

# The **A**WORD



Seaview pictures from the European Prison Art Network Travelling Exhibition    Picture of the Sun by Delroy Fogah

# The Art Of Happiness

Edited By Charlie Ryder Information Officer  
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Dear Friends: we have previously looked at forgiveness and hope . Now comes the Art of happiness. Thank you to all the wonderful contributions which shine a light on the many different interpretations that make the art of happiness. Pictured right myself, Danny from Open Book and Bobby from Unlock before we gave evidence on the role of the prison officer to the Justice Select Committee. evidence to MPs on the role of the prison officer.



European Prison Arts Network have brought together an exhibition of artwork from prisoners across Europe. I have featured some of the pictures from this Exhibition which highlight the art of happiness.

This picture was painted by a prisoner from Denmark . Before they went to prison the last thing they did was to attend a dolphin show with his mum. He has painted himself holding a piece of paper with the words 'hello mum'!



**If you enjoy the magazine please let your librarian, writing and art teacher's know about us. The magazine is free to prisoners and for anyone else who would like to be on the mailing list . You can receive the mag by becoming a member of Anne Peaker Centre. We are running a special offer of £20 and £10 for students and ex-prisoners. Current prisoners free!**



In response to the art of forgiveness edition I received this letter, poem and picture from Charlie Bronson.

"I like what you do. Blew me away the Sunny Jacobs story! Jesse Tafero will be so proud of her for sure! Charlie Bronson respect."

"Happiness is a state mind  
dig deep and find.  
It's somewhere deep inside.  
Don't leave your heart behind.  
Deep within the blackest hole  
a rainbow in a dream.  
Reaching up to kiss the sky  
clouds of Devon cream.  
A pure white dove passes by  
a tear drop falls from an eye.  
Another day another laugh  
happiness will never lie".

**By Charlie Bronson 2009**

## HAPPINESS IS AN INSIDE JOB !

**Rachel Caine is a Sacred Clown teacher, healer and performer who shares her experience of bringing the art of happiness to a prison in Spain. She wrote this article exclusive to the Aword:**

When I left the prison, thick white metal doors closed slowly as a young man stood there smiling, radiant with innocence and wearing a red nose. I will never forget his face. I sat behind the steering wheel and cried all the way, my heart was so full. Back home, taking a long look at my own face in the mirror, I saw the real me deep inside, and committed again to my mission - to bring happiness into places of pain, whether prison, hospital or just in every day life.

I am what is called a "Sacred Clown", which is a spiritual path for me and I use clowning as a vehicle for transformational healing, as well as for laughter. I teach workshops to adults - artists, doctors, performers or anyone who wants to learn how to clown to carry the work into hospitals and hospices, or to people who just want to learn how to be more happy and free in themselves. The Clown is master of emotion, and we learn how to express emotional extremes through our bodies, stories, faces and connections with each other, so that we can help our audiences to travel to these depths themselves, to go beyond them and to release feelings that can be trapped beneath layers of pain. When the clown makes fun of what is deeply serious, we can let go and breathe more easily, and we see the essential unity - places where we are all human and our folly is shared. Sharing our truth in this way and laughing allows barriers to come down.

I entered the prison gates in an orange Volkswagen camper van full of clown props and paraphernalia, playing music very loud and causing a commotion from the outset. I wanted to change the energy and make it like a party coming ... I had asked for some of the men to help me blow up balloons and we decorated the hall. To me it wasn't a prison, it was a theatre, and we were going to have fun together.

I was also a bit scared, but I had support - I knew from experience that clowning can elicit strong reactions. I was once attacked in a homeless shelter and on the streets people have occasionally reacted with violence or aggression. Some people are afraid of clowns. I was naturally worried about this so I just asked to bring love and joy and opened myself to be a channel. Starting from an empty place that is loving, non-judgmental and simply present to what is, allows the laughter in - joy is very still. I don't always get it right but mostly I can find the way to bring humour in to lighten things. I wanted to present a mirror of the predicament and somehow, through sharing my understanding of the situation, create an empathy and from that place move to lighter places of joy. I started coming out of the toilet door which entered straight into where the men were sitting. There was no physical distance between us. I was a clown in chains, tied up, carrying a mop and bucket, which I could barely move, struggling through the men to the makeshift "stage", where to the sound of Pink Floyd screaming the Wall, I fought off my chains and broke free. Then I walked back amongst them with a candle. For everyone who blew out my light, someone else offered a match to relight it, and so I travelled amongst the men, between the dark and the light, someone might snarl, another might be kind, another might be lewd, another might smile. I walked through a lot of bravado. I just kept meeting people where they were until I felt I had found the right one to join me and then he came up on stage with me and there our play began.

**The art of clowning is about playfulness - making light of everything so that we can transform it, not ignoring the painful dark places, but entering them with a lightness of heart and spirit that can change things round. The Sacred Clown is a fearless trickster...**



The young man was from Africa and was less than twenty years old. He had such a purity. He was gentle and shy but the other men encouraged him to join in the clown's scenario. I dressed him up like a clown, and he had to carry the weight of the world - a blow-up globe which he balanced on his shoulders, whilst I draped him with the trappings of a rich man - pretend money, a big bunch of keys for his freedom and an enormous pair of display Giorgio Armani spectacles which had been given to me by an optician friend. He really loved the giant glasses and happily made himself look ridiculous whilst the rest of the men cheered. We were playing with the whole gangster nonsense whilst acknowledging the pain. Resting our heads together, he began to cry.

I love playing with dustbins and the whole theme of what you can discover in the rubbish is a powerful metaphor I think for loving the ones who are often forgotten or left behind. The lid becomes a mirror wherein I see that everyone was a child once, and I look for that spark inside when I am clowning whether it is with a child or an adult, no matter what age or circumstance. I brought along my trusty bin and through discovering various things inside, ended up draped in netting, falling in love and getting married to one of the men, which was really bonkers and lots of fun ! Inhibitions and defenses started to come down as more prisoners wanted to just play.

In another section I played with the theme of drug addiction - I had to get special permission to carry a real mirror into the prison because it wouldn't normally be allowed in, and I doused it with talcum powder which I tried to snort but it went everywhere and I became covered in it, including all over my face. The mess it made was extreme and this sharing of an understanding of the nature of addiction and the craziness of it made everyone laugh. The mirror was heart-shaped and after cleaning it, I turned it round so everyone could see themselves, and there was a deeply touching moment when someone who had not seen themselves properly for a long time looked in the mirror and cried, as I gave them a hug to Joe Cocker's voice singing "You are so beautiful".

**The wildest bit was when I charged through the crowd and frog-marched one of the prison officers to accompany me on stage (despite his initial reluctance), dressing him up to also look silly - then spontaneously a group of men got up and started to join in the fun and we all danced around the prison hall, hand in hand, to wild loud music. We went really crazy ! Everyone enjoyed it, guards and prisoners alike - to cut through the fear, it's important to take risks.**

A few weeks later I was in the offices of Caritas, the charity through which I was volunteering my clown service at the time, and one of the men came in who had been in prison. He is a drug addict who was going through cold turkey but in spite of his pain he looked at me (without my make-up) and said **"Aren't you the clown who came to prison ? That day was so wonderful - I felt really free"**. It feels timely to quote Michael Jackson : "Many of our world's problems today from the inner city crime to large scale wars and terrorism and our overcrowded prisons are a result of the fact that children have had their childhood stolen from them. The magic, the wonder, the mystery and the innocence of a child's heart are the seeds of creativity that will heal the world". **Clowning takes us right into the heart of this playful magic, and through laughter and tears, compassion and our shared humanity, we can see that there might be other ways to live - together as one...**

**At the end of my show, the men were on their feet, literally screaming at me for "MORE!" Something had happened that was beyond me and them - we had met in a place of deep love, acceptance and joy, and it had opened doors.**

Rachel Caine's next workshop "Awakening to Joy!" is in Oxfordshire on 17th & 18th October 2009. Please visit [www.clownwithin.com](http://www.clownwithin.com) or [www.dorisandfriends.com](http://www.dorisandfriends.com)



## Happiness + Creativity Yoga + Meditation

by John Peek

There are many different concepts of what yoga and meditation are. Our instant vision is probably a person doing very strange exercises and tying their body in knots, and another sat cross-legged on a cushion trying to attain enlightenment. I am sure there are such folk around but that is not where I am coming from. I am a simple soul. For me yoga is yoga, meditation is meditation, and life is life. All three simply go together. No great psychological theories, no creeds, no rules or rituals to follow. Just do it.

It is good to start the day with yoga, using the exercises to gently encourage your body into action and maintain flexibility (I'm an oldie, so that's important Body building: been there, done that) My breaths are used to count the number of repetitions. By concentrating on the breath my mind begins to exclude other jangling thoughts. Breath is essential to life, my life, your life every bodies life.

So, exercises complete, on to meditation. I sit, not cross-legged but in a comfortable position. What am I expecting to achieve? Nothing, absolutely nothing. Just the realisation of the present moment. Any moments gone before, are gone, nothing can be done about them. Future moments are not here yet, and may contain almost anything. But, here and now, is the present moment. This is what we live. This very moment, and it should be lived uncluttered by all things stored in our memory. Our consciousness lives on this memory (the past) and will rush off to it without any excuse and bring back some thought or two. Acknowledge it's need, but gently put it aside. Eventually a peaceful quiet state of mind will prevail. Not necessarily every time, just sometimes. Then you will be closer to being just in the present moment. This is when creativity can hit you, like a thunderbolt from the sky. You have quietened all previous ideas and conventions and are **free to see everything as new.**

Meditating on the present moment should become a part of your everyday life, whether peeling the potatoes, doing the washing up, gardening or doing a painting. Each moment fully concentrated on what you are doing, becoming totally absorbed becoming one with it. You are it, it is you. In this way creativity lives. It has happened for me. I have always thought I could not draw or paint, but over these last four months I have been amazed at what is possible. It has been totally amazing to see what creativity is possible. Achieved by meditating on the present moment, being totally absorbed. I am the painting, the painting is me. Creativity is just waiting to happen.

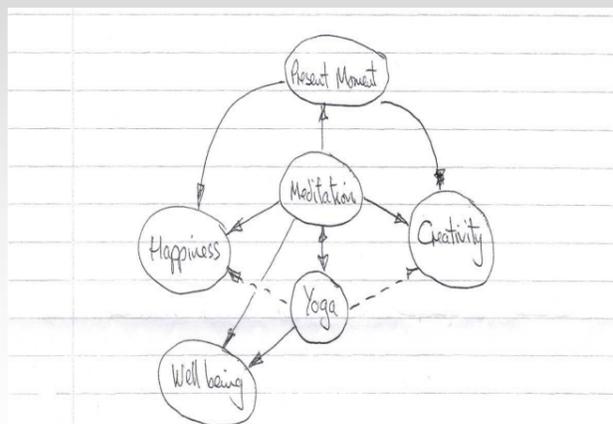
Happiness is a bit more tricky to consider because unlike creativity which comes from outside ourselves, happiness that we mostly know is embedded firmly within us, within our mind, our ego. So what do we mean by happiness? Is it having lots of money, a really nice house, the best car on the street or a good job? Or perhaps remembering good times you had with your family and friends. It is a very self centred thing that will be different for each one of us. If we look for the root of happiness, we will discover that it is one side of a coin, the other side being suffering. So, we are left with a conflict and this can be seen in individuals and the world population. It is brought about by man's greed, anger and violence. Much can be seen as a result of groups and religious nations wanting their ideas to prevail or wanting the resources of others. Conflict against being one world. If we go back to the present moment and become one with the world, I am the world and the world is me, conflict is no more and true happiness can prevail. This true happiness is being part of, and in harmony with the world.

**In conclusion, yoga and meditation can help towards our well being and by taking each moment as a new exciting happening then creativity and true happiness can emerge.**

**If you would like to find out more about yoga in prison or support their work then please contact:**

THE PRISON PHOENIX TRUST  
P.O.Box 328, Oxford OX2 7HF

[www.prisonphoenixtrust.org.uk](http://www.prisonphoenixtrust.org.uk)



# CREATIVE CONVERSATION



! “The waterfall represents happiness to some , as water is pure it relates to happiness because happiness is pure; to dilute it would destroy its purpose. The man is purifying himself through yoga and meditation. He is on one side of a coin—HAPPINESS. On the reverse side of the coin a man is naked (vulnerable), fire burns close to him and he is crouched down trying to protect himself from fire and the lightening strike. So basically he is suffering. The story shows the dark side of happiness where some people’s Happiness can create other peoples suffering. The fire is in colour to separate the flames from the man. The waterfall is falling from heaven because Heaven is a symbol of pure Happiness for many people. The lightening comes from a stormy sky and creates the “mood” for the suffering below.

! **The picture and description are by Andrew Robinson who created this in response to John Peek’s story of yoga, meditation, happiness and creativity..**

**CREATIVE CONVERSATION**



**In my dreams by Wendy Bury**

In my dreams I'm free/ running across the fields/ Hair blowing in the wind  
The child I want to be  
In my dreams  
I laugh/ Messing around with friends  
Giggling/ Acting daft

The picture is by Andrew Robinson in response to the poem. Andrew said "As I read and reread the first one (in my dreams) I had a vision of a young girl running with a wide ribbon in her hand enjoying the rare freedom of childhood. The drawing I created was pretty much as I imagined the girl is running, hair blowing freely. The ribbon is pink and red, it has hearts blowing from it showing that the girl is sharing her happiness with everyone. Perhaps her friends are running behind her—we'll never know!

**Happy by Karen Lawson**

What does happiness mean to me  
It means being the woman I was born to be./ It took so many years before I could smile  
But I'm happy now, although it's took a while/ I've lost friends and family along the way./ But true to myself I did stay,  
I now live each day as a woman full of joy./ Long gone is that unfortunate, unhappy boy/ So even though my life started crappy/ I can now finally say I am happy



**Pictures from the European PAN Travelling Exhibition.**

**Bent Bars Project,**

is a collective of non-imprisoned and formerly imprisoned people that coordinates a direct letter-writing programme for LGBTQ gender-nonconforming and intersex prisoners in the UK.

If you would like to request a pen-pal, or would like further information about the project, write to Sam at:

**Bent Bars Project, PO Box 74, Brighton BN1 4ZQ.**

**River Eden by Peter Armstrong**

The tranquillity helps to clear my mind.  
when walking down the riverside.  
Heron, Otters, Kingfishers and Mink,  
fishing, walking and sitting down to think.

Bridges, rapids and secret little pools.  
I didn't always stick to the rules.  
As I fished the private beats  
the bailiff I didn't want to meet

Eden is what my river is called  
and I am still very enthralled.  
I am only starting to lift the lid



## “SIDDARTHA” By Herman Hesse reviewed by Phil Webb.

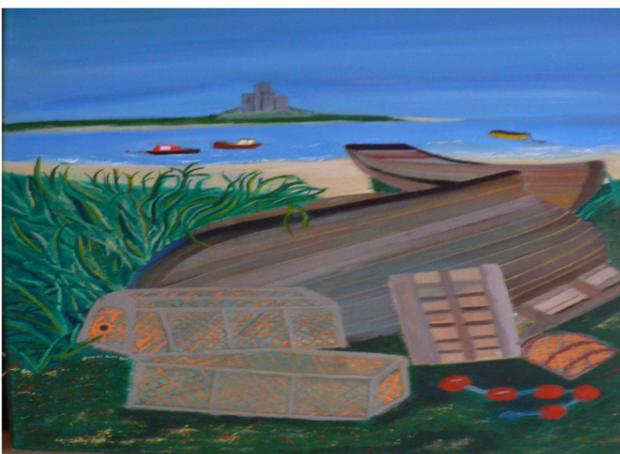
“Hesse’s “SIDDARTHA” offers us an eternal paradox. Should we search for truth and happiness through experience or rely on the teachings of others? And through that search are we ready for the truths we will encounter?”

Siddhartha’s rejection of his expected future suggests that he is opting, for the experimental path, but in reality, he and his friend Govinda, a spiritual doppelgänger, pursued established austerity.

Not until they meet the Buddha do their paths diverge, with Govinda following the teacher and Siddhartha determining to expose and experience the “self” that he had until now subjugated. Having set the parameters for this literary experiment, Hesse proceeds to chronicle Siddhartha’s descent into self, and thereby his discovery of love in both its carnal and emotional forms. His subsequent abandonment of material possessions and return to a simpler existence as a ferryman closes the circle. We turn to Hesse for resolution, but he clearly confuses the argument by confronting Siddhartha with his previously unknown son, conceived with his beloved courtesan, Kamala. After her death the boy rejects his father’s simple life and Siddhartha experiences the pain of true love.

The river provides the metaphor that Hesse needs, representing the continuity of life. The argument would appear to be settled when Govinda returns and experiences true bliss when exposed to his friend’s accumulated experience. However through his characters, Hesse tells us that whilst knowledge may be shared, wisdom cannot.

I first read this book nearly 40 years ago and it is fitting that I re-read it now, older and in greatly differing circumstances, mirroring Siddhartha’s own journey of self-discovery. **Read it yourself: it is a journal of love and hope amidst reality”**



Pictures by Sam Kerrigan

### **Life in paint by the Moet Poet**

Trays of paint brushes and canvas  
Picasso, Renoir and paint by numbers.  
Different lives different styles

**Colours reflecting the tears and the smiles.**

Passionate reds ,  
blue shades of sadness.  
The deeper the colour  
the darker the madness.

Empty canvas innocent child  
stories unfold as the brushes go wild.  
The light of love casting shadows of fear  
reflecting all in a single tear.  
Painting the present in colours of the past  
our lives in oils as long as they last.

I sit here and rack my brain night and day,  
just wishing all the bad thoughts go away.  
I push and push and try to put them aside  
but I still get that sinking feeling deep down inside.

I know its not right and doing me no good  
but trying to switch of is like knocking on wood.  
Like a Tsunami of waves they keep crashing through  
and I feel like there’s nothing else I can do.

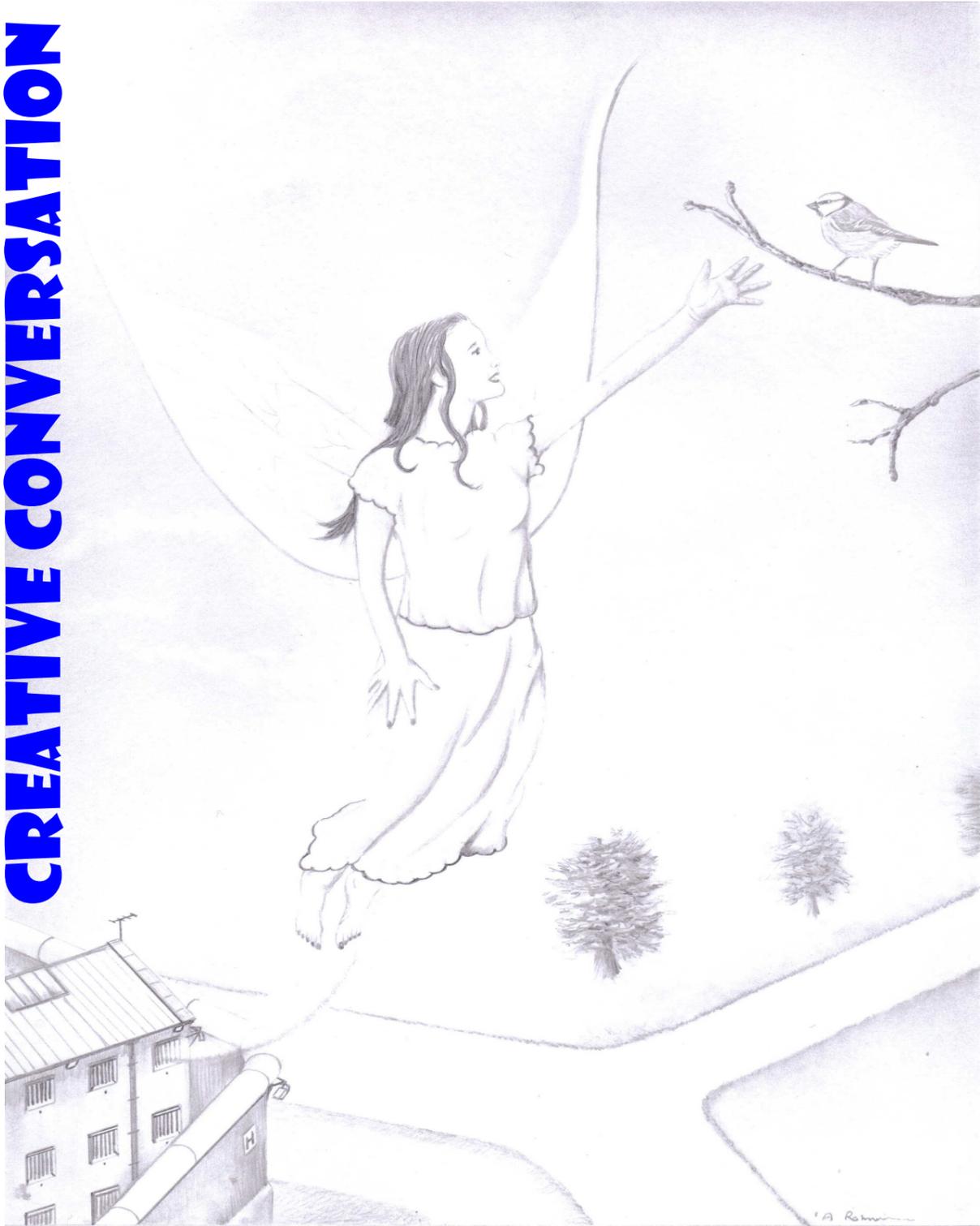
**Then I open an album and my thoughts disappear  
no more feeling isolated, anguish or fear.  
I look at my boy and my face turns to a smile  
and I know that I’m going to be alright for a  
while.**

So with that thought I get ready to sleep  
and notice that my mind runs really deep.  
So still smiling I get into bed and  
I realise its just all in my head.

By **James Featherston**



# CREATIVE CONVERSATION



## **Little Bird**

Oh little bird Flying in the sky.  
I wish I was up there with you  
looking down from high.  
Oh little bird sitting in the tree,  
how lucky you are to be flying free.  
Oh little bird pecking around for food  
I watch you from my cell each day and  
you really lift my mood

**By Wendy Bury**

**This picture was drawn by Andrew Robinson in response to Wendy's poem .**

**Andrew said "The drawing is of a young Woman who in her dreams develops wings and flies out of her prison cell to "talk" to the bird she knows .**

**Her "happiness" is evident in her smiling face and envied by other prisoners below"**

## **The art of reiki is bringing happiness to prison**

**Actor and prisoner Ste-o shares about his experience of reiki in prison.**

“The first time I experienced reiki I was having a bad day. I was hung-over from tablets and at the time I was involved in a drama production so was feeling really angry with myself for falling off the wagon and not being alert enough for the rehearsal.

The Director of the play told me that she'd give me a little blast of reiki which would help me to feel better. She explained what it was but I thought she was nice and all, but a little bit nuts. But it did revive me and I did feel better afterwards. It was a few weeks later when she started teaching me and a few of the lads that I had another experience of it. That was when I became convinced that there was something more to this and that it really was powerful. **Picture from the European PAN Exhibition.**



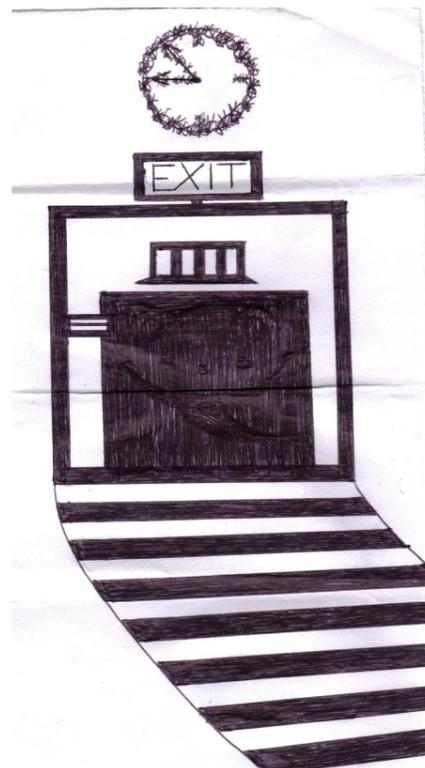
Before I did Reiki I used to get stressed out over really small things and end up snapping at people. I had a lot of anger and unresolved issues which I had never really dealt with. Through Reiki I feel more relaxed and think before I react. What's really good is the feeling you have when you give reiki as well as receive it. There's a few of us who have been attuned to Reiki 1 and 2 and we try to have Reiki healing sessions a few times a week.

**It's really had a huge impact on all of us. We are generally much more open and also we have bonded together as a group. Sometimes when we are all together and we are all giving Reiki energy to one of us, we take turns the atmosphere is so chilled and calm. Its like we are somewhere else and all the mad stuff that can happen in prison doesn't exist for that time.** We are all in the zone. Its hard to explain to anyone, what it is when new guys come in and ask we all just say it's better if you experience it. When they do they understand that its relaxing. It would be good to think that other prisoners get into it, for me it's been totally positive.

### **Nearly Time**

The night before release after what seems like an eternity.  
Was it 5 years, maybe it was 20 years?  
I really got lost in time but it really hurt me.  
Kit all packed up, smoothly shaven boots shining levis all pressed  
Shirt I've not even put to the test  
Can't wait for morning bright - up all night holding on tight.  
**Maybe** an hour or so, during the early hours sleep that is  
Speculating what flowers to buy,  
for my women when I think of her I emotionally sigh.  
**Do** I look good I say to myself in the cell - mirror,  
or am I a shadow of my former self  
as I think and put my aftershave back on the shelf.  
**All** I feel is happiness on the forthcoming day  
as the night clocky says  
'good luck fellow,' and I say back 'all the best guv',  
As I try to get my head down and think of my woman I love.  
Out through the gate at 9pm  
**There** she is with a broad smile and skin so fair  
with that yellow ribbon in her hair saying 'yes I'm still here'  
We touch our lips meet and she goes all limp,  
then we are off on our Premature honeymoon happiness is a bliss  
with that first free embracing Kiss.

**by W.F.McDonagh**

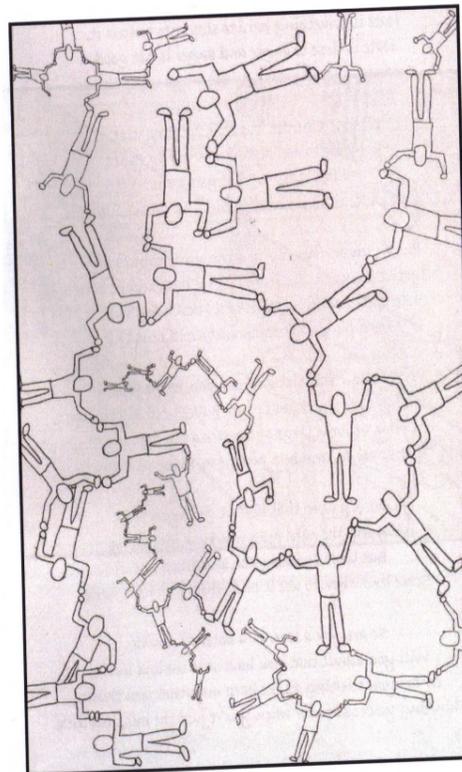




**Jamie Fletcher captures the art of happiness in his poetry and art work : he sent me a copy of his collection, above: “I never wrote or did art until I came to prison and I find it a great way of expressing my thoughts and feelings. I hope you enjoy what I do”**

**I was five**

I can remember when I was five years old  
 I was an innocent lad always doing what I was told  
 My hair was golden blonde and I had chubby little cheeks,  
 I didn't like cabbage, sprouts, onions or leeks  
 I had a pair of trousers, flared at the bottom and brown  
 And my shoes had little buckles because laces made me frown  
 I played with toy cars and Action Man as well,  
 I'd listen to my mother and the stories she would tell,  
 Chicken licken was a fave of mine with the acorn on the head  
 Mr men books too and a basset hound called Fred,  
 I'd watch things like playschool and Trumpton on TV,  
 I could also play in a puddle, easily pleased, that was me,  
 LEGO was a favourite and I'd build all day long,  
 Until it was time for bed and I'd get a bedtime song  
 I'd lie in bed and stare at the walls and the peeling paint  
 I'd hear the TV on downstairs it was quiet and very faint,  
 As I would drift off and I entered into the land of nod,  
 I would dream about George and zippy and occasionally Bod,  
 I'd play Ker Plunk with spiderman or Buckeroo with HULK,  
 And when I'd wake up the next day it would start with a sulk,  
 Moody in the morning and didn't want to get out of bed  
 Then mum would shout “breakfast” and it would be time to get  
 fed.  
 These are the things I remember and I smile at the thought  
 But these are just memories now and memories can't be bought.



### This is what I miss

When I'm curled up in my bed at night and trying to get to sleep  
All sorts of things go through my mind and sometimes I even weep,  
I think of the life I have and how its come to this,  
I think of silly little things, out there that I miss

**Like cutting** into a freshly baked, warm loaf of bread  
Going to sleep easily at night lying in my own bed,  
Waking up on my own not next to fifty men,  
not living my life like Groundhog Day, over and over again.

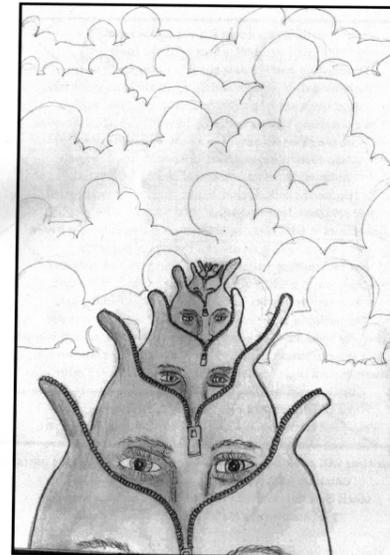
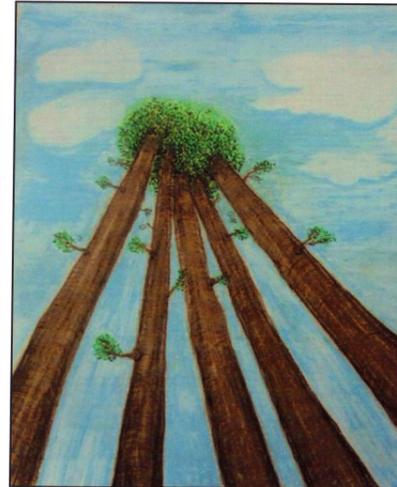
**Having** a shower on my own and the temperature how I like  
Going out on a sunny day and riding around on my bike,  
Seeing my mum and dad whenever I feel the need,  
The separation from my family makes my heart start to bleed.

**I could eat** a nice piece of chicken all golden and crispy brown,  
I could go shopping or down the pub and walk freely through the town,

I will call some friends on my mobile phone I know I've missed that,  
they will have to come and find me because by the river I'll be sat.

**Enjoying** the life I've missed out on and catching up with it all  
I'll walk through the fields feeling like I'm ten feet tall.  
The time that I've spent here has gone and it won't come back  
but now I have the knowledge that once I did lack.

**Better days** are coming and although they seem far away,  
I am preparing myself now for that freedom day,  
I'll get back to normality and enjoy the things I miss,  
and even though it's a little way off I still look forward to this.



## JAMIE FLETCHER

### Words and images

(with permission)

### Moods

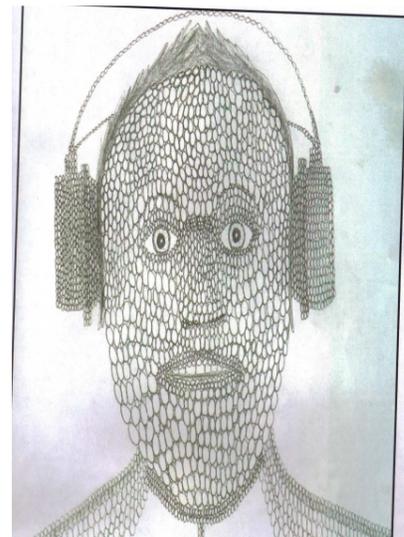
The mood has changed again and the smile is back on my face.  
What is it that makes this happen?

I woke early to see the new days sun skimming the grass outside  
it spread like a wave of good news.

The sunlight hits the tulip leaves and the light fades,  
It retains it's magic and slowly moves over the daffodils,  
everywhere I look a smile is worn and cheery is the word of the day.  
As I walked to my designated area hearty greetings are passed about.

If this is what the weather does then why not bag it up,  
Distribute it on the NHS and make the country smile  
Fill up the grey areas and banish depression,  
breath in the cold, fresh air and oxygenate the brain,  
motivation fills the veins and progress will be made,  
Step by step by step by step,

with each step another step follows pushing forward,  
Ever onwards, my journey is in motion,  
I am at my halfway point and optimism fills my mind,  
Only good things can happen now  
I will make sure of that.



## Are you having a laugh?

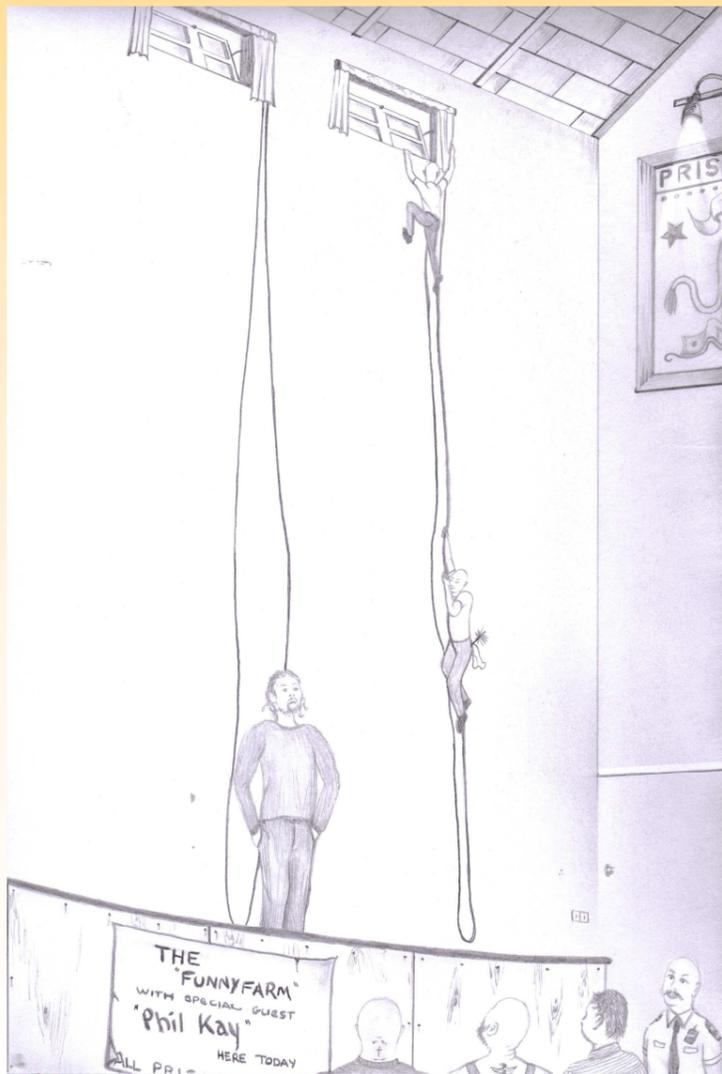
Comedian Phil Kay talks about how he discovered the art of happiness in prison.

“Well forgiveness, hope and now happiness. the big three yes I performed once in Barlinnie Prison Special unit in the very early nineties. when the painting and arts were encouraged. When prisoners beyond re-prieve had personalised cells and TV and conjugal visits. It seemed to be a big manifestation of the whole post-talking, post-theory magic of just actually doing and being good. Sometimes just doing a good thing sets the whole new trajectory into motion both as an individual and as an organisation.

I went to do a stand-up comedy gig with three others from the Scottish comedy collective "TheFunnyFarm"...we were all terrified. not entirely just to be in with seriously hardened men, not after one of them told us how he'd chased a social worker round the ping pong table with a spatula after he got bored of being patronised. No it was the whole idea of 'what can we talk about that they will associate with?"

**I actually remember thinking well I can't do my cycling jokes because they do not ride bikes.**

As it happened as is always the case with every crowd they just want to hear you talk well about the things you know and it was all very successful. Plus there were these amazingly long long curtain closing chords that hung down twenty feet from some skimpy wee curtains that covered some strange weird odd wee windows way up there. I opened them a bit and dust came down and did it a bit more faster and we came up with a routine me and the inmates about escaping and being caught and pretending we were just up there to do a bit of dusting..



**Do the good thing... do the good gig... do the good art... do the good time... happiness was there!**

Happiness ... is the word we give to that feeling when it is around, when you are doing the best in a certain situation then it is most probably there too”.

**Andrew Robinson**

has drawn this picture to illustrate Phil Kay's piece for the **art of happiness**. “I decided to draw “Phil” on stage in the prison, watched by prisoners. At the back of the stage a couple of prisoners are “escaping” through the “tiny wee windows” up high. They have cleaning gear with them as Phil describes in his piece.

**I think I am a happy man by Ian Hall**

I am the shine of the sun  
I am the joke in your Christmas cracker  
I am the smile in your face  
I am the sparkle in a diamond.

I am the mince in your mince pie  
I am the sugar in your tea  
I am the twinkle in your eye  
I am the smell of your roses.

I am the flame on a candle  
I am the glistening in a waterfall  
I am the colours of a rainbow  
I am a lick of your ice cream.

I am the apple in your crumble  
I am the flash of your inspiration  
I am the white horses in the surf.  
I am the whistle of a steam engine

I am the surprise in your Easter egg,  
I am the magic in your dreams  
I am the spark of your sparkler  
I am the first flower of each new season

I am the coral in the Great Barrier Reef,  
I am the sound of the dawn chorus,  
I am the message inside your wedding  
band  
I am the smell of crispy bacon  
I am your happiness in every sensation



**Ismail** has painted this picture in response to **Ian's** poem.

**Playwright David Smith shares the art of happiness**

In 2008 Synergy theatre project launched its second national script writing competition Write Now open to any prisoner in England and Wales. The winner of this competition David Smith has written this article on the art of happiness.

"I know that when we chase happiness it eludes us like a naughty puppy being chased. Happiness is not a destination that you work towards. If only I work hard enough, try hard enough buy enough things etc I will be happy. When we take that tack we are always disappointed, always asking 'Are we there yet ? Happiness is a state of being that creeps up on us when we let go when we relax into ourselves. To do this takes a form of courage. We have to dare to let go of all the temporal frustrations and disappointments. We have to have the courage to confront our despair.

Each state of happiness will be unique to each individual and yet there are common features that bind us all. I think one of the most human features is love. Giving without necessarily receiving, completing a job well done, making someone laugh. All of them corny and cliché but quintessentially true.

A dismal character in 'The Producers' 'Bloom' is led astray by another character. He is persuaded to take a day off work eat ice cream and take a boat ride in the park. Bloom suddenly realises he has a strange feeling. The other character Max says 'that's cos you're happy!' Bloom is shocked and suddenly realises 'I'm happy, I'm happy' he shouts. Happiness had crept up on him when he stopped chasing it and took a day off. Maybe that's a start. All that depression? All that pain? Take a day off!"

**Lucy Forde from Inside Time writes about how Inside Poetry came about and has selected a few happy poems. (poems reprinted with permission from Lucy Forde)**

'Inside Time have been running a poetry section for nearly two years now; it started off as three or four poems on the back page, has risen to two pages a month and three or four 8 page supplements three times a year. To be honest, we could fill the whole newspaper with poems for three months given the number I receive on a daily basis. Because of the standard of poetry was so high we thought it would be great if people who are not in prison got the opportunity to read them and so the idea of Inside Poetry was born.

For many the idea of writing one's inner most thoughts is pretty scary, but despite this many offender management courses – particularly addiction programmes – actively encourage the writing of poetry as a means of cleansing. Once they have got the bug, the poems come thick and fast and I suspect many can't write quick enough to catch the words as they tumble around in their minds. A number of the poets tell me that this is their first attempt and please excuse my spelling and handwriting; I always do – not least because I am going to be typing them up if they are selected. Every contribution is acknowledged and where appropriate I add a few words of encouragement and now have many 'pen pals' in the prison poetry community.

I suppose it is fairly difficult to write funny or light hearted poems when you are incarcerated but we do get some and I have included a selection. Read the poems and I guarantee that you will go through a range of emotions and I defy you to not admit that at least once you would like to have been able to give the poet a hug! Enjoy the samples and go out and buy the book, spread the word that there is a colony, growing by the day, of budding poets living in prison.

**You**

In the morning I don't eat  
because I think of you.  
In the afternoon I don't eat  
because I think of you  
And at night I don't eat  
because I think of you  
And at night I don't sleep  
because I'm hungry!

**Paul Stellato Page 186**

Inside Poetry  
Edited By Rachel Billington  
Isbn 978-09562855-0-8  
£7.50 from **inside time**

**Freebird**

They're here throughout the year, eating scraps of bread.  
Well, just the other morning, while I was still in bed  
An incident took place that wasn't in my dreams  
It's true I tell you, no matter how it seems.  
Not a common sight, I'm sure as sure can be  
For the first time that day I saw a duck, sitting in a tree.  
At first I only heard him, in fact the bastard woke me up.  
Lookin' round for missiles I grabbed an apple, then a cup.  
I scanned below my window whilst standing on my bed,  
To get the perfect shot and bounce them off his head.  
but this rowdy little quacker was hidden far too well,  
and from where the noise was coming, I really couldn't tell.  
The squawking was relentless, more prisoners grew irate,  
the love for ducks we had, quickly turned to hate.  
Morning unlock came around and we all began the search,  
'til at last the beast was spotted on it's lofty perch.  
Big Stuart was the first on scene, shouting out aloud,  
'Look up there' he cried, 'it's in a tree, sitting peacock  
proud'.  
'Yeah right', I said, then looked once and did a double take.  
There it was, this bloody duck who'd kept us all awake.  
T'was far enough away, our fruit just wouldn't reach.  
So Mr Mallard carried on, with his noisy, ducky speech.  
The foliage was far too thick, I wondered where he'd put his feet,  
Must've stopped right where he landed, using branches as a seat.  
Then I thought about this duck, sitting in a tree,  
Maybe he's got stuck up there, imprisoned just like me.  
Perhaps the quacks were cries for help from this stranded drake,  
I just wanna go back home, he's longing for his lake.  
Now ducks can fly well enough, once they get a-going,  
but usually need more take off room than a double decker Boeing.  
So how he's getting down again, I really couldn't say.  
I didn't see it happen, but he must've found a way.  
We'd moved away by then, driven crazy by the sound,  
When suddenly all went quiet, the feeling quite profound.  
I ran along the landing to take another look  
and standing there was just the tree, without the bloody duck!

**Wolfie Bishop Page 21**

**INSIDE POETRY – FROM INSIDE TIME**



### The Arts on the Out logo competition.

As part of our Arts on the Out service we are looking for a new logo. Thanks to the kind support of Haven books we are running a competition to design a logo something **big, bold and eye catching.**

We are looking for a painting, drawing or graphic design which captures the theme 'Arts on the Out' The winner will receive a prize and will feature on the cover of the next Aword. They will be judged by an independent panel of art teachers.

Please send your entries to Charlie Ryder Anne Peaker Centre  
20 Newburn street Waterloo London SE11 5PJ. The closing  
deadline for submissions is **1<sup>st</sup> November 2009.**

Dear Supporter,

- Are you an artist currently working in the arena of social exclusion?
- Are you a professional engaged in commissioning arts and development initiatives for your clients?
- Is your business aimed at improving the social and creative potential of ex-prisoners or people at risk of offending?
- Are you a researcher keen on accessing materials on arts in criminal justice?
- Are you a university lecturer interested in opening up debates and conversations around culture & criminology?

If so, you could benefit from membership of **Anne Peaker Centre for Arts in Criminal Justice.**

If you would like to join the growing ranks of Anne Peaker Centre's membership, with access to research and training opportunities as well as regular opportunities to network with practitioners in the sector, sign up online at [www.apcentre.org.uk](http://www.apcentre.org.uk) or write to Ally Walsh at Anne Peaker Centre  
20 Newburn Street Waterloo London SE11 5PJ

**The 2009 membership promotion is running now, so don't delay!**

