

I escaped one time. In 1971 I was in the free world for six weeks. I was in a hotel room in Montreal, Canada. I was asleep. I had been a fugitive about three weeks. I began waking in the night in a sweat from bad dreams. I had simply been dreaming of prison. When I was *in* prison, I must have pushed all fear aside until not fearing was habitual. But that part of me I call my subjective side *did* feel that fear every minute of every day. Now the loathing and stark terror suppressed within me were coming to the surface in dreams. One morning I woke up and was plunged into psychological shock. I had *forgotten* I was free; I had escaped. I could not grasp where I was. I was in a nice bedroom with fancy furnishings. A window was open and the sunlight was shining in. There were no bars. The walls were papered in rich designs. My bed was large and comfortable. So much more. I must have sat there in bed reeling from shock and numbness for an hour while it all gradually came back to me that I had escaped.

So we can all hold up like good soldiers and harden ourselves in prison. But if you do that for too long, you lose yourself. Because there is something helpless and weak and innocent - something like an infant - deep inside us all that really suffers in ways we would never permit an insect to suffer.

That is how prison is tearing me up inside. It hurts every day. Every day takes me further from my life. And I am not even conscious of how my dissolution is coming about. Therefore, I cannot stop it.