison staff, as well as civil rights attorneys from the streets as someone qualified to speak on behalf of the prison population.⁹

Over the course of my time, I've read a lot, constructing my knowledge and understanding of various areas of academia, including my absolutely favorite field: philosophy. I originally found references to Foucault in several histories of Western philosophy; I then used the Interlibrary Loan Program to read his original texts. For many reasons, some fairly common in my world, others extremely personal to myself, I found that *History of Madness* spoke to me most, even more so than *Discipline and Punish*.¹⁰ Ironically enough, my reading got me recognized as a voice for Foucault among prisoners long before I was invited to act as a voice for prisoners among followers of Foucault. You see, when I first got locked up, I quickly realized that the kinds of conversations I enjoyed participating in weren't going to just spontaneously sprout up amid the war stories and inane debates most prisoners engage in to fill the hours, days, months, and years of their sentences. In this way, it became crystal clear to me that my duty was to be the change I wanted to see in my world. It took me a while to develop the knack for this but it turned out that as long as I was willing to provide a basic tutorial, which was neither overly academic nor offensively condescending, I could share whatever I was reading in a way that created the very conversations I had begun to worry I'd lost for life: edifying interactions that did so much more than merely pass the time. I believe even Nietzsche himself would be fascinated by discussions of the eternal return when the participants are long-term residents of solitary con-

finement, guys who have literally lived the same day over and over for years at a time. Similarly, from reading GIP documents as well as his other work, I know Foucault would enjoy listening to and participating in discussions of what it means to be a prisoner and by design a created “other.” So, having read the material, thought through the subject, conducted the conversations, and lived the life, I offer the following.

Due to the number of barriers placed between prisoners and the free world (from razor wire fences and guard towers armed with automatic weapons to mail room sensors and visiting room monitors), it’s always wise to question if what claims to come from prison (e.g., written messages, orally relayed speech, printed quotations) is an accurate representation of prison. Foucault himself noted this in discussing how *La Cause du peuple* censored prisoners’ writings,¹¹ as well as the way reports from the press and the prison administration diverged significantly from what prisoners shouted from the rooftops during the revolts.¹² Still, because the fundamental nature of incarceration has always been and will always be the same, there is one reliable method for testing the validity of speech that purports to be from prison: consistency. There’s a record—memorialized in third-person reports and verified by autobiographical accounts—that reveals thematically similar (sometimes literally the same) words and actions that, when considered as a whole, constitute what can properly be deemed “historic prisoner speech.” Though this historic prisoner speech cannot be used as an absolute measuring stick to judge the veracity of the GIP and (through the GIP) Foucault’s paraphrasing of these detainees’ accounts of incarceration, a comparison with what came before and what followed the group’s work is

instructive in assessing the merit of their assertions. Employing this methodology clearly and repeatedly reveals a congruence between the GIP's writings and historic prisoner speech, even when what's being reported doesn't make sense to the reporter. For instance, in recapping the GIP's work, Antoine Lazarus notes, "What is surprising, when we see, after the fact, the content of recorded demands, is that they ask for basic comfort."¹³ Frankly, I don't see how someone who worked in a prison could be surprised by requests for comfort. Perhaps the political leanings of the GIP prompted this one-time prison doctor to expect more large-scale demands like an end to social inequality in imprisonment practices or the elimination of racial discrimination in the court process. Regardless, historic prisoner speech shows this reported desire for "basic comfort" is timeless and universal. Going as far back as letters from the imprisoned Christian apostles and extending forward over 2,000 years through the GIP, up to and including Piper Kerman's *Orange is the New Black*, the importance of basic comfort has been a recurring theme among prisoners. As for Foucault and his penchant for inserting his own philosophy when editorializing in his writing and interviews, what he added never undermined the foundation laid by the GIP in its manifesto nor did it ever dilute the prisoners' speech he helped bring to light.

In the spirit of full disclosure and truthful prisoner speech, I must acknowledge that I've long made up my mind as to who Michel Foucault was as well as what he was trying to say. But I must also assert that my point of view in no way disqualifies me from accurately appraising Foucault's contributions to the GIP. Though I know many structuralists, feminists, and queer theo-

rists may find this unacceptable, the reality remains that I see a very simple line of thought connecting all of Foucault's varied and seemingly disparate work: "We are all others *and we all other.*" I emphasize the second half of that premise because that's undeniably what motivated Foucault's involvement with the GIP. It's why it was so important for Foucault to give the floor to prisoners and why his work with the GIP surely represented detainees' speech, not his own.

My bet is, if you're reading this, you see yourself as some kind of other, as someone who has been othered. You've most likely discussed, or at the very least thought of, all the ways the masses judge, exclude, and ostracize individuals in order to create others. But how often have you discussed, or at the very least thought of, all the ways you create others yourself? Have you ever even acknowledged to yourself that the question will never be whether you have ever created others but when you did so last? Isn't the truth that you most recently created an other a couple paragraphs ago when you found out the author of this essay actually was a prisoner? There would be no shame in such an acknowledgment. In addition to Foucault's philosophy, I've also read Sartre, de Beauvoir, Irigaray, Colette, and plenty of others who have addressed the issue of othering. To my mind, they all seem to agree that, at its essence, othering is merely being aware or making note of people different from you. How could anyone not be aware and make note of the differences between you (a free person) and I (a prisoner), you (presumably a product of a formal education) and I (an admitted autodidact), you (who most likely only strip in front of a stranger once a year at your annual physical) and I (who for a quarter of a century have been compelled to do so by any and

everyone with a badge and an inkling that I look like I'm "up to something").

But do you see what I just did there? Whether or not you the reader have actually othered me, I the writer certainly just othered you. This is an aspect of Foucault's work I often see misunderstood, misconstrued, or flat-out overlooked. Reading the whole of his writings with the notion that they represent the natural evolution of an idea, one can't help but see Foucault's real point: othering isn't something straight people do to gay people, rich people do to poor people, male people do to female people, white people do to black people, free people do to incarcerated people. Othering is something people do to people. The power to other is ontological, it's an amoral capability with which every cognitive being is endowed. But, when somebody combines the mental power to other with the coercive power to oppress, you start to see why Foucault took the stance he did on issues like truth, knowledge, and ethics. It was imperative to Foucault that every individual recognize that they can and that they do other, otherwise people would inevitably, though most likely unintentionally and unwittingly, use their power to create others in order to other all the others who create others, thus missing the real lessons of his philosophy. This is why, despite many experts' repeated expressions of surprise at Foucault's work with the GIP, both at the time and in retrospect, it makes perfect sense that he directed his efforts toward prisoners, a group almost everyone others. In fact, considering the totality of the circumstances and experiences leading up to it, Foucault's work with the GIP wasn't merely sensible, it was inevitable. Notwithstanding his conflicting claims about whether or not the GIP represented an

extension of his work to date, the record as a whole reveals that Foucault's concern wasn't only for the actually incarcerated. It was also for those living in a carceral society in which all "are punished our whole life long,"¹⁴ those he knew who would better understand their own lives if they could make the conceptual leap required to connect with the others they had created out of the prison population.

A great example of a seemingly recondite concept that prison reduces to something much simpler is Foucault's morality. Usually getting your head around the overall concept can be like trying to nail Jell-O to a wall. Not so in prison. For instance, not a day goes by in prison that one doesn't hear discussions of whether or not what someone was convicted of should carry the sentence it does, or if it's even a crime at all. It is then that Foucault provides an answer, one that those who want to understand can understand. I point out, "If you asked Foucault, he would tell you the problem isn't that you broke a specific law but that you are a law-breaker in general. That makes you immoral. Not because your crime violated some universally recognized code of right and wrong but rather because doing something illegal makes you an other to the masses who obey the laws, no matter what those laws are, as long as those laws are in place." This usually prompts a comparative reference to any number of *Zeitgeists*, especially those in which it was legal for people to rape, rob, torture, and murder their fellow people. I respond, "Before any of those people did any of those things, they first othered the people they did it to, thus making it morally acceptable." When this prompts a protest along the lines of, "So there was a time when it was moral to kill six million Jewish people?" I nod and say, "That's

what happens when you combine the power to other with the power to oppress. It's a simple syllogism: every society considers its law to be moral, ergo all law abiding citizens must be moral. After all, that many people can't be wrong." Of course, the most interesting of all conversations occurs when this Foucauldian philosophy is repeated to free people (in the mail, over the phones, in the visiting room) who then have to ask how different their lives really are from ours.

While the above definitely makes the case for why Foucault would want to give speech to detainees, it in no way proves he did so or did so accurately. Still, he did. And you don't have to take Foucault's word for it. Or the GIP's. Or mine for that matter. A variety of sources amassed over an expansive period of time and breadth of cultures verify the validity of the messages Foucault and the GIP brought forth from behind bars. Two of my favorite examples are the writings of Alexis de Tocqueville and Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Tocqueville—he of *Democracy in America* fame—actually came to the United States as part of an effort to reform the mass confinement about which Foucault wrote. The result was *On the Penitentiary System in the United States and its Application to France*, a work that included brutally detailed descriptions of the suppression of prisoner speech. Likewise, Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago*, an exhaustive account of his experiences with the Soviet penal system, repeatedly revisits the issue of suppressed speech among the incarcerated. Even more direct correlations to Foucault and the GIP can be found in a fairly famous, though highly unorthodox, American psychological experiment and the analysis that followed.

Around the time Foucault was beginning his work with the GIP in France, Dr. Philip Zimbardo was assembling twenty of his male students to participate in what is now referred to as the Stanford Prison Experiment (SPE).¹⁵ Zimbardo converted the basement of the psychology building into a “prison” and assigned ten students the role of guard and ten the role of prisoner. The results were fascinating and terrifying, so much so that the experiment, which was scheduled to last for a full two weeks, was cut short on the sixth day. What followed the cancellation was an unending examination of the SPE’s data and repeated interviews of its participants, the most intriguing of which involved a conversation between a “guard” and a “prisoner.” When the prisoner described how terrible it was to be subjected to the humiliating, degrading, and abusive treatment that had been heaped upon him by the guard, the guard broke down in tears, said he was unaware of how he was making the prisoner feel and asked why the prisoner hadn’t said anything in protest.¹⁶ The problem is, the prisoner had protested. Many of them had. Apparently the guards just hadn’t heard them. Reviewing the video footage of the experiment, it seems impossible any guard could have thought what he was doing was okay. Yet, when asked, all the guards claimed to believe they were doing the right thing. On further examination, it turned out that “doing the right thing” actually meant “doing what was expected of us.”

The statements of the SPE guard actually sound very much like those of real prison guards who describe the primary function they’re expected to serve (thus defining the right thing to do) as ensuring that the prisoners know it’s the guards who run things. A great account of how all guards are taught this from

day one can be found in Ted Conover's *Newjack*. *Newjack* recounts how Conover (a journalist) went undercover as a guard in order to find out what was really going on in the New York prison system. Throughout the book, he details the various reasons given for the importance of prisoners recognizing that the guards run things (guard safety being the most prevalent) and the abuses that can result from that being the primary goal of day-to-day prison administration. Interestingly enough, Conover says of his academy training, "It reminded me of Philip Zimbardo's famous experiment at Stanford."¹⁷ Conover's story is his to tell but, having spent years on the receiving end of the proposition, I can attest to the fact that, regardless of rationale, being shown who runs things is always experienced as being subjected to an arbitrary exercise of coercive power. This timeless complaint is yet another prisoner issue faithfully reported by Foucault and the GIP.¹⁸ You see, to the minds of many prison administrators and parole boards, a prisoner simply following the rules as written isn't an adequate affirmation that they recognize who runs things. Someone who never breaks a written rule is usually thought to be gaming the system (putting on a show for purposes of parole) or, worse, to be demonstrating that he has figured out how to break the rules without getting caught. Guards often take this to mean they can, even must, make up rules to impose in order to ensure that the prisoners know (and never forget) who runs the prison.

Similarly, SPE guards quickly began to bend, then break the agreed upon rules in an effort to show the prisoners who really ran things. And at first there were protests. But guess what happened to the most vocal protesters? The same thing that happens to the most vocal protesters in real prisons. They

were singled out and made examples of. Guards verbally abused them, physically roughed them up, and eventually sent them to solitary. Additionally, the SPE guards hovered over and interrupted prisoners' visits with their families whenever the conversations sounded like they were becoming critical of the prison, a tactic also noted by GIP member Daniel Defert.¹⁹ Recordings of the experiment verify that, as the SPE was going on, the crying guard, the one who said he didn't know the pain he caused, actively and zealously participated in the same kinds of speech suppression that have been employed by some of history's most insidious captors. Then, when it was over and he was confronted with what he'd done, the same guy, with tears in his eyes and not a hint of irony in his voice, asked why no one had said anything.

There's a moment in the *Star Wars* saga where the Emperor, in an attempt to get Anakin to come to the Dark Side, points out that, when people gain enough power, the only thing they fear is losing that power.²⁰ This is the real reason so much effort is put into suppressing prisoners' speech. Not because prison officials fear losing their power to external oversight. They fear losing it to internal criticism. When those with coercive power use it to suppress voices of dissent, it is for fear they'll be asked the question, "How would you feel if I did this to you?" Because it's that simple question that often forces a person to acknowledge what they are really doing and reconcile it with their own morality. This is why such great effort is put into preventing the question from being asked, or at least being asked in a way that will be heard before the voices of protest are ultimately silenced. Because whatever greater good, bigger picture, or higher purpose those with coercive power tell

themselves they are serving, it's always easier for them to do so when they can tell themselves that what they're doing isn't just necessary or expected, it's really not that bad. After all, if it was that bad someone would say something. Right?

But again, that kind of thinking only works if you have mentally othered the people who remain silent. Telling yourself, "If it was that bad, someone would say something," is an untenable premise if you have ever silently endured something horrible for fear that speaking up would only make it worse. It's a hypocritical premise if, as someone else was subjected to group humiliation, you stood by, speechless, for fear that the pack would turn on you. Seriously. When was the last time you stood up for anyone else? Or yourself for that matter? I'm not saying no one ever does it. I'm saying most people don't do it most of the time. And if you're not doing it on a regular basis, what makes you think anyone else would? The only possible answer is you have mentally othered those you think would speak where you do not. In your mind, you've made them braver, more resolute, more heroic than you. But the fact is, those you have othered are a lot like you. And you're a lot like them. So whether it's a bully boss, a patronizing PTA president, or a clique of parents excluding others and their children by making sure those kids don't get invited to sleepovers, when you feel you have to silently endure people with power doing terrible things to you, when you feel forced to watch as it happens to those around you, don't you want to tell someone about it? Don't you just want a little comfort to help you survive what you cannot change? Because that is why most prisoners want the freedom to speak and why, when they do so, what they say is, "I want a candy bar."

Autobiographies from different continents and centuries recount great risks taken to enjoy small comforts and the overwhelming joy at attaining them.²¹ The prison uprisings in Georgia in 2010, and more recently, the resistance efforts of the Pelican Bay Short Corridor Collective in California have consistently reiterated this theme. Historic prisoner speech validated and continues to validate the authenticity of the GIP's reporting. As GIP member Antoine Lazarus noted, "at the risk of their own lives" detainees would "demand all the little things," including "bedclothes."²² Foucault himself was struck by "the importance of these problems of heating [and] chocolate bars."²³ So, despite the historical context with which he was well acquainted, despite experiencing institutionalization himself, and despite GIP investigations repeatedly raising the issue, Foucault was still surprised by prisoners using their speech to demand comfort. Much as I'd like to profess surprise at the surprise, to claim with an air of disbelief that it proves Foucault too had othered prisoners to the point of not recognizing their very selves, the truth is, I get it. Considering the risk involved for any prisoner who speaks out against prison, I'm sure the expectation was that those who responded would express concerns that were more philosophical than material. That they would, not to put too fine a point on it, engage in speech like mine.

Personally, I'd never ask for a candy bar. Even if I wanted one. Which I don't. What I do want, what I will always want, is the worst prison has to offer so that I can smirk at it. What better method to ensure that my captors know they have nothing over me? This being my unflinching, unapologetic attitude means, as far as the guards are concerned, that the only purpose

I can serve is that of a cautionary tale. I will always be the one who is taken to solitary, who is uprooted and moved across the state, who is “randomly” picked to be strip-searched, who is made an example of in order to deter everyone else from doing as I do, from speaking as I speak. And I will always accept the consequences of my speech secure in the knowledge that, among the many discouraged by what’s being done to me, there will always be a few who find it inspirational. People who, because of me, at the very least, know that they are not alone. Seeing the suppressed smiles and slight nods of respect for saying what so many prisoners wish they could, I know that, regardless of what happens to me, my speech is their comfort. That is why I’m writing this and submitting it for publication.

I fully expect to be retaliated against when this is printed, but so what? The worst consequence I was ever dealt was a beating (not the first, not the last, just the worst) that left me on the floor bruised, bloody, and feeling very broken. It took some time to compose myself, but when I could stand I did so and, knowing full well what I was doing, I said, “Took five of you to do that. Anybody want to go one-on-one?” None did. They stood there looking at me like I was crazy because they all knew I’d subjected myself to this treatment because a cop had slammed my solitary cell’s tray slot shut. I asked him to be more considerate; he told me to go fuck myself; I covered my cell window with toilet paper; they couldn’t see me at count; I got physically extracted by the goon squad. The rest of the facility had to stop normal operations as I was handled and an administrator angrily demanded to know why I was fucking up his shift. I told him what had happened and when he threateningly told me I’d better not do it again I laughed and said, “If

you got something worse than this, bring it. Or wait 'til next time that motherfucker disrespects me and do it then. Either way, I'm going to keep fucking up your shift until that pig stops slamming my tray slot." And you know what? He never did slam my slot again. No one did. I've had plenty of problems in prison since then, but not that one.

That was years ago and, in the meantime, I have learned to use my metaphorically and actually thickened skin to effect changes (some large, most small) for myself and for my fellow prisoners. I am always subjected to arbitrary denials of food, trips to the hole, and worse. So is every other prisoner. So have they all been. So will they all be. So I might as well give meaning and purpose to what's going to happen anyway. I take pride in being a stand-up guy who can't be bullied, intimidated, or beaten into lying down. This is who I have contumaciously, consistently, and conscientiously chosen to be and I fully believe I will negate the authenticity of my entire existence if I ever stop fighting for myself and others. Still, sometimes even I need someone with whom I can speak freely, without concern for consequences, if only to know, to feel, that "in this moment I am understood and accepted." Sometimes even I need a little comfort.

Despite his own surprise, Foucault faithfully and accurately relayed these kinds of messages in a way that could not be refuted, and thus obfuscated, by the Ministry of Justice.²⁴ The fact that he did so through the GIP not only proves he was truly giving the floor to prisoners, it proves he hoped people who consider themselves others would hear their voices in the speech of those they had most likely othered. The fact that I was offered the opportunity to write this in my voice, the fact

that some readers will recognize their own voices in mine, proves Foucault's legacy lives on in ways he probably would have hoped for but most likely never would have imagined.

So did the GIP really give speech to detainees? Did the organization truly give the floor to prisoners? Absolutely. It just so happened that when they spoke some of them, like me, did so with a Foucauldian accent.

NOTES

- 1 Michel Foucault, "Le grand enfermement" (1972), *Dits et Ecrits I* (Paris: Gallimard, 2001), no. 105, 1172.
- 2 As Foucault comments, "And all prisoners, whether male or female, have no rights at their disposal with respect to their sexuality." "Enquête sur les prisons: brisons les barreaux du silence," *Dits et Ecrits I*, no. 88, 1049. In fact, "they don't dare speak of sexuality." Foucault, "Prisons et révoltes dans les prisons," *Dits et Ecrits I*, no. 125, 1296.
- 3 Foucault describes this carceral society as follows: "The penitentiary system, which is to say the system that consists in confining people, under special supervision, in closed establishments, until they are reformed—or so we suppose—has completely failed. This system forms part of a larger, more complex system which is, if you will, the punitive system: children are punished, students are punished, workers are punished, and soldiers are punished." Foucault, "Prisons et révoltes dans les prisons," 1297. He then traces the economic source of this carceral logic; he writes, "Evidently, old folks have no particular tenderness for the sort of young delinquent who steals their last bit of savings because he wants to buy a Solex. But who is responsible, in the first instance, for the fact that this young man doesn't have enough money to buy a Solex and, in the second, for the fact that he has such a strong desire to buy one?" Foucault, "Le grand enfermement," 1170.

- 4 Michel Foucault, “Non, ce n’est pas une enquête officielle...” (1971), *Le Groupe d’information sur les prisons: Archives d’une lutte, 1970–1972*, eds. Philippe Artières, Laurent Quéro, and Michelle Zancarini-Fournel (Paris: Éditions de l’IMEC, 2003), 68. Hereafter cited as *Archives d’une lutte*.
- 5 Foucault, “Le grand enfermement,” 1164.
- 6 Ibid., 1172.
- 7 Daniel Defert, for example, states, “The questions are not neutral, external, or impartial.” “Quand l’information est une lutte,” *Archives d’une lutte*, 69.
- 8 In retrospect, Jean-Marie Domenach describes the GIP as “the most reassuring experience since the Resistance.” “Toujours les prisons,” *Dits et Ecrits II* (Paris: Gallimard, 2001), no. 282, 916. This, like the GIP, also gained traction through a distinction between political and common-law detainees. Foucault, “Luttes autour des prisons,” *Dits et Ecrits II*, no. 273, 807.
- 9 Toevs vs. Reed & Jones (2012).
- 10 Michel Foucault, *History of Madness*, trans. Jonathan Murphy and Jean Khalfa (1961; New York: Routledge, 2006) and *Discipline and Punish: The Birth of the Prison*, trans. Alan Sheridan (1975; New York: Vintage Press, 1995).
- 11 Foucault, “Le grand enfermement,” 1170.
- 12 “When the newspapers, the penitentiary administration, and the Ministry of Justice say that this mutiny broke out without any demands,” Foucault observes, “they are telling a double lie.” Foucault, “Il y a an à peu près,” *Archives d’une lutte*, 197. He then goes on to diagnose “the systematic business of distorting truth that the radio, television, and newspapers have undertaken” (198).
- 13 Antoine Lazarus in Foucault, “Luttes autour des prisons,” 814.
- 14 Foucault, “Prisons et révoltes dans les prisons,” 1298.
- 15 The Stanford Prison Experiment was a simulation study of the psychology of imprisonment conducted at Stanford University in 1971 by Dr. Philip G. Zimbardo. He currently maintains a website devoted to the experiment, which can be accessed at the following address: www.prisonexp.org.

- 16 For a more detailed account, see Philip G. Zimbardo, *The Lucifer Effect: Understanding How Good People Turn Evil* (New York: Random House, 2008).
- 17 Ted Conover, *Newjack: Guarding Sing Sing* (New York: Vintage Books, 2001), 50.
- 18 For example, Foucault records prisoners' outrage against "being condemned to absurd punishments for piddling infractions," as well as "the existence of an arbitrary tribunal whose only judge is the warden and which inflicts supplementary punishments on detainees." Foucault, "Prisons et révoltes dans les prisons," 1296.
- 19 As Defert writes, "A detainee has absolutely no right to speak about prison. Neither in the visiting room (for the guard interrupts him), nor in his letters (for the censor suppresses them)." "Quand l'information est une lutte," 69. Defert then goes on to recount the tale of a mother who surreptitiously filled out a GIP questionnaire with her son: "it was impossible to give it to him directly and she was forbidden to speak of it during visitation" (72).
- 20 *Star Wars, Episode III: Revenge of the Sith*, directed by George Lucas (20th Century Fox, 2005).
- 21 As Levi Burr, in *A Voice from Sing Sing* (Albany, 1833), laments, "The guard, as well as the keepers generally are in the habit of using tobacco, but the prisoners are not permitted to use it, and if they seem to have any they are flogged without mercy. But whenever it was possible, without detection, the men would pick up old quids of tobacco that had been thrown away. . . . I saw a man named Knight flogged for picking up an old quid of tobacco and when his shirt was pulled off, the scars of former floggings for the same thing were not healed" (44). Alexander Solzhenitsyn, in turn, writes approvingly, "What a cozy life! Chess, books, cots with springs, decent mattresses, clean linen." *The Gulag Archipelago* (Collins and Harvill Press, 1974), 188.
- 22 Antoine Lazarus in Foucault, "Luttes autour des prisons," 814.
- 23 Foucault, "Luttes autour des prisons," 815.
- 24 Foucault, "Prisons et révoltes dans les prisons," 1297.