

CHAPTER 7 ||

THE ROLE PLAY'S THE THING TO OUT MY INNER THUG

All the world's a stage.

—William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*

“**D**angerous G” is six feet tall, thin and wiry, 180 pounds of ravenous mountain lion ready to pounce. The hair on his temples is graying and sticks up like blunt horns on both sides of his shiny bald scalp. His piercing, dark-brown eyes could burn a hole through the steel door of a bank vault. Beside him struts Pappy, five feet two inches tall, with a doughy white paunch so he looks seven months pregnant; he sports a full head of sleek, silver, fox-like fur. They glide up the aisle of a nearly empty subway car. G’s gaze locks onto a black man in a green canvas coat who is staring out the window. Orange mercury vapour lights from a nearby avenue flash across the glass in a fury of empty lots, broken bricks, fragments of demolished concrete foundations. A lonely red brick smokestack pokes up through the rubble like a rigid middle finger.

G steps in front of the man and shouts, “Get outta my seat!”

The man keeps staring toward the window, even though the reflection of G’s back has already gobbled up half the glass.

“Are you deaf or what, boy?” G breathes in short, quick pants, like a sprinter in a race. “YOU. ARE. IN. MY. SEAT!”

The man jerks his head around. G towers over him. Their knees nearly touch. Pappy is on G’s left, his hands limp at his sides, like

a gunslinger itching to draw his six-gun and show skeptics how quick he really is. Pappy looks straight at the top of the man's head and smirks.

The man takes a deep breath and raises his head. "But there's lots of empty seats." He raises his left hand and waves at the vacant rows of padded blue vinyl benches. Except for him and the two newcomers, the subway car has only one other person in it, a Hispanic man in coveralls splattered with white and blue paint. At the first sound of raised voices, the Hispanic man bends lower and buries his face inside his faded blue denim jacket.

"Maybe you didn't hear me," G grins. He's not shouting any more. His voice is cold and hard as a glacier. "*I said get outta my seat!*"

The man sighs. "I have this seat," he says. "Find yourself another one."

G's face glows red. He grits his teeth and hisses, "You *will* give me that seat."

The man blinks but doesn't move. Pappy's right index finger twitches. G's heart races. His hand reaches inside his jacket, under his left arm where his hunting knife's sheath lies warm and smooth against his chest. He clutches the handle and starts to draw it out.

"CUT! CUT!" a woman shouts from the audience. "That's enough! Hold it right there. All four of you, move those chairs around to face the rest of us and have a seat."

Suddenly I'm back in the Max's program room with thirteen other people. My pulse is pounding, my chest full of G as I sit down. I wonder who I am now: G or me? My skin tingles. My biceps, quads, pecs flex and twitch with adrenaline. I wonder: If I'd really had that imaginary knife, if I'd really been G instead of somebody pretending to be G, could I have used it? Would I have used it?

The woman turns to me and says, "G, what were you feeling just then? Did you even think about taking one of those empty seats?"

"I was pumped. I was ready to bring it on." My teeth are still clenched tight as a vise. "That seat was mine, and I was gonna take it."

A second man says, “G, did you ever think that maybe Peaceful Pete had a point? That you had your choice of dozens of other seats in the subway car?”

“That didn’t matter. He didn’t matter,” I say, speaking for G but hovering between him and me. “As far as I was concerned, he was only an empty pile of clothes. I could brush him off that seat like a crumpled Big Mac wrapper or a dead bug.”

A second woman asks, “Bystander Benny, you were just sitting over there watching all this happen. Did you ever think that maybe you should step in and try to cool things down a little?”

Benny says, “I was scared. When G got mad and wanted that seat, I knew a shiv was comin’ out. Peaceful Pete was gettin’ stabbed up. I gotta keep my head down. If I didn’t, I’d get it too. Sure, it was wrong for two of ’em to jump the guy. But I couldn’t do nothin’.”

She turns to the silver-haired man. “What about you, Pappy? How did you feel about G picking a fight with Pete over nothing?”

“Well,” Pappy shakes his head, “I’ve known G for a long time. We were in prison together. In a gang before that. When he wants something, he just takes it. I get outta the way.”

“Is there anything you could’ve done to help resolve this conflict in a non-violent way?”

Pappy pauses. “I dunno. Maybe. But I tried stoppin’ him before. Got scars to prove it.”

“How would you four like to start this episode over again?” the first woman suggests. “How about if this time you try to find some way you can use the AVP principles we’ve been learning about to deal with this conflict in a better way?”

She points to a poster on the wall. The Alternatives to Violence Project (AVP) logo. It has three concentric circles on it: “Transforming Power” in the centre, “Caring for Self” and “Respect for Others” around that, and in the outer circle “Think before Reacting,” “Ask for a Nonviolent Solution,” and “Expect the Best.”

The role play is happening on Sunday morning. Fourteen of us have been in the program room at the Max from 6:00 to 9:00 Friday night and from 9:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. Saturday doing exercises

to help us solve conflicts non-violently. Seven prisoners, three of us from the community, and four volunteer facilitators from Olds, Blackfalds, Wetaskiwin, and Edmonton. In the role play part of the workshop, every participant has the chance to let his defences down and step into another person's skin. It's an exercise in empathy where anything might happen. The facilitators' job is to keep everybody safe and look for teachable moments.

The four of us put the chairs back where they were at the start of the scene, and we begin again. My heart's still racing. I'm full of adrenaline, still determined to get Peaceful Pete's seat on the subway. I hear the facilitator's words about non-violent solutions, but they might as well be in Japanese, Greek, or Martian.

Now I'm back with Pappy again. We strut down the aisle in the subway car. We approach Peaceful Pete. I stop in front of him. Before I can say even a word, Pappy sits down next to Pete and says, all smooth and slick and sweet like a used car salesman reeling in a mark, "Sorry to bother you. Would you mind moving to one of those empty seats? My friend here really wants your seat."

Pete jerks out of his daze at Pappy's friendly voice, and before Pete sees G's glaring eyes and clenched fists, he gets up and moves to the empty seat near Bystander Benny.

"Cut," says a facilitator. "Now I'd like all of you to sit down again and face the rest of us."

I think—or G thinks—"What the hell? This new scene can't be over already! I didn't do anything!"

The facilitator looks at me and says, "G, what was going through your mind this time? How did you feel about how Pappy resolved the conflict?"

"It happened so fast. I didn't have time to think. I've still got that anger pumping through me. I still don't care about Peaceful Pete. I wasn't interested in any wimpy non-violent solution. I was ready to give it to him." I look at the other participants, prisoners at Edmonton Institution I've known for a year or more, men serving sentences for murder, assault, armed robbery, rape, and other serious crimes. The giggles and playfulness that were such a big

part of the weekend are gone. They're looking down at the dirty red carpet. Most of them have their elbows on their knees. Not one of them says a thing. It looks like they're all trying to hide.

"Pappy cut in front of me," I say. "It was like my anger was a balloon, and he popped it. My gut's still tight and churning. I was ready to fight. Now I feel lost, empty."

The four facilitators take turns asking the other three characters how they felt, why they did what they did, what else they might have done to solve the conflict, what thoughts went through their minds. One asks Pappy if he's ready to step out of his role. He says yes, and he's asked to stand up, take off the masking tape on his shirt that says "Pappy" and put it on his chair's backrest. "Who are you now?" "I'm Jovial John," he says. The facilitator shakes his hand and says, "Welcome back, Jovial John. Do you have anything to say to Pappy or to these other guys?"

John says, "Pappy, you did the right thing at the end there. Somebody could've got killed. But you gotta be more careful about choosing your friends. You're gonna end up dead if you keep hangin' around with G." He walks over in front of me and shakes his head. "G, you are bad news. I wish I'd never met you."

A facilitator interrupts. "Who are you now?"

John looks at the facilitator, puzzled.

She says, "Remember, you're not Pappy any more. You're Jovial John. *You were never involved with G. Pappy was.*"

"Oh, yeah." John starts over. "G, you are bad news. Pappy should stay away from you. You gotta manage that anger. Somebody'll end up dead if you don't." John sits down with the group, offstage, facing me, the other two role players, and the chair with Pappy's name on it.

Facilitators lead Peaceful Pete and Bystander Benny through the same de-roling process. Finally, a facilitator comes to me. "G, are you ready to come out of your role?"

"Am I ever!" I say. I jump up off the chair, rip the masking tape off my shirt, and stick it on the chair back.

"Who are you now?"

"I'm Gregarious Gary."

"Welcome back, Gregarious Gary. What do you have to say to all these characters?"

"Bystander Benny, I don't know what more you could've done. Maybe get off the train. Peaceful Pete, you were just in the wrong place at the wrong time. Pappy, you seemed like two different characters, one the first time and then somebody totally different. I bet if this scene happened in real life, after you and G got where you were going, G would beat the crap out of you. G might stab you up instead of Peaceful Pete." I turn to the chair with "Dangerous G" on it. "You are a menace. I'm so glad I'm not you. I'm glad this was only a role play. I—I mean you...you could've killed somebody."

I sit down with the audience, facing the four empty chairs. The rest of the participants ask questions and talk about what they saw. I let all of that wash over me. I try to figure out who I am. I thought I knew, but now?....

Before the role play, the facilitators told us not to plan anything. They told us to imagine the character we play and step inside. They told us to pick roles as different as possible from who we are in real life. My group got a slip of paper with minimal information on it, and they told us to decide who would play which role, pick character names, and then let it roll. The paper said: two tough guys get on a nearly empty subway car and pick a fight with one of the men sitting there. John and I, the two prison visitors, chose to be tough guys on the prowl; the two men in our group serving life sentences for murder played the non-violent characters.

It's March 2003, and I'm nine months into the job of coordinating the M2W2 prison visitation program at the Max. In July 1970 I came to Canada as a draft dodger. I was so viscerally opposed to the violence of the Vietnam War that I left my family and my country behind me instead of joining the army. The only reason I sign up for the Alternatives to Violence workshop is so I can help the men in prison find better ways to live. I've been a non-violent man for over thirty years, and I'm sure that my experience in non-violence will help these violent men change their ways.

During the debriefing process, one of the prisoner participants says, “G was me. When he got all worked up over nothin’, itchin’ for a fight. When he said Pete wasn’t even human, just a pile of clothes...” He stops and takes a deep breath, looks around. “That’s why I’m in here. I was a cokehead. A drunk. I didn’t care about nobody. I was mad all the time.”

At the next break the man who played Peaceful Pete comes up to me. I don’t know him very well. We first met two days before, Friday at 6:00 p.m. when the workshop started. He strutted in wearing sunglasses and dared the facilitators to show him something relevant. When he saw I had a photo ID instead of a yellow visitor’s tag with a big black V on it, he said I was a CSC informer and that the facilitators’ introductory talk about trust and confidentiality was a pile of crap. I explained who I was, but I could tell he wasn’t buying it.

He’s been wearing sunglasses the whole weekend. When I try to make eye contact, I see my own reflection. He chuckles and smiles at me. “You’d fit right in here, you know, that big violent streak.” He looks me up and down and says, “You’ll have to bulk up, though. Extra protein. Weightlifting. Lots of push-ups and pull-ups. Even if you had a shiv, if you don’t got muscle to go with it, you’re nothin’ but a pork chop in here.”

It’s been many years since that day. G is still inside me. I keep him on a short leash. Until I became G, I’d forgotten the angry little boy I was. My father told me over and over when I was six, seven, eight years old that I had to control my temper. My older brother, Paul, did little things to make me mad. I’d swing my arms and fists around and try to hit him. He was six years older than me, his arms much longer than mine. He’d straight-arm me so my arms would hit nothing but air. He laughed and called me “Windmill.”

I’m an AVP facilitator now, and I’ve been in over twenty of these workshops since that first one. In every one I volunteer to do the role-play demo so I can step outside myself and learn something new about me. I’ve been a young man who gets his girlfriend pregnant and comes home in the middle of the night to find his father

waiting with a barrage of vicious name-calling. I've been a wealthy businessman driving home drunk, offering a bribe to the policeman who pulls him over. I've been one of the boys at a singles bar taunting a rival about his erectile dysfunction. I've been a woman driver who smashed the front end of her husband's favourite sports car. I've been a man out on parole who throws a party and loses his temper with a friend.

Every time I learn more about empathy. I see conflicts from somebody else's point of view and experience his or her feelings. I have a piece of each of these other people inside me. In most of the role plays, I've done the replay, so I get two runs at it. Even my bones know now that my life is a series of choices, that I create who I am moment to moment. A saying we often post on the wall during workshops says, "10 percent of my life is what happens to me; 90 percent of it is my attitude." I finally get it.

In *Man's Search for Meaning*, Viktor Frankl talks about his time in a Nazi concentration camp. Nazi soldiers treated him like a rat to be tortured and thrown away. He notes that many prisoners simply withdrew and died. He tells of a man who screamed through a nightmare and woke up all the other prisoners. Under normal conditions, a compassionate person, he says, would wake the man up and relieve his suffering. But Frankl wondered: Could the nightmare be any worse than the camp? Would I be doing him a favour if I woke him up to *this*? He says he survived because he decided not to respond to his Nazi captors in kind but with kindness. He refused to take on the hatred they laid on him. He realized he would probably die a cruel death in the camp; he chose to be himself in the meantime.

On September 9, 1971, in a more recent nightmare, a thousand of the over two thousand prisoners in the Attica Correctional Facility in Attica, New York, took thirty-three prison guards hostage and issued a list of demands to the authorities. Four days later Governor Nelson Rockefeller ordered state police to end the riot. Thirty-nine people died: twenty-nine prisoners and ten state employees. Not long after that, a group of lifers in New York

asked the Quakers to help them make prison life less violent. The Alternatives to Violence Project was the result. Since then, AVP has conducted thousands of weekend workshops in prisons and communities in over fifty countries.

It is an unusual organization. I often wonder how it functions at all. A basic principle is that all facilitators and participants must be volunteers. Volunteers organize every workshop, look after prison security clearances for facilitators and community participants, and attend provincial and national meetings. Nobody gets paid. Decisions are made by consensus. That means not many decisions get made and those that do take a lot of time. That's the Quaker way, apparently. Scheduling workshops is a chicken-and-egg process, and it's a minor miracle each time we bring one off, especially at the Max. When I registered for that first one, I got short notice that it was happening, less than six weeks. I've done workshops that clicked into place on two weeks' notice, but most take much longer.

For example, in September 2008 I asked prisoners at the Max if they wanted to sign up. They asked, "When will it be?" I told them, "If I can get at least twelve prisoners signed up, I'll talk to prison staff to see what dates are available. Then I'll ask the facilitators who can come on which weekend. My guess is we could do it late October or early November." Almost immediately, twelve signed up. At that time the Max had some new security issues to deal with, and construction was under way on a new program room. That room was supposed to be done by Christmas. Then by January 31. Then by March 1.

In February, management decided that the program room would become a staff meeting room. They told me we could use the Aboriginal cultural centre instead. I found two other facilitators for April 17–19, 2009. I found four community participants and got them security clearance. By this time, many of the prisoners who signed up in September had transferred out, gone to another unit, were in segregation, or had changed their minds. With the help of the unit representative, I got some new guys to sign up. The

final list had fourteen prisoners on it. Seven showed up Friday, one dropped out Saturday morning. Six finished the program.

AVP workshops are like mercury: each piece contracts and expands depending on circumstances, and the whole thing bends and flows around obstacles. Now that I'm into the culture, the process seems magical and virtually effortless. Unplanned things happen. Everything works out. Every workshop has a different dynamic, a different flow, a different sense of time and community.

Sometimes an exercise gets sidetracked. Once, a prisoner suddenly opened up about his crime in graphic, tearful detail. He got a long prison sentence for attacking someone who sexually assaulted a woman in his family, for exacting vengeance on a sex offender, just as the con code dictates. Instead of having his family honour him as a hero, they disowned him. He realized, too, that his actions caused permanent damage to another family, as well as to his victim. He was now alone, and he hated himself for what he'd done. The prisoner was desperate to start a new life but didn't know how. We let him talk, and the exercise took two hours instead of one. We had to cut another exercise out completely, but we all agreed that man's story had more impact than any exercise we could have picked.

I've seen an exercise go flat, where everybody chose to pass—which is their right, since everything is voluntary—and we had to move on to something else. Once, we had a group of General Population (Pop) prisoners. At the time we ran that workshop, the prison had three Pop units, but a problem was that Pop inmates had a reputation for demanding the same programs as Transfer and Release Units (TRU) inmates and not showing up.⁷

This time they are determined to show the warden they mean business. Eight of them sign up, eight come, and all eight stay for

7 General Population used to include everybody except the few singled out for punishment or protection in Detention and Segregation, what American prisons call solitary confinement. The Edmonton Max, when I started there in 2001, had four General Population (Pop) units, three protective custody units (misnamed TRU, Transfer and Release Units), and a mental health unit.

the whole weekend! We're shocked. The first time this has ever happened! During the introductions, we ask them to say something about themselves and say why they came. Each one speaks thoughtfully about hoping to resolve conflicts without bloody noses, black eyes, busted teeth, a shiv in the gut, heads smashed against steel doors, without bullying. Tom, the leader, says they have to show prison staff they will attend programs or they won't get any at all. "We've gotta have programs if we're ever gonna get outta this hell hole."

We move on to outline the history of the program and lay out the rules for the workshop: no putdowns, the right to pass, affirm each other's good points, listen without interrupting, volunteer only yourself, observe confidentiality. We emphasize that this workshop is experiential, that we don't lecture, that we engage everyone in brainstorming, discussing, doing exercises, and playing games.

The first exercise is Adjective Names. The AVP tradition is for each of us to pick an adjective name to affirm something about who he is or who he wants to be. It's a way to get to know each other in a playful and positive way. I say I used to be Gregarious Gary because I am an extrovert and I want to remind myself that I am more alive when I'm around other people. At a later workshop I was Grateful Gary; I am thankful for the opportunities and talents I have. Now I am Generous Gary to remind myself that my talents are a waste unless I share them. Peaceful Paul goes next and then Persistent Nelson.

Nelson notes that he's the exception to the tradition that adjective names should start with the same letter or sound as the first name. And he's kept that name for a lot of years. He invites the prisoners to pick adjective names that suit them, something affirming and maybe something whimsical or funny. He says it may take a while to get names for everyone, but if we all pitch in and have fun with it, it's a great way to build community. The first one passes. Then the next. Then the next. Finally Tom stands up, all six-foot-six, 285 pounds of him. He says, "I've fought a lot of guys for my

name. I'd die for my name." He slowly turns to look every person there in the eye. "I won't change my name for anybody." The other prisoners bow their heads and nod.

Adjective names are a key piece of the workshop. I've seen adjective names break down barriers, release tension, and build community throughout the weekend. Often when someone says an adjective name or when someone forgets to say it and has to be reminded, everybody chuckles. It's a good game everybody can play anytime. But these guys are all giving it a pass. Without a pause, without consulting me or Paul, Nelson jumps into the Light & Lively⁸, a silly game called Big Wind Blows, musical chairs but without music.

This same group fights Sunday morning's role plays too. They don't want to take on anybody else's conflict, and so they act out real conflicts from their unit, breaking every AVP role-play rule in the process. Sunday afternoon, we often do a quiet, introspective, identity exercise we call "Who Am I?" Usually at least half the participants have a hard time being still and quiet, and we expect the same from these guys. We're shocked when they follow the guided meditation as patiently and silently as nuns meditating in a convent.

Paul, Nelson, and I debrief at a local Tim Hortons late Sunday afternoon. Nelson says, "What was all that about? That was like no workshop I've ever done." After a few chuckles, one of us says, "These guys' whole lives are role plays. All that bravado. All that macho tough guy stuff." "Yeah. If they open up and show any weakness or feelings, they'll get jumped." "And the 'Who Am I?' thing. How often can these guys be themselves? Where else except inside their heads?"

On another weekend, three of us facilitators have the program room set up for the 9:00 a.m. Saturday start: agenda on the flip

8 Light & Liveliess are brief exercises that get people moving around and laughing after engaging in more serious and sometimes difficult subjects. Light & Liveliess maintain the lighthearted mood of AVP, which helps participants feel more comfortable with each other, learn more effectively, and most of all, have fun in the process.

chart, coffee made, chairs in a circle, each of us primed to lead and to follow. No prisoners come. At 9:30 we phone the supervisors. Two uniformed guards come to meet us. They represent the guards' union. They say the room isn't safe for us and the program has to be cancelled. Without cameras and gun ports in the room, they can't guarantee our safety, they say. One talks about a female program staff person a few years ago who was held captive in the washroom across the hall for twenty minutes and sexually assaulted. "We're responsible for your safety," they say. It doesn't matter that program staff had prisoners in this room mere days before, or that prisoner programs have gone on in here for the last twenty years.

The acting warden comes in later, and he says he wants the program to happen. At 2:00 p.m., we relocate to the gym — with its gun ports and security cameras. The prisoners straggle in. For the first hour they vent: We waited months for this program, it's been going great, and now the guards fuck it up! "Will we be able to finish the workshop?" they ask. "Will we still get certificates?" "This is so typical of how the staff jerk us around all the time!" "I want to just yell and scream and beat up one of these stupid fuckin' guards!"

For those five hours they were locked up on the unit, waiting to see if the program would start up again, they were fighting mad. But they told us they talked it over, supported each other, and remembered why they signed up for the program in the first place: to reduce the violence in their lives. They asked each other what good it would do if even one of them beaked off at the staff or started throwing things or acted up in any way. The guards would win.

Paul, Nelson, and I see the answer right there. "Yes, if you finish the rest of the program, you will get a certificate," one of us says, certain the other two will agree. "What you did during those five hours demonstrates how much you are learning. That was tough, but it was a bigger test than any exercise we could've given you." "Trust the process," a senior facilitator told me when I was new to the game. "It works."

A key part of the process is personal, free choice. Every AVP facilitator gives up an entire weekend without pay for every workshop. The participants, too, give up a whole weekend. Corrections Canada, most of its institutions, and many of its staff know about AVP and support it, but the program isn't part of any inmate's correctional plan. I never met a prisoner who wants to take a CSC program that's not required in his correctional plan, the program of steps that caseworkers develop to facilitate the prisoner's progress toward eventual reintegration with the community. In fact, correctional services will not allow prisoners to take a program if it's not "in the plan." Prisoners focus on what they have to do to get out of prison. Usually they go through the motions. They sign up for programs and attend just to play the system and get another tick mark in their files.

The first question I get when I approach an inmate to tell him about AVP is, "Will it help me get parole?" I say we don't work for CSC and we don't give reports to them. We don't tell anybody what a prisoner tells us during a workshop, unless we have the participant's permission. (Reports of sexual abuse of children, of suicide risks, and of threats to the institution are exceptions, of course.) I tell the prisoner if he completes the program, he gets a certificate, and then it's up to him to show it to his parole officer. We don't give any reports to corrections staff on individual inmates. I say his improved behaviour after taking the program is the best possible report he can give his parole officer.

My introduction to AVP came from seventy-year-old Martin Hattersley, a unique hybrid of Edmonton lawyer and Anglican priest. At the time, Martin was a member of the Max's citizens' advisory committee. We had lunch on Sir Winston Churchill Square in the centre of downtown Edmonton, within a block of where his daughter was murdered in a public washroom in 1988. Since then he has been active in a victims support group and a frequent speaker on issues of crime, prisons, parole, and violence.

He was a mere wisp of a man when I met him, and he hobbled along the sidewalk at less than half my normal walking pace.

Even at that time he had severe back problems and his health kept him from facilitating workshops. Despite those obstacles, he has remained a stalwart champion of AVP to this day. Martin asked me if I would like to help get it going at the Max. I'd never heard of the program, but I knew prisoners at the Max needed less violence in their lives. I'd been M2W2 coordinator for only two months. Before that I was on long-term sick leave from my job at the Alberta Legislature. For two years, I was so burnt out I couldn't work at all. I knew I wasn't a violent person and that I didn't need AVP myself, but I did want to help the prisoners.

But I was in the middle of a marriage breakup. I was reconstructing my life. I was in shock from all the change. I moved slower than the hour hand on a clock. Every action I took and any work I did, no matter how small, wore me out. I taught two English courses at the King's University College. I'd been out of the field for twenty years, and so every lesson plan took ten times longer than it should have. Each Tuesday's visit to the Max for M2W2 was like pushing a boulder up a hill. I dragged myself out of bed each morning and pumped myself full of enough air to convince people I was still alive. I had trouble sleeping and needed every hour of every weekend to rest so I could make it through the next week.

I told Martin I couldn't afford to spend a Friday night, twelve hours Saturday, and seven hours Sunday taking a program I didn't need. But he was persuasive, and so I signed up anyway. I did it to help the prisoners. On that weekend, out came Dangerous G, an angry, violent, wild man who'd been locked up in a cage for forty years. I'm glad I've never had a problem with alcohol or drugs and that Dangerous G didn't come out when I was high, or I would've been locked up myself.