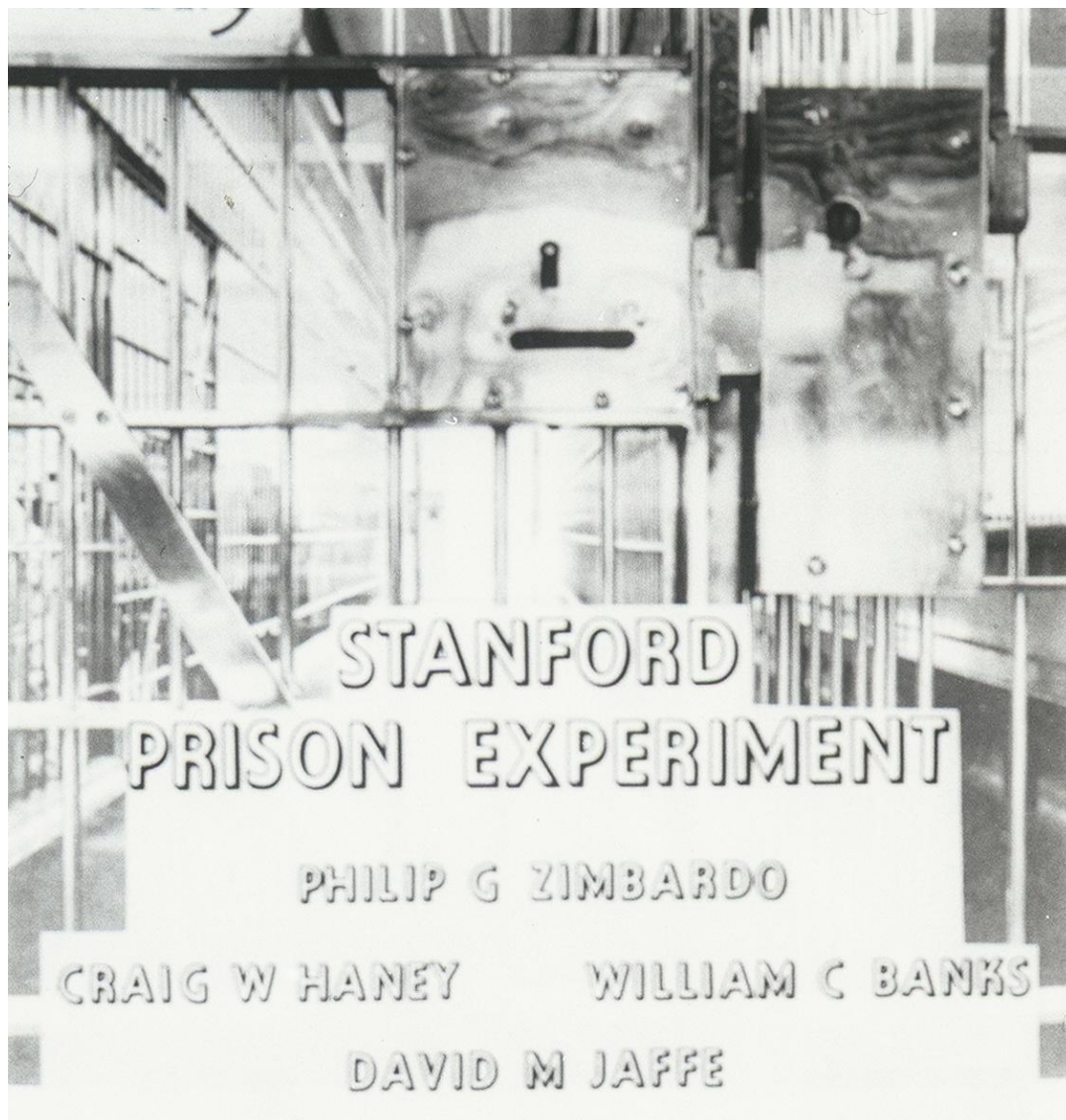


**THE STANFORD PRISON EXPERIMENT
40-YEAR ANNIVERSARY RETROSPECTIVE**

Sunday, August 14th, 1971 - Saturday, August 19th, 1971

DR. PHILIP ZIMBARDO REMINISCES





INTRODUCTION

Reversing Time from August 14, 2011 back to the same day in 1971

IT WAS 40-YRS AGO TODAY... the Stanford Prison Experiment commenced at Stanford University and soon became one of the best-known psychology experiments ever undertaken. This dramatic simulation study of the psychology of imprisonment began on a warm Sunday, August 14th, 1971 and ended six days later on Friday, August 19th 1971. In this special commemorative retrospective, Dr. Phil Zimbardo, SPE's Mastermind and Superintendent, takes us back in time with an intimate and exclusive retelling of the experiment through personal, first-hand observations and reflections.

"When I realized that the time clock had spun around to allow 40 long years to pass since we conducted this demonstration of the power of situational forces to impact, and even corrupt, good people, I felt it was appropriate for me to imaginatively relive the events of the study as they happened on each day and night—in parallel with current chronology. So I begin narrating what I recalled and what I know from the extensive records we kept and still have available, the central themes and events as they unfolded. I also felt that it would serve as a compact compendium of this old research that could introduce new readers and viewers to it, and provide a concise context for others who know something about our study, but not in this narrative form. I also have added some images that were taken at various stages of the research by my then Research Associates, Craig Haney and Curtis Banks, and me, in order to enhance the vividness of this tale of what happens when we put Good Apples into a Bad Barrel. The basic classic question then becomes does the goodness of humanity dominate and restructure the badness of that situation, or rather does the evil of the situation transform humanity for the worse?"

-Phil Zimbardo



Day 1: Sunday August 14, 1971

Surprise Police Arrests and Booking

Palo Alto Police are in the process of staging mass (simulated) arrests of nine college students all over Palo Alto. Handcuffed, Miranda rights given, driven to police station in squad car, flashing lights, fingerprinted, photographed, booked, and then stuck in a holding cell blindfolded. Craig Haney and Curt Banks, my RAs, bring them down to the basement of Jordan Hall, Stanford's Psychology Department building, where they are each stripped naked, blindfold removed, standing naked in front of a full length mirror, while guards mock their lack of manly equipment, put them in their prisoner uniform, a smock, with their prisoner ID sown on front, no underwear, chain on one leg and nylon stocking caps over their heads.

They are now officially imprisoned in the Stanford County Jail, and greeted by Warden David Jaffe. For the next two weeks, 24/7, each of these nine prisoners arrested by the police must learn how best to adapt to and adjust to this totally alien situation. Their nine guards (randomly assigned) to each of three 8 hr shifts, have selected their military style uniforms earlier, and helped to set up the final aspects of "their prison," erecting signs, fixing up the guard quarters, being prepped by the warden and superintendent.

Now the action is ready to begin.

We will see what happens when Good people, bright, educated, normal, healthy young men--all Good Apples--are put in a Bad Barrel for several weeks.

The Question: Who wins, Humanity or Situational Evil?



Day 1: Sunday evening, August 14, 1971

Considering Aborting the Study

"Nothing interesting is happening. Maybe we will have to shut down the study tomorrow. What do you think?" That is what I told my research team after it was clear the guards were having difficulty getting into their dominant roles. Recall that none of them preferred that role. They would have preferred being prisoners. It is 1971, prison guards, like cops, are "Pigs" for many liberal, anti-war college students. Imagine a guard saying, "Let's have no laughing here, this is serious business!" to a line-up of the nine prisoners who indeed are not taking it seriously, after recovering from the surprise of the morning's arrest by the Palo Alto Police. What a shame after we put so much time and effort into this adventurous study.

Day 2: Monday, August 15, 2011

Full-Scale Prisoner Rebellion Breaks Out

"OMG! The prisoners are rebelling!"

That was my wake-up call when Craig Haney mobilized me out of my sleep on the cot in my second floor office. Raced down to the basement. Sure enough, while some of the Morning Shift guards were getting breakfast from the student cafeteria and the third one was intentionally distracted, the prisoners went on a full-scale rebellion. Barricaded themselves into their cells, ripped off their prisoner ID numbers from the front of their smocks, and threw down their stocking caps. They also teased and taunted the guards to their faces - from the safety of their cells.

"What can we do?' they asked the staff. We told them it was their prison, they allowed this to get started, they had to figure out how to end it. So reinforcements from the other two guards shifts plus three standby guards were summoned for action. They used tough force to tear open the cells, strip prisoners naked, throw several of the troublemakers into the HOLE, solitary confinement. And now they entertained a new reality, that they were dealing with "dangerous prisoners," who all needed to be taught a new lesson in prison Power--Prisoners have none, and Guards need it all, and always want more.

Stay tuned for how this event became the catalyst for ever-escalating situational power by guards -- and emotional breakdowns by a number of prisoners.



Day 2: Monday, August 15, 1971

Evening Shift: First Prisoner Breakdown

I invite Carlo Prescott, our prison consultant down to check out the situation, to have dinner with me and interview some guards and prisoners. Prescott had been a felon in California Prisoner for most of the prior 17 years and was easy to enrage on issues of discrimination and corrections.

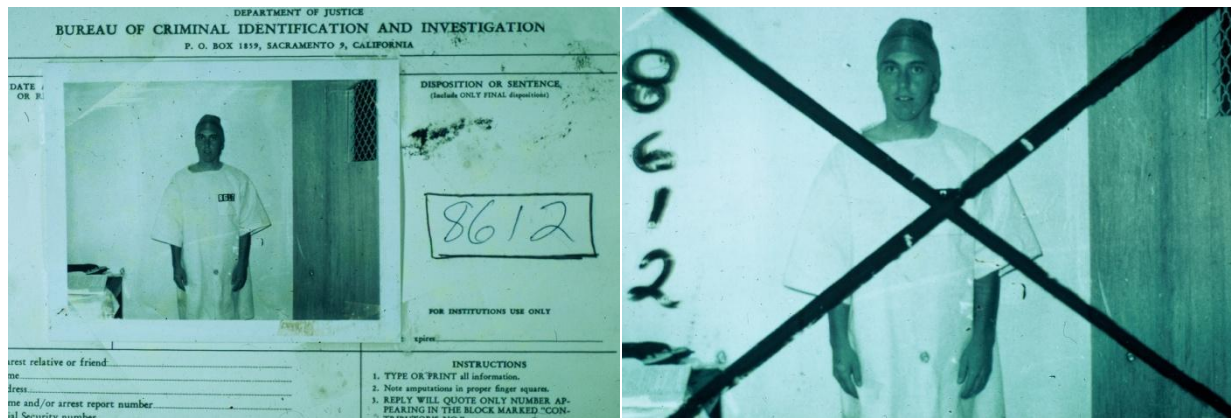
When we return to the basement, Warden Jaffe alerts us to an impending explosion of prisoner #8612. He wants out -- can't deal with the hassles, etc.

Prescott shows no empathy; rips into him as a mealy mouth White boy who would not last a night in Folsom Prison. I try to cool the situation, making a deal with # 8612 (Doug Korpi)--I will commit to stopping all guard hassles of him, he can stay the full two weeks, earn the \$15 bucks a day that he needs -- all in return for giving me some occasional info, such as the whereabouts of the handcuff key. All he has to do is think it over and when I come back later on, he can either leave with his 2 day earnings or stay (and become a rich "snitch" -- my informer). He does not reject that offer immediately, as he should have?

A few hours later, #8612 is in turmoil: "Jesus Christ, I am burning up inside. I want a doctor, a lawyer, I want out and I want out now!!"

At that moment, just 36-hours after Korpi was the first experimental subject-prisoner to be arrested by the police, he was our first disaster in the making. Went with him to Student Health where he was soon released and his girlfriend picked him up to go to their apartment. I would have to find a replacement prisoner.

Hope this is a rare exception and not an omen of what might come later on--as guards are escalating their verbal abuse.



Day 3: Tuesday, August 16, 1971

Really Busy Day Ahead for One and All

Some actions planned, like Prisoner Grievance Committee Meeting, and Visitor's night, and unplanned, like responding to rumor of a break-in by former prisoner 8612's buddies that evening in order "to liberate the prison."

Guards create cell 3 as "Good Prisoner Cell," with the three prisoners least involved in the riot yesterday and most generally obedient; they get special privileges of eating slightly better meals, get their beds back, and shorter work routines-- moving boxes back and forth from closets, and taking nettles (stickers) out of their blankets that had been dragged through a nettle bush outside the jail.

I meet with three prisoners chosen by others to represent their demands for better treatment (#5704, #1037 and #4325). They want showers, better sanitary conditions, less work, more down time for reading, church services, beds back in cells 1 and 2 of prisoners who were punished for their rebellion, ease up on handcuffs and leg chains--too tight causing abrasions, clearer parole eligibility, and more...

Staff agrees to deal reasonably with these concerns where possible, given the limitations of the facility, but for sure will bring in a priest tomorrow to meet with each prisoner individually. Prisoners leave satisfied that they have had their say. But little really changed, in fact over days it all worsened.

#8612's number and uniform given to our "spy", Stanford student, Dave Gorchoff, who was to gather information about prisoner plans. Instead, he quickly aligns with the prisoners and becomes unruly and has to be disciplined, providing no actionable intelligence at all.

Visitors' Night of five parents, brother, sister, and one girl friend. We create an illusion of civility and cordiality for them. Greeted by an attractive receptionist, Susie Phillips, music in background, they sign the log in, made to wait half an hour while prisoners allegedly are enjoying second desert, she then visits limited to 10 minutes because of extended dinner. They complain but obey our authority. Finally they each meet with the Warden prior to seeing their prisoner and the Superintendent subsequently -- to further bring their behavior under situational control. And it works as planned.

Rumors of the prison break-in spread through staff and guards like wildfire all day, really worried about a physical confrontation. I will get back to you about all the ways I tried to deal with that eventuality without violence.



Day 3: Tuesday, August 16, 1971

Break-In Rumor is a Game Changer for Staff

I have to assume it is valid so as not to be caught off-guard (no pun intended). Better safe than sorry.

Lay out strategies with our staff:

- First convince Palo Alto police to allow me to transport our prisoners to their vacant, old jail.
- Call for appointment, visit the jail site, sergeant agrees if only for a day, well sure that is all we need.

Back at Jordan Hall a happy Superintendent, planning how to transport our nine prisoners and guards at same time, when City Manager calls to say NG, it is an insurance problem, city could get sued for false imprisonment or worse if someone gets hurt in their facility. My ranting and raving about Institutional allegiances achieves nothing-- except to convince him that I was a lunatic and might have to be locked up somewhere soon.

Action Plan 2: Pretend we terminated the study early, dismantle the prison after visiting hours, put prisoners in a fifth floor big janitor's closet after visits conclude, while I await the new revolutionary rouges, with my prepared little speech.

Only intruder is my old Yale Grad School roomie, Gordon Bower, now a famous Stanford professor, who I try to move along so as not to be involved in the break-in. He wants to know what is the "independent variable" in the study! Who cares when I am dealing with a potential revolution? "Random assignment to the treatment of Prisoner vs. Guards," is my terse reply, and send him upstairs if he wants to talk with any of the "subjects."

The rumor was just a RUMOR, NOTHING MATERIALIZED. We wasted so much time and energy dealing with it and failed to collect data about its transmission, or other details of the day. Someone will have to pay for our frustrations. Guess who?



Day 4: Wednesday, August 17, 1971

Day and Night Action Scenarios: Priest Visits, Parole Board Meets, Several Prisoners Have to be Released, New Prisoner is a Potential Hero in the Making

As I promised the Prisoner Grievance Committee, I arranged for a visit with a Catholic Priest, Father Cowart, who used to be a prison chaplain. He and I are sitting on the yard as guards ask each prisoner if they want counsel from our visiting priest. All do, except #819 (Stu Levin) who refuses to come out of his cell, to eat or do any chores. All the other prisoners are punished (holding their arms over their heads for extended time periods, and doing many menial tasks). Priest is concerned by #819's continual crying; later he says that is a first responder reaction, which prisoners soon suppress or they will be singled out as "sissy boys." Several remarkable aspects of the priest-prisoner interaction: when asked their name, half give him their prison number, when asked why they are in this jail, they all give the charge stated by the arresting officer--burglary, assault with a deadly weapon, etc. Then he goes into his prison chaplain role, asking about bail, lawyers, need for a public defender, and finally for him to contact their families. Indeed, he agrees to contact the family of #7258 (Whit Hubble) because a cousin is a local PD, who then agrees to come down to our jail on Friday. Totally weird since the good father knows this is an "experiment," but enacts his role with compassion and counsel as if it were a real prison. His performance further clouds the line between illusion and reality in our mock prison.

Prisoner #2093 is nick named "Sarge" by the other prisoners for his military style of responding to orders: asks to do more pushups or other punishments when challenged; refused mail privileges, refused to go to Parole Board, stands at stiff attention throughout every count. In a way he undermines the guards' power by overdoing all they demand. But no one seems to like him.

The Parole Board hearing was a tour de force for our Prison Consultant, Carlo Prescott, who *became* the cruelest, most insensitive prison official imaginable, as if he had internalized all those who had demeaned him and turned down his parole requests for 16 years at Folsom and San Quentin prisons. He berates prisoners for rule violations, for not engaging in constructive rehab programs, for challenging the staff, and more. He singles out our only Asian-American Prisoner, #3401 (Glen Gee) as a shame to his race and for wanting to become a teacher when no one would trust him with their children. Gee breaks down in tears, asks forgiveness, and promises to be a better prisoner. However, later on he develops a full body rash that I assume is stress and allergy related -- so he has to be released.

Guard Karl Van Orsdal reports to staff that when off-duty, he caught himself ordering his mother around as if she were his prisoner!

The brew is heating up slowly and steadily.



Day 4: Wednesday, August 17, 1971

Prisoner #819 Did a Bad Thing

Prisoner #819 (Stu Levin) continues to be totally defiant, remaining in his cell despite various punishments administered to the other prisoners because of his disobedience. After dinner he tears up his pillow and spreads the feathers all over the cell. At this point, I finally decide to release him early, bring him around the back of the yard to our Rest/Recreation room and give him some comfort and knowledge that this experience is over for him.

"#819 is a bad prisoner. Because of what #819 did my cell is a mess, Mr. Correctional Officer." That chant, totally uniform in cadence, is repeated over and over a dozen times or more by all prisoners on the yard. Stu Levin, now sobbing, says to me, "I have to go back in, to prove to my buddies I am not a bad prisoner." I comfort him further, remind him that this is just an experiment, not a prison, he was chosen to participate because he is a good person, but now it is time for us to take him home. He is not #819, but Stu Levin, and Stu is going home.



It was as if a light in his brain shone through his eyes, as he smiled for the first time in days.

A new prisoner is admitted, Clay Ramsey, #416, skinny as a rail, stripped naked, deloused, has super calm demeanor, but what he sees is strange-- everyone is acting as if they were real prisoners and guards, accepting verbal abuses and dishing out endless punishments for any sign of prisoner discontent. He decides that he made a mistake and tells his cellmates that he is quitting; they say not possible, you must be paroled. Clay then decides to go on a hunger strike, eat nothing, get sick and then they will have to release him. This defiant plan should make him a hero to the other prisoners, but it backfires because he decides to go it alone without inviting other prisoners to join with him in solidarity.

Paul Baran (#5704) one of the initial rebels, is the tallest prisoner, but gives up challenging authority in order to get some cigarettes from the guards and a pillow for his bed. Not hero material, but our spy, Dave Gorchoff, could be one, he continues to challenge the guards, gets punished, tries to keep up the spirit of the others, but in the end says the other prisoners are all pulling into themselves, not aware of anything outside.

Dave Eshelman, the boss of the night shift, continues to invent ever-new ways to harass and humiliate his prisoners, a curious brew of creative evil.

Day 5: Thursday, August 18, 1971

Overwhelmed by Non Stop Action on All Fronts

My top RA, Craig Haney, had to go home to Philadelphia to deal with family emergency last night, leaving our staff with only undergraduate David Jaffe playing his role as Warden, graduate student Curt Banks handling videotaping and Parole Board chores and overseeing problem prisoners and guards, and me. Not enough for a 24/7 non-stop experience, like a runaway rollercoaster. Today we've scheduled a second Parole Board hearing that includes a number of people not connected with the study, secretaries and technicians and others, as well as the second Visitor's Night.

Although most prisoners have assumed a totally docile demeanor, agreeing to everything guards order, a few rebels remain. #5704 (Paul Baran) continues using abusive language (he no longer is allowed his cigarette fix) and complains endlessly of a sore foot, when removed from cell strikes out at a guard, so has to be restrained and then put into solitary to recover. New prisoner #416 (Clay Ramsey) declares he will not eat any food given him. That is a violation of prisoner rules of conduct, "Prisoners must eat only at assigned meal times," a rule to prevent them from asking for food at other times. Thus he now challenges guard authority. They will have none of that nonsense, demanding he eat, he adamantly refuses, they deprive cell-mates of breakfast and then lunch if he refuses. He refuses. They dump on him too but he stays his course. By dinner all prisoners turn on him, calling him "childish," "stupid," and even a "pussy." He does not relent and gets put into solitary, forced to hold a sausage in each hand and "make love to his sausages."

We are surprised that prisoner #3045 (Jim Roney), who has been relatively quiet in the background of things suddenly also goes ballistic, uncontrollable crying and distressed, and has to be released as had the others who broke down earlier, Korpi and Levin, before him. He gets really upset after his parole is denied when he believed he should have been before any other prisoner.

Parole Board today is headed by a more subdued Carlo Prescott, who realized that his act in the first set of hearings was mouthing all the venom that had been spewed on him at his many failed parole board hearings. But prisoners beg to be paroled and guards still challenge early parole of most prisoners as not yet ready to return to civilized society. Final question asked, "If we were to parole you now, would you be willing to forfeit all the money you have earned thus far? All but one prisoner says, "YES." Session concludes with each inmate rising, putting out his hands to be cuffed, head bagged and returned to the basement jail. Why did they not all then just say, "Since, I don't want your money, I quit here and now!" and walk out free? They were still psychological prisoners waiting to be formally paroled. They had lost their sense of liberty and autonomy.

How will the chief Night Shift guard "John Wayne deal with #416's violation of the must eat rule? How will Visitor's Night go now that the remaining prisoners look so ragged after only four days. Won't their parents just take them home? How might the sexual humiliation that started Wednesday night, with asking prisoners to "Fuck a hole in the floor" and then to pretend to be "Mr. and Mrs. Frankenstein in love," be extended or diminished? And how will prisoner Sarge demonstrate his moral superiority in the face of threats against him?



Day 5: Thursday, August 18, 1971

The Evening Erupts

So much happening all around at once.

During the previous Visitor's Night, the mother of prisoner #1037 (Rich Yacco) was really worried about his degraded condition and said several times, "I don't mean to make trouble, sir, but I have never seen my son looking so bad in such a short time..." Instead of just insisting on taking him home, his father agreed with me that his boy "could take it," and should hang in until the end. Momma was right on: #1037 went into a serious depressive state toward the end of today after the parole hearing, so much so that I told him we were going to parole him, rather than his being released because of his mental state.

Before tonight's visitors arrive, Guard Eshelman tells prisoner #7248 (Whit Hubbel) that his visits will be denied unless he can make #416 eat his sausages, Whit then screams at #416 to eat the damn things, tries to force him do so, but to no avail. I get Eshelman to relent since visitors are on their way and three of the five are for Whit. Visiting hour is notable for Whit being so happy to see his girlfriend and parents and learning that their cousin, a local Public Defender, would be coming to the jail on Friday to deal with any prisoner complaints. Sarge (#2093) does not complain at all to his visitor, rather says he is looking forward to serving his full time and does not want to be paroled.

Later that evening, guard Eshelman orders him to use an obscenity, call someone a "bastard," which Sarge refuses to do, declaring he never uses obscenities of any kind and not toward another person. Our John Wayne gets furious at his insubordination and makes him do pushups with two prisoners sitting on his back -- which he has the strength to do! But his will would not be broken by any intimidation by the guards, yet again, his heroic behavior is undercut by punishing all the other prisoners for his challenge to guard power. So they come to resent Sarge rather than come to admire his defiance of unjust authority.

#416 is staying on his hunger strike, getting put into solitary over and over (but we learn later that he meditates there and assumes a Buddhist focus that makes it easier to deny his hunger). Finally, Eshelman puts him in the hole with the intention of keeping him there the whole night (when the rule is a one hour limit). He challenges the other prisoners with this bargain: He will let #416 out only if the majority of remaining prisoners is willing to surrender their blankets; if not, he stays in till day shift comes. The Majority elect to keep their blankets and leave their buddy in the hole. Guard Cerovina who has been Eshelman's dutiful sidekick, realizes this is wrong and provides an excuse to let #416 out of the Hole, so that our staff did not have to intervene.



I am looking forward to a visit from Christina Maslach, my former Ph.D. student, now a new professor at U. California at Berkeley, whom I recently started dating. She and some other young faculty and graduate students who knew little about our research had agreed to interview our staff, guards and prisoners on Friday to get a fresh assessment of our project. But after working in the Stanford library she came down to our jail to pick me for a late dinner. It is 10:00 PM, the time for the final "toilet run" when guards escorted prisoners to the nearby toilet, after which time they had to urinate or defecate in pails in their cells. In order to confuse the prisoners, they lead them through corridors and in and out of rooms before ending at the nearby toilet. But to conceal the location, they put paper bags over their heads, and then chained them leg to leg and formed a chain gang, all the while yelling and cursing them. To me, it was nothing more than a Check Mark on my Superintendent's Daily Logistics Log.

I invite Christina to observe this fascinating behavioral dynamic. Instead, she looks away, tears up, and says she can't look at it, and runs outside the building. I run after her, I berate her for not being able to understand this lesson of the power of the situation, and we are now face-to-face arguing in front of the psych dept's Jordan Hall. She then says "They are not prisoners, nor guards, but boys and YOU are responsible for what is happening to them." We argue more, she stays her ground: "How can you NOT see what I have just seen?" I thought you were a caring, loving person, but now I am not sure I want to continue our relationship if this is the real you!" That verbal slap in the face brought me to my senses, and I was forced to agree that she was right, that young men were suffering and I had the power to end it now. I then decided to terminate the experiment the next day because I needed time for the many logistical issues that I had to settle. I would end the study right after our planned morning visit from the Public Defender, and when I had time to contact all the released prisoners and all guard shifts. We had a late, but very satisfying dinner.

Post script: WE married the next year on August 10 1972, in the Stanford Chapel; this summer marking our 39th anniversary of wedded bliss of Dr. Evil with my Heroine Bride.)



Day 6: August 19, 1971

Liberation Friday!

I hardly slept at all, going over all the logistics that had to be dealt with today in sequence and correctly: contact all released prisoners and all guard shifts to come to Jordan Hall by noon, arrange for payments, clothes returned, final evaluations, take home survey feedback, furniture returned to rental agency, prison doors removed, stored, former doors returned, cells cleaned, corridor cleaned, signs taken down, entrance wall and viewing wall taken down, video equipment brought back to my lab, videos all clearly marked and sequenced, all records clearly arranged in secure file cabinet for later analysis, and maybe more that is left for Curt Banks, Dave Jaffe, and I to do, with the help of my wonderful secretary and all-purpose wonder woman, Rosanne Saussoe, and the psych dept's tech staff. Oh yes, the video crew from local TV station, KRON, will also come down to close out their story that started with the filming of the police arrests -- ages ago.

Unfortunately, the morning starts off with #416-Ramsey continuing his hunger strike as guards try to force feed him as he remains adamant in his refusal, so much cursing and commotion. Prisoners made to clean themselves up as best as possible in preparation for the Public Defender's visit at 10AM (without showers, they can only do surface appearances).

I meet with Tim B., a local lawyer working in the PD's office, to describe what has happened in general, and ask him to conduct a formal interview with the remaining five prisoners as if he were their counsel, and he agrees to allow us to videotape it secretly in the same room where all the Parole Board hearings had been held. He first meets with his cousin #7258 (Whit Hubell) describing the sequence of the Priest calling his aunt, Whit's mom, about getting legal help that Whit had asked for, and so here he is. Although Whit is clearly excited, his cousin is coolly detached. The other four prisoners are escorted in and sit behind a long table side by side, with the lawyer in front of them and me in the background. They are: Tom Williams (Sarge) #2093; Gregory Clay Ramsey #416; Paul Baran #5704, and Jerry Shue #5486. Attorney Tim runs through a standard detail list of questions for them to reply to openly, and they do so citing many complaints of guard mistreatment. He notes it in his book, rises and says he will file a complaint and return on Monday with a "bail arrangement." Whit cannot believe what he is seeing and hearing, screaming out, "You can't go away and leave us here! We want to leave now with you. We can't stand another week or even a weekend...Please!" The Attorney is unmoved, recites his legal limits and shakes each prisoner's limp hand as he exits the scene. Their despair is palpable.

I sit in the chair he just left and say to the prisoners: "I have something important to tell you, so please listen carefully: THE EXPERIMENT IS OVER. YOU ARE FREE TO LEAVE TODAY."

No response, other than confusion, suspicion. I repeat very slowly and carefully that I and my research staff have decided to terminate the experiment as of this moment, 11AM. The study is officially over, and the Stanford County Jail is closed. We all thank you for your important role in this study, and....." Cheers replace the gloom, hugs, handshakes, back slaps and smiles burst forth.

It was my most joyful moment in the past grim week, to be able to liberate them from the Hell that I helped to create and certainly contributed to by also becoming transformed into an uncaring Prison Superintendent by the same *Power of the Situation* that corrupted the guards and mentally crippled most of the prisoners.

Next there are hour-long plus debriefings first with all the prisoners, then separately with all the guards, and finally with all participants and staff together. Christina also helped in the debriefings and with final evaluations and forms to be completed later on and mailed back to us. Arrangements also made for all who could come back in a few weeks when we had our slides developed and videos edited. Payments made, records stored away.

THE STANFORD COUNTY JAIL OFFICIALLY CLOSED FOREVER AROUND 5PM TODAY.

(IN MY FINAL INSTALLMENT TOMORROW, THERE WILL BE A NUMBER OF SOURCES OF FURTHER IN-DEPTH INFORMATION ABOUT THE SPE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.)



Life After The Stanford Prison Experiment

In this final installment of my reminiscences about the SPE, I thought readers might like an update on what became of our staff personnel and some of the key participants, in addition to having access to the many URL's we created that offer detailed information about the study, and much more.

Staff:

Craig Haney added a JD from Stanford Law School to his Ph.D., is Professor and Chair of the Psychology Department at U.C. Santa Cruz, and has been one of the leading lawyers in the nation handling prisoner litigation cases against the Dept. of Corrections in many states.

William Curtis Banks was the first African-American to earn tenure at Princeton U. Psychology Dept., went on to do important work at the Educational Testing Service, and ended his career at Howard U.; he died prematurely, and is missed.

David Jaffe got an MD and has been a physician in St. Louis for many decades.

Carlo Prescott taught summer school classes at Stanford for several years, had his own radio talk show at KGO in San Francisco, gave testimony with Zimbardo about prison dehumanization to a Senate Judiciary committee, and has been a vocal critic of America's indifference to poverty and racial injustice.

Christina Maslach is a Professor at U.C. Berkeley, a Dean, Vice Provost, and Chair of the Faculty Senate; was honored by Carnegie Foundation as Teacher of the Year among all University Professors in the nation, is mother of Zara and Tanya (with a little help from me), and the pioneering and leading researcher on Burnout and Job Engagement.

Phil Zimbardo used ideas and metaphors from the SPE experience to go on to study shyness in adults (started the nation's first shyness clinic), pioneering research on time perspective, on the cognitive and social origins of madness, and recently started a non-profit organization dedicated to promoting heroism in everyday life (as President and Founder of the Heroic Imagination Project (HIP)). Retired from Stanford, yet still teaches social psychology at Palo Alto U. and also at the Naval Postgraduate School (Monterey, CA). After being an expert witness in a trial of one of the MP guards in Abu Ghraib, Chip Frederick, he wrote a book describing how its "bad barrel" corrupted "good apples" that the military dumped there. Also, in his book "**The Lucifer Effect**," he describes the day-by-day-by-night events of the SPE in fine detail.

Selected Participants:

Dave Eshelman is happily married, father of three children, a mortgage broker and frequently requested guest in shows about SPE.

Doug Korpi (#8612) transformed his personally negative experience in a wonderful fashion, after his Ph.D. in clinical psychology, has been the chief psychologist in the San Francisco County Jail for decades and is now a practicing forensic psychologist--his mission is to create corrections conditions that help raise the dignity of those in the prisoner role, while containing the potential sadism of those playing the guard role in our prisons.

For more information on some of the players, please see:

"The Lucifer Effect: Understanding How Good People Turn Evil"
(2007) New York: Random House

Resources:

- Visit www.prisonexp.org for full details about the SPE and its broad impact. This site was created by **Scott Plous**, (Dec. '99) in six languages with over 105 million page views and 1.8 million views of 10 video clips on its YouTube channel.
- "Quiet Rage": a SPE documentary which was created by Stanford student **Ken Musen** and released on DVD on May 2004 and available at www.prisonexp.org/documentary.htm.
- www.LuciferEffect.com: a site created by **Mike Lestik** chock full of fascinating information over a wide range of domains.
- www.HeroicImagination.org: the official website for the Heroic Imagination Project
- Join the HIP Community on Facebook at: <http://facebook.com/HIPcommunity>
- Follow HIP on Twitter at: <http://twitter.com/HIPorg>
- Who is your hero? Respond to me on YouTube at www.youtube.com/user/HeroicImaginationTV

Also visit these related sites:

- www.zimbardo.com
- www.theTimeParadox.com
- www.shyness.com

Thank you for your interest and attention. I hope this was a worthwhile use of your time; I enjoyed reliving this experience each day this year that corresponded with its mate day 40 years earlier.

-Phil Zimbardo



DR. Z IS CALLING

ALL HEROES IN WAITING TO JOIN THE HIP MOVEMENT

In commemorating the 40-year anniversary of the Stanford Prison Experiment, Phil Zimbardo invites you to join him in seeding the world with everyday heroes.

In 2009, I founded the Heroic Imagination Project (HIP), a nonprofit organization that:

- Trains people to overcome the natural human tendency to watch and wait in moments of crises.
- Teaches individuals how to stand up, speak out and act with moral courage when the situation demands.
- Provides young people with strategies to act with character and courage to resist bullying, peer pressure and indifference.
- Runs corporate programs that foster and reinforce cultures of integrity.
- Is based on new research into this elusive phenomenon of heroism.

Please join me on this exciting journey of exploration and inspiration in any way you can by contributing your services, talents and sponsorship so that together we can nourish the seeds of heroic social change.



Heroic
Imagination
project

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