

## [April 11th 1954](#)

- He writes a letter where he talks about solitude in prison. "***You cannot imagine how much energy this solitude consumes. Sometimes I am exhausted. At those times is when one gets tired of everything, there is no refuge from tedium. Sensitivity becomes dull and the days pass in lethargy***". He also reflects his personality and sense of life in the letter: "***... I have no personal ambitions; all my motives are moral, a sense of honor, a sense of dignity, a sense of duty.***"

Sunday, April 11, 1954

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