

How the Canadian State Kills

By the Prison Violence Project  
Rudolf Martens  
Chairperson  
P.O. Box 22, Kingston, Ontario  
K7L 4V7

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This report was prepared by the Prison Violence Project; a research body dedicated to the elimination of violence in prisons, thus affecting a reduction of violence by ex-prisoners upon release.



Jose Prates 506803C

Statement of what I, Joe Prates, saw and heard on Sunday, October 24, 1993, in Kingston Penitentiary in cell 10-3-G. I am a Brazilian citizen.

I woke up around more or less 0900 hours. So I wonder if I miss breakfast or if they will serve it. I ask at the range, "Is there anybody woke?" Couple of guys said yes.

"What's up Joe?"

So I said, "My door is close. I miss breakfast. What's going on?"

"No, they don't serve breakfast, and I think we are in lock up for something!"

So I ask my neighbour, cell 11-3-G, the range rep, "What's going on? It's 0900 and the doors still closed and they didn't serve breakfast."

"I think we are in lock up. I will check it out." He said to me. So they said we are in lock up and they will put something on news channel 13. At ten o'clock will start feeding and we are in lock up for pills, drugs and weapons.

OK, Tex, that is Robert Gentiles, woke around ten o'clock and he and me was talking about sports, soccer. What's had happened yesterday, Saturday. Brazilian boys playing soccer in Spain. And race car. Another Brazilian boy win in Japan, Formula one race car and I told him we are in lock up and they will start feeding at ten o'clock. So ten o'clock pass, ten thirty pass...eleven o'clock and nothing, nobody came to say something.

We are starting get hungry because it was already twenty hours without food. Because last supper was Saturday around four o'clock. More and more guys were woke now and hungry and we starting asking when they will give some food. And asking for some information, or let the range rep out for hot water.

But nothing, so we start making noise, banging the doors and yelling and throwing little balls of paper out the window in front my cell. The wind was playing with everything on the range, on the floor. So a little fire start just in front of my cell and the wind bring this in front of Tex's cell. It was one page of newspaper on fire.

"Fuck man," Tex said, "They are doing fire amigo." "It is not good to do fire, tell them to stop the fucking fire, it's bad." The newspaper that was on fire came to my cell and come in front of cell 11-3-G.

"Fire is not good." Cell eleven say something like Tex was said too. "Is better stop it." So, it land in front my cell and finished, burned there till are only ashes.

Ten, or fifteen minutes later, three guards come to the range. One have a fire extinguisher, CO2.

"You go to the hole, disassociation cells." They said to me.

"I go to the hole for what?" I asked.

"You go to the hole because you start fire."

"If you have proof I did that and concrete evidence than I

go to the hole right now. But if you don't have, get the fuck out of here!" So they spray the fire extinguisher on top of the ashes in front of my cell and spray the fucking thing inside my cell.

"Man why you doing that, why you spraying this sheet in my cell."

"It's for your own protection." He said.

"I don't need protection like that." I started coughing and they started laughing. They left the range, so I fucking clean my cell floor because I have a lot of this fucking yellow powder in there. I clean it up, it took me at least one hour to clean my cell. I clean and fix everything up again.

Around 1:00, the guards come back on the range again. But now it was at least 12 guards. Mr. S Whillie and three guards are just in front of my cell. Miss Joan was there too.

"Somebody told me you are black belt in martial arts, is it true?" I asked Mr. S Whillie.

"FUCK OFF!"

"What you say?"

"FUCK OFF PRATES!"

"Thank you very much officer because I will put another complaint against you for your violent and abusive language towards me again." The other guard came in front of my cell.

"You will be crying today." He said. He had a little white mustache.

They started provoking me, but every time they said something bad to me I just said, "Thank you very much officer." So they stop the mental game with me. I did not play the way they are expecting.

Then they went in front of Tex's cell. "Hey man, it's almost one o'clock and nobody got any food and you guys said lunch will start at ten o'clock." Tex asked.

"Why don't you mind your own fucking business?" MR. S. Whillie said to Tex.

"It's my business because I'm hungry and it's your job."

"Are you trying to tell me how to do my fucking job?!"

"I didn't say that, you said that."

Another guard who was standing there started saying, "He had a bad attitude. This guy has a bad attitude."

"You can go to the hole for that." S. Whillie told Tex.

"I don't see any reason for me to go to the hole." They start provoking him. Then there were five guards in front of his cell.

One came to me and said, "You go back, to the back of you cell. Get away from the front of your cell."

I wouldn't move from my bars. "I will stay here in front of my cell."

They opened his cell and came inside his cell. I try to talk to him, but he didn't answer me no more. For five minutes, six or seven guards were in his cell. When they bring him out he was with irons, on his legs, on his arms, and look like unconscious. They drop him on the floor.

His front on the floor.

He was flat on the floor.

No sign of life.

No movements.

I try to talk to him but he didn't answer me.

Miss Joan said, "Give him some more!"

One said, "No! It's done."

"What you done to him? You kill him you motherfucker!" I said.

"And you will be next." . Whillie said.

"What?!" I started yelling to the range. "Tex is unconscious on the floor! Like a death, and they said I will be next! If something happen to me please phone this number 922-2503, it's the Brazilian Embassy!"

Some guys yelled, "Amigo! Say the number again!" I told the number for three more times and they drag him away.

It was the last time I saw him.

October 27, 1993 - 3:16:

Incoherent screaming pierced the limestone prison. Joe Prates lost his temper. The guards had been riding him hard lately, trying to intimidate him into changing his view regarding Tex's killing.

Immigration had ordered him deported a year ago, but the Correctional Service of Canada felt that more taxpayer's money could be squeezed through Joe before he left for Brazil, so they took all of his good time, forcing Immigration to postpone his deportation for another year. Thousands more dollars for the bureaucrat coffers.

Joe had a hard time dealing with the harassment and intimidation, causing him to become rather outspoken towards the guards. Eventually he put in one too many complaints so they moved him to another building, The Regional Treatment Centre, a building within the walls but considered a separate institution with its own Warden and staff. The psychologist felt that his anti-authoritarian attitude needed a good dose of rehabilitation, a daily measure of chlorpromazine; bug juice to the prisoners. Groups of doped up, drooling men would be placed in a room and told to figure out why they had become so anti-social.

After his treatment Joe came back to the main unit half insane. It took a couple of months, and considerable attention from the other cons to get him back to semi-normalcy. Seeing his friend murdered had taken him a few steps back to where he was when he came out of the bug house. He has been thinking like an assassin, rehabilitated back to his military training.

6:30

Joe was carrying his tray of food back to his cell, a black armband around his arm in respect for Tex's memory.

"They interview anybody yet Joe?" A prisoner in a locked cell asked him.

"Yea, a few other guys and me. I told them that they killed Tex in the cell and then they threw him out of the cell. I called

out to him 'Tex, Tex, are you all right?' But Tex...he was dead.

November 1, 1993 - 10:34:

Joe was called out to see Louise Kennedy, psychologist. She wanted to see what condition he was in. He came down the stairs in a bubbly mood and stopped to yell into his friend's cell shouting above the roar of five hundred prisoners.

"I have to see the bitch!" He said in a heavy Brazilian accent.

"Be careful Amigo!" Jeff warned Joe. Off he went out of the barrier to have his sanity measured. Anyone who didn't do as the state ordered had to be insane. Well at least he was out of his cell, a far sight more than the sane, but caged.

10:44

The escort guard opened the interview door for Joe. Behind a lone government desk sat a pretty red headed psychologist, Louise Kennedy. She reached down and grabbed her purse, placing it on the table. Joe sat down in the plastic chair as she continued searching for something in the purse. Joe could hear a faint click coming from the leather bag. Finally she brought out a piece of paper and placed it on the table without looking at it. In fact she would not look at it throughout the interview.

"Are you OK?" she asked.

"Fine," he said, "Tex is the one who is not OK."

She ignored the comment without any emotional reaction. She asked Joe to repeat what he had seen on October twenty fourth, which he did, word for word exactly as he had told the police.

"The papers are just turning a regular incident into a major exaggeration." The psychologist said with a wave of her hand. "Why are you putting yourself through all of this hardship. Just let it go, we will take care of it."

Joe's sleepless red eyes widened. "Tex was my friend. I can never let it go."

She looked at him solemnly, assessing his mental stability.

"The guards were just trying to take him to the hole because it was their job. They don't kill people. It was his fault, don't you agree? Didn't Tex do cocaine? It is very unhealthy to lift weights and do drugs."

Joe became more agitated. "Tex didn't do any dope, you know that. I can't believe what I am hearing. Man, you people are cold. Can I have a smoke?"

She reached into her purse and took a long custom cigarette from a black case. Joe's attitude softened as he inhaled deeply on the treat. He will remember, and savour that cigarette for a long time.

"How much time are you doing?" she asked.

"Three years." He said, luxuriously blowing the smoke at the ceiling.

"Wouldn't you rather go back to your homeland, Brazil?" she asked.

"No, and I don't agree with your story either." He answered

smiling.

Ice flowed through her veins as she turned off her emotional warmth. "Alright, you can leave now."

Joe stood up and walked to the door, then turned around. The psychologist was busy in her purse again. A click sounded as he turned the door knob.

November 2, 1993 - 8:30:

In the prison gym one old guard sat in the gun-cage situated in a corner, a shotgun for company. Nobody noticed him today, most of the prisoners were still a bit stunned that another one of them went out in a body bag. They tried to work off their energy from the lock down by lifting weights. Even a few old men were creaking through light weight workouts. Brazilian Joe set down his bar and turned to his friend puffing away beside him.

"Hey man, check this out. The Brazilian embassy phoned the Warden demanding that I be protected and that the guards who killed Tex be removed from the range. If they hurt me, there will be international notice." He picked up his bar, storing up some more strength.

"Yea, sure Joe." The con didn't look at Joe, knowing that the Correctional Service of Canada was answerable to no one, let alone another country.

"Change over!" Screeched the speaker from the gun cage.

The guard everyone called Rambo was working the metal detector in the dome. Everyone had to pass through its field before entering the cell blocks. He was a fat little guy about fifty years old, still wearing his non-regulation green hunting vest, having just came back from bagging a deer. On his olive drab tie there were two tie clips. The top one was a little gold pig, the other a gold revolver. Coming to the metal detector Joe noticed his heavy metal lunch box plastered with stickers of nude women he will never have and gun stickers. The largest slogan said, "Either lead, follow, or get out of the war!"

Rambo liked to sit in the gun cage at the entrance to the gym, a non-regulation shoulder holster under his armpit and a stack of Guns and Ammo magazines in front of him. He always signed out the same twelve gauge shotgun, having carved his mark into its forestock, a French fleur-de-lis; he hated Quebecois. Wanting the convicts to view his manhood, he often leaned it up against the plexi-glass, just out of reach. A few months ago a prisoner punched the glass and the shotgun hit Rambo's desk with a thud, launching him from his chair. His weapon was impotent.

November 8, 1993 - 3:00:

There was an intense discussion in the yard today. A prisoner had found out that a huge weight-lifter named Tamborinni had received two hundred dollars from the guards to seriously hurt Joe Prates. Everyone agreed that Tamborinni should be run off to Protective Custody. But should he go via the hospital? That was the question on everyone's mind.

November 9, 1993 - 11:15

Joe Prates stood at the wire mesh barrier that separated the upper block of cells from the lower block. He was intently studying the Kingston Whig Standard, Canada's oldest newspaper. "Hey look at this Jim." He said to the man leaning against the wire on the other side. "Prison probe doesn't live up to billing. The Correctional Service has backtracked on a promise to find an independent person to chair the inquiry into the death of a black inmate at Kingston Penitentiary. Instead, the three-person team picked to probe the death of Robert Wayne Gentles, twenty three, of Hamilton, all work for the Correctional Service." Joe looked up amazement on his face. "Can you believe the balls? Man these people don't give a shit about anybody or any laws."

"Have they still been fucking with you Joe?" Jim asked.

Joe shook his head and looked back at the paper. "S. Willies is now working Upper G again. I ask him, why are you still working? Willie answered, 'Fuck off'. I said 'What?' He said, 'Fuck off! I'm going to be on you, you fucking rat!' So I went and phoned the Brazilian embassy, scared for my life. I told them that the guard that killed Tex and had threatened to kill me was back working Upper G. The embassy said that they would get on it. Obviously they put him back there either to cause another incident, or to intimidate the eyewitnesses to the murder."

"Ah, don't worry so much Joe. This is nineteen ninety three, they don't pull that shit man."

"Yea, tell that to Tex."

12:03

The prison goon squad pounded up the metal stairs to Upper G, the same range of cells where they had killed Robert "Tex" Gentiles only two weeks before. They pushed and bullied the eight prisoners that were unlocked back into their cells. When all forty men were secured in their cells they walked over to Joe Prates' cell and stood at his barred door waiting for it to buzz open.

"What do you want?" Joe asked from the back of his cell, fear making his voice quaver. "I haven't done anything."

"Come out of your cell, your going to the hole for the good order of the institution." S. Willie said, smiling, remembering his last kill, and what he had promised Joe that fatal day.

"But I haven't done anything. You are going to kill me now. Well kill me here, not in the hole." He said defiantly, looking for something to defend himself with.

The rest of the prisoners were locked down, but they held mirrors through the bars and watched the recurring scene through the reflection. This time they yelled at the top of their lungs.

"Are you going to kill another one?!"

"You can't get away with this!" A guard walked down the range and yanked the mirrors from their hands, bruising arms on the bars. This time they would not leave eyewitnesses, they were learning, just like any criminal.

"Hey guys!" Joe yelled as they led him away in handcuffs,



"Phone the Brazilian embassy! Hurry before they kill me!"

### The Hole

Joe is led to a solid oak door away from the rest of the prison. Behind the door waited Segregation; the 'Hole'. Twenty eight by five foot cells reserved for those that are designated to be removed from all human contact. Solid steel doors keep the peace and quiet. Once arrested inside the prison he becomes the subject of a psychological and physical regime designed to change his mind about the truth. There is no preparation he can do for the upcoming stress. The duration and intensity of each stage depends upon his willpower to resist.

The main aim of the prison psychologist is simply to manufacture a manageable prisoner that must be fitted into the general scheme of prison society. For Joe that means obedience. He has to become a willing State Witness to Tex's killing, which means that he has to place the blame upon Tex, rather than the guards, at the upcoming Coroner's Inquest.

What does not matter is Joe's dignity, imagination, sexual responses, planning ability, logic and skill to make judgements. Correctional Staff rationalize that prisoners have no need for such responses anyway. For the psychologist what the prisoner loses is unimportant, the perpetuance of the institution is all that matters.

One factor that prison psychologists do not consider is the social or cultural factor. This is deliberate, and especially important considering the multi-cultural and socially varied aspect of Canadian society and the Correctional Service's agenda to "Canadianize" its prisoners. There is, for example, a marked difference between the attitudes of a Toronto ghetto dweller and a Brazilian immigrant. Any social explanations for criminal behaviour are dismissed as esoteric. They will label rather than look for the deeper causes of behaviour.

Psychologists are engaged in a war of assessment to fulfil their mission to incarcerate the prisoner as long as possible through negative assessments and the destruction of self-esteem. This perpetuates the Federal "corrections" industry that has become an almost two billion dollar cash cow for bureaucrats. Distinctions between voluntary and coerced treatments have become blurred and often merged. Almost every month further syndromes, symptoms and mental illnesses enter the prisoner's assessment catalogue. Little time or patience is devoted to controlled studies into treatment methods. Psychology, like everything else in the Correctional Service of Canada, is subservient to the cry of "detention!".

When the prisoners are in the blackest pit of desolation the psychologists are their most distant. Since their role is mental punishment, not to bring insight and compassion to suffering people, the building of a trusting and secure relationship is only used to place the prisoner into a vulnerable position. The

most important thing for the mentally tormented is to have help available when life becomes unbearable. Psychologists would never allow access at such a time unless they needed more damning information for an assessment. They ignore the fact that prisoners have lives beyond the prison, that beyond the walls a man has a wife, brothers and sisters friends and perhaps a job to return to.

Due to the conditions of imprisonment, prisoners often become violent or turn their anger upon themselves. Such behaviour requires swift and sure judgement on the part of staff. Physical outbursts must always be restrained, but sometimes anger is therapeutic for someone whose mind has only recently broken down under the stress and strain of imprisonment. Relaxing pent-up fury helps return the nervous system to its more normal functioning. Inducing laughter is also another way of helping the prisoner; it stops them from becoming emotionally overwrought. The psychologists take little interest in such methods. They feel that the keys to controlling prisoners lie in segregation, drugs and mental stress.

Prisoners must be classified in order to justify their further detention. Psychological testing is a method of control in itself. The results are already known before the prisoner even begins the test. The long questionnaires are meant to fatigue the prisoner further, rather than extract any new information of value. When his memory begins to fail him, the difficulty in keeping to the same story makes him more anxious than ever. Finally, unless some accident brings the examination to a premature end, his brain is too disorganized to respond normally. His mind becomes vulnerable to suggestions and contradictions; finally surrendering the mental fortress unconditionally.

Psychologists and guards use this system of solitary confinement and continuous harassment on Joe; keeping the pressure high by rotating shifts of guards who tell him when to stand and sit, and waking him if he makes the slightest move during the short spells of sleep permitted. He is excluded from all outside contact, newspapers, letters from home or listening to the radio. Time itself is removed from the prisoner, his watch is taken away and he is kept in a cell with no windows and with a constant overhead light.

The only human contact he has is with the guards and psychologists, who are his only sounding board and indicators of how his life is progressing. He experiences a feeling of disbelief, an instinctive denial that what is happening is actually occurring to *him*. That feeling remains until he is officially notified of being transferred to the Regional Treatment Centre.

The footsteps in the corridor slow. He visualizes the psychologists whispering with the guards on his degenerative progress. He composes himself, anxious that the psychologist should see no signs of the guilt and futility, the anger, panic and resentment and, worst of all, the terrifying sense of a hovering fate which continues to grip him. The mental stress is so

severe at times that he feels on the verge of crying and he whispers to himself, "I've failed. I'm no good and never will be. I'd be better off dead."

The recriminations stop, and for the moment he can once more function outside a narrow margin of emotionality. He knows that he must at least try to end the feeling that everything is fraught with danger.

The psychologists know what causes him to feel like that: "anticipatory anxiety". It is among the first symptoms they learn to recognize in their behaviour control studies. They have become experts in curtailing and inhibiting nervous functions, blotting out the promise of tomorrow. The goal is to restrict time for the prisoner so drastically that he is unable to project his feelings even beyond the next hour; so overwhelming is the mood of misery and mental pain of the moment. The tension and loss of hope continue to afflict him physically. Eventually his face becomes more gaunt and his mouth drawn. At night he is bathed in perspiration and in the daytime he is restless, taut and irritable.

Considerable time is devoted to probing the mechanism of personality. It is the meeting-place of all relationships and it also can be dramatically affected by drugs which allows for drastic personality changes. The effect of isolation is particularly effective in producing hallucinations, phobias, and allows terrifying fantasies to appear real. Sensory deprivation can traumatically transform the goals, values and ideals of a lifetime.

The ultimate terror comes from within the prisoner's own mind. No technique, no drug, nothing, can ever achieve the mind-control which results from creating such an inner conflict. To achieve that, they take advantage of the knowledge that personality is not only largely bound up with role behaviour, but also dependent on role perception and, most important of all, self-perception.

The critical factor is to be able to distinguish between someone who plays a role and one who accepts the reality of a situation. The distinction can only be made by partially probing for a weakness in personality. When located, it must be ruthlessly attacked. In the beginning, it may be no more than the tiniest of wedges in a person's psyche, but by careful manipulation the gap will widen until ultimately the victim surrenders.

The psychologist's methods are designed to create a feeling of helplessness which they call "basic anxiety" and others term "traumatic psychological infantilism". The symptom common to both is that a victim becomes compelled to turn to the very person who is endangering his life. Joe not only feels that his keepers wield total power of life and death, but also has begun to reveal other significant behavioral changes which the psychologists note. Joe sometimes sees his keepers as *good people*. This phenomenon is called "pathological transference". It can be seen, for instance, where parents seriously abuse their children, even

threatening their lives, yet when their offspring are rescued, the children almost never complain about their treatment. They are overwhelmed with gratitude that their parents have *let them live*.

Prison psychologists are trained in the deliberate and active steps required to strip the individual of his selfhood and how to build up something new from the bare psychic foundation which remains. In this assault upon identity a key factor is to create a state of infantile dependency, so that the prisoner becomes disorientated, until finally, like a religious conversion, he "dies to the world". Only at that stage, is the prisoner ready to receive the "salvation" of those who now control his every action. Prison psychologists have taken many lessons from religious techniques to arouse powerful emotions of guilt, anxiety, distress, conflict and finally nervous exhaustion before the stage is reached when a prisoner is at the height of suggestibility and ready to "convert".

The techniques are taught for establishing guilt in a victim's mind and how, from that, should come self-betrayal, the denunciation of long-cherished ideals, this will in turn create still more genuine guilt and a growing compulsion to confess. They are told that when a prisoner has purged himself of his past he shall be encouraged to accept new substitute beliefs. The process can be accelerated by the use of drugs to create rapid disorientation, induce fear, produce confusing stimuli and cause fatigue and physical debility.

Desperate denial is the only immediate psychological defence response open to Joe. However his barricades are overwhelmed by a sudden and shattering reality. It is happening to him. His reactions vacillate from frozen fright, clinging to his captors and a compulsion to talk to his keepers, if only to try to convince them he should be freed. This is the most vulnerable stage where the captors try to convince him to forget what he has seen. This period is of critical importance for sowing the first seeds of indoctrination; preparing the victim to collaborate with them. They alternately abuse and then ignore him.

His keepers continuously confront him with specific accusations and demand a full and immediate confession to the crimes. The method depends on telling him that he *knows* what wrong he has done and the interrogator is merely there to record any admission of guilt. Not knowing what he is accused of, but being invited to admit to some crime, Joe invariably finds himself struggling to prove his innocence. The psychologist points out how manifestly absurd it is to make such a claim. The fact that Joe is a prisoner must surely suggest to him that he has committed some offence. Gradually they begin to feed back information they had earlier gleaned from his confused speech, creating in his already strained mind a feeling that his captors are all-knowing and therefore all-powerful, establishing in his mind that resistance would be pointless.

While Joe continues to try to reason and plead the psychologist or guard stands at his door clearly bored with such

unbelievable protestations. Abruptly, the mood changes.

"Joe," the psychologists said softly, "I am going to give you a last chance to tell the truth. Tell me, what happened to you to bring you into this horrible situation? Please tell me, what happened to you Joe?"

Confused, yet sensing there may yet be a way out, Joe eagerly seizes the opportunity. Captive and captor move forward toward what Joe believes is a common goal, an end to this relentless probing. But as he is once more taken through the details of previous interrogations, the slightest departure from what he has said is then seized upon.

The psychologist looks at the floor and gives a sigh of regret. "Joe it is obvious that you are not yet ready to tell the truth. We have no choice but to continue your segregation."

"Nooo," Joe pleads, "Look, I only want to do what is right. What they did was not right. Give me one more chance. Look I only want to do the right thing."

"Alright Joe, tell me why you put yourself here. Why are you blaming these Correctional Officers for performing their duty? Joe, you are a criminal, these men have devoted their life to helping you, yet you are ungrateful. Why?" Once more, the questions resume.

Days pass until the next stage manifests itself. His brain reacts physiologically to an invisible seepage of a destructive chemical through some still barely understood electrolytic imbalance. Psychologists call this "exogenous depression", caused by environmental factors such as the ruthless disruption of familiar surroundings and a total disruption of one's lifestyle. Further physical symptoms are a lowering of sexual desire, loss of appetite and constipation. It causes intermittent bouts of apathy and sudden rages. Insomnia occurs, when sleepless hours are filled with self-recrimination and an endless and exhausting re-examination of the traumatic events which brings on the depression.

At this stage his psychological profile is of a man bowed down by despair, suddenly aged, his face haggard, slowed up physically and mentally, his voice monotonous and every word and movement, like himself, a terrible burden. He feels constantly tired, and any sleep leaves him entirely unrefreshed. He becomes most depressed in the small hours, when he is most vulnerable, when his moral stamina to resist every slight pressure is at its lowest. If he shows the slightest sign of giving in to his captors then his doom is sealed.

It is 3 a.m. and heavy boots are walking down the dark corridor to Joe's cell. His door opens and a flashlight shines into his eyes.

"What? What's going on?" Joe turns over his sleep filled eyes squint in the bright light. "Get up you piece of shit! So you think you're going to rat on us?" The guard kicks Joe's metal cot. "Are you listening to me? No one is going to miss you, your just another nigger, and you know what we do to niggers here? You forget Tex?"

"Leave me alone. Please." Adrenalin pumps through his veins, but his body cannot engage in fight or flight.

Three guards gather around Joe, who is wrapping himself in the thin blanket in defence. A primordial fear grips him once again, so that he experiences one of the most primitive and terrifying emotions he could know, the belief that he was powerless to avoid his annihilation as a person. At this stage he seems to be left with only two alternatives, going mad or dying. Self-accusation is at its most destructive and lack of hope at its peak. Locked in some terrifying inner struggle, refusing to co-operate, yet wanting to accede to the compulsion to do so. His thinking is delusional, thinking that he has caused huge damage to those he loved. He wants to weep, but can not do so. In any event, crying will not purge his emotions. Then once more his inner rage takes over.

"Fuck off! Fuck off you animals! One day I will get you!" As he rages he shrinks further back into the concrete corner. The guards kick his bed, wanting to lay hands on him, but knowing that Tex's family has assigned a lawyer to Joe.

At this stage he also felt "stupid", both for allowing himself to be snatched and for the way he has behaved so far. For his initial disbelief followed by paralysing fear and, most upsetting of all, those periods of compulsive talking. While those other struggles rage within him, he wonders what he has given away, who has he compromised, who is at risk because of his "stupidity".

When the guards leave his cell, thoughts of suicide enter his mind. By taking his own life he could repay all the "harm" he had done to others. Also the nightmare of becoming a witness for the guards would vanish.

Then just as suddenly as the depression had come, it left him. He is filled with a wondrous feeling; convinced he is strong enough to fight off any further victimization. Then comes another shattering self-discovery. In the light of this new-found clarity, he sees that not only is resistance manifestly impossible, but so is escape. The guards have blocked off all possible potential for freedom. At this point he is regarding co-operating from a different standpoint.

The psychologists recognize that his mood changes are all part of a continuously carving out and refilling of that inner void created by his keepers. Under their carefully instilled guidance, the channelling of what is fundamentally his guilt can be redirected away from himself, so that he comes to believe that what is important is not so much what he had done, which is tell the truth, but what he had been, a convicted criminal who rebelled against what is good. The psychology staff expect that this condition, known as "logical dishonesty", manifests itself in a police statement absolving the guards of the killing, or an agreement to be deported back to Brazil before the trial.

Joe does have some defences that keep him from compromising himself totally. He has been a sergeant in the Brazilian army, and has become somewhat accustomed to the harsh treatment that is

normal at Kingston Penitentiary. After witnessing Tex being killed by the guards, he also has a profound realization of the corruption that permeates the institution. Fortunately for him, no new brave world of precise human control exists. The mind remains too complex and the techniques too crude. The psychologists are hopeful that drugs can produce an enormous impact on his mood, behaviour, and especially memory. Yet he refuses all medication.

To the psychologist and guards it is clear that Joe can no longer confront the sheer terror of his situation. Its magnitude has overwhelmed him. Isolated and engulfed, he feels little different from a child unable to cope. He experiences the same foreboding, mental disintegration and a sense of being on the edge of the abyss. He has witnessed the guards killing another prisoner, which makes death a real possibility in his mind. He also knows that just two years ago another prisoner, Taylor, had been beaten to death in the hole. Just as an infant cries for its mother to rescue him, they know he would turn to his keepers. In return for "saving" him, all he has to do is tell them what they want to know. His desire to be free from the torture causes, what the psychologists call, "existential guilt arising from a specific act".

Their techniques to make him recant the truth chill him with cold fear. During the intervals when they leave him alone, he agonizes over what they will do to him next. The terrifying possibilities give him a strength that he never thought he possessed. The first glimmer of anger takes root and quickly grows, wild and raw and therapeutic. He thinks that the psychologist has been like a seducer, compared to the brutal guards, sitting in his cell and dangling the prospect of going back to socialize with other humans. All the while scheming to use him like a like any other piece of government property.

The anger grows, surfacing through the pain, nourished by the way they are treating him. He begins to feel alive, truly, for the first time since they had killed Tex. He reminds himself that he has been sick with depression, and is not well now, but he is not helpless and the corrections staff are not going to make him dependent upon them. He will show them. The anger continues to surge through him, powerful and invigorating. The psychologist has not once asked him how he *feels as a person*, and never discusses his feelings as a *human being*. Yet they have gone ahead and are trying to destroy his humanity and even threaten to take his life. He is obsessed with holding out. To tell the world the truth about the killers.

Update:

April 20, 4:30

The Kingston Penitentiary Administration locked the prison down while two Immigration Officers took Joe out of the prison handcuffed and shackled. He has been deported to Brazil. All of the eyewitnesses to the killing of Robert Gentiles are now deported or transferred to other prisons. The case is technically lost, but the Gentiles family is still fighting for justice.

... at Kingston Penitentiary. After witnessing the being  
 killed by the guards, he also has a profound realization of the  
 corruption that permeates the institution. Fortunately for him,  
 the world of precise human control exists. The mind  
 is not complex and the techniques for control are  
 sophisticated and helpful. That drugs can produce an enormous  
 amount of his work, behavior, and especially memory. Yet he  
 refuses all medication.

To the psychologist and guards, it is clear that Joe can no  
 longer control the sheer terror of his situation. His reactions  
 are uncontrolled. He is isolated and anguished. He feels little  
 interest from a world unable to cope. He experiences the same  
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 edge of the abyss. He has witnessed the guards killing another  
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 been beaten to death in the hole. Just as an instant crisis for the  
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 specific act.

The psychologists to make his sense. The fight will be with  
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 possessed. The determination of anger takes root and quickly  
 grows. Will and fear and desperation. He thinks that the  
 psychologist has been like a spider, compared to the prey  
 of his call, and grasping the prospect of going  
 into the hole with other prisoners. All the while seeming to  
 be a part of the other side of government property.

The anger grows, nurtured through the pain, nurtured by  
 the way they are treating him. He begins to feel alive, truly,  
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 the truth about the killers.

The Kingston Penitentiary Administration locked the prison  
 down with the Institution Officers took Joe out of the prison  
 hospital and executed. He has been reported to be still. All of  
 the prisoners to the killing of Robert Denton are now  
 departed or transferred to other prisons. The case is technically  
 lost, but the Denton family is still fighting for justice.