

# PRISON-ASHRAM PROJECT

Little News Magazine

Christmas 1989

## AN IMPATIENT LETTER TO ALL OF US FROM GOD

Watch out, I think we're really starting to get on His nerves -- Bo

DATE: *Eternity*

FROM: *GOD*

TO: *My Children on Earth*

RE: *Idiotic religious rivalries*

My Dear Children (*and believe me, that's all of you*),

I consider myself a pretty patient Guy. I mean, look at the Grand Canyon. It took millions of years to get it right. And how about evolution? Boy, nothing is slower than designing that whole Darwinian thing to take place, cell by cell and gene by gene. I've even been patient through your fashions, civilizations, wars and schemes, and the countless ways you take Me for granted until you get yourselves into big trouble again and again.

But on this occasion of My Son's 1,989th birthday, I want to tell you about some things that starting to tick me off.

First of all, your religious rivalries are driving Me up a wall. Enough already! Let's get one thing straight: These are *your* religions, not Mine. I'm the Whole Enchilada; I'm the Spirit beyond them all. Every single one of your religions claims there's only one of Me -- which, by the way, is absolutely true. But in the very next breath, each religion claims it's My favorite one. And each claims its bible was written personally by me, and that all the other bibles are man-made. Oh, Me. How do I even begin to put a stop to such complicated nonsense?

Okay, listen up now: I'm your Father *and* Mother, and I don't play favorites among My Children. Also, I hate to break it to you, but I don't write. My longhand is awful, and I've always been more of a "doer" anyway. So *all* your books, including the bibles, were written by men and women. They were inspired, remarkable people, but they also made mistakes here and there. I made sure of that, so that you could never trust a written word more than your own living Heart. You see, one Human Being to me -- even a Bum on the street -- is worth more than all the holy books in the world. That's just the kind of Guy I Am. My Spirit is not an historical thing, It's alive right here, right now, as fresh as your next breath.

Holy books and religious rites are sacred and powerful, but not more so than the least of You. They were only meant to steer you in the right direction, not to keep you arguing with each other, and certainly not to keep you from trusting your own personal connection with Me.

Which brings Me to My next point about your nonsense: You act like I need you and your religions to stick up for Me or "win souls" for My Sake. Please, don't do Me any favors. I can stand quite well on my own, thank you. I need you to defend Me like Mike Tyson needs Peewee Herman as a bodyguard. And another thing: I don't get all worked up over money or politics, so stop dragging My name into your dramas. For example, I swear to Me that I never threatened Oral Roberts. I never told Rajneesh I preferred Rolls Royces. I never told Pat Robertson to run for president, and I've never ever had a conversation with Jim Bakker or Jerry Falwell! Of course, come Judgement Day, I certainly intend to...

The thing is, I want you to stop thinking of religion as some sort of loyalty pledge to Me. The true purpose of your religions is so that *you* can become more aware of *Me*, not the other way around. Believe Me, I know you already. I know what's in each of your hearts, and I love you with no strings attached. Lighten up and enjoy Me. That's what religion is for.

What you seem to forget is how mysterious I Am. You look at the petty little differences in your scriptures and say, "Well, if *this* is the Truth, then *that* can't be!" But instead of trying to figure out My Paradoxes and Subtleties -- which, by the way, you never will -- why not open your hearts to the simple common threads in every religion?

You know what I'm talking about: Love and respect everyone. Be kind. Even when life is scary or confusing, take courage and be of good cheer, for I am always with you. Learn how to be quiet, so you can hear My Still, Small Voice (I don't like



to shout). Leave the world a better place by living your life with dignity and gracefulness, for you are My Own Child. Hold back nothing from life, for the parts of you that can die will surely die, and the parts that can't, won't. So don't worry, be happy.

Simple stuff. Why do you keep making it so complicated? It's like you're always looking for an excuse to be upset. And I'm very tired of being your main excuse. Do you think I care whether you call me Yahweh, Jehovah, Allah, Waken-tonka, Brahma, Father, Mother, or even The Void or Nirvana? Do you think I care which of My Special Children you feel closest to -- Jesus, Mary, Buddha, Krishna, Mohammed or any of the others? You can call Me and My Special Ones any name you choose, if only you would go about My business of loving one another as I love you. How can you keep forgetting something so simple?

I'm not telling you to abandon your religions. I want you to enjoy your religions, honor them, learn from them, just as you should enjoy, honor, and learn from your parents. But do you walk around telling everyone that your parents are better than theirs? Your religion, like your parents, may always have the most special place in your heart; I don't mind that at all. And I don't want you to combine all the Great Traditions into One Big Mess. Each religion is unique for a reason. Each has a unique style so that people can find the best path for themselves. But My Special Children -- the ones your religions revolve around -- all live in one place (My Heart) and they get along perfectly, I assure you. The clergy must stop creating a myth of sibling rivalry where there is none.

My Blessed Children of Earth, the world has grown too small for your pervasive religious bigotries and confusion. The whole planet is connected by air travel, satellite dishes, telephones, fax machines, rock concerts, diseases, and mutual needs and concerns. Get with the program! If you really want to help Me celebrate the birthday of My Son Jesus, then commit yourselves to figuring out how to feed your hungry, clothe your naked, protect your abused, and shelter your poor. And just as importantly, make your own everyday life a shining example of kindness and good humor. I've given you all the resources you need, if only you abandon your fear of each other and begin living, loving, and laughing together.

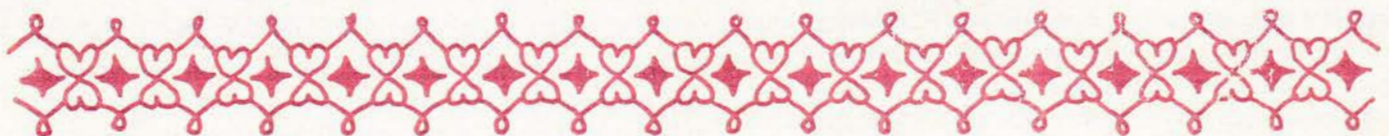
Now I want to say a special Word to My Children in prisons and jails: Although you are locked away from your families and friends, you too have a responsibility to help make the world a better place. As terrible as most prisons are, your behavior toward each other is just as terrible. Even those of you who "do your own time" look the other way when a Brother or Sister gets ripped off, raped or even killed. This allegiance to your "Convict Code" allows the tone of prison life to be set by a small minority of the most brutal convicts in the institution.

It will take some time to change. But slowly and carefully, the great majority of decent inmates must begin talking and banding together across your idiotic racial and ethnic divisions, to make it clear to the violent minority that you will no longer allow your prison home to be a place of barbaric cruelty.

You must develop a new "Convict Code" based on respect, tolerance, and mutual support -- where a con can trust that cons watch out for each other and allow each other to live in peace and self-dignity; where if a gang of ten threatens you, you can count on a hundred -- of all races and creeds -- to stand with you and say "That kind of stuff just doesn't fly here anymore." I know this isn't an easy task, and most of you just want to get out of prison alive. But even outside the prison walls, millions of My Children all over the world daily risk their security and even their lives in non-violent efforts to make a change for the better. Being in prison doesn't exempt you from standing up for what's right. And remember, I do help those who help themselves. I promise you My Support.

Finally, My Children everywhere, remember whose birth is honored on December 25th, and the fearlessness with which He chose to live and die. As I love Him, so do I love each one of you. I'm not really ticked off, I just wanted to grab your attention because I hate to see you suffer. But I gave you Free Will, so what can I do now other than to try to influence you through reason, persuasion, and a little old-fashioned guilt and manipulation? After all, I *Am* the original Jewish Mother. I just want you to be happy, and I'll sit in The Dark. I really Am, indeed, I swear, with you always. Always. Trust In Me.

Your One and Only, *GOD*





## RESOURCES

[submitted by Alberto Aranda, on death row in Texas:] Prisoners on death row in Texas are currently in the 29th week of a "chain" hunger strike to protest the discriminatory application and imposition of the death penalty. There are over 300 prisoners on Texas death row, mostly poor and minority who could not afford the best lawyers, and sentenced under an unconstitutional statute as was recently revealed in the U.S. Supreme Court case, Penry v. Lynaugh.

The prisoners and their supporters have announced a "Campaign for a Moratorium on Executions in Texas," demanding a hold on executions pending the outcome of a joint legislative inquiry. On November 14th, when the state legislature convenes in special session, the outside supporters will meet in Austin and demand the legislative inquiry. For information or to volunteer your help, contact:

DEBORAH CHRISTIANSEN  
ALL PEOPLE'S CONGRESS  
BOX 52115  
HOUSTON TX 77052

Behind The Walls (BTW) is the publication of the P.A.N.A.L. organization, a prisoner support group, formed to aid and assist those confined in the U.S. and abroad. Our publication offers prisoners: pen-pal services, news briefs, outside contacts, legal news reporting, case history reporting, help directory, library services, exposing abuse, writing projects, counseling, spiritual directions, and creative projects. BTW is free to prisoners, and available for a donation to the public. We are a not-for-profit organization and struggle to meet financial obligations.

BEHIND THE WALLS, 5 STAR PRESS  
BOX 4167  
HALFMOON, NY 12065

Habitat for Humanity welcomes applications from ex-prisoners. Habitat's work (building homes for the poor) is done by close to 400 different local projects scattered around the country. A person wanting to apply to one of those projects is best off contacting the project directly [or write Bo at Prison-Ashram Project.]

A second way to be involved with Habitat is to work at our headquarters. Most of our work here is not building, but office and administration. We can provide furnished housing with utilities and a subsistence stipend. We welcome applications from prisoners who will be released.

MARK LASSMAN-EUL, VOLUNTEER  
SERVICES

HABITAT FOR HUMANITY  
HABITAT & CHURCH STREETS  
AMERICUS, GA 31709

Offender Aid & Restoration works to help jail inmates in a number of ways. O.A.R. presently has 10 offices in 6 states, and manages one-to-one volunteers, halfway houses, bail funds, job training & placement, etc. Want to start an O.A.R. chapter in your area? Write or call:

DAVE EBERHARDT, BALTIMORE O.A.R.  
401 EAST EAGER ST.  
BALTIMORE MD 21202

## OTHER NEWS

### NC Prison Concert Tour Great Again

The fourth annual Bo Lozoff Band rock & roll tour of ten North Carolina prisons took place from September 19th through October 8th, and was the best yet. At every prison we saw old and new friends, enthusiastic audiences, and a lot of dynamite inside talent who joined us for part of each show.

We also had a couple of special guests. Louise Kessel, a renowned storyteller who recently sailed from Russia to the U.S. with a Russian/American "friendship crew," did a short set of stories at both women's prisons. And the great bluesman, Walter "Lightning Bug" Rhodes, joined our band at four of the men's prisons. Lightning Bug used to be Wilson Pickett's lead guitarist and bandleader. The walls came tumbling down as he cut loose with standards like *Knock On Wood*, *Mustang Sally*, and *In The Midnight Hour*.

Of the inside talent, once again we had some tremendous performances ranging from country to rap to funk to blues, to the guy in Caledonia Prison Farm who started dancing while I was singing *Walk This Way*, then jumped up on the stage and did a perfect full backflip

back onto the floor -- right on time, too!

Our one public performance this year was at Under The Street in Durham, and was a huge success (that means we were hot, they loved us, and we netted \$600). We played until 2 AM and then reassembled at 9 AM for a prison gig. But it was great, as was the whole tour. I (Bo) feel honored to play with such extraordinary musicians and excellent audiences. The band this year consisted of myself (lead vocals), Armand Lenchek (lead guitar), Chris Turner (harmonicas, trumpet), Alison Weiner (keyboards), Ben Palmer (bass), John Hanks (drums), and sound men John Kline & Rob McIntire.

### Update on Texas Book-Banning

As a result of being interviewed on *The Prison Program*, a radio show in Houston, we have linked up with an attorney in Houston to collaborate with, and by the time you read this we will already have filed for immediate relief from TDC's prohibition of *Lineage and Other Stories*. TDC has now received about 400 letters of protest, but refuses to budge.

If you haven't read *Lineage and Other Stories*, it's free to prisoners (or staff) and \$7 to non-prisoners. A new edition, published by Threshold Books, is scheduled for a Spring 1990 release.

### Please Take It Easy On Us

Sita and I now receive as many as 60 letters in a single day's mail. We're happy that so many people are writing to ask for copies of our books, and we're receiving enough donations to keep our supplies up. But when we receive long, rambling letters, or requests for pen-pals, money, legal help or other areas which are impossible for us, it's hard to keep up with what we *do* offer. Please bear this in mind. I still respond to a few letters about personal problems, but there aren't enough hours in the day for us to be good pen-pals anymore. We have to meet in the Heart instead. We hope to have enough money someday soon to hire another fulltime person, but for now it's still just the two of us, with too much mail.



Dear Bo and Sita,

I can't tell you how much I enjoyed *Lineage and Other Stories* and *We're All Doing Time*. They both made me laugh, cry, shake my head in agreement and holler -- AMEN -- it's about time. I can't tell you how much I admire you for the work you're doing. Please don't ever stop.

Bo, I work in a Texas prison mailroom, so I really sympathize with the problem you're having getting *Lineage and Other Stories* to TDC inmates. When I was asked to read the books for unit approval, I recognized them for the beautiful spiritual tools they are, and approved them both. However, another unit denied them and when one unit denies a publication, we all have to unless otherwise directed. So that's how it happened...they almost made it.

There are other employees who feel as I do, that there is nothing wrong with the content. You know, we're not all ignorant redneck racists that work here. There are a lot of good people too, who really care about the inmates. And you know we have to battle some pretty bad stuff Bo, like the prison gangs, drugs, hits, rapes...sometimes it's just awful what the inmates do to each other. But those of us that really care are there every day trying to make it better.

I've been in metaphysics about 25 years now. When I went to work for TDC I got criticized a lot by others. "How can you do it?" they would ask, insinuating I had sold out spiritually. Little do they know I was very specifically guided there. That's where the "real" BOSS wants me. Learning and teaching and carrying my torch of love inside with me.

Knowing you and others like you reminds me we are not in this dimension alone although it can feel that way sometimes.

Take Care, F

PS: This photo is of my grandson, Jamie, who was born with open-cell spina bifida. The rocking-chair horse he is enjoying so much was done by an inmate, M, at the unit where I work. He was so excited to do this for Jamie, and when I brought him a print of this picture, tears came to his eyes. The craft boss told me later that's all M talked about. Nobody

even did that for him before -- bring him a picture of something he had made.



Some of our artistic inmates delight in drawing pictures for Jamie of Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, and dogs, dogs, dogs. Jamie loves dogs. I just wish sometimes that people knew that as bad as prisons are -- there's a lot of good stuff going on too.

Dear Bo,

When I first got your books and newsletter, I read them. The "Lineage" book really blew my mind, brother, let me tell you. It took me out of here and into sanity and peace with myself.

Well, that was about a month ago. Now, I'm back in the hole for fighting. Some dudes were pressuring people on the yard, and when they got to me, they found a whole different breed of cat. I would not submit to giving up my money at canteen, or my ass, so they told me they were going to send me on "a mission." They sent me after this dude on the yard they said was a snitch, and if I didn't take care of him, they'd roll me off the yard.

Well Bo, I had about four months left at the time, so I jacked the dude in the library figuring on at least getting away from the instigators for a couple of weeks. Well, they slapped me with 30 days and put us both back on the yard a week later.

So then, I had shaved my head, beard and moustache, disguising myself. Well, about 1½ months later, right when things were going along good, and I got myself a good job as vocational clerk, these guys recognize

me and start in with their bullshit again. Again, I didn't go for it and they told me if I didn't do what they asked, they would "stick" me. Well, at this point I only had five weeks left to parole, so I figured I could put them off or bluff them.

It didn't work. I got punched in the mouth and knocked to the floor while at work. I don't remember the rest, as I am under psychiatric medication. The guards said that I flipped out and now I'm looking at more time. But, at the psychiatrist's suggestion, I gave up the dudes that were doing the pressuring, and the investigator got six other guys to back up my story.

The dudes are in the hole, with me, but haven't seen me yet. Did I do right? Please let me know, as I think of you as a friend and value your opinion. I'm confused and want to go home.

your friend, J

Dear J,

You asked me whether I think you did the right thing by giving up the guys who attacked you. Well, you're the only one who knows that but I don't think it's an important question right now anyway. You did what you had to do. The only important thing right now is to keep you safe and out of trouble for the rest of your bid. Then you can go home and leave it all behind you.

You didn't mention how much added time you got for this thing. But if it's not too much, I think you should ask for p.c. or stay in the hole. You'll have plenty of time to socialize out on the street. Spend your time alone for now -- meditating, praying, breathing, studying, exercising, making plans, etc. Get serious about cleaning up mind and body before you hit the street. Since you've already been honest with the staff about what happened, be honest also about telling them why you don't want to be in population and that you don't want any "mistakes" to be made where those guys may be able to get to you.

Good luck, brother, and keep me posted.

Your Brother, Bo

Dear Bo,

Well, I gotta kind of admit though, I'm one step ahead of you on



the protective custody shot. I've been here in pc for sixteen days already, and you know what? It ain't that bad! I've been doing my breathing and stretching exercises and I feel great!

As for me catching more time, I didn't. They found me not guilty. So, I get out on December 9, 1989. I already signed my parole papers. It's just a wait away now! Well, gotta go for now. I love you guys. Thanks for being my friends.

Love and respect, J

Dear Bo,

I feel moved to write you. I did so once before, years ago, and for a decade have drawn from your Light and teachings. I first discovered Inside Out -- or it found me -- while doing my second bid for New York State in the late 70's. But while intrigued by it, I obviously wasn't capable of digesting it or ready to apply it. I got out, went back to my druggin' and crimin', or more aptly my self-hate and drama of self-destruction.

Lucky to live thru it -- I today relate to it as God's will. I caught my third bid where I connected with my Creator/Higher Self, the AA & NA programs and an assortment of wonderful teachings such as yours. We're All Doing Time served like a manual for freedom.

I got paroled again in '87 and have gone on to become an addictions counselor specializing in working with those who have been incarcerated. I currently serve as Special Projects Coordinator for an alternatives-to-incarceration rehab.

Recently returned from a state conference full of law- and policy-makers. In the midst of such august company, I found myself reflecting with marvel about my journey. And I thought of you.

Dear Brother Bo, you are a Godsend. The Light you've shown unto the world, your love and kindness, move even the most hardened soul enshrouded in iron and concrete to feel the beat of God's Heart. I thank you and wish all His Blessings for you and yours.

Yours in Oneness and Wholeness, L

Dear Bo,

I've been in sort of a dilemma this week which stemmed from one of your letters in the Summer '89

newsletter (the inmate who worked in the hospital ward). I was disturbed that the inmate had laid his trip on you and as per usual, was blind to any part he played in his reality, and I wasn't in the least surprised that his decision to report the incident, or to threaten the other inmate physically, had no positive results. Even if that particular problem had been solved, I highly suspect that another similar one would have arisen in another form, and that the process will continue in his life until he goes inside to discover the part he is playing in those kinds of tragic dilemmas.

I personally don't solve any of my problems by going to the guards or officials. In my first few years of incarceration it was because I hated guards, cops, and "the system" with such intensity, and wanted a reputation as a bad ass (state-raised since I was a child). Then after I was introduced to the Spirit, I saw clearly that it had been only a reflection of myself that I'd hated all those years, and I found means of solving my personal problems through my "inner Source." I no longer consider guards or officials any less human than convicts, but I don't go to any outside source to solve my disputes or conflicts within the "Illusion."

I love you guys with all my heart and hope that by sticking my nose in this I haven't offended you. But now I'm going to stick my neck out even further and chance that I'll really piss you off with my opinion about the Texas censors.

## The New Breed



The Don of the New Age.

For starters, I haven't written them a letter because my guidance tells me that such would contribute to even further polarization and "good guy / bad guy" vibrations, and that if we will all go inside and take it up with the real problem-solver, it will be a piece of cake to the source powerful enough to keep the universe running smoothly.

I know, without the slightest doubt, that going inside ourselves to find the answers is the opposite of doing "nothing," and that with any situation, no matter how perplexing, using the Energy in order to connect with the Source is the only way to fly.

Getting back to the guy in the hospital ward, it would be extremely difficult for me to believe that if he had truly gone inside and forgiven that part of himself which was being mirrored by the "child molester who robs paralyzed people, plays with their jollies and sticks his finger up their asses," and projected the resulting enormous power from that experience in terms of compassionate energy rather than threatening words, that the entire drama would have been transformed.

I'm trying really hard to not come off like some sanctimonious jerk sidelining the plays, but man, we have to start using this stuff. You know, Sita knows, I know, and so do a lot of other folks, that IT WORKS!! When it's done clean, that kind of power just cannot lose for us.

When I was outside the Spirit and into the external hustle, I must have been a part of -- and witness to -- about as much violence and bloodletting as any con in the country on a daily basis for nearly thirty years, and a funny thing happened when I truly made the inner changes: Man, I haven't even seen a fistfight in over two years. It just hasn't been a part of my reality (and I'm not doing time with a bunch of pussies or pc's either, my friend; these guys are hard cases that the feds have farmed out to the state, most of them "known troublemakers.") But the energy in this reality just hasn't fed the violence trip.

You are my brother, man, and Sita is my sister, and no matter how much it hurts we have to keep pulling each other's shirttails because there just aren't enough of us around who can truly "grok" all of this.

I love you both, I really do, J



Dear J,

Don't worry for a second about my being pissed off with you or anything like that. I know we're brothers, and to me the greatest respect we can have for each other is to be straight, like you were with me in your letter. Anyway, you spoke your mind eloquently and I certainly appreciate it.

The points you made address some of the deepest issues about spiritual life and truth. You express a view that non-conflict is always right. My view is that even if it's right 99% of the time, there's always going to be a 1% wild card just to keep us on our toes. If there weren't, then spirituality wouldn't be such a moment-by-moment personal challenge and process of discovery. We could just learn "the rules" and abide by them. I think you and I feel exactly the same about going within and opening to our higher guidance, but you seem to be sure that the guidance will always be to refrain from struggle or conflict. But life is filled with struggle, just as it's filled with joy and harmony too. You and I surely struggle with ourselves from time to time, so what's the big deal about struggling with others? Standing up for what we believe in is one of the greatest spiritual boosts in our lives, yet it presupposes that we're standing up *against* some other way, against some stronger or more popular force.

During the Nazi extermination of the Jews, when troops stormed into a house and asked whether any Jews were hiding there, should the German Christians have told the truth if Jews were in the attic? Some did, feeling that lying would only worsen the overall spiritual dilemma. Others lied, feeling that saving lives was more important than their allegiance to speaking the truth. Was one right or wrong? And do you feel qualified to say? I surely don't. And they may all have gone inside themselves looking for their parts of the problem, asking for higher guidance and so forth, and still wound up doing opposite things. There is no one form to the Spirit.

All of that said, you do make a strong point about the guy I wrote to in the last newsletter. I suspect that you're right in saying "even if that particular problem had been solved...another similar one would have arisen..." And in fact, his next

letter was indeed about another such problem. If you recall my response, I pointed out that he needed to change his inner attitudes in order to continue being in that line of work. You put it better than I did, but we're both saying the same thing.

So it seems where we're not saying the same thing, is simply whether conflict is ever the right choice. And that's okay; we can still be friends and brothers even if we don't agree on that. I honor and admire your way, it's just not what my inner guidance shows me. I have no doubt at all that your change of attitude is the reason you haven't seen so much as a fistfight in over two years. But that doesn't mean it always works that way. It means that for your nature, for your path, that's the way it is working -- I really believe that completely. For others I've known, the same genuine inner changes seemed to result in *more* violence and challenges around them, because their lessons were different from yours. God indeed works in mysterious ways, that's all I'm trying to remind you.

Also, I think you may not realize that when I'm in conflict with, for example, the Texas Department of Corrections, to me it's still "us versus us," and not "us versus them." My Guru once said, "Do whatever you must with people, but don't shut anyone out of your heart, even for a moment." I'm not forgetting that the Texas Department of Corrections is made up of people just like you and me, people who just want to feel good and safe and loved. But in this Grand Illusion of life, this Divine Comedy and Drama we find ourselves playing, there's a battle going on between my part and their part, and that's okay with me. I didn't write the play. I just try to play my part with grace, humor, and wisdom. And like anything else, this act of the play can help all of us to become freer or more hung up, depending on how we use it.

I'm not saying you're wrong about how you're doing things in your life. Maybe the world needs both reactions -- the purely internal, and the spiritual warrior -- to serve as reminders to each other, and I hope we will, for many years to come. Sita and I appreciate your love and blessings, and you have ours as well.

Thanks for writing, Bo

Dear Bo,

I've been getting it together some with the meditation. I've come to realize that meditation is only a state of mind, and you're right, you can meditate walking around, laying down, doing whatever.

When I sit in the proper form, back straight, legs crossed, I start out with pran exercises [breathing] and then go right into meditation. I haven't had any wild experiences, no lights or anything, but there's a calm, reassuring feeling. I've also felt a rush when I breathe into the heart chakra, almost like a good shot of cocaine, but not quite that intense.

Still have a few problems, but don't we all? The main thing is that I am dealing with the problems. For a long time your advice to "just feel it and let it pass" didn't make sense to me. I thought it was like just drop all feelings and become a machine.

But now I'm getting a grasp on what you're saying. Emotions, good or bad, are all part of being human. When a bad thought or feeling comes along, let it flow through you (don't try to suppress it). In other words, feel the sadness, recognize it for what it is, and then go on with life, but leave that sad feeling behind. It might come again, but just let it come, it, recognize it, and carry on, man. Don't let the feeling control your life and actions.

I've also realized, more than ever, "It's all right here you know!" [from the story, Lineage] and I'm thankful to you for pointing me in the right direction. At first I went at it with the expectation of getting to a state of total bliss, but I don't think I was looking at the whole thing right. Now I realize there's going to be bad feelings, hurt, anger, despair, loneliness, etc., that's part of living, I mean, if your friend loses his life in a bike wreck, of course you're going to be sad, but you shouldn't let that sadness control you or your actions. You may always feel a sense of loss or sadness when you think of that friend, but you feel it, recognize it, and let it pass.

A reply is not necessary, I mean I know there are people out there with a lot worse problems than mine -- but you know, three months ago I would have told you you're crazy if you told me I'd make a statement like that. I had been feeling fucken sorry for myself Bo, I guess I hated myself for awhile, the pain was



enormous -- I thought no one gave a shit, I'm here for the rest of my life, no parole, nothing short of a large miracle would do for me. You made me realize not only that you care, but that I CARE, I LOVE MYSELF, which brought me around.

I wish they allowed us to write to other prisoners; if they did I might could help a few people.

See ya, M

[readers:

Maybe this is how we can get around those rules so M can help people. Thanks for a great letter, M.]

Love, Bo

Dear Bo,

I hope you and Sita are doing great. A few weeks ago you sent me your book *We're All Doing Time*. Thank you I enjoy it very much and always will. But I've wrote so hopefully you can help me with a problem.

I'm only 20 years old and since 1979 I've been in martial arts real heavy. In my jacket I'm considered very dangerous with my hands and feet. Well, here's the problem: Upon having a problem with the police as I walked back to the block I took out a pipe and another inmate. As it turned out, I was gassed and put in

heavy duty chains and they rode me out to a supermax facility.

I beat the cases but here's the problem: I'm supposed to be getting out soon, and every time I feel somebody trying to fuck me over I bug out, and like I said I'm only 20 I don't want to spend the rest of my life in prison. I would like to know what you think and I really hope you can suggest something that will tame this lion.

I hope you understand I don't want to do life for something I didn't mean to do. Do you think I'm crazy or am I a bug not fit for the world?

Peace and love, R

Dear R,

No, I don't think you're "a bug not fit for the world." But you're a guy with a serious problem about self-control, and you're right -- if you don't learn how to handle your temper, you're probably going to screw up your whole life.

You asked for help, but *We're All Doing Time* is the very best help I can give. Man, it took me seven years to write that book, and you write me after two weeks and ask if I have any more information for you? *We're All Doing Time* can take you all the way to where you want to go. You can use it for years and years if you're serious about making these

changes. If you're not really serious, then I could send you all the spiritual books in the world, and you're still going to bug out when somebody gives you a hard time.

So, it's up to you, R. We'll keep sending you our newsletters and any new books we publish. But you've already got the big one right there in your hands. Now it's up to you to start doing the same work that millions of us have done since the world began -- taking a long, honest look at yourself, and working with some of the ancient practices every day to quiet your mind, let go of your temper, and develop true strength. No matter how many people you write to or how many books you read, someday you're going to have to get down to it. Why not today?

One other thing I'd advise you to consider. With your lack of self-control, you shouldn't be getting drunk or stoned at all. Ever. It's not such a big deal to give it up; I have. And it'll keep you out of bars and clubs where a lot of guys like you get into serious trouble. If you really want to straighten your life out, you don't need that shit. There's a big world of people and places without hanging out in juke joints.

Go for it, brother; Bo

*A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.*

-- Jesus

The Human Kindness Foundation is non-profit & tax-exempt under section 501(c)(3) of the IRS code. Donations, bequests, and gifts are always needed and are tax-deductible to the full extent of the law. Besides the Prison-Ashram Project, the Foundation also sponsors various other events, including free lectures and workshops given by Bo Lozoff on topics such as human service, careers in non-profits, effective public speaking and other subjects. Our materials are offered free to prisoners and prison workers, and at nominal cost to others. Currently available are Bo's books, *WE'RE ALL DOING TIME* (\$10 U.S., same for the Spanish edition, *TODOS ESTAMOS ENCARCELADOS*) and *LINEAGE AND OTHER STORIES* (\$7 U.S.), plus his folk/rock album *STUMBLING TOWARD THE LIGHT* (tape or LP, \$8 U.S.), and the audiotape set of *WE'RE ALL DOING TIME* (seven tapes, \$30 U.S.). Please add \$2 postage per total order. All proceeds go directly to the foundation, and help us to continue producing and distributing free copies for prisoners.

newsletter editors Bo & Sita Lozoff; © 1989, Human Kindness Foundation.



recycled paper



TO OREGON MAILROOMS: THIS IS A QUARTERLY  
MAGAZINE MAILED DIRECTLY FROM THE  
PUBLISHER, FALLING WITHIN CURRENT  
REGULATIONS FOR THIRD-CLASS MAIL.

address correction requested

A Project of the Human Kindness Foundation

PRISON - ASHRAM PROJECT  
ROUTE 1, BOX 201-N • DURHAM, N.C. 27705



Non-Profit Org.  
U.S. Postage  
**PAID**  
Durham, N.C.  
Permit No. 205

*If we could just love one another as much as we say we love Him, I  
suspect there wouldn't be so much trouble in the world, would there?*

*-- Eva LaGallienne, in the film "Resurrection"*