

PRISON-ASHRAM PROJECT

A LITTLE NEWS

SPRING 1988

LIGHTEN UP, WILL YOU?

A new lifer sat in with a group of cons who had done many years' time together. They would all just sit silently for awhile and then one would say "13", or "6", or some other number, and everyone would laugh hysterically. Later on, the new guy asked one of them privately what was going on. "Well you see, we've done so much time together we all know the same jokes. So we've numbered them; that way we don't have to repeat ourselves so much." The new guy thought it was pretty strange, but he wanted to fit in with the group, so he had this older con teach him all the jokes and their numbers. A few weeks later he was sitting around with the group, and he got his nerve up and said "23." Nobody laughed. One old guy looked at another and said, "Boy, some people just can't tell a joke!"

The most frustrating thing about trying to write these newsletters is the "humor gap" that exists between writing and speaking. If you and I were sitting together talking about all the stuff in these pages, the heavy things would naturally and frequently be punctuated with a smile, a funny story, a hearty laugh or corny joke (as those of you who've been in my workshops may painfully recall). Most of those things don't translate very easily to the printed page, because they're just spontaneous; they belong to the moment they're expressed. But the funny stuff isn't irrelevant or unimportant. It's at the very heart of the spiritual journey (seriously, now!).

Think about the great holy books -- the Bible, the Koran, Bhagavad Gita, Ramayana, Dhammapada, Guru Granth Sahib and so forth: Nary a laugh among the bunch of them. Now, I *know* in my heart that Jesus and Buddha and those other masters had great senses of humor; the best teachers I've ever met all had great senses of humor. It seems to be the very basis of an enlightened attitude. So what happened to the written records? It's the humor gap again, and I notice it even though we took great care to illustrate *We're All Doing Time* with cartoons (hope you like the way I cleverly got my book in the same paragraph with the greatest books in history).

Really, during the seven years it took me to complete *We're All Doing Time*, Rick Morgan's cartoons became a key part of that process for me. The cartoons are absolutely essential in order for the reader to get the spiritual outlook I was shooting for. Yet of the thousands of people who write us and go on and on about how much the book has helped them, no one ever mentions the cartoons. It's almost as if they're only visible to me and Sita (and of course, Rick!). It makes me guess that maybe people who read spiritual books assume that the message has to be heavy. Sometimes I open the book and just look at one of the funny drawings for awhile, much like someone else may contemplate a powerful spiritual passage. Cartoons carry the Truth in a wonderful way, they help us to smile at ourselves. They speak more to the heart than to the busy mind. But if my book outlives me, I'm sure that within a hundred years or so the publishers would leave out the cartoons. It makes me wonder whether the original Bible had great cartoons or jokes which are now lost forever (*Jesus:...so the Pharisee says to the innkeeper, "the duck? I thought he came with you!" Disciple: Oh Christ, stop, stop. You're so funny, I can't take any more!*).

Though it may not show up much in the written word, God's best jokes are all around us. Just look at the downfalls of Jimmy Swaggart and Jim Bakker and Rajneesh (of course, I thought they were pretty funny in their prime as well!). Look at the platypus. Look at the great sums of money curly-haired people spend to straighten their hair, while straight-haired people are spending their bucks on perms. Look at the way you thought your last deal was going down before you got busted (*Hey man, now that's not funny!*). Or *millions* of dollars being spent so the Pope can visit the poor? Or that the president of the most powerful country on Earth calls his wife "Mommie"? And don't you just love how the airlines, after two planes almost crash into each other, call it a "near-miss?"; seems like a "near-*hit*" to me! And how about the 1988 nomination of Reagan and Gorbachev for the Nobel Peace Prize? Two guys who keep building bombs although either country could already destroy the planet a thousand times over! And how come scientists never discover that soybeans or alfalfa sprouts are bad for us?; it's always got to be something like ice cream or chocolate or booze or pot. And how about the fact that most of the bloodshed in the world today involves our biggest religions, which all preach love and mercy? Let's face it -- this is a very funny world. We're crazy as loons, struggling for illusions which we can never get, on a planet that just doesn't support the style of life we try so hard to create. As the great cartoonist Gahan Wilson once said, *Life essentially doesn't work. And that's the basis of endless humor.*

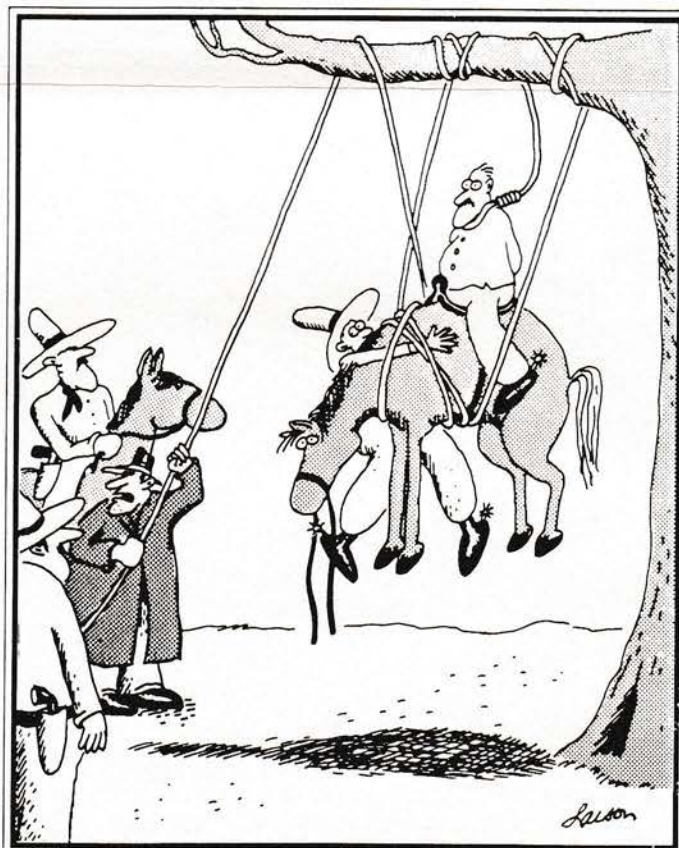
Of course, whether life's ironies strike you as funny or not depends on your sense of humor. I didn't laugh much when I was an angry radical in the '60's. And when I was a naive "new-age" seeker in the early '70's, I was

never sure what was okay or not okay to laugh at (heaven forbid I might offend somebody, or worse, piss God off!). Now that I'm not so angry or frightened, not only do I laugh a lot, but it turns out I have much more political and spiritual influence than I ever did in those joyless years when I was trying so hard. Ain't that a hoot?

In the same way that our culture tends to distort kindness into weakness, we also tend to distort humor into several things it's not. For example, seeing the lighter side of something doesn't mean we "take it too lightly." Poking fun at ourselves and our inconsistencies, or even at others and their inconsistencies, isn't necessarily the same as ridicule. Quite the contrary, humor is a tremendous safety valve for us as individuals and for the planet as a whole. Doctors are finally being forced to see the power of humor in medical treatment (and now are getting quite serious about it! God, we're nuts). And just imagine if Reagan and Gorbachev were both to admit they loved the same cartoons or comedians, and they spent the first day of a summit watching old Bugs Bunny clips or Richard Pryor movies, laughing 'til their sides hurt. Could they possibly be as hostile to each other the next day?? Humor brings our hearts together. I'll bet Hitler had no sense of humor.

Often I'll go to do a workshop or a lecture, and my host will say, "Oh, you've just *got* to meet so-and-so, you've got so much in common!" Soon as I hear that, I get an *uh-oh* feeling in my gut, because so-and-so is almost inevitably someone who's so heavy, so rigid or self-righteous that it amazes me people would lump us together. In prisons, so-and-so is often the resident yoga/meditation honcho who can twist his body into a pretzel and knows all the ancient texts, but whose heart is shut tight, thinly hiding a tremendous amount of anger and unhappiness right below the surface. I'm sure you know people like this too. I begin to suspect that most of us don't *feel* a person, or at least we don't trust our gut feelings. We seem to take in a package instead -- the words, the reputations, the concepts -- and then file that person into the appropriate category in our minds without considering what our actual *experience* of them felt like. Maybe the assumption is that spiritual beings are all alike because the general principles are all alike. Bad assumption. *Enlightenment* is not heavy. Bear that in mind as you come in contact with friends, teachers or groups that try to convince you what terrible shape the world is in and how urgent it is for you to do exactly what they're doing. The facts they quote may all be true, but they've missed the deeper truth by a mile.

The point of this curmudgeonly diatribe (besides possibly alienating whole multitudes of our readers all at once rather than the small, scattered groups I usually alienate) is simply to say "Lighten Up." Maybe we don't say that enough in print. Constant seriousness usually indicates self-importance, and simply put, that just ain't gonna cut it for where we really want to go. Holy books and spiritual practices are great, but if you read a lot of holy books, try to balance them with *Bloom County*, *The Far Side*, *Peanuts*, *Doonesbury*, *Life in Hell* or whatever cartoons seem to poke the most fun at your own flavor of drama or self-importance (the titles above are the ones that do it best for me). Watch *Saturday Night Live*, *Tracy Ullman Show*, *Cheers* or *Family Ties*. Try to tune in when Steve Martin, Jay Leno, Richard Pryor and other great comedians do their thing. Laughing is such powerful Medicine, especially finding the hidden humor in our inflated egos, constant rationalizations, and the tortuous things we put ourselves through in the process of "self-discovery." We live in an extremely funny age, so it would be a shame not to enjoy the humor. Lighten up, will you?



"Okay, okay, okay . . . Everyone just calm down and we'll try this thing one more time."

Dear Bo,

Fourteen years ago I took a life. The newspaper accounts proclaimed the incident the most heinous crime ever committed in that town. One of the main points court reporters stressed was my inability to show remorse for my deed. They concluded that the absence of tears was undeniable proof that I was a cold, callous, insensitive monster; and should be locked up for life (I got 30-life).

They're wrong! Tears enraged my father, and made the beatings worse. So I learned years ago to repress such displays of emotion as a means of survival. Over the years I've tried everything I can think of to redeem myself. I even tried to get my conviction changed to a death sentence so my body could be donated to an organ bank for transplants. Bo, I can't stand it any longer. The thought of dying in here with everybody thinking my only contribution to life was taking up bed space in a penitentiary terrifies me. I have so much to give, and no one to give it to. My hands are bound; please help me cut the rope! I'm desperate.

respectfully, CW

Dear CW,

I think your gut instincts are right on: Service to others is a very powerful way to heal our deepest wounds and most painful experiences. The best news is that your hands aren't bound at all. There's always something we can do, wherever we are, to make a contribution to the world. But that doesn't mean we'll always be able to get approval and praise from the people around us. You're going to have to give up on that end, because first of all you'll never be able to control it (and none of us ever quite get the kind of approval we're after anyway); and second of all, that approval doesn't have the meaning you're looking for.

What you need to do is to work on your own life, both inner and outer. The inner life is what most of my book is about. The outer life is also a lot more open than you might think, even inside prison. Read the chapter called "The Path of Service" starting on page 154. As you'll see, there are a lot of prisoners doing some beautiful projects for humanity even while they're locked up. In fact, letters like yours have inspired us to work on a new book, *THE FREEDOM OF KINDNESS*, which will provide as much information and ideas as we can come up with to help prisoners use their time in service to others. The book should be out later this year or in early '89.

Remember, it's always easier to bitch about the stuff that's out of your hands. If you want to get rid of all this misery that's eating at your heart, you're going to have to put yourself into action instead. Do some things every day to help quiet the mind and deepen your breathing (that's the inner work); and at the same time make a decision to do something that'll lighten somebody else's burden. Let me know how it goes, brother. It's hard work, but you can do it. Not only that, you've got to do it; otherwise you won't find the peace you're aching for.

all the best, Bo

Dear Mr. Lozoff,

I would first like to thank you from the bottom of my heart for sending *WE'RE ALL DOING TIME* and your newsletters. I'd have to write a book just to explain all that I gained from reading your book. As you said it could, it

has changed my life forever. I grew up in the Pentecostal religion. I grew up thinking that you had to have the spiritual gift of speaking in tongues to be saved, and that God followed you around with a bullwhip ready to lash out over any mistake and in the end threw you into a pit of fire if you didn't get it right. I had a very ugly concept of God and as I grew older, decided that I'd rather laugh with sinners than get whipped with saints.

I'm now 32 years of age and in my third prison term. Several times in my life I've tried reading the Bible but gave up out of frustration because I could never understand it. That is, until after I read your book. Now I read the Bible everyday. Thank you. The Bible says that Jesus cast out demons, and speaks of Satan's spiritual kingdom. The scriptures also indicate that Satan can take any form of the Holy Spirit. In your book you stated that ego can take any form as spirit. How does Satan tie into the scheme of things insofar as self, spirit, and karma? I noticed that you never directly address the issue of Satan. My second question is, how was the concept of reincarnation developed? I basically understand this concept, but wonder how it came into existence. Thank you very much for your time and thanks again for your book.

Sincerely, MD

Dear MD,

Thanks for such high praise for my book. I'm really happy it makes so much sense to what you're looking for. About your questions: First, the reason I don't get into Satan: the real work at hand is always to get quieter and stronger, and more in tune with the still small voice inside of us. Whether Satan is an external being or just one of our internal voices is meaningless, because at any moment of our lives, we need to deal with whatever is happening. If we're feeling an inner urge to kill grandma, we have to deal with that urge. If that's Satan inside of us, well, there's also Christ, and we can defeat the urge that way. If it's just our own minds, we still have to defeat it, don't we?

If some external force, from a bogus preacher to a big horned demon, is coming at us, who cares whether it's Satan or a human or an hallucination? We deal with it as best we can. The rest is just labels and head-trips. The truth is that we need a few simple qualities to face the challenges or scary forces we may run up against. We need courage, self-honesty, kindness, a sense of humor, and a sense of wonder. You may turn to Christ and somebody next to you may turn to Allah. Just labels. God is always the same force, evil is always the same force, seeking is always the same force. Inner/outer is meaningless.

About your second question -- Reincarnation is either true or it's not. If it's true it's not a concept. If it's not true, who cares how the concept came about? If you want, you can take my word for it that it's true. My suggestion is not to spend too much time on it, except maybe to appreciate the sense of wonder I mentioned above. But our spiritual work takes place right now, not in a past or future life.

I love the description of your pentecostalism; that was very powerful. I think you've got clear insight about where you're coming from and where you're going. Just try not to make it too complicated. Remember, it's not just about learning or thinking; it's about becoming.

I love you, Bo



We need your help on THE FREEDOM OF KINDNESS

We're working on a new book now, and we'd like to invite your help. It's going to be called *THE FREEDOM OF KINDNESS*, and what we're looking for is information about humanitarian projects being done *by* prisoners rather than *for* them. I listed several of these projects in the "Path of Service" chapter of *WE'RE ALL DOING TIME*: translating books into braille or onto tape for the blind; building playground equipment for low-income daycare centers or schools; operating a children's radio station; raising vegetables for nursing homes; creating delinquency-prevention programs, and so forth. But we have very few details even of those programs we mentioned. Any information, even about things that have been done in the past, would be appreciated.

We're writing this book for several reasons. First, now that our project is fifteen years old, there are quite a few prisoners who have long been looking inward and using their time for spiritual growth. In other words, the "prison-as-an-ashram" idea isn't brand-new anymore. For many of these folks, the most natural next step is the feeling of wanting to make some sort of contribution to the world, wanting to make a practical expression of their kindness in some way. A lot of them assume they won't be able to do that while they're still locked up. So one purpose of the book is to demonstrate how many creative ways there are to serve the world even while you can't walk around in it.

Another purpose of publishing this information is to show prison authorities that these projects not only exist, but serve a profound purpose in rehabilitation. Helping others may be the most powerful healing force in the world. We'd like to include some personal accounts, stories and reflections about what these activities have meant to the men and women who participated in them. A third purpose of the book is to show the public this positive face of prisoners to balance the completely negative picture they get from the news media.

We also plan to include a section in the book which will list the names and addresses of a number of non-profit humanitarian organizations which welcome the involvement of prisoners. Some of these organizations may even allow people to parole into them in full-time positions. This might be a tremendous opportunity for somebody who doesn't have any solid family or job connections, or who doesn't especially want to get right back into a dead-end job or a meaningless fun-&-games lifestyle. So, If you have any information, please share it with us. Address your responses to Alison Weiner, our researcher for *THE FREEDOM OF KINDNESS*.

FREE SEX !! BIG SCANDALS !!

Now that we've got your attention, I'd really appreciate your reading these few lines about our financial situation (dirty trick, I know, but effective). Simply put, the Prison-Ashram Project is getting a lot more mail than ever from prisoners requesting free material, but our support base isn't increasing enough to keep up with expenses. Since we receive no large grants or government funds at all, our persistent hope is that you *non-prisoners* who receive our newsletters and other materials will feel moved to become regular monthly donors or at least occasional donors. As it now stands, this newsletter is mailed to 10,000 prisoners and 3,000 non-prisoners in about 25 countries. But only about 10% of those 3,000 non-prisoners have contributed anything at all in the past year -- even to cover the expense of these newsletters. And only about 1% have become monthly donors. While my book and album sales bring in a steady trickle, donations are still the heart of our funding.

It's not our style to kick people off our mailing list or to hit you over the head with fund-raising pleas. So we just want to explain clearly how this project works, to allow you to make an informed decision about being part of our support system. Sita and I work fulltime for \$925/month. Alison, a professional graphic designer and musician, works halftime for \$600/month. The project now pays a total of \$600/month rent for three buildings. The bulk of our expenses involve printing and postage (over \$50,000 last year). We have a laser printer and copier which save us quite a bit of money (we do our own typesetting and layout, including this entire newsletter).

I guess what I'm trying to say is that we use funds very efficiently, and get a lot done throughout the world on a very small budget (about \$100,000 last year). Like many bank robbers we've known, we're always hoping for that big score -- the one wealthy person who says "I like what you're doing and it's obvious you're for real; here's a million bucks," or a letter from an attorney who tells us so-and-so left us in her will. Or if Sita and I won a sweepstakes, we'd work for free and fund the whole project ourselves. But in fifteen years the big score hasn't yet appeared, and every now and then we have to bug you like this to remind you that this project is ultimately up to you as much as it's up to us, and we hope you'll feel moved to help out. We promise to use your money and your trust as wisely as we possibly can.

LETTERS

Dear Bo,

I received your book a few months ago and I can certainly relate to some of the letters from prisoners like the hate and frustration that Maury was going through before his death.

I have nothing but murder on my brain! When I go to sleep at night I lie awake for a hour at least thinking up new and different ways to knock off my ex-old lady and my fall partner who are now together in a relationship. While I'm laying here in this prison cell they are probably having a go at it in the sack right now! They both deserve deer slugs in the fuckin' forehead! And if I don't get some help before I get out in 27 months, then there's gonna be two less people on this Earth to speak of.

I've been played like a real live fool and no matter how I try to get on with my life and put my past behind me I can't get these two snakes out of my brain. I shot dope in my jugular vein for the first two-and-a-half years that I was in here and it helped drown my hate but now I'm locked up 24 hours a day and haven't any way to run the dope trail so you see it's burning in my brain all day and night. I need someone to get my head back like it used to be before I get out 'cause this prison cell isn't the place I'd like to make my home for life.

in a prison of hate, TF

Dear TF,

First of all, you obviously don't want to keep hating and planning to kill. If you did, you wouldn't have written to me at all. So instead of using me as an excuse to change directions, start right out with yourself. You don't want to do it. And you don't like these thoughts burning a hole in your brain and heart every day.

With that settled, now the only question is, how do you gradually make that change? You're going to need some patience, because real change usually takes time. But if you start working on it a little bit every day, you'll be surprised at how much you can learn to control the thoughts and memories until they just start losing their power over you.

You mentioned relating a lot to the letters section of my book, but what you most need right now in your life is to work with some of the techniques in the middle of the book instead. You need to spend a lot of time with the meditation chapter, the chapters on breathing & power ("Pranayam"), and even the chapter on prayer. There's no better advice I could give you in personal letters. It doesn't matter how well somebody talks or writes or preaches --- the bottom line is, you have to start working faithfully with some actual methods every day. Words just won't cut it.

I know it may be very hard at first, and you may think "Man, I just ain't cut out for this stuff". But if you want to stop being played for a fool (not by your ex-wife and partner, but by yourself), you'll stick with it at least for a few months and see what happens. And by the way, you don't have to lay there in bed with all those thoughts of how you could kill them. You can start being the master of your mind instead of the victim, and just keep changing your train of thought when those things come up. If you don't develop any control over your mind, you'll never be happy no matter whether your ex-wife and partner are dead or

alive. Write me in a few months and let me know how it's going.

Love, Bo

Dear Bo,

I thank you for your advice and concern a few months ago. But without any regrets I haven't changed my plans and I really doubt that I will in the next ten months before I'll be able to laugh and pull the trigger! After I do my crime and when I come back to prison I'll be able to sleep and dream and wake up with peace in my mind and body. I mean for the first time in five years I'll be at peace with myself. You know, the kind of peace you speak of in your book.

I know the only way I can stop hating the girl I gave my mind and heart to is to send him and her both on their way. They can be together there if they wish to be with each other that much. You see Bo, he just recently was released from a pre-release program this past week and they are living together now for the short time until I am released.

You probably won't hear from me again until I have found that morphine-like feeling of PEACE.

Respect, TF

Dear TF,

You say that after you waste your girlfriend and her new guy, you'll finally have peace with yourself. That's the biggest crock of shit you could sell yourself, brother. You're never going to have a peaceful day for the rest of your life if you don't use the next ten months to get over this thing and put it behind you. I know you've got a great deal of pain, but you don't have to let it destroy all three of you, and that's exactly what you're planning to do.

Being dumped isn't exactly the newest experience on Earth, you know. It's one of the oldest. And although there's a lot of pain and anger, millions of people have learned how to deal with that without grabbing a gun. There'd be few people left on this planet if everyone did what you're planning to do.

The biggest thing you're missing is this: this is something you're supposed to learn from, and develop strength from. Life is hard. We need to develop strength, self-honesty, courage, patience, and a huge sense of humor in order to be really happy. We fall in love with people and then sometimes things change; they change or we change; whatever. But killing isn't the answer. This is life; it may even happen again.

I'm not saying you got a fair deal. All sorts of "unfair" things happen to people, like a kid getting his arms caught in a silage machine, little babies dying of aids, or whatever. You're a fool if you don't take some time to learn from your bad times instead of picking up a gun. You'll never find the peace you hope for. The wound will never be healed. If you kill them, the next person you'll kill will probably be yourself. Think it over; don't let your pride destroy you. That's not real strength; that's just fear.

I love you, Bo

RESOURCES

Vipassana, or "insight" meditation, is an ancient, non-sectarian technique of self-transformation through self-observation. Taught in ten-day residential courses, it shows how to find inner peace and so to live in a positive, balanced, happy way. The center is also interested in the possibility of holding a course in a prison or drug rehab center. Literature is available from

VIPASSANA MEDITATION CENTER
BOX 24
SHELBURNE FALLS, MA 01370

I would like to invite you to send me the names of prisoners who would like to receive T'ai Chi lessons by correspondence. I can handle a reasonable flow of such requests provided the prisoners can send stamped, self-addressed return envelopes. That's not a requirement, it just saves much time, effort and some money.

BILL PHILLIPS, PRES. & CHIEF INSTRUCTOR
PATIENCE T'AI CHI ASSOCIATION
2620 EAST 18TH ST.
BROOKLYN, NY 11235

Our objective is to publish material of a spiritual nature written from diverse viewpoints; to help the reader seek truth through an open mind and to rise above racial and religious prejudice. Writings should be sent to the editor at the address below. Donations of money or stamps are welcomed, but there is no set subscription fee.

JOHN T. LANDIN, EDITOR
EASTERN STUDIES PROGRAM NEWSLETTER
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I have been researching the mystical experiences and spiritual insights of prisoners for some time. All the evidence so far suggests that trauma and particularly solitary confinement can act as a catalyst for such experiences. I am interested to hear from any prisoners or former prisoners about such extraordinary experiences.

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Lou Gattis, author of "Prison Survival: A No-nonsense Guide", invites all present and former inmates of prisons or POW internment camps, to enter a contest for the best collection of unique recipes and cooking techniques to be published in "THE CHAIN GANG COOKBOOK: WILD, WOOLY, & WEIRD." Winners will receive a free copy, as well as the notoriety of seeing their names in print.

Entries are unlimited, but only one recipe per one side of a page. Include return address and confinement location (past or present); type or print clearly. Due to the volume of responses, only the winners will be acknowledged.

THE CHAIN GANG COOKBOOK
CHEETAH PUBLISHING
275 NORTH FOREST LAKE DRIVE
ALTAMONTE SPRINGS, FL 32714

OTHER NEWS

Alternative Nobel...

Many of you asked us to let you know what happened with our nomination for the Right Livelihood Award, also known as the Alternative Nobel Prize. Well, we were advised by the committee in Sweden that although we were not selected for the 1987 award, we're being considered again in 1988. The awards will be given in the Swedish Parliament in December. That's about all we know for now.

Sorry about the photo...

The machines used by our mailing service ruined many of our Christmas card/photos by scratching deep lines across our faces. We apologize for this, and for those of you who would like the same card in better shape, please let us know and we'll send you one.

Mail Problems...

Our mail load has increased so much over the past year, it's become impossible for us to respond to long, personal letters like we used to. We hope you can understand that this has become a very different project than it once was. We're happy to send out free copies of *WE'RE ALL DOING TIME*, but we receive up to 50 letters a day from all over the world, and there really aren't enough hours in the day to be a personal pen-pal for all the people who would like us to be.

Most of what we can offer can be found in *WE'RE ALL DOING TIME*, and in these quarterly newsletters. I worked for seven years on that book, including hundreds of letters, to make it as personal as possible. It's natural to feel like your particular situation is unique, but frankly, my best advice and teachings are in that book. It creates an impossible burden on us to repeat those ideas one by one. *WE'RE ALL DOING TIME* is not just a book, but a handy manual which can be used for years and years. And many people tell us that each time they read through it, it's like reading a brand-new book -- because *they* keep changing.

But I encourage you to keep writing -- not to us -- but to yourself. Writing is a very powerful way to understand how you feel and to see yourself more clearly. And in fact, you can even receive my "response" by reading your own letter through my eyes and imagining how I would answer you. If you've read my book, you really know what I would say. It can be very useful for you to see that you've got the same wisdom I have if you dig deeply enough and quiet down enough to realize it.

And every now and then, when something really unusual is going on or you want some information we may be able to provide, please feel welcome to write. We just ask you to understand what it's like around here so that you can pace yourself accordingly, and understand why we can't be more frequent pen-pals.

The Human Kindness Foundation is non-profit & tax-exempt under section 501(c)(3) of the IRS code. All donations, bequests, and gifts are tax-deductible to the full extent of the law. Besides the Prison-Ashram Project, the Foundation also sponsors various other events, including lectures and workshops given by Bo Lozoff on a variety of subjects. Bo's book, *WE'RE ALL DOING TIME*, and album, *STUMBLING TOWARD THE LIGHT*, are free to prisoners and available to others for \$10 and \$8 respectively, plus \$2 postage. All proceeds go directly to the foundation.

address correction requested

PRISON - ASHRAM PROJECT
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In a certain monastery, there was total silence except that once a year, one monk could speak at one meal. Each year a different monk took his turn. One year a monk rose and said "the food at this place stinks," and sat down. The next year another monk rose and said "I think the food's great." The third year, a third monk rose and said, "Well I quit! I can't take any more of this constant bickering!"

