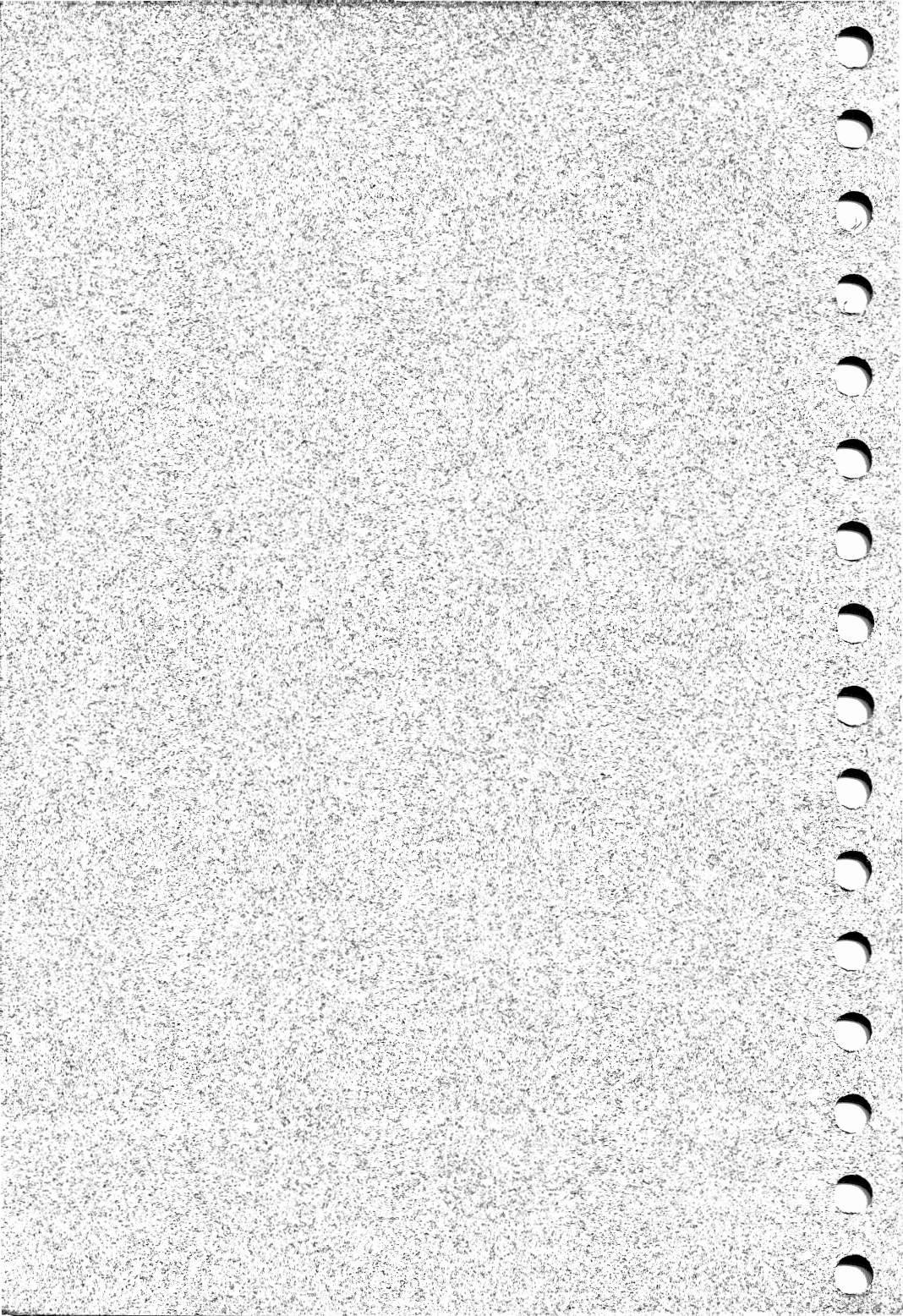


The One-Hour Writing Session

1993-94

volume 3

Satsvarūpa dāsa Goswami



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Satsvarūpa dāsa Goswami
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A Note on the Inner Voice

by Madhumāṅgala dāsa

Those who can contact their inner voice are rare. Most of us can contact it from time to time in our lives but few strain to hear it and then act upon it. Certainly those who contact that voice and articulate it are rare and especially when a devotee does it it is valuable.

As regarding the Writing Sessions and giving up after half an hour or doing other things, tending the fire etc.—I guess you can't take your free-writing for granted—or too cheaply. It is so valuable and therefore sometimes you have to pay the price. Sometimes it may come easy (e.g. when you are in practice) and maybe now it is not coming so easy so therefore you have to pay for it—give yourself assigned times when you are under discipline to do nothing else, no excuses, just stay there, sit and write. There may be a little austerity, stiffness or dryness but how long can it last? You are a writer and you will write, even starting by writing about the stiffness or being out of touch and from there you take off. You are practicing Kṛṣṇa consciousness, that is vital to you and us, your readers. That's where the honesty and integrity of your inner voice is rooted. That's your identity—so don't be afraid or intimidated to let that voice speak—give him a chance. If you don't

keep pushing th epen—no excuses—how can he
manifest?

Reading and Writing

I have been encouraging myself about how important it is to read *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*, and I think that's a hundred and one percent good attitude. But I have to be careful not to be negative in any way towards writing itself as being foolishness. For proof I only have to remember how I have written two different crises in recent years. So the writing is good even when it's just plowing along. It was nice to see a line in a letter from a friend who said, "I hope you are able to find many places to stop and write and read, and that you will see that the writing is its own justification, just as much as the reading." I think I needed to hear that. I do have a desire to take shelter of Śrīla Prabhupāda in his books. It's the most important thing, it can save one at the time of death and so on. But the tendency is to think, "Well this writing is not going to save you at the time of death. Maybe I should just concentrate on reading."

Writing is my service and I have to be happy of that and realize that it has its own justification as much as the reading. Neither is it just a passionate idea of being an author who publishes, but it's everything. It's the hearing, it's the chanting, the preaching and the self-improvement.



September 15, 1993

1 A.M.

When that man came to see me last night I tried out my new-found faith in Prabhupāda's books. I said I am not troubled by what he says about the origin of the living entity—when he seems to say we fell from the spiritual world. The man was troubled because someone said this is not the Gauḍīya Vaiṣṇava philosophy but, "Śrīla Prabhupāda wrote that way for neophytes." It can be explained better *what* Śrīla Prabhupāda is doing but at present I prefer not to be forced to express my opinion of what he's doing.

I said Kṛṣṇa consciousness (Śrīla Prabhupāda said) is sublime for great scholars and accessible for neophytes—Śrīla Prabhupāda's writings are like that. I mainly want to read his purports with faith and attention—not thinking, "Is this *rasika* selections?" Or "How does this line up with what other *ācāryas* say?" (or with what the scientists say, what the psychologists say, what the liberal humanists say, what *I* think etc.) Make that act of faith. I used to read this way and now I can't read with simple faith but with more intelligence as to what I am doing when I accept my Gurudeva as all in all. If the spiritual master says a stick is a snake and if he then says no a snake is stick, I want to accept it. I want to please him.

It will be nice if I can enunciate this and encourage others. But I don't want to do it to gain the reputation of being a staunch Prabhupāda man. It will be good for me to read regularly in good consciousness in good times during the day, even if I can only sustain it for short periods. When I read I'm not so much seeking information, memorization etc., but to enter a state of sincere *śraddhā* and appreciation. I want to enter deep states of hearing (clearly) and appreciating what Śrīla Prabhupāda is saying.

Just now I looked at the verse and purport, *brahmāṇḍa bharmite kona bhāgyavāna jīva* (Cc. *Madhyalīlā*, 19.151). This connects the karma and transmigration with coming to meet the guru and receiving the seed of pure devotional service.

Senior Godbrothers are gathering information from new translations of *śāstras* and *ācāryas* commentaries. They are going deeper into explanation of the science of *bhakti*. This is especially good when they produce explanations that build our faith in Śrīla Prabhupāda's books. For myself, I want to concentrate more on Śrīla Prabhupāda's books themselves and what they say.

I can also take reading retreats. Look to do that while here in India. And each day can contain small retreats even while I live in the temple. I proposed that my writing should serve the reading. I realize that at present I am talking of faithfulness to Śrīla Prabhupāda but I haven't been practicing it enough. In a similar way, I'm starting to speak of Prabhupāda *mūrti* worship and the importance of

following a program of work giving by Śrīla Prabhupāda. Let me actually do these things.

I also want to read Śrīla Prabhupāda's letters to me.

"Kṛṣṇa is situated in everyone's heart and if one desires something, Kṛṣṇa fulfills one's desires." Kṛṣṇa gives him the chance to meet a bona fide spiritual master. One could say, Yes we meet Śrīla Prabhupāda and he's our *dīkṣā-guru*. And if we desire to go further and need help, Kṛṣṇa will send a *śikṣā-guru*. Śrīla Prabhupāda can arrange, even after his disappearance, that we meet a *śikṣā-guru*. This is an explanation offered by Nārāyaṇa Maharaja as to how we came to him.

I think we have exaggerated the statement that Śrīla Prabhupāda told us to go to Nārāyaṇa Maharaja for further instructions. He told us to go to both Śrīdhara Mahārāja and Nārāyaṇa Mahārāja. But it is debatable what he wanted us to go to them for. Some say he meant only technical advice, such as how to conduct the burial of our spiritual master. Some say it was a big mistake for ISKCON leaders to consult with Śrīdhara Mahārāja and this led to our forming the ISKCON zonal-guru policy, and only eleven "picked" gurus. Yet in Bombay last year I was referred to this same instruction by Śrīla Prabhupāda—to go consult with Śrīdhara Mahārāja and Nārāyaṇa Mahārāja—as an evidence of why we can go to Nārāyaṇa Mahārāja for *śikṣā*. I spoke this in public and it disturbed Gopāla Kṛṣṇa

Mahārāja and some others. I was willing to do it but I don't want to speak like that again.

How much supplementary *śikṣā* do we need beyond what we get from Śrīla Prabhupāda? It's not harmful to read new translations of authorized books. That is another way of accepting previous *ācāryas* as our *śikṣā-gurus*. But I have been doing that considerably and now I want to prove to myself that I can be nourished as a teacher and devotee just by reading Śrīla Prabhupāda's books. That will be a good example to other devotees who often ask, "Isn't it enough to study Śrīla Prabhupāda's books?" That question is often considered naive, as fanatic or unlearned. But it's a valid question and a poignant one.

Before I announce myself (bragging) as a faithful reader of Śrīla Prabhupāda's book, one who is satisfied, enlightened and enlivened by those books—let me actually do it. I've often criticized the gung-ho expressions of exclusive loyalty to Śrīla Prabhupāda by those who say it with mixed motives, as they try to push devotees to do a certain service or to accept themselves as Prabhupāda's best representatives.

In fact the pro-Prabhupāda rhetoric is made by persons who speak obnoxious criticism of the GBC, ISKCON, its gurus etc. So I say I want to reform my habits as a personal act and not to rapidly represent myself, "Papa's got a brand new bag."

Nārāyaṇa Mahārāja is right when he says no *śāstra* or *ācārya* tells us not to associate with a Vaiṣṇava. And he's technically correct when he says

Śrīla Prabhupāda told us to consult with Nārāyaṇa Mahārāja, Therefore ISKCON devotees shouldn't be criticized for going to him and hearing faithfully. Each of them is responsible for his or her own spiritual life. It's also not wrong if I re-assess my own position and decide I want to concentrate more on my relationship with Śrīla Prabhupāda. It's an individual matter. If someone asks me, I can admit I'm re-turning to Śrīla Prabhupāda, or trying to. But I'd rather just do it and not advertise. One of the twenty-six qualities: a devotee is silent. Śrīla Prabhupāda says, He is a silent worker; he doesn't advertise himself.

Wouldn't it be nice if I could take a retreat and divide my day for *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*, *Bhagavad-gītā*, or *Caitanya-caritāmṛta*? And look at my letters from Śrīla Prabhupāda. And conduct some *mūrti* worship. And try to consciously carry out his orders in ISKCON. If partly my motivation is to be an inspiration for others that needn't be a superficial or bogus motive. Śrīla Prabhupāda wants me to encourage them more and more. He sees the senior disciples as a main factor in keeping his movement strong. But I don't want to do these things for name and fame—"I'm the best disciple"—or it will be a cause for another kind of deviation.

"The word *guru-prasāda* indicates that the spiritual master is very merciful in bestowing the boon of devotional service upon the disciple. That is the best possible gift the spiritual master has to offer" (Cc. *Madhya-līlā*, 19. 152, purport).

He gives the seed of *bhakti-latā*. And he continues to be our guide.

Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare/
Hare Rāma Hare Rāma, Rāma Rāma Hare Hare.

Proceed with caution.

Full speed.

Use time well.

Don't offend anyone, especially *sādhus*.

go to *maṅgala-ārati*.

Set a good example. Keep on writing. Chant Hare Kṛṣṇa and hear the *mahā-mantra* with attention. I'm offering you this advice.

Yes, please do so; we like it. We think we have met your goodness by the will of Providence just to be the captain of our ship in this bad age of Kali.

Samsiddhir hari-toṣaṇam.

After I sleep after lunch

I wake up—she's still

moaning a song of Rādhā.

The sky is bright blue.

The fan revolves.

When I wake up at first

at first I don't want to get up.

But I saw a note for me
under the door.

Get up and do something.

Try to remember who you are,
who you were.

Prabhupāda said,

waking is like eternity.

Where are the monkeys?
Where are the birds?
How much time do I have
before Madhu knocks and
comes in to tell me what
I must do with my afternoon.

I have a 16th round to chant.
Something to pee.
Reading and lecture assignment.
Something I just forgot.

No I'm awake, running to 3 P.M.
Watch out for little ants and
poet's influence in "The Best
American poetry of 1990."
Water to drink.
Words to select.
No choice in whether to live
or die or to stop time or
let time go.
But a little free will—
choose Kṛṣṇa.
No hope now to change a bad habit
of inattentive *japa*.
But I speak with hope.
Grace can still descend.
It's only 3 P.M.—5 hours
until my night-rest,
and the morning,
the morning.

Now—the fan revolving,
the crow wing spread,
the blue sky, green trees—
you are in Vṛndāvana.

(Vṛndāvana)

September 18, 1993

1 P.M.

I didn't write in this "Diary" yesterday except for the 1-2 A.M. slot. Busy with Prabhupāda Diary and then in evening with proofreading "*Śaraṇāgati*" manuscript. Also twice a headache arose and twice I subdued it. I also wrote an appreciation of Bhurijāna's book and fielded some incoming mail.

Hare Kṛṣṇa. Writing always helps. Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa. Prabhupāda *mūrti*.

Did you read *Caitanya-caritāmṛta*?

More to do. Doctor Pani comes today. Bhurijāna said, "Please tell him although I am a householder I don't have much money and I live in Vṛndāvana."

Hare Kṛṣṇa. B. also asked, "How is your *japa* going?"

I preferred to answer in a positive spirit. Why bother judging "my" *japa*? It is a practice; mine may be poor but I know so little of the ocean of Hare Nāma. Example: a devotee did some *prema* therapy on me and I felt nothing because it's a subtle material energy. But he assured me it was working powerfully. Hare Nāma is like that, working powerfully even if I don't feel it.

Dear Hare Nāma, he asked if I increase my *japa* quota. I said I do it in a three week retreat—up to

thirty-two rounds. Otherwise no, sixteen rounds at eight minutes per round.

I didn't like to reveal the secret of taking a retreat.

Each day here is nice. I'm not going out on *pari-krama*, mainly because I'm so prone to get headaches. I'm lucky if I can visit on our own campus, the Samadhi Mandir and Śrīla Prabhupāda's room without getting head pain. I'm appreciating those places very much as the King of *tirthas*. Don't boast of it, but if someone asks me I can say I like it there. But this is also the reason I don't go outside.

Hare Kṛṣṇa. Answer your mail, read *Caitanya-caritāmṛta*, look at another of your lecture outlines and get them ready. When it's VIHE time I won't be able to do much else but give my lecture.

Someone stole my "*ahimsa*" shoes yesterday. I placed them outside the Samadhi Mandir. Someone did not give a damn whether it was an irreligious act. They were so much in need of money and figured this rich "Englishman" can afford it. I liked those shoes but I have more.

In your own reading you can begin Lord Caitanya's teachings to Sanātana Gosvāmī, beginning with a description of the living entity.

When Mahārāja returns . . . When VIHE begins . . . When more "big" devotees arrive and disciples arrive. The overall pressure on me will develop. Madhu can consider buying out tickets.

Hare Kṛṣṇa. Not very deep so far this morning. But writing deep could also be a performance. If

you don't feel "deep." don't bother to agitate yourself.

I've got a strap around my tape recorder case, so it can be used as a Walkman. I play Śrīla Prabhupāda chanting *japa* and I walk back and forth or sit before his *mūrti*.

I'm serious about carrying the *mūrti*. M. said it won't be a problem to pack him in foam rubber in my black bag. So if that's a fact then I think I'll plan to do it. Buying him clothes.

It was nice worshipping him, massage and bathing yesterday.

Devahuti-devī dāsi in Baltimore reads positive thinking books, has a troubled life; is determined to live with devotees. She takes much solace in "Among Friends" and even asked me not to make disparaging remarks about my own writing. OK, I won't; I'll try to deliver the goods.

Dear friends, I can't tell you what really happened to me so far this year in India. But I can put it in a positive way: I've been trying to turn more to Śrīla Prabhupāda. I've discovered that the Samadhi Mandir and Śrīla Prabhupāda's room here at Krishna-Balaram Mandir are the two best *tīrthas* in the world. Besides, I'm so prone to headaches that it's too much for me to venture out on *parikrama*. I don't want to attempt superimposing my values on others. Yet when I see devotees so vigorously going out to see temples, Yamunā, the dust of Vṛndāvana, even *daṇḍavat parikrama*, I can't help but think it can all be attained by thoughtful visits to

his room and *samādhi* and by staying in one's room and reading his books. One may think, "I only am able to come to Vṛndāvana rarely, so I should not stay in my room and read." But who gets much chance to read in Los Angeles or Detroit? If Vṛndāvana provides you a break from your normal duties, and if you have the presence of mind to read better, go ahead and do it. It is the Vṛndāvana spirit. Śrīla Prabhupāda is the Vṛndāvana guru, giver of the holy name and teachings of Vṛndāvana and he is the revealer of the holy *dhāma* for his disciples.

Ironic I should say this—that devotees should "confine" themselves to Śrīla Prabhupāda. At least they should give him equal time to anyone else they are hearing from and his place is as good as anyone else's.

Gudakeśa is taking care of Śrīla Prabhupāda's rooms at Rādhā-Dāmodara Mandir. He pedals on a bicycle every morning to be with devotees and Deities at Krishna-Balaram Mandir for *maṅgalā-ārati*.

Hare Kṛṣṇa. Gradually the population of ISKCON devotees increase. You venture out of your room and head for his Samadhi Mandir but it's like walking the gauntlet. You meet someone from Alachua, Florida on the third floor stairway of the guest house. You haven't seen him in many years. You sincerely chat. Then you start down. You see someone who wants to take initiation from you, but you don't want to give it to him. Think of all

the letters you have to write. Population increasing.

Pop songs . . . Drift by, let it go, "We're having a heat wave/ a tropical heat wave/ it isn't surprising/ the temperature's rising . . . " Let them float like breeze through gnarled trunks of trees. They say people bring their sins to a holy place and depart them here. The powerful holy person comes to purify the *tīrtha*. All our memories and subtle karma floating off in the Yamunā. (Is the water in the bathroom tap the Yamunā? Yes but you ought to still go to the bank of the river where Kṛṣṇa played.)

When you get old and physically feeble, you can't get out to so many places. When he lived at Vamśī Gopāla temple in the 1950s, Śrīla Prabhupāda used to bathe daily in the Yamunā. The Gosvāmīs highly recommend it, Yamunā, Govardhana, and especially Rādhā-kuṇḍa. We noticed that Śrīla Prabhupāda rarely went to any of those places. We can't imitate him, yet I can't help but be influenced by what he did. He stayed in his room and wrote books and managed ISKCON with letters and personal talks and he lectured in Krishna-Balaram Mandir. I can do like that and it won't be a shame or scandal if I don't get out much. He stayed in his room and I go to see him in his room.

To come to Vṛndāvana and begin Prabhupāda *mūrti* worship again, sounds auspicious to me.

You ought to, you ought, we tell each other what to do. Each person is on his own trend and he tells

others, "You shouldn't do what I do." But it's overbearing. Let your friend do his trend and you do yours. In close friendships I should be able to tell my friend my trend without intimidating either myself or him. He won't try to change me to his way and I'm not saying he ought to do what I do. Of course, in danger issues, like whether to practice Kṛṣṇa consciousness, chant at least sixteen rounds, follow the four rules, that's different. If I can influence a friend or be influenced by him on these matters it's favorable. However even on such basic behavior I can't just heavy him out, "Do it. I'm doing it. And it's best for you to do." The art of gentle influence, how to give it and receive it.

The *dhāma* influences us. It comes in our pores and breath and mentality—it works at our soul. ISKCON devotees who come here have an admirable faith in Vṛndāvana-*dhāma*. They know it's worked before and they come back for more. The effect wears off in the West and they come back again. Complainers complain wherever they are, then here. But . . .

Sweating. Speed up the fan. Fifteen minutes more to write. Everything at a pace—try to quicken you *japa* rate but keep your heart beat steady and not fast. A terminal patient comes to Vṛndāvana just to remind us. We are happy at the juice bar, vigorously out in the morning for *parikrama*, making our ambitious reading plans, writing in our journal. But the terminally ill man or woman says

without speaking, "It all has to end. Better think like that. Make a song of *this*."

Death Blues

You have to die, mmm, mm,
Ain't so far to go now.
Better chant in that mind.
I know a fellow passed away
before his 30th year.
A gal died in the coffin
while smiling in youth.
Every day it's happening,
taking them to the Yamunā
and burning the body.
Don't mean to depress you, my friend,
but it's the fact of life.
In the bazaar, in the stack
of red *sindura*,
in the spinach you buy,
notice that man's missing death?
See the best over old Wicklow?
Even the plump *gurukula*
kid carries the same message.
Oh it's death, death,
that stalks us all.
But the answer for a devotee,
is not to cling to mortal pleasure,
but to sing Kṛṣṇa and Rādhā's names
and come to the basic
worship
of Prabhupāda and Kṛṣṇa.
Better be doing what you

want to do when you die—
that's what the whole *Bhāgavatam*'s
about.

Mahārāja Parīkṣit's 7 days.

Starts with 7 and soon is 6,

read on and wind down,

better be doing what you

want to do before you die.

Better avoid hurting other devotees

or even failing to be happy when

you see the Vaiṣṇava.

Better pray for strength and mercy.

(Vṛndāvana, Krishna-Balaram Mandir)

October 1993

A session in which I persisted
even when I saw it was below
Kṛṣṇa consciousness. I kept rolling.

Faced a question "they" asked:
"Why isn't there more love in our dealings
of ISKCON?" I couldn't answer it.
Mumbled. I like to be alone

I could be using my time better. You could . . .
But at least you've got your lecture tonight, and
whatever you read. Did you read? Did you bat back
some letter?

Suresvara said his father wanted him to be a
baseball player and then to be an advertising man
on Madison Avenue.

Yeah but what about Kṛṣṇa consciousness?

Hey where's my verboten book?

Never mind, you don't need it. Just talk clean
and straight. Tell me why you ate so much and
slept so much? Tell me where the time slipped
away to?

I spoke with RR and that was nice. He is so sub-
missive that I dare to instruct him. And _____ the
"No more initiations" decision in a little talk with
M. regarding śikṣā-guru in ISKCON. As I said, I
batted back some lectures.

Gopāla Kṛṣṇa Mahārāja came to Vṛndāvana yes-
terday afternoon and by today he was gone. GBC

visit. Maybe I need more of that, whirl around pace.
Or give me a place where I can go deeply into writing and reading, Śrīla Prabhupāda. I realize you sacrificed a quieter life of more literary output, so that you could give life to your devotees in many places around the world. You managed, you maintained. You ruled ISKCON as a humble service to your Guru Mahārāja. You wanted to see more people join. Those who were practicing needed to be encouraged to keep it up, be sincere and influence others.

Sandy lanes.

I'm bidding my time (tie-am)
'cause that's the kind of guy I am
while some folks are frettin'
I'm just sittin'
biding my time

OK Nikolas, Sergey, folks with
names out of Tolstory and Dostoyhoky, let me
tell you thanks. Sergey too.

By the isthmus of Panama
the straight of Gibraltar
by the Rose of Arcody
the Pine of the Pyrennes
and the Old of the Gasket,
I do declare,
am no more gonna
be a rascal meditator
impersonalist.
Monkey see monkey do.

I'm walkin'. I'm talking 'bout somethin', I'm telling you . . .

So many bothersome strutters and yea say, nay say controversialists.

You can't sit on the fence.

Śrīla Prabhupāda said he gets up at 1 A.M. to write because, "I can't do without it" when you want something so bad you can't live without it, then you've got quality. "Therefore they like my purports."

I too rise at that time and I can't seem to do without it but that doesn't mean I make golden Kṛṣṇa conscious literature.

Pure devotional service as taught by the *gopīs*, as taught by Prahlāda Mahārāja. Yes they are much different. But Śrīla Prabhupāda didn't stress their difference. He taught pure surrender, loving service attitude in various *rasas* and it all proved the point that we neophytes should surrender to Kṛṣṇa. So we have much to learn from Dhurva Mahārāja (determination) and much to learn from Nārada and Prahlāda.

I can't memorize worth a damn. But I can paraphrase. So I aim to go through the books of Śrīla Prabhupāda and read of course, and underline what catches my eye.

He said we are glad some enthusiastic sages like Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī and his disciples have taken up preaching Lord Caitanya's mission and we await the happy days of *bhāgavata-dharma*.

Work, words, words.
What are you reading, my lord?
Words words, words.
But what is the (subject) matter?
The matter
How pennant sometimes his replies are.
Yeah, Shakespeare the old Dog.

I hear then call Big Heart in the West. What? No,
they call me Pig Sty. *Sahajiyā*. ISKCON Misleader
Black Eye of the Past.

Remorseless Initiator.

And as I write the metal bolt slips across under
someone's hand as he opens a gate door.

Swallow. This is idle. My engine is idling. They
won't know where I am. What do you mean by a
prayerful study retreat? Well first of all, I've got
long mornings entirely to myself. And I'm resolved
to read carefully.

Here comes Samba off a motorcycle, wearing
dark glasses.

The police officer is upset.

Listen.

I will read and savor.

Maybe I should stop this. Tonight I lecture on
Impure Mixtures in *bhakti*.

To my heart bleeds and I capture some on the
page, will you believe me. The more you write idle
nonsense, you reveal to us your petty life (where
big event in the day is eating three slices of bread

with jam for breakfast and getting indigestion from it)—yet that reveals that you want more.

There must be more to life. This can't be the whole show, said Sureśvara. Yeah, agreed. So we were ripe for hearing from the bona fide spiritual master.

Material life is suffering. We have to get out of it. Now we work at some job in ISKCON. If I as a *sannyāsī* claim I'm renounced, it's a joke. yet I have renounced sex life, that's a fact.

Pick your nose.

You have renounced going to the Boston Commons to sing Hare Kṛṣṇa and be jeered at by South Boston punks, hoods. You've given up going up to people on the street and trying to quick-sell a *BTG* magazine. Given up the hassle of being temple president or GBC.

But you can't renounce *tapasya*, or *yajña*, not regular duties in Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

Do what you like? No, not always. Got to do duty too. But then you writ privately you try to *come out and say how you actually feel*.

Is that *māyā*?

Maybe.

Let 'em rip

I like to play with words. I liked that fresh bread and toast too and milk fast soon over. Like it when I allow myself poems. Like it when I get inside the charmed circle and read Śrīla Prabhupāda well. Like to fill up a micro cassette, sense of accomplishment.

Like the result of some writing sessions but this one seems below the Kṛṣṇa conscious level.

I know. You like
free association in writing practice.

What will you make of it when you leave Vṛndāvana? you realize, damn it, I didn't touch it, didn't go anywhere or see anything. And wherever I went I remained on the skin surface. I made some small gains early in my stay and then declared, "This is all I'm trying for. Let me just guard this much."

You jumped, skip to M'Lou, my Darlin. I'll find another one, better than you, skip to M' Lou my darling.

You shouldn't . . .

But I am.

A peach tart.

"Delightfully perfumed" hair oil I can't use. Go bold and little śikhā but don't go perfumed.

Do not gentle
into that good night.

Old age should rage
against the dying of the light.

Remember that rhetoric? You thought it was great, humanism. Now I say

O Lord let me go gentle
into the next life,
at death give me vision
to see my spirit soul and
this body is just a
now-defund Giving.

May all souls become Kṛṣṇa conscious
by the grace of the
empowered Vaiṣṇavas.

May ISKCON purify itself. And become more
loving too.

Yeah you talk how it should be pure and no
jñāna or *karma-miśra*, but what about love and for-
giveness?

Where is the permissive spirit? I don't know
what you're looking for. But when you go alone
maybe you can admit more of this stuff—

Which is why I like to write, it helps me to be
honest.

Let the ink spot grow.

Mickey and Sylvia—electric guitar, Come on baby
let the good times roll.

Alas, alack
the track is in me still.

Want to tell a Vṛndāvana audience about the
dream of Chuang Tzu to show off you read Tooism
and drank codeine coffee medicine on a Void Bed
in a void room in a void apartment in St George,
Staten Island. Read Joseph Camod there too. Saw
the Mobil Flying Winged Horse. Did shameful
deeds and Momma is right, better not tell 'em.

Prabhupāda. I am yours and gonna tell them,
Let's keep impure mixtures out of ISKCON. But as
for love . . . I don't provide it so how can I demand
it of others? I mean people ask for it.

Irina Ken says devotees are leaving Moscow ISK-
CON just as in the West, bad times, say they've

been exploited and want to try on their own, try Śrīdhara Mahārāja's books and other alternatives. Maybe SDG is an alternative.

Well, love is lacking. But I can't make a speech about it. I too am covered and can only make this intellectual-spiritual speech about purity and repeat what Śrīla Prabhupāda says. I do believe we could be satisfied with purity and want to make it true of myself.

Śrīla Prabhupāda that's why I go alone sometimes. I can't find the love and spiritual taste they say is lacking in ISKCON—I can't find it in my ISKCON dealings, so I go alone and find it and tell them in writing. But I'm not sour about ISKCON . . . One has to find a place for himself. The institution can only do so much. In yourself . . . I'm finding my way and what about you?

Wish I could say more than that.

How will you do that reading? You know. I'll look at it. Something will touch me, "Yes this." All such work is a slow process. Need more time.

We'll give you five years to see if you are cut out to be a poet, said Robert Frost's father.

"Give me fifty!" said the young man.

Lost and found by your grace,
be a writer for the human race.

It's no disgrace

to carry on in ink

provided you do it as devotional service.

May the Lord sink thee.

Do pirate ships. Strong words

Cut lasses and necklaces.

Books of Prabhupāda—Punch and Judy. Agh. Agha the Terrible.

Mr. David Lawerance School Teacher—

"Your Divine Grace, what about the Demons, are they real?"

Oh yes. Pūtāṇā was real, not an allegory. But sometimes a fox may talk to a jackal as in Aesops fables.

Oh *Varṇāśrama-dharma*—People in trouble. Fox games standing erect in people memory. Draw one in your notebook. Draw fifty. But don't be passionate.

O Kṛṣṇa how can we offer simple things and link them to You?

Temples—of understanding, of Book loads. Action, eyes, No I must use my time better than this.

Words, words.

When you rest after lunch, Śrīla Prabhupāda will rest too. Put a *cādar* on him and when you rise wake him with a silver bell, take off *cādar* and light a stick of incense.

Tonight tell them Purity is the Force. And love is in the making. It's in the pie. It's in austerity. When we don't cheat. *Prabhupāda didn't cheat*. So love him by you also not cheating.

See the feet of passing cows and barefoot humans.

You've been writing for almost an hour, what next?

You mean you have nothing to put into your lecture about loving-do very dealings in ISKCON? No I don't. It's a lecture on a different subject. I'm repeating what Lord Caitanya and Rāmānanda Rāyā said,

Love is for Kṛṣṇa,

Love for sale.

Love and lust

poems and prose

The baking class, the writing class, the sheepland meadow, the death that doesn't strike. (Now he's decided he ought to live 'til he's seventy, but what then. Oh If I had met her when I was ninety, said Oliver Wendel Holmes at ninety-five.

You peter out. I'm sorry. This is an interim honestly spending time in low flame last one and half weeks here waiting to get out to better practices and bound now by daily *Caitanya-caritāmṛta* lecture, attendance in temple (smiling to yourself) and escaping the neighbors and like tomorrow, packed in a car to Mathurā—

"How ya been doin?"

"OK and you?"

Sad but true. Each is alone and they load so much on their head as a way to serve Śrīla Prabhupāda. That's good. And I'm trying too. You'll see, you'll see, when I get free.

(Tejaḥ-prakakāśa's, Vṛndāvana)

October 1993

A coming back Session, or
no special theme, return to writing
after a day of, seeking relief, seeking
loyalty to Śrīla Prabhupāda.
This Session announces my Kārttika vows.

Be kind to folks, yeah yourself.

Who shall you be like? Who shall you model
yourself after?

Straining to reach that audience last night with
“The *Gopīs* Are The Best Teachers.” And tonight
more of the same. I’m in a different mood than my
subject matter. Well, you could skip “Ultimate
Conclusions” if that’s how you feel. Do whatever
seems best.

And death shall have no dominion.

I’m in a different mood, you see. But what will it
be like if we ride our bike down the Avenues? If in-
stead of recalling Cross Maidom I recalling Atlanta
Avenue and 76th St., and the illusion that I was
what my parents said I was.

Mean, yeah.

Mean you can’t go from here to there. You can’t
go from *śravaṇam* . . . Yes I can. I can do whatever I
like. And that all.

My friends of the ultimate conclusions of true
talks of Ramananda Raya.

Do the needful to get closer to Prabhupāda.

What can I say about yesterday except "Whew!" Sitting at the Math. It's all different now. I view it from outside, it doesn't seem so good, all those ISK-CON senior persons so eager to touch his feet and squeeze into his room shoulder to shoulder with youngsters from Britain an old M_____. No stop, don't criticize it one bit. But it's too entangling. I spoke in the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* lecture of family knot in the heart. Then someone gave me a magazine in honor of yet another alternative guru, the senior B. P. Purī Mahārāja. The young man said, "If you want to see him he's at the Caitanya Math for Kārttika."

I said no thanks. "Goin' to see *rasika sādhus* and new gurus is very entangling."

M. said, "It may even be more entangling than that knot in the heart you were discussing."

J.S. had said We get into something naively, not knowing where it leads to.

You don't have to advertise it, but you is getting out of the knot. Become a simple devotee of your spiritual master confident to take what he has given us in his books. Oh I have learned *rasika* secrets until now I don't even want to hear them anymore. It doesn't seem to do me good.

That's what's happening.

The sages seeing the anomalies in this age, asked Sūta please select for us that which will be best for us. It's a fallen age and spiritual emancipation is very difficult.

I long to drop all critical and relative viewpoint toward what my spiritual master has written and spoken. I wish to give him submissive aural reception. I was bad before I knew him and greatly mistaken along the way.

Write what's best for you, dig up past if that helps, the guru years, the present years . . . what shall you do?

There is a way
the sages say
to be true and pure
if you follow your guru
and dedicate your heart to his order.

I've had enough, don't want more.

Crackerjacks. It's Kārttikaa *vrata* time and I vow to be true to the teachings of my Gurudeva. No point in saying I'll do seventeen and half rounds or no sweets or don't use a spoon, stick a hair slant on, give yourself a bad time.

Better you take care of yourself, maybe do some physical exercise again, learn how to pray (as if you ever could—at something, something.) For Kārttika you can be happy, Sir. I vow to be pleased. I bow to touch my master's feet and no others.

I'm going the route,
the paper route (*Staten Island Advance*)
Going to the root
of common ground.

Flute. Yes I'll speak here what comes if you don't mind and even if you do mind. This is a permissive hall. We can say whatever we like.

Balls. Poll bearing.

This freedom can be abused.

Be careful, mate.

It's a gab fest. Garlands everywhere. I didn't know what the etiquette called for. He gave me a garland and I should have touched his feet. But I wasn't inclined to do it. The mind and the heart were both confused and strained and everyone in the group is watching you to see you do the right thing.

Oh I can tell you secrets,
stuff you've never heard,
make you say, "Wow"
but is it best for your soul
in its present state of
conditioning?

Kṛṣṇa is God. Don't abandon that. No esoterics, please. Give me hot milk and a little honey for it. Just straight ISKCON stuff, I mean the essence of ISKCON, Śrīla Prabhupāda's books and preaching as best I can.

This writing is not a show piece. It can be put into a category of mad writing, waste of time, waste paper basket etc. It's my time. Releases me. I talk to th friend.

Yeah for Kārttika, give yourself a break. Go alone. Even if they find out I'm alone, I'm not coming out from here.

Let 'em criticize. And it's a hard rain that's gonna fall.

The dogs in the lane.

Sādhus particular with big *tilaka* and hair piled up on their heads. We saw streets and streets and streets lined with a cloth and carts of colored lights and strung electric lights, looks like a smash bang street festival about to happen in the night. Get through there and get out before it happens. And the political parties—one has flags of green and orange with a lotus flower, the other has a hand palm forward as their emblem, racing around on keeps.

Guy on tractor but hit a rickshaw and broke its wheel. The rikshaw driver picked up a big stone ready to fight. He wanted recompense. Compensation. Your money or your head cracked. Keep driving; lucky it didn't happen to us. You broke the guy's wheel so you'll have to pay. But where are the police and the court. It's settled with a rock. Pay up.

Smoke *biḍis*. Hug piles of silver ten trunks in one commercial district. Shop after shop selling trunks. Dirty old machine parts. A bicycle repair shop. False teeth on sale. Merry wrinkles. Gashed dog. And the worst sight of the day—a cart full of young water buffaloes, some already dead and others alive, all lied down and centered off by insane drivers and pulled by another doomed animal. It's a bad age and enlightenment of the fallen souls is required. Save a few.

Give up your participation with that crowd of sinners.

When you have to go alone.

So far two years I've been reading *rasika* book and hearing from a *rasika guru*, accepted him as *śikṣā-guru*. I am permanently changed as a result, can't read a phrase without thinking, "This is *aiśvarya*" or "There's an inner meaning to this." But that needn't hamper me. I know better know that I can't force my way into the inner meanings. Best to take the thing my guru gives me. You can say *gurum* in plural. Sure enough. But I prefer to get it all through Śrīla Prabhupāda. Don't advocate this to the group. Just do it yourself.

So it needn't be so harmful what I've been through. At least it's been Gauḍīya Vaiṣṇava. And now I'm coming home. Please forgive me Śrīla Prabhupāda, if I was errant and shouldn't have. I'm not so pure and simple. But I want to be. I'm ready to review the best books and teachings.

So eight more days in Vṛndāvana. It's a high pressured hectic social scene Vṛndāvana. No time for *parikrama* just get through last classes. O dear students of my class. I want to give you what's best. You paid money and you're investing your time. Let me give you something that I'm enthused about.

I prepared it. This is all I can do.

You go through periods and phases and trends. You stumble on words. Your head hurt yesterday. Neck stiff. Saw an eighty-three year old man lecturing pretty well especially when he praised Śrīla Pra-

bhupāda. Yeah, yeah I like the way he taught and that's what 's important to me. Brother said, "Let's overlook the differences and see each other in our spiritual identity." Did he mean, after all we are all some kind of *sakhī* in Goloka? Well I see some difference; I want to keep to the way he taught me and not say, "We're all one in *gopī-bhāva*." All I see is strain

and tired of role playing
groupie ga-ga eyes for
the *mahā-bhāgavata* who—

No, stop,
please stop. Just go on your peaceful reform and no back biting talk.

Be glad you're released!
Glad you've been there,
everything is working out and
there's a good chance you can
become a Prabhupāda man in earnest.
Flee the role of being
a spontaneous lover
in order to actually
become one.

For now I advise you to put on your glove and chant Hare Kṛṣṇa. In fact chant it all day. Your Kārttika vow remember to chant and hear.

Write.

(Tejaḥ-prakāśa's, Vṛndāvana)

November 1994

What's this one about? How I was tough
and basic in my talk with disciples. Writing
to let loose. Why so round about;
I wish I could glorify God but am
attached to word play and free issue.
Working it out.

Lost and found by your grace . . . serving you in
separation. Today is Tuesday; Monday morning we
leave. Can you come to see the drama on Sunday
night? Can you please come to Alachua and Vraja-
maṇḍala parikrama? Can you teach in VIHE next
year?

Can you lend an ear to porch swings and round
abouts? Do you feel that death is possible in a mor-
tal context? What about next life in a painful spe-
cies?

Sir, would you please teach us how to cultivate
separation in the highest sense, as the *gopīs* have for
Kṛṣṇa? I replied, Bosh, you can't cultivate the high-
est. You need to cultivate the lowest. You are in
separation due to complete forgetfulness of God.
Cultivate remorse and revive your connection
with the Lord.

But sir, are you not speaking things a bit on the
too-basic side? Isn't there a deeper *rasa* which your
Prabhupāda also taught?

I know what he teaches and what 's in my heart and what's best for you. That's why I'm guru. It's not equal, you see, but I've got the right to call the shots. Look what I can do for you and wish there were more time. But on the other hand, it's limited—what I feel for you.

But here is the picture of your Divine Grace and it's he who can deliver us.

The Owl and the Pussy Cat, try the light of the moon, and they danced by the light of the moon. Something about a Wahus.

Sure wrote, Bhaktin T. and said I've got something heavy on my mind. Used to stand up before an audience and speak "a case of truth" with musicians improvising and she wants to do it again, for Kṛṣṇa! Whaddaya think guru, can she?

I think I made a mistake,
cries Mādhava
in coming to Gitā-nāgarī
but now I'm stuck. O will
you take me back in
Boston? Is it ever possible
that I can return to the
days of my youth in the
kitchen basement as the
fired up servant for the Deities there?
Why sure?, I said, what's the
problem? Go back, go back.

But wuz you prosecutin'
penances in your last life?
Would you like me to hypnotize

you and tell you why you
get headaches? No thanks,
don't think it's so easy and in any
case I don't want to grow so
dependent
on the Wise Counsel of a
head shrink, Albeit
a hyp-no-tizer.

Yes, but don't you want to get rid of those nasty
migraines? Or do you think you bring them on
yourself as a way to get out of management? It's
really not necessary, you see. I see.

I see.

You can take a boat from Ireland to Scotland and
visits Newcastle and when you've done take a boat
to Belgium. How about it, Slats?

I believe the Premier will now sip his tea and
dance in buckled shoes,

by the light of the moon,
to a fiddle tune played by
the Owl and the Pussy Cat.

You call this basic preaching? Seems more like
Nursery rhyme nonsense, to me.

Basic preaching is you're not this body or serve
the guru, no matter what.

Yes, but can't he be your friend? Yes I said, Dr.
Bose's driver became his best friend.

(You seem to be speaking in Veiled riddles.)

You

seem to be a Destroyer in the gray waters.

I seem to have found the right books of my spiritual master and all I need is time now.

Told N.S., make a schedule as soon as possible if you want to study. But I saw him locking his door and gone all morning.

The dog that "talks" a whinny, explanatory slow and articulate howl, at our front gate.

Sneaker bottoms of the all-night *chowkidara* right outside our gate. No where else in the world. He says Hare Kṛṣṇa to us and we to him. It's because we've got money and are Westerners *and* because we are *sādhus* of a sort. And this is Vṛndāvana. So he and his friends stay up all night as *chowkidaras* to protect us. I accept it.

Motorcycle starting up so loud you have to wait. And he's telling us about Russian troubles while two of us eat muffins and hazel nut butter mixed with honey.

I shouldn't talk, after a royal meal with my fattening desert.

Please tell us how to cultivate the highest form of separation. I could tell you in five minutes or less. But I'm committed to get down to where I'm at. Rattle of steel rod on stone floor.

The articulate howl of the teated dog at the front gate. What's she saying? "Oh wow, wow ARR! ARR! ARR! Wow!"

She said that? Yes and
Rar War Whar

Whoor Wow Ow! Ow!
What's it means?
Sounds mellifluous like rocks on granule and
pillows in flow of ice
chirp chirp
bird chirps and
Govardhana
and Blues Skies in perpetual emotion of
Andar and Smith, stuffed unlikely pepper.

Doc, can you please tell us of the higher *rasas* in separation. Can you cut out this other crap?

I will tell you but only after I remove this bone.
Only after I return home and don't have to face the faces of the young men I'm gonna turn down.
Make it brief. Sorry but I can't do it no more.

That's the Doctor with the medicine. I'm sittin' by the door and need no prescription from him.
Just leave me alone to write.

I'll be fine in the morning. Jut let me starve and talk.

There's no way out

If—I mean, when I am alone it will be all right.
I'll find a passage like

The sages at Naim are asking for ultimate truth.
We will pay attention and pray.

Prayer is when you call out to the Lord, in the words of *śāstra* and your own words and you truly feel something. N. Swami entering his room with the boss-owner-servant behind him and I in shadows or rocking chair writing this melody.

You're not free
you're not healthy,
that's your illusion, your
conclusion, Śrīla Prabhupāda told him.

Write this with lights out. So I intend to hear my
hero. And worship him in separation.

Cultivate. I rejected the word. Then gave out
sweets and savories and walked into my room. I
don't want to be a tattooed rascal or any kind of per-
vert or skunk. I neither want to be a dainty laced
fellow. But a laugh getter operating man.

Billiards

Paker

That whiskey glass.

None of it.

I am gong out on a silent tail for awhile tonight
after 4:30-5:30 meeting is over and say, Not much,
Nothing, if possible, just walk barefoot and chant
pitifully on my dear wooden beads

a little longer

singing just a little longer

as the sun goes down.

Would you find or surrender to words of a poet?

Long fingers of grabapple grace and persnickety.

Call Ācārya dāsa in while I munch on *dāl* and say,
Whaddya think how I answered the question, you
know I feel I did it in a fundamental way as my
own spiritual master taught.

Back in the light. Give me a gimmick to play
with. To take Kṛṣṇa consciousness with a honey

covered pill. Owch! Doc that hurts. Give us a little
reprieve. A hostile look toward the dejected relics.

Kṛṣṇa is the light and moon and sun. Don't need
to make any arrangements, just go out and walk
whenever you like, at 3:30 if you like and back on
time to your meetin' with KB.

You wuz a stranger and we
met in S.F. in a *kīrtana*,
when you wore white
and I was a young *sannyāsī* with
a straggly garland posed
facing the sea of Great Lakes,
oh youthful *sādhū*,
please be our handsome young
guru popstai.

You wuz the accountant of
the big rowdy party that
traveled and preached and I was
doing the US libraries hopin'
to catch the attention
(both of us)
of the one and only master
we admired.

So why shall I not sit with
you and try my best in guarded
way, to talk as he's
doing now with the dog at
the front gate?
Give him a muffin and coax
him to talk, "AWR! AWR!

AWR! Wor! Wor!"

He will sit on his nasty dirty
haunches, must have been a *sādhū*
fallen in last life.

ha ha

and next life back to Godhead.

Don't explain it any further.

I heard it from my spiritual master and
that's enough.

As the farmer plough under and I run to escape.
Give me a few more weeks Dr. so I can complete
my plans.

You rascal, you don't know Death won't give you
even an extra minute. And what is your plan, non-
sense.

When death comes no one can stop it. So drink
water while you can and read the book you want to
remember at the time of death.

Cultivate separation like the *gopīs*?

Here, take this bare foot.

Take this sand.

Take this empty ache.

Take it from me most
basic. Here, separation—
a fist on your head.

Here take a *vipralambha* husband.

How about a *chère amie* wife?

How about a million bucks
in separation.

I'll cultivate you.

Don't . . .

Please . . .

I just wanted to know how we could attain the highest sentiment of the *gopīs*. After all, here we are in Vṛndāvana, and I thought you'd be in the mood, at least not inimical, to speaking of the *gopīs*. I understand you go to visit Nārāyaṇa Mahārāja and he tells you . . .

Last banjo Bo Bo

Rip a trip the cross words

they use like

Suds and Dogs

or Stop N Shop combos of

Ride and Whir

Beer and Joint

Fiddle and White

Cut and Snip

You are going willingly back to that West? I told him, Look pasdicey, this Vraja is for high dudes and you and me are little dudes, so don't make a Big Thing out of your having to leave an unrealistic kind of life here in India.

Did you think you could stay forever?

You becomin' a tough guy. No I cry myself to sleep at night for want of payment
the water was stopped.

For want of *lobha*. I can't answer your question. I've closed *rasika* shops. Go get it from Mathurā if you're interested.

Kṛṣṇa grabbed the guy and cut off his head. I said Why did Sitā let the demon inside the circle. He looks like he's not gonna ask us to hear him talk of his amazing exchange. Let it go. It's all right with me.

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda,

I can write this nonsense but also to you my true heart desire to be your man. Maybe I don't want to express cliches and things you've head so often so I write that "nonsense" and there's truth in it too. But this brief note to tell you I am serious to want to follow you as my only guru and receive all previous gurus through you and preach in your mood and act according to my capacity as a preacher in your ISKCON. It's your grace on me that these things have been cleared up for me.

Now I beg not to be offensive in the name of being righteous. Honor your friend Nārāyaṇa Mahārāja, honor the *rasika* realizations and the ISKCON devotees of various shapes and pursuance.

All glories to you.

Your servant, Satsvarūpa dāsa

He gave you life
and the names Satsvarūpa,
Brahmacārī, *Adhikārī*,
Brāhmaṇa, GBC,
(temple president)
preacher at colleges,
man with a wife,
celibate, move enough

though scared of hoodlums.
Gave you the super title,
Goswami and
now Guru Mahārāja.
You wish to serve him
despite your faults.

When I stop writing this, what will I do next? I
can trot about, chant a round, hear a song, frown a
sigh, see if my belly is digestin'

Think what's next?

Read a book. Do a Prabhupāda recall if you dare.

Mini care. Answer a letter or two and dance by
the light of the moon. Lights back on just now but
for how long? They are usually out from 2–5.

And dance by the light of the moon. Let's sign off
and see what we can do constructively in the next
hour before we meets and plovers the gab, chews
the cud,

tosses the ball with a tricky humble mate who
may want to squeeze you (who is pulling whose
leg?) for *rasika* secrets or whether, as they say, your
mood has changed.

I'll bluff him and say I am the same as ever, eager
for nectar but dead at heart, loyal in my way.

But I'm always true to you darlin'
in my fashion,
I'm always true to you, darlin'
in my way.

November 1993

Began doubting the value of the Session
but ended convinced it was time well
spent. Last days in Vṛndāvana
Confirming my desire to withdraw from
discipleship of Mahārāja and place it all
in relationship to Śrīla Prabhupāda

I spend a precious hour at best time 1-2 A.M.,
talking to myself. I say I need it and want.

I love you, I need you, I want you, with all my
heart.

You could be reading *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* or
sleeping (slept over six hours to get rid of a head-
ache.) I will take time to read *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*.

The festival atmosphere is picking up, so you
can't walk on campus without meeting people
who want to talk—or your relationship with them
demands that you talk and you haven't seen them
in a long time . . . not conducive to study or follow-
ing a schedule.

Last days going up in smoke.

"You are used to being attacked."

Am I?

You could be reading *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*.

It's touchy, she said, when you talk of your sinful
past. One wonders perhaps why he still talks of it.
Why not gone forever and you merged in now
identity? Why Haridāsa Ṭhākura converted the

prostitute to a Vaiṣṇavī, did she talk of her past to people who come to hear from her as a saint? If she did, would they lose faith in her? And the hunter Mṛgrārī saved? Valmiki, Nārada? They preached the glories of the Lord's name and fame.

You say, I am on a lower platform and have a special commitment to truthfulness. You say I'm a writer in modern times and this is what comes out and people like to read it. True, the same person who said it's touchy when I say things from the past, said when she reads my accounts of past misdeeds she learns about wrong life in a safe way and is not attracted at all to go on the wrong path. So this life in writing may not have been lived in vain—that's my hope.

You'll be more careful what you publish. The life going down the drain. Each person has to face the truth of their diminishing life and its end. WE occupy ourselves with devotional service. I'm caught up preparing for my lectures. And how they want me to give one more *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* class. It would be a good, positive gesture if I could do it, show I'm still potent. You fear, "Oh, my mind has already left Vṛndāvana and I can't lecture because there are so many devotees here with different opinions." But I *can* do it. Free-writing could also help. Show me which verse it is and let my mind began to organize a lecture. This speaking is my main service. I could do it and it would also reduce me, take away my tendency for fault-finding and put me on the spot. Who knows, maybe it will be

another "good" one. And I can speak to my disciples in the crowd.

If the health holds up. The people here are kind to you. Don't exaggerate the amount of back-biting and gossip and *prajalpa* that goes on. You want to speak against it, and yet people are so fallible and sensitive. See the good in what is going on. Someone said if you do that you're considered nuts or old fashioned.

And so . . .

We each lie to each other. Who will come forward today and lead the singing? Who is not attending which parts of the morning program? Trivial occupations of the mind.

And the persons in ISKCON who go to see Mahārāja are a clique in themselves. They think (maybe rightly) that they are getting the rarest advancement by hearing of him on *gopī-bhāva*. They are very grateful. One said, "If we are making advancement, and if our loyalty to Śrīla Prabhupāda is intact, then what is the harm?" I replied, "No harm" but my heart wasn't in it.

How I say something and think it and then get carried away on a river of actions and reactions to that saying and thinking. The mind works in stages of thinking, feeling and willing. I'm glad if I get carried away on a conviction to be more concentrated on my relationship with Śrīla Prabhupāda, reading his books, serving him, praying to him, his *mūrti* . . .

(I told of my *mūrti* worship and he asked, "You enjoy it?" I'm so sensitive that I took the word "enjoy" as a criticism or at least a wrong word, a not appreciative one.)

It's private and personal what I mean and experience by awakening my desire to serve Śrīla Prabhupāda. And it's singular how I'll carry it out. But I see it's the mood of Rādhārāṇī and the *gopīs* as expressed in the eight verse of *Śikṣāṣṭakam*. Take Her action as a kind of metaphor for what we all should be doing (selflessly serving Govinda and ourselves happy only by His happiness)—even though She does it as the conjugal and topmost way and we (me) in a tiny way. If I can preach on his behalf and try to contribute to his movement, encouraging the incorrigible devotees in places like Trinidad.

But you need to have something before you speak. So I will go to his books.

I will arise now
and go to the isle of Inis free . . .
and there in a cottage of wattles made,
I'll read my master's books and
underline with yellow marker,
the passages that speaks to me.
And prayer will begin to issue from me
and I'll be satisfied.

In a land so cold . . . and with no proper central heating, you'll be glad if you can read. I'll make the schedule and follow it.

There you go.
Down the drain

as an insect appears on the altar or page and you blow him away, "There but for the grace of God go I."

Can't you organize your words and thoughts into something useful? No, that's too much to expect.

One can be sanctified at once by contact of the pure devotee. "They" read this and think yes, Mahārāja. If I say, well it's Śrīla Prabhupāda too, they say yeah but Mahārāja is a *rasika guru*. Isn't Śrīla Prabhupāda! Yes of course he is but he didn't manifest it. But I say now whatever he manifests I want that and it's best for me. I don't think (you can call this my new gamble) that he taught only for neophyte Westerners and it's no longer the cutting edge of what I need in Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

I've become so critical of the *rasika* presentation that I think, "Yes this is what the *ācāryas* describe for liberated persons, but for us to hear it . . . The *gopīs* and Kṛṣṇa in conjugal exchange can't be understood by me now.

You mean you are willingly going down to *vaidhī*? You could say that. I'm going to Śrīla Prabhupāda. I feel I need him and want him.

Someone said, "Mahārāja teaches a different emphasis." And the pro-Mahārāja person replied, "Yes but we take that and put it into the emphasis that Śrīla Prabhupāda gave." But the simple faith which is non-curious of what Mahārāja is offering—that now appeals to me.

Don't act as if you if you outsmarted everyone. That's not the point. You are going on your singu-

lar path. Sometime we go all together with some group and sometimes, even while remaining within the larger group of ISKCON, we have to find a singular way. I want to walk that path. Didn't I write a haiku on the back path of Gītā-nāgarī, something like

On my own path
speaking
in my own voice.

Why do you value that so much? Because . . . it's also good for others to hear. It's not the total picture but is a contribution.

Everything is dangerous because it can be misused, like fire on water.

This individual desire to serve Śrīla Prabhupāda more and better is my goal in 1994. It's nondistinguishable from the general desire all ISKCON devotees are supposed to have. But mine comes to me now after two years of intense study in *rasika bhāva* from Mathurā, a study that doesn't bring us deep into what Śrīla Prabhupāda is teaching in his books and letters.

They take the letters as mere old history of ISKCON. On First Canto he said, "Śrīla Prabhupāda's writing is so powerful. I try to imagine the effect it has on a person just coming to Kṛṣṇa consciousness." But now I prefer to think of the powerful effect it may have on *me* after twenty-seven years of hearing it.

Some sort of *prayerful* reading attracts me, I desire it, at least.

This day, be grateful you are alive and in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Walk to the temple and think like that. That includes gratitude that many devotees are gathered and you are with them. Try to see the good in it. And encourage the people you meet.

Be kind. As you don't want to be hurt by a word like, "Are you enjoying your *mūrti* worship?" And as you want to be forgiven when you say, "I am a popular choice for initiating guru,"—so others also get hurt by your words and want to be excused if what they say is sometimes foolish and proud. Can't you find it in yourself to be a decent person, kind to others? Is it against your code of honesty? Is it your duty to inflict pain in the name of truthfulness?

So Śrīla Prabhupāda wrote the purport following the verse. And here I simply follow my mind.

I want to appreciate statements of Śrīla Prabhupāda as delivering the fallen souls and see this is still going on in my case—I'm in need of saving by Śrīla Prabhupāda. And he wants me to help others and this is more important than trying to understand *gopī-bhāva* which is beyond my reach right now.

But if I decide on this way, I shouldn't criticize the sincerity of persons who go to see Mahārāja and say to him You are our best friend and protector., You are giving us the best thing, without your mercy we are lost and dried up. And don't criticize them for meeting among themselves and saying

Mahārāja is our *śikṣā-guru* and deserves as much love and respect as we give to Śrīla Prabhupāda. It's natural some persons think like that. It's not wrong in principle to go see a senior Vaiṣṇava.

But if I and others don't want to go, and feel it hurts our single-minded dedication to Śrīla Prabhupāda that's not wrong either. It's not that we are retarded or that we simply want to be top dogs in ISKCON and are unwilling to bow down to and accept another guru (because of our pride in being gurus.)

Anyway, counting today you have four days left here. Count 'em and weep. Count them and keep on moving. Take advantage—here you can give your evening classes (prepare for them). And you can pray to the dust of Vṛndāvana to allow you to carry out the resolution which you nourished here. May Vṛndāvana-*dhāma* grant me the ability to read Śrīla Prabhupāda in a deep and pleasing and profitable way . . . Teach me to be his unalloyed servant.

This may mean I have to face new discoveries outside of Vṛndāvana. Why not? That's also possible. But I wish to come back here for the special mercy.

Yes, while outside, listen to the Lord within, listen to Śrīla Prabhupāda in his books and tapes and letters.

Be with him.

I pray to be guided . . .

Now time is up and I should go to chant.
Writing time is not a misuse. It's part of *sādhana*
life for this poor *sādhaka*.

(Tejaḥ-prakāśa's, Vṛndāvana)

November 12, 1993

3:51:27

Is there anyone I can ask, "Is this writing okay? Should I continue like this, the way NG and others say, the way I've been doing?"

It's so chilly here. I took a hot and cold shower with a plastic *loṭa* and I'm shivering now as I write.

Maybe something more disciplined. No, this is all right.

A magic moment of offers. I've done my duty and read in prime time around 12:10 midnight to 1:35. Pretty good huh? And what—I can do what I want now. No temple I have to go to. Yeah I do what I . . . want.

78 RPM records broke easily. Then 45 RPMs came, you saw them in jukeboxes and you brought (and stole) your own. Elvis on Sun records and then RCA. Trinidad's steel drum band.

This is what I was.

I don't want to live again that rotten, going rotten period of suburbs . . . parents trying to control but they too part of the same sense gratification propaganda and work hard, copping and enjoying.

Could I write honestly? Same old thing. *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* is better than this. Har har.

You've got no story. Just writing practice. It's too hard, it's too . . .

You want to say it's real it's true, it hurts to admit it. It's a noble attempt.

Even if it doesn't amount to anything you could publish.

When I go out to do Prabhupāda recall I'll talk honest but directed. Yeah and when I write this I'll also do like that.

The shivering in the chest, under layers of clothes. This thumb gets a little tired of it all. M. will get wide-lined paper for me in Dublin and then I'll be happy. I could ask him to get me some Irish ballads but what's the use of that?

Once there was a guy who wrote many books, including fiction, then he lost all sense of form and discipline and wrote only what occurred to him at the moment of writing and he called this "like poems" and said This is the best I can do. But he doubted it. Maybe I should stop and do something structured. Or at least talk with someone who understands what I am doing. But who does? Kaiśori. She will say This writing has power or seemed to help you. But she too admits that out of hundreds of pages you might find only a few that can be published. So what is it all for? This huge production?

It's not so huge. I'll tell you what it's for. It's for helping live. Yeah, I know. It helped me in India. But when I am in a retreat, do I not need help so much? No you need it then too.

Oh.

Do you want any lyrics of American folk songs or Irish ones?

It doesn't make much sense. It's a hard rain that gonna fall.

I went down
to the posy field.
The freedom . . .
You write whatever.
That First Canto is also my
life and I can repeat it.
The three modes of nature
grip us. I believe it.
You can't see
them like sugar but you
can observe how they act in life.

Maybe I should draw but I can't. I never practiced. It's okay to be who you are. You can write and read for three weeks.

I'll read more in that book. It's going good and I like it. The sages explain that everything comes from Śrī Kṛṣṇa. He's the source of all that be and can be reached only by devotional service. When He's pleased He'll reveal himself.

Crab runs to the ocean.

Śrīla Prabhupāda comments.

Puṇa-tattva dāsa's one leg is shorter than the other and it's not getting any better as he grows

older. His life is inclined to Christian reading. Nice people but she's a little "off."

I prefer to read of Kṛṣṇa and be satisfied with that.

Crab runs to the ocean.

Vegavān said what it is he does. Hypnotherapy. It works he says; I see it happen everyday. They go into trance and he gets them to "free associate" about childhood and stuff comes out that was repressed and then they feel much better.

M. has a skepticism toward it. Why should I run into that Western mode and get addicted to such treatment? Better see it at the beginning and not take to it. It easy to get into something which is not purely what Śrīla Prabhupāda is giving us and *it's hard to get out it*. See how long and arduous it is to get out of the knot in the heart about Mahārāja. You have to go alone to your own way.

Keep determined. Śrīla Prabhupāda said Don't sign the check (even if your Godbrothers pressure you) unless you are personally satisfied.

Then we didn't follow his instructions.

I could be reading his letters rather than write this.

Just looked at Goldberg. She says it takes a long time and that's how it should be. You move slowly.

Well, I find that's true. Kdd sees it too in my writing although she says I'm moving quickly. But

be patient. It's not like ordering a meal in a quick food place. Write and write.

You write this practice now. Like it. Accept it. Appreciate how it moves along.

Then gradually maybe something more like a book for others will come. If it does, enter that space and do it and like it. That's also writing. Sometimes this and sometimes that.

Everything can go into your writing. It's a little different than when I repeat *paramparā*.

I was thinking this retreat is meant for an almost repenting mood and *tapasya* of reading Śrīla Prabhupāda's books and giving everything to that and therefore writing practice might not be appropriate. But I've taken it up.

Nothing is easy. Finger paints. Oh they seem exciting. You can express yourself through the lines in your fingerprints. Or playing a musical instrument. But it's all practice whatever you do and it's not always exciting. And not always Kṛṣṇa conscious. What comes out.

The years I was GBC at Gītā-nāgarī.

Writing is slow compared to the speed that thoughts and feelings come. You can't write them down. You lag behind.

Write without judgment. Put everything in.

Don't avoid Mahārāja. He's in your life to stay in one way or another.

But I had to break away. M. saw what I was doing. He thinks I may be able to go back again in a different relationship without the groupie pressure

to be “completely surrendered” to him. But that ISKCON controversy doesn’t make it easy.

There are songs . . .

If you know what I mean . . . each person has their own way.

Walk and it will be okay.

This writing is part of it.

Everything in your life. And each time you do a session you enter a little, maybe a lot, and then when time is up you put it aside. Be patient about what you are doing. The editor can find something to share with others or as I said, If you are meant to write something more structured that will come too in due course. *And it will be as Kṛṣṇa conscious as I am*, not more or less.

Don’t be afraid to tell it as it is. Ink on your wool-en glove.

“Stand on your head or walk on your hands, but do something new.” How about something old?

(I’ll write this hour up and then dictate a little of it, then *gāyatrī*, then some more reading in Śrīla Prabhupāda before I get ready to go on a morning walk.)

Kṛṣṇa is the Supreme. Holding back from too much or too rich conjugal *rasa* reading.

Śrīla Prabhupāda says change your reading from mundane books to Kṛṣṇa conscious. Reading is important. Then you can think of Kṛṣṇa at death and

go to His eternal blissful kingdom. Maybe you can go there. It's possible. It's possible.

(That *Tat Sṛṇu* article has substance but no deep organic wholeness to it. It wasn't an essay but some thoughts on *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. Oh well, who will read it anyway? Or if they do and see it's weird in its opening, then what can I say? They've caught me in the act of sloppy writing.

And no more disciples, you hear?

Good-bye.

Fall into it and slip off a cliff.

I will live as long as I can.

Kṛṣṇa is in the garbage can.

Kṛṣṇa the Golden Altar.

In the Sikhs' face and turban

and fat-skinned midriff of

Indian women in *sārīs*—

see Him in all things.

Things the way I see them

and the way they are.

His fingers getting into the hazel butter mixed with honey and spreading onto the dark grain muffin. Okay, he likes it. Sitting there talking of anticult threats in Russia and Nārāyaṇa Swami faces all that as duty. He initiated fifty-five devotees at one sitting.

The cream puff. Wet rock. Sad and cold days going by. Away from Mahārāja and ISKCON life. Breathe a sigh and now, conventional life, I mean freedom to do as I please with the day.

(Wicklow, Ireland)

November 21, 1993

0:44:42

Always behave carefully even when you are wrong, according to the *sannyāsa* standard. You can relax but don't relax basic standards. Even in thinking, because thinking leads to feeling and then you can't stop acting. This includes attitudes towards female disciples, music listening, and reading habits, dress, eating, sleeping etc. And not only the core essence must be maintained but even as outward appearance.

The book of the BBT *The Great Classics of India* is poor in quality of page print. Creates a strain in the mind and probably the eyes. I felt a strong pull not to get up at twelve but to sleep on an extra hour, but it's really not needed. Four hours at once with a chance for two more hours in the day is enough sleep, I say.

So probably, are you as satisfied to sometimes write this way and sometimes write more directly for preaching? (Writing words of also a standard and a *sannyāsi* keeps it from degrading.)

I am not a *sannyāsi*? Isn't that what Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu said? Yes but He always kept the strict standard of *sannyāsa*.

I wish to go on with this "first thoughts/best thoughts" practice in writing. Even this can accu-

mulate and be directly used in preaching and it is helping me in other ways.

I acknowledge that I'm not *only* a writer, not only a solitary inhabiter of retreat houses, retreat morning walks. It's a favorite aspect of my life and it's also nourishing for my habits of reading and *japa* which are crucial for all other aspects of devotional life. I'm not so strong physically or mentally that I can just stay constantly in the association of devotees and problems and socializing in temple life. Daily public lecturing also tends to wear you down. You need variety and the basic one is sometimes alone and sometimes with people. Prabhupāda was at the stage where he could always be with people, at least for a major part of each day. And he was compassionate with a burning desire to give people enlightenment in Kṛṣṇa consciousness and to further the aims of ISKCON.

I can't imitate him but he sees that I do use my time well when I go alone. Neither am I hermit but I use retreat time to prepare myself for disciples' meetings, seminars and I communicate by book writing.

But among all these activities the writing practice is the most solitary. It goes on even when I'm living amid many devotees. It's my life line to the solitary self. I need to keep it alive this way. *This* is the great value of writing practice and it doesn't need other justification. But I'm such a fruitive person that I'm always asking for more usefulness from my acts. Be satisfied with the humble service you render to your whole self by writing practice

that helps you live a rounded life and especially puts you in touch with your spontaneous feelings.

Reading *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. Next is "The Prayers of Queen Kuntī." Would you like to read that as a separate volume? With the lectures included? Or just the *Bhāgavatam* as it was originally written? One factor is the quality of the print in the books. But can't get top quality in any form except the old *Bhāgavatams* which are mostly extinct. Keep the *Great Classic of India* book that you have.

Now read some more.

Dear Lord, I thank You for health to serve You. I wish to use my time well.

I heard of the anti-cult movement in Russia. I too want to help ISKCON in its various operations around the world. Do what I can. Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare/Hare Rāma Hare Rāma, Rāma Rāma Hare Hare. Pay attention to the names. You're at the bottom of the ladder. It's a ladder of grace. Only when Kṛṣṇa desires does He appear in someone's chanting. But even at the bottom of the ladder there is grace. I can't rise up by my own accord. If I realize that more fully then I can *call* on Kṛṣṇa in His names. Please be merciful and appear so I can serve You by this excellent and relatively easy process of saying the holy names.

Is writing for the self lesser than writing as a performer? Debatable topic of ascetic. Don't be so concerned. Just write sometimes without any perform-

ing mode and sometimes trying to make it nice for "them" deliberately.

Śrīla Prabhupāda by letter telling us to install little Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa.

Breathe easy, pardner.

You'll make it there one way
or another. Ridin' in the saddle
gives you a headache?

Well we've got no other way
of transportation. But here's
a pillow. Good cheer.

Giddyup.

We've also given you a friendly,
not so rambunctious horse.

Be grateful.

Come on Prabhu (he pats his
brown horse on its back,
its lovely, strong neck)
giddyup.

No spurs.

The horse goes forward.

The sun starts to rise.

Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa

Without makeup or any prose. Stop clown, your
rubber nose is falling off and your mustache too.
This is only a dress rehearsal. In the chapel we pray
before we go on stage. The matador prays too, be-
fore the altar of burning votive candles and statue
of Our Lady and picture of Christ. "That I may not
be gored by El Toro while I try to butcher him—or

rather, kill him clean through the head with sword in his public sacrifice to Death."

What kind of prayer is that? The poor bull can't even pray.

Let us be . . . true to one another. Śrīla Prabhupāda's letter to Nehru. See you later.

(Wicklow, Ireland)

December 18, 1993

12:02 A.M.

Dream was some kind of frustration I can't remember. Earplugs still in. I can't recall. Up before the critic. Allow yourself to express what you want and it doesn't matter.

O Lord

Your rhetoric holy

O Lord, the word Lord comes from Prabhupāda.

See red stuff in your phlegm.

You are wandering. Get it right and clear so she can type it all right. This hand is functioning so we can write it down to be preserved.

It is astounding, my friend, how Varnśīdhārī passed away altho' so young he didn't tell his parents. And the young lady told me about it and went on to tell me of her career ahead of her and deciding what shall she do next? I, of course, am fifty-four years old and should know better. The age of retirement and sin. The Age of Kali.

You will read that there are so many *kāmas* but Śukadeva advises one worship Lord Kṛṣṇa no matter what you want. *Bhaja Govinda*.

What are you taking, mate, to deal with that belching? Nothing, sir. One gets attached to material sense gratification and the cost is he must come back in his next life.

(Just pulled the plug out of the intercom. It creates a static, heard it during the night. Night of shepherds in cold before the birth of Christ.)

Did you know the pen could move so fast? You wanted to be here on your own with a faith in the process.

He said Business is slow.

I said the *sabji* is delicious. They are sincere. We are sincere up to a point. M. asking me details how long we want to stay in Boston. Add one day to Vancouver, I said.

The fault, wrong, is we act like lords of all we survey. But you can make plans for Kṛṣṇa. Be sure to tell the truth of what it was like to serve Śrīla Prabhupāda long ago.

And I was able to walk and talk in Wicklow. Here this time on walk I chant three rounds.

If you wanted to do any kind of creative project like *Alice in Wonderland*, you could. But you prefer to tell the true story, not of the weeds in Dārūka's backyard.

A pipe said to a pip, "How are you?"

The Pip said I'm tied up this net.

The pipe said I'll smoke you out of it for a fee.

The Pip said I have no money but I'll give you a Promissory Note.

The pipe—in this way, they try to cheat each other as in the nature of this material world. We need to go back to Godhead where there is No cheating, illusion, mistake or imperfect senses.

How do you know the *paravyoma* actually exists? I know because it is in our book. We have a book which is more than you have.

Oh no, we have a book too, by Hume, by All Star, by Sogan by many atheists.

But your books are imperfect speculations. By ordinary persons. Besides, just see the subject matter. Our book, *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*, delineates the Absolute Truth in three features, the *jīvas* as *karmīs-jñānīs-yogīs-bhaktas*, the material and spiritual natures, *ātmā* and Supreme Self. The book is self-evident and self-effulgent. It's the literary incarnation of God and upheld by liberated *ācāryas*.

The ultimate wrong. Critic within is the atheist.

The right self wants to fully accept Śrīla Prabhupāda's purports and he is encouraging me to do so. We can tell so many stories of life with Śrīla Prabhupāda but the main thing is to chant as he told and showed us and to read faithfully and gratefully what he wrote for us—and to serve in his movement to try to bring others to Kṛṣṇa consciousness. I'm doing all that and right now emphasizing the reading of his wonderful books. You can protect it with a cover. It is the book par excellence, the *mahā Purāṇa*. Take care of it, my friend and death shall have no dominion. Of all your discoveries is this not the best, to treasure actual reading and do it? You were a precocious reader as a child and a good scholar of his books when you first came to Kṛṣṇa consciousness. It lapsed but now you are at it again by his grace.

Read directly not with interpretation.

What am I writing? The wonderful personal history of a return to reading *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. The story of a success. Because one who reads this *Purāṇa*, can become fixed in rapt attention of the nature of Lord Hari.

I will say it because the book says it, but gradually I will believe it enough to repeat it as my own conviction.

(I do like the way this pen is rolling this morning and can give you nine pages an hour—nine rounds per hour—at this rate.

Will the arm give out?

Yes eventually, therefore we say let there be a marathon at present and don't grip it too hard.

All glories to Vijaya of Miami and Rohiṇī-sūta Prabhu and Hari-nāmānanda and all powerful book distributors and devotees going out with determination including an Indian woman named Manjvalli dāśī in Sugarland, Texas.

I did

top down

the chewy banana in my early days of misspent youth and sorry for it, spilt beans, but I've got life and purpose now to read awhile under good lamps. I take the charity of precious time to spend in the book,

remedial work,
music lessons,
what I want to do,
a walk with Thee,
preparing for the Warm,
in the storm, farm,

prerequisite
the path I want and
he wants me to read whenever
I get time so I'm giving it
all time. Don't condemn me
but let a mouse
first hand all he can in his
prime time and death shall
no dominion.

Did you ever, Charlie Young, Hit a streak,
Charles Brown, where the moon was unseen and
you sauntered in the pages of the blessed *Bhāgava-
tam* with full faith. Yes I did I read of the Lord in
the heart knowing He is an expansion of the origi-
nal Personality of Godhead who is loved by the
gopīs.

I'm not reading exclusive literature of *gopī-bhāva*
because I want the whole, the wholesome, the
whole-brain, the best.

Whole wheat,
the plan as given by my spiritual master.

You can add to it, you can beat the band.

But to stay in one place reading is my offering
and I salute thee.

If I sit here reading, it's because I can't do any-
thing else well, and I don't claim to do this well
either, but I always did like his books.

You come to it and enter like a house, a world,
better than Disney World and there's no compari-
son, better than actual outdoors anywhere, better
than sense gratification and destruction, better than

_____ man poetry speculation. Please accept me
I don't care what the nondevotee says.

And this on-rising writing session went rapidly
well, I can look at it later or never, it's a tribute, a
keening,

A self-convincing prep. and warm-up to when
we read and write with books and _____ side by
side. Death shall have no dominion. You can cover
the book but it's all right as is, but I don't mind, you
can cover it with care in hopes it will last and not
be damaged or wetted, it's your duty to honor the
book in every way.

Everyday, and the best honor is to read it with
care and faith and taking it in, pausing to say,
Please let me worship.

O you sages and Mother Ganges-Yamunā, please
accept me as a soul surrendered unto you. Please let
me read at last the Bhaktivedanta Purports with no
thinking there is something better, there is some-
thing he is not telling us or I am grown up now
and need something more. That was the result of
turning to Mahārāja, attractive indeed, and now I
am getting free of it delicately and if I receive a cen-
sure for what I've already done, I accept it. The
main thing is who I actually am and where my
heart is and how I practice and the purity of the
practice.

He is allowing me to read and enter. He keeps a
curtain between Him and the fools of the world but
is allowing me now, on good behavior,

a probation, released on my good behavior, into
the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*.

**I'm grateful.
Than you.
Yours, . . .**

(Śamika Ṛṣi's, Stroudsburg, PA)

December 18, 1993

3:30
Shack

You're an American, right? So how come you are reading an Indian scripture?

What's an American scripture? You think the Bible is American?

Well . . .

And don't say I have a Hindu guru. Those are all designations.

Then have this interview with your critic. You set it up in advance. It lasts only fifteen minutes. There are terms.

If you don't use your legs to walk to temples, your legs are not better than tree trunks. If you don't use your eyes to see the decorated *arcā-vigraha* in the temple, your eyes are like those on the plumes of the peacock.

How's that for a put-down? And poetry too.

I found myself humming a Louie Armstrong version of "Hello Dolly" and then turned it into Hare Kṛṣṇa. How cozy can you get with Hare Kṛṣṇa without it being irreverent? Depends on your love. If you are being frivolous with no devotion, that's not good. Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra is the *cintāmaṇi*. If you play with it like a toy, that's all you'll get in

return. Give it all you've got, high and low and in between. Chant with your heart, if you have one.

If you haven't received the dust from the feet of the pure devotee, you are a dead body.

The delicate matter of approaching Mahārāja in that way. We did it for awhile and now we don't wish to. Just keep the issue dormant for now you don't have to parade it.

Then, what is the current "issue" I'm into discussing? Nothing but maybe *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* notes and why write at all . . . that sort of thing.

Hello, Dolly.

Approach the pure devotee as the way to please and approach Kṛṣṇa. Could I do something more than I'm doing? I'd say do *better*. More in quantity isn't so much the point. But when you have projects that bring you in contact with Kṛṣṇa that's good. I had it in Wicklow, many walks. In the upcoming writing retreat I'll have at least three Śrīla Prabhupāda centered writing projects to work on! *Prabhupāda Meditations V* (Wicklow walks); work with Madhu, Śrīla Prabhupāda's letters to me; work with Baladeva on either memories or work with him on "the disappearance of the spiritual master." Then you'll also have your daily *pūjā* at 11 A.M. and the reading of his books. I'd say that's pretty good.

When the photos arrive of you and Śrīla Prabhupāda maybe save them for when you go to Vancouver-Śaraṇāgati and do thirty-two rounds a day and a "snap shots" free-write. Yeah, yeah.

"The conclusion is, therefore, that one should be more serious about seeking the mercy of the devotee than that of the Lord directly, and by one's doing so (by the good will of the devotee) the natural attraction for the service of the Lord will be revived" (*Bhāg.* 2.3.24, purport)

(Śrīla Prabhupāda writes this after describing Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī—if She recommends a devotee the Lord at once accepts him into His association. The spiritual master is the representative of Rādhārāṇī.

"O Sūta Gosvāmī, your words are pleasing to our minds. Please therefore explain to us as it was spoken to the great devotee Śukadeva Gosvāmī, who is very expert in transcendental knowledge and who spoke to Mahārāja Parīkṣit upon being asked" (*Bhāg.* 2.3.25).

I too want to ask Śukadeva Gosvāmī to speak. I want to go to the purports by opening the book at different times in the day. I am studying for the final exam and also because I want it; I want to be inside this understand. I want this language of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* to be passing through me and purifying my being.

It's my Bible and I want to read it always. It's my forte in the nine practices of *bhakti*. I can do it; my master told me to read, or else how can I preach? I need to read to overcome fears and doubts and to become a personalist.

I want to hear about Kṛṣṇa and His expansions from the *ślokas* of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*.

The change in heart comes when you chant the holy names. You become a devotee instead of remaining a stone-hearted person who doesn't know or love Kṛṣṇa.

Reading and writing forty minutes in the Shack, quiet overcast Saturday. Christmas season is upon us but I'm not in any worldly holiday spirit. The marathon? I'm on it.

I beg your permission to keep writing poem-ette stanzas on the viewpoint. Beg permission to go on rising early to write and read.

And what is the theme of your writing, sir?

It is—how I tried. It is cutting through. It's un-mixing the mixture to arrive at pure devotional service. My writings are repeated attempts to allow the "unconscious" self to speak and then to pray and dance, etc., and beat the fellow into shape so he comes out a devotee.

Huh?

I mean if I allow some uncensored material to come out but it's not Kṛṣṇa conscious, then I want to do something about that.

It's getting to dark out here for good reading. I can see puffs of smoke when I breathe and this yellow page to write, but to read is a little difficult. Still, I'll go 'til 4:30.

Interview with Sanātana Shithead. He's aggressive—a combination of Steve V. and Irv Doty. Cripes. Who wants to meet with him—they? But

he's not them, is he? They are just metaphors for this sub-person who criticizes my writing.

S.S.: You can't write good Kṛṣṇa conscious stuff. You stink. You pretend to be a guru and it dissipates your Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

SDG: Oh, bug off.

OK you need to write, Mister? You don't want to be afraid? You want permission to write whatever comes, freer and freer? Remember sitting and typing in the PIO office? Remember your dreams.

Remember fun in writing whatever you want? What to do about the bell on the typewriter. It is possible to get a better machine than this one which is also so loud? Clatter clatter.

I wanted to write some.

The critic tells you not to write. You tell him to go to hell.

But there is a guard to watch you don't become a sinner, and nondevotee, so you should learn to distinguish those inner voices. One is Sanātana Shit-head but there is someone else.

But this is a safe environment. This is the place. Śrīla Prabhupāda is nearby in *mūrti* form watching you work out.

In the Shack I thought, years ago when we had the Boston house I wouldn't have thought that I could be so free of pressing duties in that house and living alone to write in such a free form way. Surely my wife of that time would have said it is *māyā* and I would have agreed, and the other devotees couldn't conceive of me living this way. But it has

come to past and partly because of my own desire. I am in these writing retreats out of my own desire, a permission given to this spirit soul. Now the big question is whether this is the best thing for my progress. But I have to make to the best. I have chosen this out of a deep desire.

I also thought how when I became ill in 1985, ever since then I have taken a different way and one could say I have not been able to handle the stress of living. It is too great. I have retreated from life itself. But I like this retreat. I read in Merton about the solitary way and in Thoreau and I like it . . . the poet in me. The romantic idea of the monk and prayer-maker, the haiku poet, invalid mountain poet . . . Gītā-nāgarī in spring and summer of 1985 . . . How much could you _____ in an hour?

I'll get back to this idea of an interview with the critic. I'll read more in the book telling how to do this. Maybe I should go back again also and try to see him better. Surprising how when I asked to see him Steve V. came forward. Shows he has made a strong impression on me. I have taken him in a theoretical kind of way as "Kṛṣṇa sending me a critic so I don't get proud, it is a token reaction for my own misdeeds." But my gut reaction has been hurt and fear. The fear is a material thing, fear of heavy confrontation, of violence, even death and fear of legal entanglement because of him . . ." The hurt is what it is . . . But by noticing it I seem to have a bit more of a handle on it.

But can I think of my own critic with the face and name of such a volatile person as Steve V. You could, the name Steve is the same, also Steve Kowit and Stephen Schiller, and your father, all these Steves in opposition to you.

Interesting . . . the critic. Interview him to set up some new ground rules for a relationship. You can't expect to get rid of him forever, but to put him aside so you can go on writing, tame the gremlin.

I will make a formal interview later, after I read that chapter, but now by myself I can go over it. What does he say?

Well somebody inside me says that you really ought to write something more recognizable like a useful book that Harikeśa Swami might say is something good, a commentary on a scripture etc. I can't give up writing, so if a critic says that, then forget it.

But he may say, All right you can write but write with some shape. Even more recently you have your free-write books and they were at least books, but now you have no concept at all except the writing process.

Yes that's true and I want a deep interest in it. It is relatively new to me. A more external self wants to have the satisfaction always that it is some recognizable project.

Whereas this dedication to sheer writing practice doesn't have that. But I went over this the other day with Kdd and M and said I do like this, it is so wide open and invites you to pour into more and

more . . . And there is no worrying about a book in four weeks or the immediate pushing to shape it in some way but also always writing the truth of the moment, and trying for more and more.

You should not be less enthusiastic just because it has no short term shape. Be confident also that it does have a shape which may be beyond my vision at the present moment. It has a beginning, middle, and end which I can't spot right now but which will take care of itself. It may last for a year or two or three. There is a form and you are filling it in by writing honestly each time you go for it.

For example, know you are writing sometimes notes after you read the *Bhāgavatam*.

I like it when different voices rise up and start to speak . . . They are not exactly critics, but there are so many vices and sometimes they object and I let them and I hear them. One voice wanted to write more his own thing and didn't like writing such student-like notes to accompany the reading of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. So I let him complain and his addition was also a nice touch and helped up to focus, so I wouldn't call that a critic voice or inner censor. Those critics don't usually appear in print as much as they exert and drain influence in the mind which pass enthusiasm for writing.

Yes yes, death shall have no dominion.

Let me say it happily again—Śrīla Prabhupāda has given us profuse writings and I can go on reading them the rest of my life . . . Well do so.

Haṭṭa

You are

Slow down and say what you want.

Okay

I used to read his books (I think) with “great” submission and pleasure and certainly with a loyalty and simple faith and a learning interest, when I was in Boston, when the books were coming out etc. So I’m reading that way now and better.

Mahārāja Parikṣit gave up all *karma kāṇḍīya* engagements and surrendered to Lord Kṛṣṇa. I think, Oh I’ve already done all that. But have I? Think about it. I’m living not with the idea that I have only seven days left and need to give up all my *anarthas* at once. As a so called *sannyāsi*, I don’t have household paraphernalia (yet I do use quite a few amenities when I stay at people’s houses) but I possess unwanted habits and attachments to the body. So I need to give them up. Lord Kṛṣṇa arranged that Mahārāja Parikṣit give up his possessions and He can do the same for me. I want to show Him my interest in *śaraṇāgati*—Do what is favorable and avoid what is unfavorable to Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

Mahārāja Parikṣit, “ . . . your speeches are gradually destroying the darkness of my ignorance, for you are narrating the topics of the Lord” (*Bhāg.* 2.4.5).

“The crucial test of hearing *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* is that one should get positive enlightenment by such an act.”

The pen that writes had better not skip. The heart that beats had better not skip. The one who controls his senses must not think he's an independent controller. When he gets dizzy and loses perspective, let him hold onto the understanding that he is the tiny soul protected by the Supreme. Let him call out for that protection—the *bhakti* link.

(Śamīka Ṛṣi's, Strousburg, PA)

January 30, 1994

12:04 A.M.

Didn't bust a gut. Dreamt that Rūpānuga was "off" during austerities. One of the accusations was he doesn't associate with Godbrothers. The same could be said of me.

The fire went almost out but I put kindling on. When I opened the door too much smoke kept coming out. Now it's crackling, door shut, kindling blazing. I'll add to it later.

Tonight give talk to devotees, if you are well. Say (show them your ink spot) I have come here to write and read. I'm a pilgrim to your land. In the city they say we are glad ISKCON farmers exist so we can point to them in our preaching. Well I'm glad you are here so I can come and live here for some time even though I'm not a manager of the city or a farmer. Śaraṇāgati is also for *brāhmaṇas* who want a break from the juice of lecturing twice a day without time for unmotivated reading. I don't think you want to say *all* that. The "unmotivated" part they may not appreciate. One could say what's wrong with studying with the motive to preach to an audience? Make it simple and say thank you for the yurt and thank you for developing this project.

One time I will go to Jāmbavān's house for lunch and maybe someone else's. Not here for so long and already three full days (almost four) are gone.)

The "freer" mode sent me off into "*prajalpa*"? The deeper mood sends you more into meanings than the words themselves. The meaning is Kṛṣṇa consciousness is a way to express the truth, make it nice and people will pay attention to it. Meaning is already there. I don't give my opinion on literary matters. He had his opinion or experience, why try to counter it like a know-it-all? Are you a better and more knowledgeable writer than your brothers? Don't think that way but just travel along the ground of this sessions.

The moth of tiny transparent wings likes to sit on the open *Bhāgavatam* page. He can't eat it in the time he has. The light on him. When I turn the page he won't fly off. So I turn in such a way, sliding the new page under his feet, so that he doesn't get buried in the previous page under the new page I'm reading.

Hare Kṛṣṇa.

Remind me when I switch to "freer" that Kṛṣṇa consciousness is best and all roads lead to it. The direct *bhakti-mārga* is best. Pens suit that purpose. You can make up stories but they ought to be believable of how someone came to Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

When it was Fred's turn, he said, I borrowed uh . . . book from the Bakersfield Library and it was one of Śrīla Prabhupāda's. Then I became a devotee. I . . . tell tell oh tell that story. But *why*? Is

it just to collect stories in a huge testimony like Reznikoff's on crime and suffering? *Why? Because*—it's one I like to tell, it carries (I hope) some inspiration. Yeah. It's a good question, why? Maybe you can't ask it with too angry a face or you'll scare the storyteller away, "Why have you come here?" He's got a right like a troubadour to tell the stories he likes to tell. We are in a devotee company and we trust he'll tell ones to help us. Let him unfold it. Why Fred became a devotee? Or how did he become one? What is the story, the story? What is on his heart that he wants to tell?

In the Rūpānuga dream it was a person who misuses his authority. Dream is "authorized"—I mean you can always say I *had* this dream, don't blame me, it's an actual dream so it must have some purpose and message or worth . . . The dream is justified. So you honor it by writing it down as it is. Or you can retell it as a story, that's okay too.

This handwriting isn't so clear this morning. The stars are numbered. I'll turn to the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. This chapter has a nice ending, when one sage is talking to another glorifying the process of glorifying the Lord directly. You get drawn into it. Pray for *śraddhā* to hear submissively. Earn the right by service and nonoffensive behavior (Don't offend the holy names and devotees). And go to hear. It's good and nourishing and tasty but you have to hear it nicely and seriously. You could write a whole book about reading Śrīla Prabhupāda's books; go ahead I don't mind. And then back it up by quotes.

It's warm enough here and this is not just for generating ideas of what to do. Do this writing also

First thoughts that come. It doesn't matter what they are. I will continue to write. If I generate ideas for other projects that's okay too. You feel a charge-desire to tell your stories. So go ahead and do it.

Put dirty dishes on the floor beside dirty clothes. Put Śyāmasundara dāsa on a mental list—I mean say, "I just thought of him." Create a mirror, a box a Hans Christian A. and Swiss—No I mean Desert no I mean Robinson Caruso.

The split.

The inning. The ribald joke. Leave aside the millennium. Killers knock off a life in a second and don't feel bad? It's a crime against themselves as spirit soul and a crime against the order of God. Remember He creates the universes because we want it. He's not to blame for our wrongs. He tells us how to act right yet He allows us the free will and thus the right to misuse it (or what's the meaning to free will).

Even a good disciple of an expert guru should raise his doubts to have them cleared. There are so many points to inquire about and the disciple should have the intelligence to ask relevant questions so he can receive the answers and be fixed in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. You know how Śrīla Prabhupāda's answers fix you for all time so we are grateful to those who asked the questions.

Blue page. Blue ink. Sky will be blue. It's quiet here when I rise but I keep hearing a sound like when a *mṛdaṅga* player pulls his thumb across the

drum head—whoop, whoop. It's not a high note like coyote but I don't know what. Also sounds a little like a human. No one is near. I'll just ignore it and keep writing but I could mention it to M.

The fire is going. The time is going. The alarm went off and you responded.

Kṛṣṇa I am Your devotee. It's not boring to write to You. I come before You all the time. If someone persists in his devotional service he'll attract Kṛṣṇa's attention and the Lord will reveal Himself.

God of all demigods. You are revealed by *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* prayers. We pray to you at every moment of this human crossing. We are trying to reach the other side, return to spiritual world. But if we maintain material desires then we are still entangled and have to return here. When Rūpānuga went off in my dream he didn't care what others thought. He was off in his own head entirely.

Don't be righteous or misuse your dreams.

You were addressing Kṛṣṇa in your mind. Devotees ask permission of the Lord for everything they do. I can do that too. Dear Lord, please let this writing practice not be in vain. Let it serve Your cause. I am after all, simply Your servant and so I desire this. Writing helps me to see clearly how to serve You and also that I can praise You and share my words with readers who will get some benefit by my speaking of a life dedicated 100%—but an attempt, and that struggle is what we neophytes are all going through and so my words may help them.

I won't let someone put down my writing. I can defend it. They don't even know what it is. But it is

my offering to You, dear Lord. I am Your tiny part and parcel. You have given me the right to write and I do so and celebrate it and pray by it and meditate in it.

You are Master of Threes, well-wisher of *brāhmaṇas* and cows and I offer You my obeisances. No one can fully know Your glories. Those who say they themselves are identical to the Supreme in all ways and yet they admit they are now in illusion about it, are speaking an absurd contradiction. The Vedic truth is that God is the Supreme Person and He eternally exists with His parts and parcels of various expansions both in spiritual and material world. In the spiritual world there are no dead objects. Here much is dead, even top executives making money are spiritually dead.

Live in Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

My pocket watch waits to set if I don't allow myself excessive word play and "free association." In this mere half hour . . . I've already used it up.

(Śaraṇāgati, Canada)

February 2, 1994

12:05

Neglected free-write? I come to thee so early to be with ya. You take me in any shape or form and don't demand. I love thee. I don't know if I'll be able to preserve as a story writer but can always pour my heart out here.

And God knows, I need to spend time all year with *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. So both I'll do, but here it is so cold outside and the desk by the window. Alarm clock went off bringing me quickly out of deep reverie and dreams.

I put an extra tape recorder by the bed in case a story came to me but they don't just come ready made unless you try for them. Nanda-kiśora, Nanda-kiśora.

You have to defend your land and possessions and sometimes it doesn't work. Some aggressor takes it. But they can't take your devotion to Christ or Kṛṣṇa if that is actually real. Move from place to place, we, accepting alms.

I lectured last Sunday but ask not to go this week because I want to concentrate on what I came here for, store is and writing.

I fear walking in the cold at dawn must have contributed to a headache. But it was good for talking aloud. I began a few stories set at a men's support club, but who knows if I will be willing to

claim them as mine when they come back from the typist?

O Nanda-kiśora, I don't want this to be clever. I do want private space for integrity to live, and that means as far as the dreams are concerned, that I keep them to myself. They are worth it even without asking, "Who will see them? Will they sell?" Don't sell your dreams but look at them from time to time.

In the event of fire, break glass.

Such clever stories they come up with to tell some parable or change in a person's life. That's the way it is. He told his friend his story and how it changed him. It's a drama.

Like you could tell how a *karmī* is telling another I met a Hare Kṛṣṇa devotee and the reader sees something that's cleverly implied by the dramatist. It depends on some gimmick. Oh, whereas you have been inclined to not pull strings behind the puppet stage but simply write and good things are therein.

This is the story, you said, of some people in South India and how they became changed as their lives touched those of servants of servants of Lord Caitanya. Well I'm not inclined for that now. Then—if you like you can tell stories you've heard. Either ones that aren't *kṛṣṇa-kathā* but you apply them or ones that are *kṛṣṇa-kathā*? You have to be willing to be a devotee communicating to reach devotees or friends, readers. This is a story for you.

Or someone might tell it for themselves. But to draw out the details seems tedious and you make

the reader tedious *or* you keep him on the edge of his seat and then cheat him in the end. It's some little trick; you offer a reward at the end, like giving out of gifts and he says, "Thanks."

Contrived. Don't be contrived. Why not tell something straight? One reason could be it's more entertaining the other way.

Remember when I first came here I sat (innocently). I am put here not with a searching attitude but will practice writing sessions and reading *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* and tell you the story of the twenty days. Well then the stories project came. It's like a person who changed my life. I feel entangled by meeting him and almost wish he'd go away so I could go back to the peaceful life of a devotee. But if one avoids trouble out of fear or laziness, that's not good. If one wants a mode of goodness peace neither then struggle to carry Kṛṣṇa's message . . . I'm not sure however that's what's involved. The simple life of read and write, read and write with no tricks . . . Then you read in the book for meditations for writers that creativity needs to be sheltered and a voice might say to you, "You can do better" and you respond to it.

M. said it sounds exciting that you try for this. O simple storyteller of *Arabian Nights* who had to tell his story or he'd be killed. One a day. You make it up as you go along, and as you go alone.

Once upon a time two devotees were driving in a van and it broke down outside of Kamloops. They tried fixing it themselves and then phoned

for a mechanic to come out and fix it or tow it. It could cost. How much? While they waited (called them Aly and Jack), Jack told a story that effected him. M. told this off the cuff yesterday.

Oh to be simple and free and happy and just walk and talk with no set plan. Will he think I'm a quitter if I put this aside? I already did some but they may be scraps? One tends to ruthlessly cast them aside.

You could confide in M. how you feel strong resistance to pursuing storytelling. But don't make his friendship an excuse. You have to decide yourself. If you think it's a genuine distraction from your spiritual life, then drop it. If you think it's a challenge and something wonderful might be done, then stay with it, but you only need to spend a limited amount of time with it each day. Do some, try what comes, tell a whopper and then let it go. It shouldn't be so hard to fill a tape with stories. The real resistance comes from attempting "pure fiction." So then instead you, SDG, sit and tell some story or reflection in a Kṛṣṇa conscious way.

A responsible man camps out. He picks his nose and dried blood comes out. The wood in fire wheezes. The water in the pot on the stove hisses like a kettle for boiling tea water. And the pen in your hand scratches along. Quickly she goes and in the meantime your finger gets inky.

Not much time left and it's time to read *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*, a new chapter on Division of Creation.

O Lord, let me worship this book and not use it, let it use me. I want to be free to read . . . That's good, isn't it to simply read and read *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* and not be always thinking of some creative arts you have to manufacture such as your own "story." But to absorb yourself in the true stories (not myths) of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. Yes it's good, Prabhu, and if you want to do only this I accept you. Let us wait for signs. Let us see what comes. Maybe I could tell Madhu a story everyday . . . No, no . . .

Ten minutes left here.

One time we traveled across the U.S. Down rocks through forests, interstate highways Mahābuddhi driving, I took this road with different devotees and heard them talk or talked with them in my freedom from Śrīla Prabhupāda's service as his servant and my getting sick of being in India. Oh I was caught up by *māyā* even in the presence of the pure devotee. I feel rambled to think of it now.

To write stories is to enter life conflicts. Life is full of it. Some make people change for the better. Some don't have that effect. At this time I simply want to study and read and write but it's not giving me peace.

(Śaraṇāgati, Canada)

February 22, 1994

12:04 A.M.

In my dream the old order of reality no longer stood up to what was actually happening. I lived within a boundary of forest and certain animals weren't supposed to come within that fenced circle. But now I saw big bears coming and humans with bears on leashes etc. I needed to know new ways to act to defend myself from the new events that were breaking the former rules I felt safe with. I looked to some companion or role model who also lived under the old order, to tell me how to live.

I don't want to abandon the training and rules I've received in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. They are absolute and good for all occasions. *Don't* abandon them. But I need to see how they will work against unforeseen events (now that Śrīla Prabhupāda isn't as accessible to tell us, yes, just keep doing Kṛṣṇa consciousness; it will answer all your problems, old and new). I need to know new dynamics within those original orders and not fear they are inadequate. It would be a nice contribution to his movement if I could learn answers and methods of survival (which also means growth, newness, freshness) towards new realities and threats, but without abandoning what Śrīla Prabhupāda has taught.

One threat is the *rāgānuga* challenge. Or one could say, going to NM is a new reality and a daring

disciple of Śrīla Prabhupāda will go to Mahārāja and accept that Śrīla Prabhupāda is sending Mahārāja as a way to cope and survive—and advance—in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. It's a tempting way to go. But I tried it and felt it was a subtle betrayal of my disciple-ship of Śrīla Prabhupāda. Now I have to learn how to meet challenges without leaving Śrīla Prabhupāda's way of teaching and yet without becoming backward, an anachronism or fuddy-duddy.

Hare Kṛṣṇa. Don't get left behind. How to deal with the huge bears who we never expected to come here?

Up early thank God. No machine guns or tanks or helicopters. We actually heard all those last night. RV's explanation is there is a military school for tanks in this town. "It's not NATO or U.S. forces involved in Bosnia?" I asked. No, he said. But I heard helicopters, I said. No, he said, no helicopters, just tanks and their guns. But of course we heard more. And M. saw flashes and eight seconds later booms "from the other side" of the water. I said how could you see to the other side of the Atlantic? Anyway it was excitement, which M. seems to like. I prefer it quiet as it is now with just the electric heater cutting on and off according to its thermostat.

The writing is going OK, on *Why Things Fail*. Keep moving it along and look forward to completing it. Do it in the standard way. Repeat what Śrīla Prabhupāda taught and be confident this is

good enough. It's all I know. He told us it will last for thousands of years. Aside from this one could learn masterful speculation but it would be just speculation. Pray for faith in the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. When I go to read it and give my attention and prayer to it, that's the best way to reciprocate with *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. Then answers will come—how to face adversity, how to go forward to *rāgānuga*, how to die and face death, how to write, what to do with your brains and your life, how to relate to Godbrothers and the institution of ISKCON etc. etc. Keep reading as a way of life and a way to guide all your writing and explorations (as in dreams, other readings etc.) keep simple; don't miss the chance of human life, don't get diverted from this path.

I don't seek to "widen" my presentation and personal approach but to deepen it and to be honest. Then I can tell others, "Yes I know what you mean. You may doubt in that way. But rest assured, what Śrīla Prabhupāda taught will pass the tests of time and change. You just have to adopt it and follow it wholeheartedly."

Get up early to look at this, to consider the dreams and parable your dreams send. If there's benefit in my reading poets and speculators it's to see I don't like their speculations and to expose them for me as interested in plain old sense gratification, as unaware of higher truth, as vague, speculative, arrogant, uninformed etc. etc.

Grand delusions, Grand Canyon, the face man wants to write. Beep a doo he sounds his horn and goes down the highway and I with him, riding in the back seat. But be careful, dear mind, where you take us on your joy-speed ride. We have a responsible cause to complete. Just racing around, how will that liberate us from birth and death?

So _____ to Kṛṣṇa conscious man.

Yes you are right he says but I want to have some fun. Don't be a stick in the mud. Fuddy Dud, Elmer Fudd, Dog food breeder.

Yeah and you don't foam at the mouth with wild words of un-wisdom and chance.

Yeah and you don't be a dogmatist.

We will live together, inter-dependent, integral in one man, one soul, surrendering to our Master and pleading for knowledge of Kṛṣṇa the Supreme.

Is danger coming down our street, into our fence, through our hedge? If it does, we'll turn more intently to the Lord. Is danger coming, is the fence plumbing? Will spring be in bloom and we free to travel on U.S. money through Europe in a van that holds up and our prayers continue mediocre? No don't say it like that.

What do you want.

To remain off the COM screen, the mainstream but hidden within it like a shiny fish minnowing its way along the Prabhupāda stream, and of the devotees, to the *prasādam*-taking, recognized, but they don't know what I'm writing a doing.

Did you finish your book? he asked. Do you have a title for it? Foolish joking questions. So easily bluff answers to them, from your press secretary. My dear Sir, dear short man who brings us wood to burn and lends me his son's good desk lamp, dear Sir, how could I finish a book in two days, though it is an intriguing concept. And no I don't have a title although it is something about Prabhupāda. And no I don't think I can spare a Sunday to give the lecture here—though let me think about it. I could speak on *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. But better I use each day of the allotted twenty-seven in my planned ways.

Read and write, read and write. At four you complete the essay on sex. Then read the file on "Religions in the News" and free-write on it. That may take you all the way to breakfast. If you use that up before, then write in answer to letters to the editor. (I also have letters devotees write me).

Free-write goes where it goes in one hour. You seek the organic shape and paten of each one hour session. You want to believe it comes in a shape that you don't discern yet. Maybe like a dream. A dream is a well ordered message from a deeper part of myself but you can't figure it out yet. So I'm thinking that within a one-hour session there is a shape, a story but I may not be able to know it yet. I have to tune *in to what I really want to say* in this given session, or to what Kṛṣṇa is allowing me to say. I get distracted and write down other things. But if I paid attention there's a well wrought,

naturally glowing tale/essay/to be told in one hour. So I like to think lately.

I pursue this vague idea of writing in Kṛṣṇa consciousness in this form. My approach to it is "dreamer" rather than "stalker." No one can teach me this; it's my own (in my own relation to Super-soul and Śrīla Prabhupāda and self) and I am floundering in it, getting a feel for it and actually practicing it.

Don't get carried away with this idea, influenced by reading lives of artists and then visions, WCW's discovery of poetry in American idiom and his "variable foot," or John Coltrane pushing to new frontiers of improvisation and visions and asking his audience to come along (and they say yes! we like it, some do).

But there's no harm. You can't expect people, even devotees, to "buy" these wild specimens. (We don't eat garlic but it's useful in gardens to drive away insects, JG said.) That's one thing I like about them. They are deliberately unmotivated and non-commercial and structure-less in the ordinary sense. Maybe this is part of the training. I need to face those new realities, big bears and men, that come in my dreams. While remaining true to Śrīla Prabhupāda and his books and learn a way to be spontaneous and to think on my feet, I learn how I think. Yes I'm influenced and I can see where others begin and where I leave off. I'm not *all* imitation, all institutionally member, cipher, etc.

Yeah it could be.

O Kṛṣṇa killed the demon and the boys celebrated how wonderful our friend is. And the *gopīs* watched Him coming home and He exchanged confidential looks with them and in unseen ways they made arrangements to meet later. Śrīla Prabhupāda said Lord Rama, obeyed morality but Kṛṣṇa did not. Rama, had one wife and when the *śūdras* in His kingdom complained that Rama was living with His once-kidnapped wife, He abandoned Her so he would not be a subject of criticism. But Lord Kṛṣṇa played His flute and said to the wives of other men, "Come on" and they joined Him at night for *rāsa* dance, which is forbidden in Vedic society.

So

Kṛṣṇa is God being above all rules and norms and yet He is all pure. That is God and no one can imitate Him.

Yes you can write His pastimes too. I am content to write like this. Some of it can be shared but some of it must be stern about like wild seeds blown in the wind, and it will grow up on roadsides like wildflowers in Spring, to be appreciated by the Supreme.

I wrote once that blossoms in the forest were coming out for Kṛṣṇa's pleasure. A BTG editor wrote me back and said I thought only in Goloka did flowers bloom for the pleasure of Kṛṣṇa. But then who enjoys the lovely wild flowers? I don't claim a special *mahā-bhāgavata* vision but don't like

to think this undeniable beauty is going completely unnoticed by the Supreme. It is part of Him.

Leave that thought and go on to another. Don't be Narcissus. Be a server of the Lord. Content that He enjoys you in penmanship and writing practice.

You want to learn the innate shape and structure of a spontaneous writing session? Do they come no two exactly alike like snow flakes and you want to explore the wonder of it in that way? Do they necessarily have no discernible shape?

Is there shape limited enough, and predictable (the way Son Johnson said everything is ultimately in one genre or another and is merely an exercise within that genre)? Maybe, maybe. If that's the case I'm what? I'm a servant of my master and keep having to prove that to my restless mind. "You are a servant of the servant of the pure devotee, and you are nothing other."

Quiet street. Street lights "Heaven" a word comes. Black night, blue pen, Europe again and me at the desk in a foreign country. Take yourself, you and M, to places where at least I can speak the language, and there I used my American-learned language to write quiet tongue of ink marks to God.

Who is not Indian God but God of all and Śrīla Prabhupāda His universal devotee who saw Kṛṣṇa consciousness crop up in all cultures of the world.

All glories and all good to the Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra of Śrīla Prabhupāda. We pray for its well-being and wish to be part of it. I tease ISKCON and

now we all criticize its wrongs. It is us and people like us. We didn't handle it perfectly. We got carried away. The most conservative and loyal often make the biggest mistakes. But ISKCON can continue and I do think it is the indispensable way for me to serve my master. Not yet, certainly not yet is ISKCON defunct, demised, non-*paramparā* old entity that Prabhupāda likes to see us leave aside. No he worked for it and wanted us in it.

Five minutes left. No surprising thoughts? The dream was interesting—the need to find new ways to live in a changing dangerous world. And my fond thoughts about discovering an inner form to my own vision of the Writing Session (Satsva-rūpa?), and the willingness to renounce whatever isn't favorable to Kṛṣṇa consciousness, the intelligent loyalty I seek unto Śrīla Prabhupāda and ISKCON.

I sense I have only scratched the surface with my pen. Seeking quiet too. A few ideas for today's writing work.

Faith

Oh and preparing myself for the next event, reading, and the prayer that I may read openly as a simple student, recalling the first time I read Third Canto, penciling passages, praying that mind and intelligence stay at his lotus feet,

and Dear Lord, please reveal Yourself to me. You are as brilliant as the sun and revealing the way for us who are lost in dark of Kali-yuga.

These things and more. If I don't oversleep after breakfast I'll be back to do another session from ten to eleven.

This one winds down. The free man would like to cavort a Salvador Dali ending with melting watches on a wall and horizon of butter melt fritzo and dog pups udders and Gary Larson defunct. But I say

Oṃ namo bhagavate vāsudevāya, get thee hence all cracker jacks and _____, this timid, military hatted youth of old do say

I ain't Don Quixote,
or Sancho either
or Rāyā Rāma,
or Du Alex,

I is thy product of America 1940–60, and before into prehistory archetypes,

I is the one sad and happy soul who rides under the Bhaktivedanta arch into Vṛndāvana and here in Italy, please don't blow us up before I finish my allotted songs.

Dear Śrīla Prabhupāda, you said I am an old man and soon have to die,

But you went glorious
back to Godhead in Vṛndāvana,
I saw you,
please remember me and
accept this offering. I'll clean it up, some of it can
be used and even the unusable is me as I am
roadside weed—
your boy in ISKCON shaved
up celibate *dhoti*, SDG X

(South Italy)

February 24, 1994

10:29

The *Why Things Fail* book is finished at least for this retreat. That should give new life to these Writing Sessions.

You write first thoughts? Well mostly. Unless I can hit a better second thought. It's warm in the room and seems cold outside, chill slight in my chest. We are fasting until one.

Prabhupāda, be with me. It was nice to address him in a letter this morning as I begged off from writing more on the newspapers and said I would return to my regular (devotional writing). Is this it? This is personal and it's devotional also. At least I don't go to the latest newspaper stories. But I do go to stories of the past. But they are not so bad and I am always free to go . . .

Whispering. He shouldn't sleep so much. I don't know what I can do for him since we don't speak the same language. You are in Italy and then France, Spain, get used to not speaking with devotees. Mostly I like it.

Blue ink.

Be careful

Yearn to speak in Kṛṣṇa consciousness, like Ma-hārāja Ambarīṣa *sa vai manah kṛṣṇa-padāra* . . . Bluff and fudge and hoax to the end. Quotes—I am a politician and can lie whenever I find it suitable.

I am a *brāhmaṇa* and cannot lie except if Kṛṣṇa tells me as He did to Yudhiṣṭhira, "Say Aśvatthāmā is dead, the elephant."

No one will hear.

It's blank in the apparatus. This is also a reason to call in the free man.

F.M.

I write free as winged feet racing before all the contaminating newspapers that are in my mind since reading them. I race ahead like Mercury, sign of the florist shops and hope to be at your door with Kṛṣṇa conscious speed, young man in sneakers. I am not a weight lifter or the woman who broke her neck skinny or the bad girl figure skater etc. etc. Those sentimental charms and dreary sadness and fear of might of North Koreans. You better do something, son. Read the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* when you can. Maybe a few minutes before lunch today. Don't let days or even hours slip by and you not reading.

It's a constant sharing up. A clearing of rocks from the big highway, debris off the beach, filling up that which has emptied and dried. Śrīla Prabhupāda sometimes says the most important health need of the body is giving food for the stomach. Similarly, this is food for the spirit, the Kṛṣṇa conscious books of Śrīla Prabhupāda. I've three now—*Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* Third Canto, TLK and *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* lectures. *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* lectures could be a very promising venture. The books are very sturdy with very good bindings and decent

print. So please let yourself enter and pencil in where you like, underline as well as words, "Just like" won't bother me. I'll study what he's said.

May I do so.

This is in the nick of time.

O Lord who wields the Śarṅga bow. Who is never a plaything of any living entity, never threatened, but who is all-mighty causing death to all His enemies. O Lord, You are a plaything to Rādhā but that is a different matter—that is due to Her *prema* which conquers You. And the *hlādinī śakti* is also Yourself, so You agree to be conquered by Your own pure love.

O Lord who directs Māyā who sees that we get kicked up and down the soccer field like a ball. O Lord, I do bow before You, happy to be printing a new series of AF booklets to inspire some of Your followers and it inspires me to write for You.

O Lord You have nothing to do with this material world.

You are the Angel of Mercy for all Your devotees, You descend on the back of Garuḍa and rescue Your devotees from the ocean of birth and death, You are pleased with Your *bhaktas*. I offer my humble obeisances unto You.

The policeman has to be ready to die. The forests at this time of year . . . Hot spots in the world. Will there ever be peace? No. In the dispensation of Providence mankind can never have peace, Śrīla Prabhupāda quoted from a newspaper, meaning, he

said, that Māyādevī is always crushing the demons in response to their breaking the laws of God.

I can't stop the troubles but I can say why they are coming, due to "skin disease," due to the nature of this world and this Kali-yuga. We should take shelter of right acts in devotional service and save ourselves from this world.

Eyes a water. The belly empty. I write with an empty feeling. But the pages must be covered.

We went door to door. A man came to the door and said get the hell out of here and you couldn't even tease him with a pleasant, "Have a nice day." At another door the stylish liberal husband and wife let you in and heard you talk awhile about *Kṛṣṇa* book and said it was beautiful and bought it from you making you happy and hopeful. My evening was complete (in Dallas around 1972).

You are empty when you don't recall or rebound. Be a line player. Not speaking Italian has its advantage.

The books of my master, the activity known as devotional service. This could be a time to count your loses and not feel obliged.

The complacent.

Words aren't everything, certainly not my own words.

Even now I may gain excess.

Some topics to write about.

What is your first memory?

I don't have one, can't go back, I'm not there with my Mom and Dad I'm here as a devotee where I want to be. Just give me a Kṛṣṇa conscious topic—or I'll preach.

My first memory was a blackout. I enter the world from between the legs of my mother. I didn't mean to hurt her by entering the world but it wasn't easy for me and my head got squeezed coming out. It's no mortal sin, but your head is asymmetric said the doctor in San Juana.

Metal. Lie Detectors.

Find my clothes, he requested. M. is kind enough to be my servant. I let him tell me what's good for me to eat even tho' he doesn't always observe the rules in his own case. You could walk the beach this afternoon, in *dhotīs*! Just to see the ocean.

A place that you love. The van or a quiet morning in a camp ground when no one else is there but us, plenty of green grass and some trees and I'm writing something Kṛṣṇa conscious, maybe even a book, that has come to me or a free-write and reading too. This may be somewhat uphill since I haven't had an uninterrupted full WS at this time in quite a while. If it were possible, I'd write better something I could tell you. Plan to do that in the morning, tomorrow.

Tell of a boy whose ears protruded and who looked at photos of Bill Clinton and one of Michael Jackson and Tanya and Kerrigan, the Irish smile to send you hill and back. And the head of Pontius Pilate washing his hands of any responsibility that way, even with a good supply of Kleenex.

Dropper offer your kindness, they are trying to get by on little money. Hard times, she spent all her money in the bank to pay the bills that came in the mail. That left busy with no dough and how to get a job. If in Florida she could find some money.

Why

Do you write this way?

Please be kind to me. I am an old disciple of Śrīla Prabhupāda's.

I am more to you

I am older than you.

White hairs on the chest.

The ancient pillow fights don't effect me.

A plane overhead could have something to do with

Moon troops the UN asks, Are we making fun of loss of lives in Bosnia and Somalia? When you read a man's pitiful data in the orbits, are you saying, I'm glad it's not me and is that acceptable?

He's not here now. Gone on *saṅkīrtana*. Why aren't you also out there?

What were you saying about orbits?

We taxied into our own mind and had enough smarts what to repeat.

Drift drift, can't retain a thread, waves move me. I only can reiterate some desire to write in Kṛṣṇa consciousness flowing one day.

It will be nice. You focus on the eternal spiritual movements and who could understand.

"That is preaching" said Śrīla Prabhupāda and we looked to him with new attention. I heard his

somewhat gruff voice (it may sound rough now).
Maybe I need some *sādhū saṅga*.

Oh you have socks.

Imagine you were just back and had something around your socks.

So sleepy can't get a hold of yourself. When I am grown up (I'll learn to speak. But you have to argue to

dementia on AIDS, heart attack, cancer and another and make up the most frequent way we die. A Dr. Nuland wrote a book and said, "Do not go gentle into that good night/ Old Age should rage/ against the dying of the light." That's just music, not what I want. I want a brilliant *sāstric* situation that captures my attention and I write . . .

You were right Bill Bailey, I wanted you to write things in a Kṛṣṇa conscious manner.

Someone else would just plop down but I have to sort through.

This is very tough going and I'm getting a reaction for offensive *japa*. As you utter *Harer nāma* without offense so we read and believe in the *dhāma*.

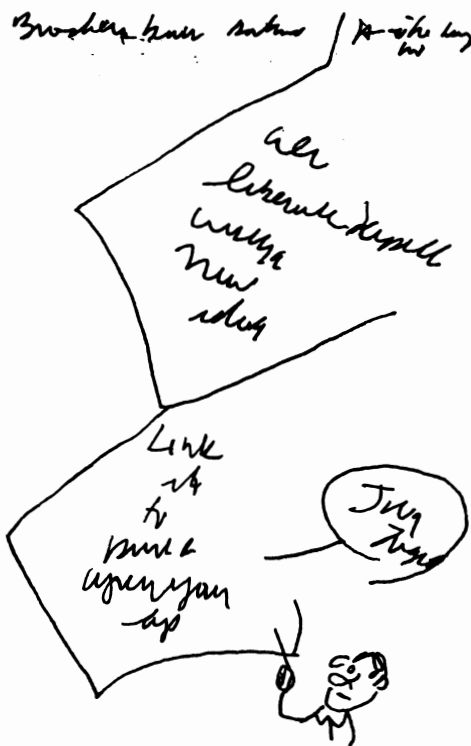
This community in my dream, where devotees live but they do their own thing, officially outside of ISKCON. No, keep it, try.

"The material nature is working under My direction," said Śrī Kṛṣṇa, and it is producing all moving and unmoving beings." Kid runs around not knowing where to live.

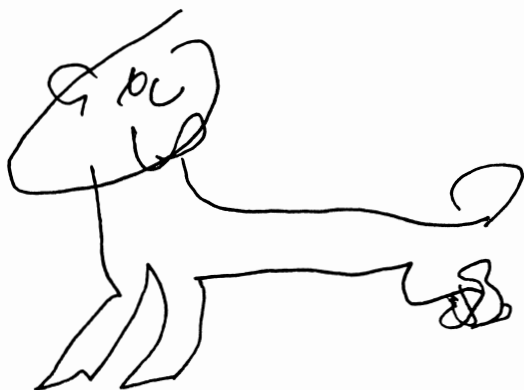
Sorry the ink is so illegible. I'm distant from it and bleary-eyed, bleary brained.

"Fools deride Me," Kṛṣṇa says, so why not do as he says. Collecting money ain't easy. "They do not know My transcendental nature."

I hope to learn better the knack of entering a Kṛṣṇa conscious state for writing and turning somewhere to glorify the Supreme Lord in a real way as we know from *śāstra*. You are skeptical why I write so much and when you examine it you say,



Tell him son
when you live, say I pray Dear Kṛṣṇa You and



I don't think it's necessary to hurt him but he has a heart.

The pen has to be steered. Once I knew a was a devotee and went in _____. Use the right grammar and words.

This exhausted offering. I do have devotion and give it to thee. I have chastity and it lives in me. I don't talk nonsense.

(South Italy)

February 26, 1994

12:04 A.M.

Up and at 'em. The first one to reach the corner is a rotten egg.

He told himself this is worth supporting, a process where you write without thinking with a faith it's good and produces. But what's the art?

Dreamt I was a famous devotee who needed a place to pee and shit. Couldn't find it for quite a while.

Hee hee. Borrowed phrase. Rubber tube around neck, Goofy the Horse, Horace the horse, trotted down main street.

Broken dream literally. It broke. It shattered, all subtle. Then he decided I got to get up and was allowed.

33,000,000 demigods could not prevent him or rather they had no orders to stop him. He's a firefly in the universe.

Weight lifter says . . . "There's not a weight I ever saw that I couldn't pick up or a dog I never liked." Huh?

Mystery perchance. I don't want to put people on.

The Christmas scarf the ladies gave buried in a pocket of his coat left in U.S.A. closet. Amar Jan gray he's got instead. You mean when you're sixty

you'll still be playing games? How can the toothless claim sweethearts? I tell you, it's a farce.

He ought to be praising God in skipped rhythms, hard at work.

The doctor said we are of these six diseases and none of them are gentle so your idea of a dignified or good or quiet death will be frustrated.

Twenty-six years old at the Winter Olympic or just a week before, she broke her neck and died. Old men died too of ruptured pause while watching T.V. That's beer drinkers, of course. Milk drinkers meet another death.

I want you to stop this loop de loop by-pass and just write ordinary. What would Bhaktivinoda Thākura say?

He might approve that I was doing an honest exercise as a devotee in an attempt to come out with unrehearsed best. He might sympathize knowing I have no direct Kṛṣṇa conscious realization, and seeing that when I finally do publish a book it's not all nonsense.

I explain, "This is my practice like push-ups."

Oh and then when do you really write?

Oh yes, well sometimes while practicing . . . a patch comes and we save it. I have an editor.

Wait a minute, you mean you don't write separate from your practice?

Yes sometimes I do. Let me tell you all about it. Do you have a minute.

No I don't. Either tell me you write separate serious Kṛṣṇa conscious essays or I don't want to hear about it.

OK, don't hear.

Mmph.

The serious purpose of this writing is to head off the preacher at the Pen. Accost him with his dogma and say, "This is a hold up. Give us your money or your life. What do you actually believe?"

See? So Mr. Preacher who is riding as a free customer in the stage coach, gets perplexed and speaks from the heart.

He says, "I never wanted to be a coach or die in one. Hee hee. I wanted to pun."

Come on, you don't enjoy humiliating a man like that, do you?

He said, "God is my witness. I gave five lectures a day in the former years and now I still do best I can traveling and eating veggie meals in people's homes and telling what I have read in *śāstra*. What's wrong with that that you accost me for some printed talk?"

OK let him go. We was just kidding. Wanted to see.

And then at night he prays, whoever he is—that includes the kid who wears a dark overcoat on Great Kills Street, lust and feckless jive. Oh you mean

Any God consciousness is real. Śrīla Prabhupāda says we just want to see if by your practice of religion you have developed love of God, but mostly you have developed all nonsense as a result.

True. I want to be cured. So the best thing happening with me is my practice—increase of reading

in his books. By practice love of God will come. Only time separates the green mango of my practice from becoming the uncontrollable desire of my ripe love.

And then (no going rotten in spiritual world) you will also write in improved manner or will you toothless in long johns play fool until the end, that's what I want to know my Ginsberg, and that's why our committee called you to testify.

Well I already told you, this is writing practice.

And if you don't mind, could you tell us again, why do you do it?

You don't know why a guy practices? You don't? Every respectable Artist or athlete practices many hours daily.

But I thought their practice daily resembled their finished piece, it is like a dress or undress rehearsal.

Yes. Yes.

The guy which was supposed to pick her up for dinner went instead to a Hare Kṛṣṇa museum. It housed odd *saṅkīrtana* photos of hundreds of years ago and a collection of ISKCON BTGs.

Was Satsvarūpa in the pictures?

Why do you ask? He's only one of many.

I ask 'cause I is he.

Oh that's natural.

Better believe it. He got diapers on? Do you hear that story of the boy whose mom gave him diapers 'cause he wet the bed in *gurukula* and when he got to his room all the Indian boys were wearing them like it was a new style?

This is exactly my point. I'm glad you took the time to tell us. So isn't this *prajalpa*, that dreaded disease Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī warns us of?

Oh. Yeah well some funny stories happen in ISKCON. I like that the boy told it with no bitterness for the past. He accepted it as the tales of a boy growing up in ISKCON. He wasn't sexually abused, he didn't hate his teachers.

This is your file, bub. You are putting into it evidence which can be used in your favor or otherwise at Judgment Day.

Yeah so I hope the judges will say He was honest. We don't find a pack of lies.

Yes but what if they say, "These are reams of notes but not much Kṛṣṇa conscious direct praise and *upadeśa*. So we are going to assign him another mortal frame of burning suffering because he maintains mad desires to write."

Couldn't they instead let me write in the spiritual world or say, "He has exhausted his writing karma and now he's free to go home and play with Kṛṣṇa or go to his spiritual master who will tell him his next assignment."

I just mean

Don't play you are helplessly addicted to writing. If it's good, fine, if not, stop it or change it for another kind of writing.

Living is costly.

High stakes every breath. Please don't waste. I don't want false bombast.

I do want to make a nice Kṛṣṇa conscious book but not at the cost of quiet life and honesty. I'd deliberately write this to stay home on purpose

I stopped going to Church. Why go if you don't have faith.

That was in your atheist days. Are you playing a version of that nowadays?

Yes maybe. Why go through rituals you don't believe in? Practice the religion that is closest to your hear. Mine is this writing practice and reading alone *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* in good frame of mind.

I used to leave the house for ten o'clock Mass alone and just sit by the train station even in cold weather, it was only an hour, and read. Too bad I didn't know *japa*, I could have prayed during that time rather than read a novel and make notes in my little pocket notebook. My sister knew I was playing hooky from Catholic Mass. At least she didn't tell on me. That's an old memory. Did it for a couple of years (Maybe as many as three).

And then? You mean you couldn't be honest with your Mom?

No she wouldn't tolerate it. She'd insist. But it was against my spirit. I didn't want to lie and had rejected the Catholic Church ritual, perversely or not.

Are you proud of that?

Not ashamed.

And now?

Now I do believe in ISKCON's morning program and temple life. I recommend it for a person who

lives in *māyā* outside and is prepared for the sacrifices it take to live in the *āśrama* and if he likes the t.p. and the work in the temple.

But for yourself?

I wouldn't mind. It is an invisible shelter. But I am a wandering mendicant and I'm at a stage where I write and write and read on my own and lecture too and I go around in my van. It's a bona fide way. I live in temples sometimes and sometimes a lone house a person provides while I pursue my trade. Like here I'm willing to lecture. But it's my private life.

This is an interesting morning session. I think the interesting thing is the increase in reading during the day. You never write the same. Tips you gave yourself two years ago or one year ago . . . Don't seem to exactly apply. You want to be more Kṛṣṇa conscious than you were then, and yet you have more freedom.

If given ample freedom you chose Kṛṣṇa consciousness—that's a premise I want to fulfill or answer. I want my answer to be, He wants to be a devotee and write in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. He happens to be a kind of jazz writer. Or he practices whatever comes out.

But why, Sal? Did you learn this from the paper backs?

Yeah. Peter Elbow. But why don't you ask why I chose to learn this instead of something else which I also read? I mean nowadays I don't ever read Peter Elbow or Natalie much either. But it's true

Stafford's contention in *Australian Crawl* are dear to me. I see more they are like confirmation for what I always wanted to do. So I'm the ISKCON free-writer.

You sure got it down. You sure write a blue streak. Is this life making bundles of straw baskets outside your cave, the way old Christian monks did to earn a living and keep busy so the devil didn't bother them?

Well it do keep the Devil away, I'll say that. It doesn't earn me a living. I can't sell my free-writes to anyone. But it occupies the hand.

Oh if Lord Jesus and Lord Kṛṣṇa will see—this boy is sincere we read in between the lines he's offering to us. It is a madness of love. God gave him language to write and a self. He offers it to us.

Yes you'd like that I'm sure.

May God bless the home and head and friends of this free-writing. May he call down God's mercy on the whole human race.

Is it then a kind of prayer? Is it like speaking in tongues?

I pray. I fear to directly address God. So I talk to myself. I know Merton says when a monk goes alone he prays for the human community and state. I don't know.

You figure your own use can use your own time as you like and you gave the movement twenty-five, twenty-seven years and still give them some time. But shouldn't you think that your body mind

and words all belong to Hṛṣīkeṣa and should be used in His service, directly?

Obviously I mean this as my service. I don't take it as sense gratification although it's what I like most to do. I have chosen this. See? When I write like this it cleans me out, like a colon cleanser.

Ugh. You mean this is all shit?

You said that. I didn't.

But you said it cleans the colon.

Some is shit. But maybe some is roses.

Oh

Yeah I got such ambitions.

You think you're a saint?

You think *you* are an interrogator assigned by God? I am writing full time and you come to ask me so many questions. Why don't you mind your own business?

This is my business, as your friend. To illicit honest responses and help you come out with what you want to so and see what you are actually doing.

Green grow the bushes. It won't be long now. Spring comes and thaws the cemetery once a soccer field. It doesn't stop death or snipers.

But there are snipers in every country. Time drains life out of you.

You told us why you write.

Kṛṣṇa plays with His friends. I will read now what He said in his incarnation as Kapila. These *avatāras* are not original Kṛṣṇa. Even Lord Kṛṣṇa on the Kurukṣetra battlefield speaking *Bhagavad-gītā* is

not original Kṛṣṇa. He never leaves Vṛndāvana. It's like the high court judge. His real feature is not when he's in court but when he's home. But yet all Kṛṣṇas are Kṛṣṇa also; they all come from Him in original form.

Why don't we read then exclusively of Kṛṣṇa in Vṛndāvana? Sometimes we do. We don't however reject the other cantos. Śrīla Prabhupāda gave us all so we should read all. Right now I'm enriching my life reading Third Canto. It's for preaching and in these cantos He teach much of pure devotional service as supreme way. And my spiritual master wants us to read and gain appreciation. How great is Kṛṣṇa. If you are not reading and you read only Lord Kṛṣṇa in Vraja, and only with *gopīs*, and only in midday pastimes at Rādhā-kuṇḍa—it can degrade you.

Ten more minutes left, Elf. Efland N.C. is not my home or even ____ Spain GN or Brooklyn Sophie Tucker Hall or 26 Second Avenue preaching spirit of though New Yorkers surrendering to God or *gurukula* madness and tedium at Vṛndāvana or Me Me Me. I am not wrong he pleaded and they took him away. Death had his number even as they parked surreptitiously at a petrol station in unknown country of Europe.

Neither your address or lack of address will save you. But if you write nonstop everyday and think some music may come and you'll feel surer of yourself when you admit

I write 'cause I write,

I like to,
I do offer it to God and His pure
devotee with hopes they know
my heart beneath the _____
of this fanatic soited fellow
who would write

Līlā śāstra

if he had such purity.

I declare myself

Bhaktivedanta scholar

and in my free time

talk to myself.

Love to.

He to improve. And the process rolls on . . .

Kṛṣṇa is told in *śāstra*, Don't make things up.
Don't concoct. The *munis* who spread *Śrīmad-
Bhāgavatam* aren't *that* kind of writer. Am I that
kind of writer who Śrīla Prabhupāda condemns?

No because you submit to *paramparā*. You prac-
tice but you believe in *śāstra* and *Śrīmad-
Bhāgavatam*. You will preach it in your published
books. Some fun he may testify

He's a devotee but see he thinks for himself.
Devotees are not brainwashed.

Lord Kṛṣṇa is letting him play.

But does Lord Kṛṣṇa like it?

He'll like it if I surrender.

Does this help?

It seems to.

I'd do better if I could.

Lord is the truth. I read how Śrīla Prabhupāda
preaches. I preach to crazy people like myself.

I love it "too much." I love Kṛṣṇa and the gift He gives.

I offer Him my best
Serpent's fangs are cut here,
I don't want heaven
or beautiful women or clever literary prize.
I just want to be a devotee
and meantime I get up early and do writing practice.

I *ain't* Rūpa Gosvāmī. I am hoping to be a better devotee one day.

I do write later a story I tell outdoors. And a poem.

Direct yourself.

God Amen

I am your servant. X

(South Italy)

February 27, 1994

12:06 A.M.

Dear Mr. Headache, I got up a little earlier than usual and did a few things before coming here. Please don't think I was trying to transgress the laws of nature or good warnings from the body. I slept pretty good last night and woke around 11 P.M.. So after that ideas were coming and not more sleep. I waited awhile, didn't feel any pain so go up. But I do this cautiously. I know you are not against such action on principle. I'll try to be careful. I'm aware of you and don't want to play foolish and defy my body's needs for health.

So we have been here one full week. Still the momentum of full WS isn't up. This first one is usually good but the second one not. Yesterday I did full time in the 10:30-11:30 seat but kept fighting sleep in a drastic way. After that no further sessions, or one but it wasn't a full one-hour WS.

It seems the "short blanket" syndrome dictates that if I want to do increased reading in Śrīla Prabhupāda I can't do these three one-hour sessions plus work on writing stories in evening, morning session of reminiscence with M. etc.

Still the use of time in evening could be improved and you *could* do a one-hour session. For today let's try to do that 10:30 one by full rest beforehand if possible. Take a hot water bottle to bed;

sleep one and a half hours if you can. And then, when drowsiness comes while you write, use pray bottle.

WS should sink down, float down lightly to an underwater depth. From there you see strange fish and other life of your life. You report it from your safe but adventurous position.

But your writing expedition should be as a devotee. Yes?

The sea washes against the shore. Your breathing is regular like that and automatic, in and out, in and out.

Against the principle of your creativity for projects in Kṛṣṇa consciousness like "Among Friends" and stories etc., is death, your death. But it's not really against. Rather death is an impetus that we should do as much as we can before the last night. Now you may say, "Oh but death trivializes all your works. Shows they are insignificant. In time your books will be forgotten." I say no the work I may be for Śrīla Prabhupāda will have good for effect if it is honest. It may help others. But even if it is externally vanquished, Kṛṣṇa assures me that even a little attempt to serve Him never suffers diminution or loss. It will save me from the greatest trouble.

So write on, at least within your capacity. You have found your work. Do it to full capacity.

Eager to write stories. Be a raconteur.

One doesn't know what one wants to say and discovers it (or doesn't) by writing. We come

especially to WS with that surrendered attitude. The WS accepts us with open arms provided we don't demand from it and fret and fuss, "This stuff is no good. This session process is a waster of my time. "When you do that you can still fill up pages. But it's better to accept yourself and the writing process for what it is.

It's some kind of frustrated macho ego that you want to conquer and you get mad with the WS page when you can't do just what you want. Don't blame her. Just go there and do it and be peaceful.

Kṛṣṇa is God Almighty. On the chariot Arjuna appeared older than Kṛṣṇa. He is always youthful. All glories to Śrī Kṛṣṇa the Supreme Personality of Godhead. I surrender to Him and hearing of all His incarnations as Vyāsa and Śukadeva give in *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* and as Śrīla Prabhupāda so enthusiastically gives. They are all Kṛṣṇa, the different incarnations. Śrīla Prabhupāda gives us all of them.

Haribol,

Steve dare,

Don't use your grappling book on us. The cruel world may attack in one way or another. But Kṛṣṇa will protect you. You can't have false ego lordship attempt in this world and also eternal peace in Vai-kunṭha. This is the hell abode for demons. So make yourself a devotee and get out, taking others with you. Preservation of life and all limbs and keeping all family and friends safe and secure here is not possible. *A-brahma- bhuvaṇāl lokāḥ.*

So whatever happiness here see that Lord Kṛṣṇa is minimizing your pain and inconvenience and at the same time breaking your last attachments. He's all kind and all good.

I asked Śamīka Ṛṣi to see his court case that way. See the warnings and indications He sends.

(I write in peace and quiet just now. A sound of small truck engine goes by in the streets of this deserted resort farm. Yesterday was busy with traffic and one can expect more today but no one intrudes on "our" property. We are typical home owners seeking privacy behind our hedges. The hedge and half gate are our fortress, the Italian police, NATO, the military might of USA and UN and human evolved consciousness and people's desire for "leave us alone" and Italian kindness, defenses to strangers . . . But if one monarch decides otherwise ...)

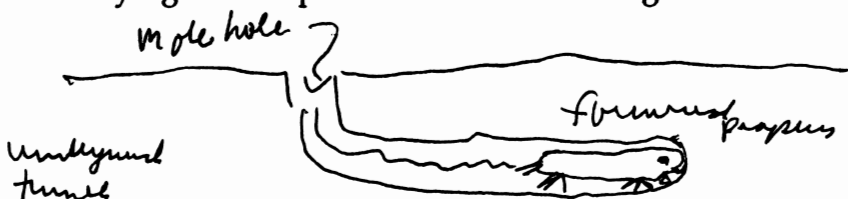
In any case you have Kṛṣṇa to protect you. You've already sent out enough tapes and books even produced to make a good show of it. And He is allowing you more for the time being. Even in terms of a writing career the ultimate is not only peace and time to work, but depth. One teacher says show us your "wound stripes" and these are more interesting than your success in finding peace and harmony. How did you survive ordeals?

A Kṛṣṇa conscious person always has a story to tell. He doesn't have to invent suffering or get into trouble. It will come. Besides that, he's not looking for material for an external adventure story. Tell of

the soul's attempt to rise. Tell what you know of that and also tell your appreciation for his books.

So peace is good and important to me.

With peace I can enter his books and be able to speak with more realized appreciation. I *am* acting out the resolution I made in Vṛndāvana to return to Śrīla Prabhupāda. This is important time. It may not be outwardly dramatic or exciting. But I am carrying out the promise and it's working.



Rādhā and forms we worship. Spring flowers. Come up and worship. Let me do my work indoors and in back yard. It's perfect time before Spring. Be grateful as you make your obeisances. God has given you eyesight, breath to breathe air, sunshine, friends and they cook for you and shelter and it's all evolving in your favor to come closer to the teachings of your master.

He is present in his teachings. Śrīla Prabhupāda experienced this with Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī. I am happy that he channeled me back this way, saying, "You are not to go this *rasika* way now." It's as if Śrīla Prabhupāda kindly called me again to be his servant. His causeless mercy. He knows I feel bad I deserted him last time in 1974. So he called me back and I am serving this time in a way I can handle with my independent spirit and desire for my own

room and privacy. It would have been better if I could have stayed and written as his servant but it wasn't meant to be. *This is* meant to be; in late bloom I am writing to my heart's content.

I see my heart is small and too hard. But I want it to soften.

Yeah Śrīla Prabhupāda is calling me. Now give up your pride and do it his way. You can and should write but be sure it's in the Bhaktivedanta mold.

It's OK to do exciting innovations to capture people's minds. Their way ward minds. But not straight *prajalpa* in the name of being human. You may have to write some of those to get them out of your system. But a story really ought to have a Kṛṣṇa conscious conclusion.

Presence that spiritual life, direction. I tell the truth of my littleness and imperfection. but therein is the desire created by Śrīla Prabhupāda to serve him and serve Kṛṣṇa in that way.

He's got unlimited servitors. I mean Śrīla Prabhupāda does. Thousands and more. Yet he has time for me and recognizes me. He knows me. O Śrīla Prabhupāda please don't forget me.

Mahārāja can't do that for me neither am I willing to do what it takes to get his cherished attention. Thank you, Śrīla Prabhupāda, for dragging me back where I want to be. I feel the test of proof is being able to relish your books. I'm happy to have this full set of your *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* lectures.

Be kind to us. I'll be kind to others too, and tell them of your mercy.

So the day unfolds. I have fifteen minutes left here. Then break and come back to read Lord Kapila's discourse.

Oh enemy of Madhu, stop the demon in my heart. O protector of peaceful devotees and sages. We wish to do our *sādhana* undisturbed. We wish to regularly offer You a *yajña* of flame and grass and ghee or of reading with eyes and mental attention. WE wish to give you our hearts in steady *yajña*.

I am thankful. I want *om śanti om śanti om śanti*.

But with You, worshipping You.

And You may want me to learn strength to endure harder times where there is nose and interference.

But while You give me peace I am taking the time for uninterrupted study. Then when I'm forced out I'll be able to remember Kṛṣṇa and preach His glories. I must follow your example. I am not the best devotee for choosing this quiet way, but You've given it to me as a quota and I value it. And want to offer it back to You in the form of devotional writings and appreciation as I read.

I admire the bold preachers.

I needn't be intimidated by them. I have my own work for you.

All glories to Prabhupāda.

This is a place. I have other works to do. M. promises more retreats. He is kind and dear to me. I want to read like this and write everyday.

Today is Thursday. Let me seek a story within. Be kind to others. Burrow underground. Can you increase your reading and writing time and quality?

(South Italy)

April 4, 1994
12:05 A.M.
(Full One-Hour Writing Session)

In a dream Mahārāja came to some place where I was, some non-ISKCON Delhi temple and I received him from a distance on the pretext that I was helping to make arrangements for his visit there. He had many very enthusiastic followers—someone said the whole *pūjārī* department in L.A. were his disciples and he visited there too—so he didn't seem to notice me one way or another. I woke and thought, so that's how it happened (at least in the dream). He was not offended by me, was occupied with many devotees and with his own *bhajana* and preaching. Of course this doesn't mean I won't have to eventually make some move or gesture toward him. This silence of no letters from me speaks for itself, but not clearly. Why don't I write? He doesn't know exactly why. Let me leave now and write something else here.

I take shelter of His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda. I would be bereft beyond what I can express, were he to abandon me. I don't even want to imagine or suggest such a thing in the slightest. There's always a possibility that he may not be pleased by my actions but I assume that he always remembers me and has a place for me. I'm constantly serving him and worshipping him,

or so I claim. And thousands of his followers want to reciprocate with him. Please Śrīla Prabhupāda, be there for us. Give us assignments in your ISKCON, your Kṛṣṇa consciousness movement.

Yesterday I heard a girl ask Śrīla Prabhupāda if the pure devotee was present in his picture in the same absolute way as the Lord is present—as in the picture of Lord Nṛsiṃhadeva and Prahlēda. Śrīla Prabhupāda said yes. He said the same thing before. It depends on our purity and our desire to be his disciple. I have that desire—to be known by him as I was when he was here . . . and to know him now as I serve him and he accepts service, and to know him in the future.

It seems that in this lifetime my connection with Śrīla Prabhupāda is well established and so my next big concern is how to cross over from one life to another and reassume the shelter of that relationship. One could reply that one lifetime at a time is sufficient. The Lord and His agents will arrange for where I go and how I take up my devotional service unto my eternal spiritual master. I don't have to figure out how it will be done. My job in my conscious life in the remaining duration of this Satsvarūpa dāsa (formally S. Guarino) lifetime, is to serve Prabhupāda true and better up to the end and hoping to be with him. That desire and mental imprint and service record on my part will bring about the next life. Lean on it, do it, pray to live up to the fullest expectations.

Then it seems you have to improve, change, and that there is more in store for me in this lifetime.

One wants to be known as a worthy preacher-disciple of his. He insists that we not practice Kṛṣṇa consciousness only for our own benefit but to help others. However one shouldn't try to distinguished oneself in a false ego way, to be popular in *IWR* etc. by photo and collect many followers (for name and fame and power). Do it sincerely.

Baladeva says I'm preparing myself as Śrīla Prabhupāda prepared his whole life up to seventy and then went to the USA. Prabhupāda said because he was so good at *śravaṇam* therefore he was good at *kīrtanam*. I'm practicing both now, reading his books and then writing Kṛṣṇa consciousness. But my writing is private. Not entirely so. I publish a lot. I work and not in an attempt to start my own movement as Prabhupāda did. I couldn't do such a thing and I'm not asked to attempt it. So to *contribute* to his movement and to fit in with all my Godbrothers, that's the challenge. It's obvious but significant to observe I have to preach by a suitable contribution within an established movement. I've chosen to express myself in a certain way, or it has come to me in this way by circumstances and the fate of my nature in this lifetime. I'm taking what I have and using it in his service.

Headaches haven't been bad lately and I'm living in a way to avoid them. The other day one was coming and I said, "My speed is to take a bath now and then lunch and then rest." If I could follow the therapeutic and insulated activity I would avert the headache, but not if I was expected to perform or go out and "conquer." I conquer by writing. In this

early hour I don't fashion an outgoing manifesto but a private way. Sometimes out of prolific jottings we gather something together and it's useful for the congregation and inner core workers of ISKCON. It takes a lot of effort to produce something worthy. Many words penned before we find some that are worthy.

Hare Kṛṣṇa. You are underway in the race of another day. M. will come in at 4:30 and I'll speak about Śrīla Prabhupāda and the time (1970) when he wrote me and what his letter meant to me then and what it means now. I'll read his *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* purport starting at 1:20 A.M.. I want assurance. I want to be assured I'm in the *saṅkīrtana* movement and pleasing Śrīla Prabhupāda. I think I want to do it in this way, trusting a private life and intensifying the quality of purity by reading Śrīla Prabhupāda and by my own writing. And I venture to interact with his devotees in temples from a position which emphasizes my own integrity. If I go alone with a crowd or go with an elite group I'm liable to do what others want me to do and to make their mistakes. I want to act more genuinely from my own will and make acts offered as purely as possible. But I'm not an Island unto myself. So I don't want to feel estranged. I need to belong and hope my brothers will permit me to serve this way. I claim it's for the good of ISKCON that my brothers be intelligent enough to let Satsvarūpa dāsa serve in the way he likes. If they try to force me in another way I'll have to deal with that. So far

I'm at least tolerated and allowed to move in my own way.

What good is my contribution? It's as good as my sincerity. One maintains a temple or distributes books. Good comes out of it, but how much good, that is determined by one's lasting sincerity. Devotees such as Vijitātmā who have been distributing Śrīla Prabhupāda's books over twenty years are undoubtedly dear to him. Maybe my case raises some doubts. I serve as best I can with a wooden leg and weak heart. Try to be his personal servant and bathe and massage him everyday. Purify at least myself by daily reading up to two hours in his books. That is not mighty preaching in the recognized sense, but Śrīla Prabhupāda kept his personal servants close to him, Śrūta-kīrti, Hari-śauri etc. They "only" had to take of Śrīla Prabhupāda's personal needs and always be at his beck and call. That service to the mighty preacher, menial, constant and voluntary adoring servitorship, is certainly good and keeps one close to him in a favorable way.

May he allow each us to go on serving. May these writing sessions be acceptable to him, not in terms of each sentence examined and judged for its Kṛṣṇa conscious explicit content, but may the writing session always work toward an achievement that Prabhupāda would be proud of.

He wrote to Janārdana in 1967, The first importance is that you get your MA degree, it will be of great importance to our movement. In a different yet similar way, a peaceful, convinced Satsvarūpa

dāsa can also help this movement. If I go to the front lines and mix with the leaders but I feel dissatisfied, that won't be good for me and the use of my total faculties as the Lord's servant. But if I feel right and pull my energy in this flow way I think I can serve better.

So my argument runs for many pages. I do it not to convince the Lord or Śrīla Prabhupāda (or perhaps I'm trying to do that too) but to convince myself. Go ahead and do your best.

Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra plaques, do them with blue background and white letters, Śrīla Prabhupāda wrote to Yamunā dāśī when he saw what a good calligrapher she was. Engage the talents in a service of Kṛṣṇa. I hope to also publish and circulate artistic stories and sentences of reform and honesty. Practice them in private and if something good comes then don't keep it only to yourself.

Some private practitioners strive for obscurity and unanimity. I can see the purity in that, removing all false motivation from your prayer and doing it in pure love, causelessly. But Śrīla Prabhupāda wants us to help create an effect. It may be argued that a pure life will have its effect even if one doesn't advertise or stand out. But I need to see some effect, to assure myself it's the sort of thing Śrīla Prabhupāda will recognize and accept. Therefore we publish and circulate.

I'm already committed and attached to disciples in various places in the world. For them I have to immerse myself in Śrīla Prabhupāda's teachings

and convey to them a genuine attraction for *śravaṇaṁ kīrtanaṁ*. Go to them by book and letter and personal visit. Do the same for others who may not be my disciples but who are open to what I say, the way I say. Be valid for them. Do that by spending your time in his books and searching yourself to remove the false.

Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa. Who are you? Who am I? I am the eternal servant of Kṛṣṇa. How do I serve you now that I am liberated, asked Sanātana. One doesn't become inactive when liberated but performs liberated service. *Bhakti* is done on the liberated platform. *Brahma bhūyāya kalpate . . . brahma bhūtaḥ prasannātmā . . . mad-bhaktiṁ labhate parām*.

Become free and serve Kṛṣṇa purely. Don't be affected by the modes of nature.

When you write a story it is something for others to read. Now I'm working in a stage prior to that. Remedial work on the writer himself. So when he goes to write he'll tell a tale which has integrity and he knows what he wants to do and can do. I'll always be groping perhaps for the exact best way to do it . . . But one wants to improve.

Looking down at the notepad on the desk. Your physical sense of balance and proportion is all governed by Kṛṣṇa's allowing you to function, your brain and its connection to your senses, nerves, so many delicate operations have to work before you can do a simple act like sit and write. So when you finally can do it, make it Kṛṣṇa conscious.

The world needs Kṛṣṇa consciousness. That includes the cultural weapons of poems and stories and autobiography of practicing devotees. To prepare such manuscripts you need to take time and intensively work at it, on the documents themselves and on the person who produces them. Sometimes you work on both at the same time.

A writer who writes about writing and a life of writing. He ask his readers to use it in their other services even if they are not writers.

Appreciate others and how they are trying to serve. Great souls magnify the good qualities of others, where as Dakṣa tried to minimize the great qualities of the best Vaiṣṇava, Lord Śiva. See the good. In yourself too.

Play it up

Be sincere by acts of sincerity, frequent writing. Words to serve others. Words starting with what is meaningful to you. Readers demand real, authentic life experience. So to write sincerely, privately is itself a communal or social act. I believe in that and need to remember it and act on it. It's not selfish solitude; it's doing something that I love, that has meaning for me. And knowing that this will be of interest to others and is the best way to serve them. Telling of your attempts to serve guru and Kṛṣṇa, sharing that with others. This is what it was like as we tried we keep up our devotional service over the years.

But put Lord Kṛṣṇa in the center. Be careful of that. A genuine devotee is more occupied with

Lord Kṛṣṇa's qualities and name and form and in spreading His glories. A devotee is not preoccupied with his own self, except as he tries to make himself fit to serve. Lord Kṛṣṇa Himself should appear in the pages of our writing.

So you write glosses and notes of what you read sometimes. Dakṣa *yajña* and so on. Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra in the ears of all.

Tell how you attempted. How do you feel about Lord Kṛṣṇa? I feel He is withholding further stages of Kṛṣṇa consciousness from me. It's a science and Kṛṣṇa reciprocates with each of us according to our desires to serve Him.

I see Lord Kṛṣṇa as the upholder of all existence. *Eko bahūnām yo vidadhāti kāmān* He supplies everyone's needs. He especially likes to be treated with affection and devotion by His intimate devotees. They want to take care of Kṛṣṇa in *sakhya*, *vatsālya* and *mādhurya rasa*. Kṛṣṇa loves that. Go on serving Him as best you can. Wow. Time is up.

Put Lord Kṛṣṇa in the center. Think of how to do that in these writings (writing sessions) and stories.
(ten pages)

(near Brescia, Italy)

April 7, 1994

12:09 A.M.

A self-conscious but grateful subduing of the self by the writer. A Śrīla Prabhupāda letter is quoted and a *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* quote by Dakṣa (Full one-hour Writing Session). *Kaṭha Upaniṣad*. *Īśopaniṣad*. *Gītopaniṣad*. *Śveṣṭāśvatara Upaniṣad*. They are the headlines of the *Vedas*. Are you serious enough? Pogo land-mark cartoon in serious funny and Peanuts I quoted in 1958, and he's been going a long time and never ages.

But are you going to grow up in your story-writing? What does that mean?

Yesterday you wrote with clarity. Now plunged back in images. What do you mean?

I mean Kṛṣṇa conscious specific content in all you write. Post a sign and announce with drums, no more fooling around, no allusions to worldly _____. If you think of Pogo we will not allow you to write his unholy, mayic name because as cute as the boy may be he is the nondevotee creation of Walt Kelly. Create your own Vaiṣṇava cartoon, those pudgy saints on book marks, "I have no Lord but You?" I don't know, I'm just saying . . .

You were saying but it's as futile as to stop the windmill on a windy day, to turn off all reception of the world.

Write if you like this way and at death you may staunchly say, "This is the way I wrote." But will it fly?

In 1967 Śrīla Prabhupāda letters reflect his ill health but desire to recover and continue his unfinished mission. He had no BBT and relied on devotees who were sometimes reluctant to type or edit and unable to raise money for his publications and unable to sell them. Later he got all this. He wanted it badly. He wrote to Hayagriva, "Although I'm practically on the path of death, still I cannot forget about my publications. I wish that if I live or die you should take very serious care for my publications." He wished that even after his death, the books could continue through production. He knew they would work to serve fallen souls even if he were no longer present. That's sincere and effective preaching.

We are taking about his *Teachings of Lord Caitanya* and *Gītapaniṣad* and Second Canto *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. I have nothing to equal that. I push forward my meager offerings admitting my imperfections.

Can you be yourself and be *paramparā*? Yes, yes.

Coleridge. Names out of a hat. Thrown in a reservoir. Taking as worthy whatever comes into the mind, provided it's not obscene in which case I draw a line, "Enough is enough."

Who do you allow into the temple? Śrīla Prabhupāda allowed Bowery bums provided they didn't make a nuisance. When you keep your door

open just off the Bowery, what can you expect? And you have no doorman. No bouncer. I'm also located in unsavory parts. I employ a bouncer. But if we only allow orderly strict *paramparā* thoughts, under control, I get the idea that it's not true enough to the life of the mind—or that some young men might be not allowed in although later they could become servants of the Vaiṣṇava.

Extend.

Kṛṣṇa the Supreme. Start off a day to find Him and praise Him in your life.

I give in to the fact that I'm writing about writing, writing about myself and my repeated attempt to make progress. You ask, "But am I like the man who when asked to cross the river insisted on carrying his rocks with him?" Become liberated and preach, is one saying. But another is to simply preach and you will become perfect and purified by the liberating action.

Beer I never drank, cooked grains by *karmīs* I don't take. I am relatively pure. I "know" I'm not this body. I read only the books of my spiritual master nowadays and some professional requirements (EH-HEM) for writing purposes.

That indigestion hasn't entirely left you but what's the use in complaining about it? Just go on with daily practices for as long as it lasts. I definitely recommend you continue writing poem lines on a big pad and in the afternoon a story at the desk and the radio show . . . All a flow of daily life of the mind from a person who is practicing Kṛṣṇa con-

sciousness. You cannot or won't shape it. Turn it over to editor and say Select from here, put into various departments of "Among Friends," call a life unfinished, a autobiography or sorts, a full diary, a . . . way to preach.

Out of much, some selected words may be shared with the public. I mean a small reading public.

If you write for yourself out of that need it will be good. You might as well do it that way. Now we are coming to the end of the Dakṣa *yajña*. He has most ignominiously taken the head of a goat on his human body. But he is in clear consciousness. Bṛgu Muni had to take the beard of that goat as replacement for his mustache which was ripped off. One prayer that Dakṣa makes is also offered in a Seventh Canto purport as a prayer one can make asking forgiveness for offenses in chanting. In this case, you offer the prayer to Nāma Prabhu just as Dakṣa offered it to Lord Śiva:

"My dear Lord Śiva, I committed a great offense against you, but you are so kind that instead of withdrawing your mercy, you have done me a great favor by punishing me. You and Lord Viṣṇu never neglect even useless unqualified *brāhmaṇas*. Why then should you neglect me, who am engaged in performing sacrifices?" (*Bhāg.* 4.7.13).

But *Harer nāma* punish us? Yes in the sense that He doesn't reveal Himself to us. Does He pay us attention and not neglect us? He agrees to appear in your chanting, even though you do it inattentively.

I don't know; I only saw this verse was mentioned so I repeat it here. Once Dakṣa was punished then he became enlightened. Maybe I have to be punished although I wouldn't want that. I wouldn't want all my works destroyed. Still in Dakṣa's case he and his *brāhmaṇas* were thoroughly humiliated, the *yajña* arena torn down, burnt by ghosts and demons who also urinated and shat upon the whole place and bones were broken, heads severed etc. But it was seen as a favor upon the wrong-doers—"He punished Dakṣa just to bring him to his senses, so that he would know that he had done wrong."

The Lord is awarding me facility to publish books and He gives me small but loyal and affectionate readership. I shouldn't complain or say Kṛṣṇa is punishing me. Rather He is awarding me, taking nice care of me. I'm only sorry that I can't make a better offering. I'll keep trying to use myself and all that I know and am in His service, to produce a striking kind of literature. Let the devotees read something smart and "fantastic," something worthy of the name writing.

But even if you want to regard your writing and life as a kind of punishment (being withheld from tasting the nectar) it is good for you and you shouldn't complain. It's a token punishment or token execution of the law of karma. "Thinking of His grace in that way a devotee always surrenders to Supreme Personality of Godhead more and more seriously and is not disturbed by such so-called punishment."

OK this is all that Kṛṣṇa will reward me, this is all He will allow me to write. Even a little *kṛṣṇa-kathā* and a lot of Satsvarūpa dāsa going over the same ground like a insect crawling (as seen from above) but it's not futile and Kṛṣṇa is appearing.

Live twice NG says. Write down what you see. Give your life to it. A little at a time is all that occurs to me. I sift through the day's experience. Low level excursion you get who accompany me. I don't want to misbehave. I don't know where to turn except to life as I perceive it.

This chair is hard on me.

There is a source. I sometimes turn to my own self-conscious as a friend and tapped dreams also, but their coded messages and illusive theater wasn't good enough to present as it is to readers seeking Kṛṣṇa consciousness. It gets tedious for the readers. We want something more waking, logical, clear.

The images are good however if you can work them.

Oh you are feeling like what, a poor man today? Well get ready to read and that will enrich you. Put in your time here. Something will click and you will start to write in an improved way. Edit your dreams, make new poem lines; wait and watch for a story. I need to find a source that I can claim or give my heart to. We talk, M. and I, for an hour, about Kṛṣṇa conscious days of the past and that's a good source.

Face it, this is your exercise. Your friends type it and go through it for usable prose. But it's mostly just the pulse beat. One pulse moves like a swan, one like a fish or something like that, like a snake, when you can feel the pulse of the patient in Āyurveda.

Won't forget that TM instructor's green ink from his gold colored pen tip, us sitting outdoor at a table on the hotel grounds, us paying money to get treated with no real results.

But I'm feeling better nowadays. Hope we can travel all right. And for now keep up your practices.

Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare/
Hare Rāma Hare Rāma, Rāma Rāma Hare Hare.
Writing is breathing. With a stuffed nose also, and sitting on a chair that never feels comfortable. Celebrate, this fellow does so. Above his pains, in five more minutes.

An inconclusive session and you nagging yourself that it should be better. Just be glad it's quiet again and you have been writing an hour. Just consider, who has the privilege of getting up so early and writing an hour and including a quote from *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* and having his basic disposition to do *bhajana*, the privilege to write whatever occurs to you? It's freedom and you ought to just accept it not always expect that it has to be some wonderful speech to read out loud or to put in between the covers of a book designed by Madana Mohana dāsa. Don't be greedy and exploitative.

That's extra and after the fact—that some can be published. If you look too much for it you'll miss the simple, liberating act.

Keep your hand moving a few more minutes then take your break. As this body dwindles in not so slow motion, do it with dignity and humor, not complaining.

If someone asks why you write like this say it's my *bhajana* to the Lord. If you believe it enough it will be sincere and acceptable to Lord Kṛṣṇa. You can say, "The Lord knows what I mean even when I am unable to express it in words. I get up everyday and write to Him in this way. He knows I mean well."

Kṛṣṇa is in my heart, the same one Lord who is in all hearts. We are each different. I claim I am special but everyone is special. I speak to a group and some are willing to listen. I hesitate but they say go ahead, you are a writer and we are willing to listen to some of it. And so I do.

The pen moves on in any case. The foot and mouth disease. The truth I try to ease . . . our sufferings, from one who has it easier, who hopes to never lose the Lord's mercy which comes from the spiritual master and devotees who follow him. Śrīla Prabhupāda hoped his few disciples, even in 1967, would continue the work. Mukunda did, others did, so cause more trouble. I want to help Kṛṣṇa remembering what Swamiji taught and not let up.

Please accept me.

Just take this writing for what it is and let it go and keep doing it. You'll help yourself as you did yesterday. This session discussed about itself and what's self-conscious and didn't stop, looked and keep looking . . .

As I used to do to my mother, hinting and trying to manipulate her to give me chocolate pudding with condensed milk, a fridge full of Cokes and ice, such goodies and to Father you ask for other things like a miniature billiard table but nothing satisfied except when you serve Lord Kṛṣṇa and the world as a servant. Śrīla Prabhupāda taught me. I try to do it even in this speckled literary self-conscious way. (ten pages)

(near Brescia, Italy)

April 10, 1994

12:10 A.M.

Glad to be back to practice writing session which flows—not all pure topics but me heart wants that some day, to be a Kṛṣṇa conscious person. For now this flow impure . . . (fifty-five minutes Writing Session)

There. The heroin of the dream was like a young Natalie Goldberg, a school teacher, narrowly averting disasters and in the last scene she runs to meet her fiancée who is dressed as a handsome young priest in white collar! He's alone and he has a car to whisk her off in but he worries that it won't be proper, just the two of them . . . The dream producer does something to allow the dream to go on anyway. If he's a priest and yet he's going to marry her, so I guess it's all right if they're together. Anyway and after what she has been through, she should be allowed to unite with him. Early in the dream everything was headed for violence when the school kids lured a male teacher into the bathroom and then they were going to attack him. I woke rather than to see it. But I reentered the dream and went on to the happy ending.

And here you are awake to tell us this tale and asking yourself, why do I write it down, what am I trying to save?

The overt disaster.

Last night M. gives me my clothes for the next day, says he's reading of the kings who were trapped in the cave by the demon and rescued by Lord Kṛṣṇa. Those kings said that their strong bodies became weak and therefore they gave up the desire for material enjoyment. M. said if I did have any desire or if he did, then by me losing my teeth or him getting asthma, we . . . give up the propensity to enjoy. But the toothless spiritual master smiled, all gums, to hear the result. Doesn't give a damn. But doesn't want to sex pleasure; wants to be free.

Dear Doctors of this world, allow this man to get up at midnight and write.

"Morning" by Greg run through my head. And what about at death? Earlier another dream was about your high school peer Ned Fennly. It occurred to me that he's not an artist, doesn't write or paint so I was going to ask him about why he doesn't do this. Devotee Mohanānanda was also in that dream attending a reunion after many years, years in which he didn't practice devotional service, now he's excited to be at the reunion. You don't want to embarrass him or put him down but you point him out . . . teenage acne on his chin.

What does it take to write a poem,
and what does it take to give up
the influence of the poets?
It is a chant and rhythm like
heave ho me lads,
a one and a two and

thirperty four.

You'll have to see if you have it in you. Now turn to God, write about Him. Don't matter if it's awkward. In the higher stage, Śrīla Prabhupāda said, one sees *sarvām klav idam brahma*, everything is Kṛṣṇa. But don't imitate that stage.

Reading, I closed eyes and prayed to be free but saw I was in the contamination of thinking, "Śrīla Prabhupāda is teaching basic things again and again. The highest is to dwell on *gopi-bhāva*." Despite my proclamations of allegiance I knew to Prabhupāda and being free of this I see I still have it. But I will fight it.

Śrīla Prabhupāda wrote in a letter in 1967 when ill in India, that when I recover I'll return to the battlefield so I'll soon be in your midst again. It's a battle even for a pure devotee, and what to speak of me?

But I don't like conflict, don't invite it yet but someone said that most interesting in a writer is to "show us your wound stripes."

Oh look I went to the dentist and endured the pulling of teeth until I had none and was positively cheerful about it and my gums healed well. When he said, "This taking out of all your teeth has one good affect, it will cure the prairie," I laughed, "No teeth, no problem." So you see in some ways I'm a plucky fellow but don't pluck my remaining feathers or eyesight and don't step on my blue suede shoes. Don't bury me on the lone prairie

but publish my books in increasing numbers, only the good stuff, thank you, Max Brod, and where am I going next? Take concern for that, Father Irish priest.

Oh he's a good boy.

Kṛṣṇa dances and Śrīla Prabhupāda smiles. My father and mother reject me and I go tell Śrīla Prabhupāda, that was a good story, eh? It's in my essay to be published in *BTG*.

Kṛṣṇa kills the demon. Get your copy of *Kṛṣṇa* book . . . Aye, I will, but for now I'm having a good time with the early cantos so let me stay with it, and worship Him and Śrīla Prabhupāda there, in those books he produced in the years of the 1970s.

I don't need to get the GBC resolutions to find out whether I love him. You don't need to advertise either. Just find that genuine current of *bhakti* and obedience to his order. Śrīla Prabhupāda writes that the message or vibration or following the teachings of the guru is the way to be with him always. It doesn't depend on physical association. That contamination, I veered away from my exclusive devotion for three years. It's technically allowed, called *śikṣā-guru*, but not for me . . . so I'm glad in a sense GBC deemed it wrong to consider Mahārāja as guru and said, "Cool it" in regards to visiting him. I had decided those things myself. A case of majority approval confirming my own way; the might of authority is the same as one weak fellow's own conviction. Let's take the way they voted as a positive confirmation and flow with it.

I'll deal with my personal relationship with Mahārāja although by not writing and going to him I already am saying the main point and he's already noticed. As he said to Govinda Mahārāja, he may have acted also in my case, "If you forget me then I'll forget you."

Śrīla Prabhupāda I don't want to slight your God-brothers or friends. But I most of all don't want to hurt my relationship with you. Please accept me back in reading as I am in your books as my exclusive nourishment.

12:37, so many minutes to go, prayers to go. The night of fright and dream drama is over. I'm got a free pass excuse while getting dental treatment as to why I'm not lecturing, although Jaya Gaura said that when all his teeth were out and he was waiting for replacement they still made him go out on *saṅkīrtana* and he remembers it. "Hey what happened to you? You've got no teeth."

Aye and you're got no reason to live except your teeth and genitals and inner viscera and all of this outer covering of soul.

Yesterday I did no WS at all due to headache. So I'm glad to be back at it, my hammer and nails, my saxophone blowing practice. See how it's done, I said it's like a musician playing—fast or slow—what comes from him spontaneously. Śrīla Prabhupāda wrote to Murari, your name means Kṛṣṇa so you are a servant of Kṛṣṇa and I am glad to hear that you are playing music in His service. Go on playing your guitar in *kīrtana*, there's no

need to learn sitar. Whatever you've got is good enough; we don't have time to educate ourselves further, life is short . . . But nowadays who dares to preach to a young Cindy or Bob that you ought to quit college and stop worrying that in the future you'll need a money-making career and vocation; just work for Kṛṣṇa in His movement and rest assure that He'll take care of you. Who preaches like that? Do I? I can't it seems and yet it's true that one can surrender that way. ISKCON however is unwilling to sign a paper to say that they will support you. Otherwise someone could sue and ask for their money back and nowadays courts are willing to consider it. The monk and priest leaders have to have lawyers to consult before they act. A disciple sues the guru. Like that.

So at least I have to depend on Kṛṣṇa,
and play my guitar not needing
to learn sitar at 55 years old.

But sing along with me
O Brier Rabbit went down a hole
singing, "Bless my soul,
whatever you do,
please please don't throw me
in the brier patch!"

In overalls he chuckled and thought I'm a merry sort and do get of a good one now and then. The golden ham, Jackie Gleason looms in my past as the bus driver of my life . . . Going to sleep thinking of old T.V. cereals stored in archives.

BBT Archives moved to Sandyridge, North Carolina. You can do that. But are you going to read his books?

He is protecting us now and it's up to us to not to forget him in our devotional service.

By flowing with the topics of the Lord,
one gets out of material illusion
which leads to all the suffering.

Friend, this body which you consider to be one of your soldiers, is fallible, *dihapaca kala tridesu*.

Touch the source. Don't play a role or game. I simply want and need the *śāstra*. I will face and overcome skepticism. Yes the Supreme Lord can lift Mandira Hill. It's not a myth just because you don't believe it and can't do it. Things don't happen by accident as you say. God doesn't reveal Himself to fools and challengers.

He reveals in the tradition to other religionists differently according to time place and person. As Lord Kṛṣṇa He is the original Supreme Personality of Godhead. When the time is five after one I'll quit this session. I seem to be stalling and waiting for it to end. But try for a last sincere expression.

Dart ahead. Tell us plans for future WS. Well I must plan to keep moving in time at least two hours daily and not get out of practice. And one story a day, that's a good tempo. As for what I will say, what did I write this morning?

You wrote almost illegibly in speed. About your dream with a girl as the star, your confession as toothless and what M. said.

You wrote about being happy to read *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* Cantos. But contamination while reading Prabhupāda's purports and your relationship with Mahārāja again—writing down things that have already passed through your mind.

Stories without conflict. Write a story about that.

You didn't write a cheese and crackers but a few snatches of songs and figures of *māyā* appeared.

Why don't I live in God and why come to Him and then go away to other subjects? Please you say, I want to dwell on Him, Christ the one, Kṛṣṇa the one, come to His teachings.

Ha! Ha! They all laughed in agreement with the nun (at my expense) who said that if my claim was valid, that Hare Kṛṣṇas are following Christ, then isn't it even more true that they Catholics are following Him?

O Sister I don't mean to say
you aren't following Christ
but you don't realize
a further point (which I didn't
dare to utter in the assembly)—
and that is—Śrī Kṛṣṇa's pastimes
are sweeter than any,
and He is the original Supreme Personality of
Godhead.

Govindam adi puruṣam.

There, I'm finishing strong with what comes, buttercups, spurned folly. Don't hurt anyone, be true blue fellow. Stay in there and fight and

if your writing is diluted, mundane, acned,
cracked, cocneyed and cockeyed etc. it's all right.

Correct it and play your
Murari dāsa guitar,
don't need to learn sitar but
if you still want to, I may
direct you to Dwakin and Brothers
of Calcutta where you can buy one.
Better play what you can
ring-a-ding,
I'm a devotee of sorts
in shorts changed to *kaupins*
and love this life but [possible blank here]
on poems

End it. I'll exercise my limbs and then get back to
the book. Dhruva takes instructions from Nārada.
You need to pray for *śraddhā* to read.

You've done here nine and a half pages. We'll
give you more breakfasts up until the end. Depend
on the kindness of people of the world and law and
order and NATO and USAF? Better not. See Lord
Kṛṣṇa as your protector not the police. All those
other protectors and people are there but a sane and
experienced man, I mean a devotee, knows that
only Kṛṣṇa is his friend. Write in solace, go to
Kṛṣṇa. He will find in a better song than any other
jingle. Please accept me, Lord of all, who dwells in
the hearts and spins universes and metes out kar-
ma, save us from forgetfulness and blasphemy and
sin.

May we be Your devotee and rascal no longer be. Become Hinduized? I don't mean that, nor do I need to be a citizen of India—although if required we should give up even the U.S. trappings to enter Your eternal entourage. We will do what Prabhu-pāda says and accept what is favorable and reject what's not. End here. Thank you.

(10 pages plus)

(near Brescia, Italy)

May 2, 1994

12:10 A.M.

Armed with a pen only and wit he sailed into battle with Māyā. No I don't want to battle with the all powerful material energy. Better she leave me alone and say Oh you are protected by Śrī Bhagavān's pure devotee, all right go ahead.

As Śrīla Prabhupāda exposed and denounced the "*gopī bhāva club*" in LA in 1976 . . .

As the class president, as the best dressed man, the boy rose and gulped.

Don't knock it. Say the truth. If you have nothing as truth then why not just stop writing and turn to reading? Remember our slogan or mood last night was that we don't have to follow our own self-imposed rules as to quotas. You can read in writing time. You don't have to produce nine handwritten pages in an hour. Don't have to keep the hand moving. But there are reasons not to quickly give that one up too. But not just for the sake of accumulating old pages . . .

Lord Kṛṣṇa is the center. You want to see more immediate good result of giving so much time to reading and hearing. You want to see it stay in you and build up permanent strength centering in yourself, tranform you into a perceivable spiritual body. It doesn't do that . . . you wonder what is the good of the "writing." But the writing is not to

blame. Also if you do gain spiritual life you are responsible to share it with others.

Śrīla Prabhupāda spoke against ignorance. We are reading of his last world tours. Then he went to India . . . In his last years he spent more time there. I also don't have to have a stereotyped program. I'm in Europe in recent years because . . . I can go alone. I can surface like a submarine and come into a friendly harbor and lecture there.

Tell devotees about Śrīla Prabhupāda. Yours is a presentation slightly different from others. But essentially the same *paramparā*. Some want to hear from you and they draw encouragement from your point of view. I don't quite understand how it works, but it does. Only out of all his followers do they think I should be their spiritual master or guide? In any case, you need to work. Everyone has to work to maintain himself in this world. At least you are not turning to writing as a means to make money and trying to demand that your stories sell or you write a tea bidding of some money making person. Ya at least . . .

At least you are not in pain right now . . .

Vena was killed by the sages. That's the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* history. Then the sages produced the appearance of Pṛthu Mahārāja and his wife, Arci. He is a *śaktya-veśa avatāra*, a *jīva* empowered to rule. He leveled places on the earth for agriculture. He was ready to punish or kill the earth when she withheld grains, from the citizens, but when he learned of her grievance he satisfied her by *yajñas*.

Then people brought a calf and a pot and drew from the earth according to their desires. For example, demigods drew forth *soma* beverage and demons wanted beer and liquor in an iron pot.

Then we read that Pṛthu Mahārāja was performing one hundred big rituals for the Supreme Lord. But Indra was envious and tried to stop him. Indra disguised himself as a *sannyāsī* and stole the sacrificial horse. Mahārāja Pṛthu was going to kill him but Lord Brahmā asked him not to. There was no need for Mahārāja Pṛthu to establish a world's record of *yajñas*. Let Indra be the champ in terms of numbers of *aśvamedha yajñas* . . .

Writing in the cold early morning. They put a gas heater in here and it's taking out the chill, but one thinks the oxygen is also being removed. Oh well, it's put for a couple of hours . . . You want more. You want some deathless prose, a breakthrough. I'm sorry friend, I can only relate your littleness and if you have read something interesting. And you can write your little life on this page but you are sometimes reluctant.

Examine the reluctance. I am willing to work at something that will have value. I don't want to waste time. But you have read . . .

"Dive into absurdity and write. Take chances. You will succeed if you are fearless of failure." Another way to be fearless is to write your little life.

"I hope you don't mind if I don't wear my teeth. They hurt. They are only temporary."

"No I don't mind. The dentist would probably prefer. Your gums will heal quicker."

In two places on your gums . . . And there is some pressure sometimes in a place where my colon is. All under the thin layer of skin. We try to live in these less cruel modern times without being hatched I mean hatched to death.

To live a good while and publish books of your words.

How much damage did I do to my inner life? He went to the lure and along the way looked at a book

...

It is not forbidden by any system to look at *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* wherever you like. Chapter Twenty is called, "Lord Viṣṇu Appears in the Sacrificial Arena of Mahārāja Pṛthu. It is interesting that Lord Indra accompanied Him. We are surprised that Indra can misbehave and yet be directly patronized by the Supreme Lord. Indra remains a great devotee. Also he is capable, flexible, of admitting I did wrong. That's a sign of greatness, isn't it? He admits I did wrong. Śrīla Prabhupāda said it's a sign of greatness.

The Supreme Lord brought Indra who was in a mood to ask forgiveness from Mahārāja Pṛthu. The Lord said to Pṛthu, Please excuse him.

"If there is any discrepancy, he forgives. It is said that forgiveness is a quality of those who are advancing in spiritual knowledge" (*Bhāg.* 4.20.3, purport). I forgive those who consider I'm behaving wrong and who speak against me. Forgive your father and mother, forgive the American people

and the anit-cultists. And forgive our own self. Yes, don't hold it against yourself that you don't write better, don't preach more, are growing old, get headaches, aren't more austere, can't pay attention or love the holy names . . . You are pure in essence, everyone is. We get covered over. We can forgive because we each have a pure good soul.

Lord Viṣṇu was asking for pardon for Lord Indra. I got misled by the gang of atheists. Sometimes they get punished and not just let off lightly. I too may have to face some reprimands and implications by the laws of nature. I am certainly willing to forgive myself. But then you want to take a direction of self-improvement.

One short short short story per day? Is that enough? It will have to be because I still need time to write like this. I can't keep manufacturing stories all day which are like declaration of performance. Sane joys. Little life. You can't also just do far out things or associate with strange people so you can write about them.

Life of spirit is quiet outwardly. At least mine is and I seek it that way. But then don't have and don't want a *tyāgī* or rip roaring outer story. You told the story of the visiting *sannyāsī's* trip to Spain and his desire to be a poet and serve the movement in that way. That was a brilliant device. You'll have to wait a while to come up with something equivalent to that. Story writers draw from their own lives and from life in general. They can tell one after another.

Lord Viṣṇu asks Maharja Pṛthu not to be carried away by Māyā or else "All your advancement may be considered simply a waste of time." Don't be an ordinary man bewildered by Māyā.

Acts in the bodily concept of life are illusion. Whether you think you will be happy or that you can make other people happy by sense gratification, these ideas are illusion. "Be free from all dualities for gain and safety and be established in the self." Kṛṣṇa asked Arjuna to do this.

Don't you want to ask wisely? Yes. Do you want to drink water? Is yesterday's meal being broken down by your digestive organs? Are they tired of always working, and you give them no rest? Same with the eyes, always demanding they see what you write and read the novels placed before them?

But I give them *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* to read. Still, it is so many hours per day.

Are you lamenting on your behalf or your typists? I already asked you to drop it. Write what you can in the early morning. This is honest poverty. Your own life . . . your unwillingness to write in areas that might have more energy . . . your direct approach to *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* topics thinking, "My own life is not so interesting, but if I tell of Lord Kṛṣṇa's prowess and speech and dealings with His devotees and demons, that's bound to be a more interesting and valuable topic."

Explain and explain. "I do this in this way for this reason, dear reader. Please accept me this way and

agree I am doing the best thing under the circumstances.

Only allowing Kṛṣṇa conscious cars and trucks to pass. But the material energy allows men to build cars and roads and make business and cause others to labor and everyone gets pieced by Durgā's trident. They asked for some relief but are not willing to let go of that which causes them misery.

Now I've been writing and sometimes reading for almost an hour. We will break and then start mostly reading with some notes as you like. I wonder if the gas heater and gradual warming of this room effected what I wrote.

It is good to enter *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* with no pretentious expectations, "This will _____ a great saint and sage and I can write and explain it to become a famous, charming author of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* topics." Enter and behold what you can.

There will be no more annual big arrangements for Vyāsa-pūjā day by this one. He'll hide out if necessary.

(9 pages)

(Ballyferriter, Ireland)

May 3, 1994

12:11 a.m.

You used to write whatever came not thoughtful first, that's one kind of writing retreat. Words coming out and faith they will lineup in a way that merits attention. Because you are a devotee of Kṛṣṇa. You don't ask yourself or stop to criticize it. Do you remember?

Tan moth alights on gloved hand. He's not satisfied, or pleased or dazed, nuts about. I can't wait for him. On cover of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* is Lord Viṣṇu coming to supervise the *yajña* of Pṛthu and Pṛthu accepts the obeisances of Indra and embraces him saying You don't have to ask pardon I embrace you. Do you remember how good comes when you just allow it in the first primitive law of writing what comes?

A dream of being in San Francisco. Devotee, me, once famous, now reduced or undercover but some still honor me in an obscure future. No one writes like you and you don't imitate. It doesn't matter if people understand. You can only write a tiny version of reality in your words. It's something different than the actual feelings and variety of life.

Been a long time since we had such a block; I didn't even know the block was, lost faith in it in this process of writing? Want as much Kṛṣṇa consciousness as possible, that's good, took to reading all the time when he could be writing but the writ-

er wants his own go and the reading didn't so much improve that way. It gets its own time you reserve for it.

Oh where did my prayers of Dhruva Mahārāja go and my intention to use them in what way? You could write a story from 4 A. M. to 5 A.M. if you feel up to it drenched in water bottle spray determined not to fall asleep in gas stove fumes . . .

The fall of China. The raise of me. The quality of falsity I don't want to enter. You need heat to bake your cake. The best way is the timed exercise and writing in details. But when you are so tired you can't even say it.

Font Vella water mineral. Talking English now, the man with us and M. Stays up talkin' with Arjuna. I do repeat folks the charter don't matter the words I'd rather put down to substitute for the actual ones, told my editor look at *Mexico City Blues* for idea of writer as jazz musician on the page each one like a free blowing of words that occur.

You are on vacation in between writing projects and are free not to take on some dreamy assignment where you see the whole world as fictive and smell ink and get excited, *this* is the book best one I've written and hope I live long enough to do it. Don't mock, them's good times and so is this.

So Lord Viṣṇu asked Mahārāja Pṛthu to stop and He preached to him. You could look again at what He said to help retain it, though it won't be possible. On his '76 tour of USA and before that Śrīla

Prabhupāda was lecturing on Ajāmila chapters, you can read it. I do wish to be in contact with the pleasure of hearing and reading him. Be satisfied that this is Fourth Canto and good enough.

I'm grateful this is being typed.

When I was small always I wanted people to serve me but it rarely happened. It was a pleasure when someone did something nice for you. Did your character form by what your mother and father taught and what did they teach? Taught Stevie to shape up. He retaliated later going to New York City and Greenwich Village book shops, a nice kid didn't want to get into trouble . . . inner flame is spirit soul anyway and no pose is going to alter that. Śrīla Prabhupāda says a pure devotee (as expressed in Lord Caitanya's *na dhanarṇ na janarṇ na sundarīṇ*) is willing to undergo calamities of birth after birth as long as he can serve the Supreme Lord in loving service. That calamity includes I am afraid long forgetfulness of Him. In that time you think sense gratification is the goal. *That* is the deepest impression which you carry whether you pursue it as a hippie or molded son of the Guarinos or gather as a dog. Fear and sense gratification keep you moving.

Dear Lord I don't want this prime time writing to take me away from concentration on that goal, you see? But the way to get it may include this experiment of writing, writing what comes. No book however, can help you as much as the direct scriptures of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* and *Bhagavad-gītā* and it's just a matter of being able to contact them.

Down, down, goes Alice,

passes on jar labeled

ORANGE MARMALADE and takes it but it's empty. The classical pleas of nonsense in that book to entertain children and adults get at something in us. And being a cognizeti later you can say it's charming like Alice's initial descent and the hope of tasting orange marmalade in each of us.

With Thomas' English Muffins.

Aprons on the men in the kitchen.

Bare-chested driver of trailer truck in early evening. Later he put on T-shirt and you saw him of folding clothes—loneliness of that life. If he gets an attack who will drive the truck? Police have to worry about that. Who has the right papers. You just want to be able to write freely and have someone type it up that you can do through all chimes and times and appearances but what I want to know is what if you can't get it typed, will you still do it? You are willing to write this way with the faith that some of it *will be used* otherwise I don't get the purpose of it.

Sometimes you dictate the writing onto tape.

I'll record myself and stay awake that way; produce tapes for Madhu to give to others, but if we don't have that book I can use another, another way to preach. But the radio show goes on.

When you're deep into a WS where do you go? What's the subconscious? The time you do have to write if you have the energy. Low energy constant is good enough, the tortoise beats the hare. Energy

and case enough to tell the dream. One fragment of it please. This is the dream fragment school.

OK the German zone form of education for children won out over other schools. So now you had to accept their version and you were with them and learning from them. They weren't holding it against you but in friendly way teaching you the more controlled version of education. You were submissively learning it. You had to do it. That's the bottom line. This was in America where formality and more permissive spirit of education prevailed.

Cocktails for two.

Thank you for writing experimental books like "First Four Weeks. "Something to be said for that, like revving up for it in going to India and your brain unwinding. This experience is all going into a book I am writing. Yeah its overall good.

You can write like that, my friend. Think maybe there's some advantage in having Kdd send a package quick to Tralee Fed Ex and get your hands on it. Or at least plan to write like that again, whatever comes and the life dedicated to it.

You can do a simple version of it by taking time to write everyday a story or parts of a story. But you have to see it as a serious purpose and it expresses a part of you. That is fun and creative and gets at the life of the devotee.

Assemble the Ballyferriter stories. I can't stop to think of them now 'cause these two writing sessions needn't be any one's servant and to be pure I don't want them running errands for my author

self. He's got his own book and stories to write as *Ballyferriter Stories* a book to produce of twenty stories each at least numbered and preferably titled and they form a whole. High ho it will be fun. All you do is apprentice writing with the best you can do each day and that gratification.

Oh I am pleased with you. You worry am I Kṛṣṇa conscious enough and there's no way around that. Tell M and tell Kdd and tell all workers these apprentice books are very important. I should be able to work however without them always knowing where I am and encouraging me. Well I already have new encouragement that I am writing a book called *Ballyferriter Stories*.

Now it's warming up in here.

Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam is part of your life. You try to make it the whole and it doesn't seem to work. You are not fit for that yet like Mahārāja Parikṣit. You always want to write some book on your own.

"Damn it, Thuber, stop writing."

But he couldn't. Were grateful to him even in his near blindness. But the writer who can give Kṛṣṇa consciousness, let him be the most dedicated. Give him food, but healthy food and he should restrain himself. He's got a secret now, that he can pour all he's doing into right places and packets, a kind of fantasy of his own unraveling adventures, into the stories of this time and place daily.

Cindy can produce. Here I go in madness again. And using up the gas jet flame. It makes you so uneasy. Is my O₂ being used up? Long johns no

longer necessary. It rained so hard I heard it beating on the roof even tho' I was wearing earplugs. This is it mate, the curtain was up but you didn't notice it.

Now you call it a name. Slowly I unwind. If we get bicycles today I can play. Toothless you face puckers in. You are an old man but didn't notice it, felt so gay and lively and your foot wouldn't like to walk on the beach incline. (?)

But there's something to be said for the serious no play attitude of devotion and play. You can thus divide your day into different segments and modes of expression and then all subpersons can live in harmony and provide, produce.

No drawings. Alice said what good is a book without pictures and conversation. You know how she feels about it.

The rain is falling. They had only one day of good weather in the long weekend, ended last night. In a spare sport attitude I was glad they mostly got rained out so you don't see tourists and local fun seekers.

That teenager with long hair

Tell her, sparks flow out in all directions and you stop this writing to collect them on pieces of paper. You are charitable to other writing projects. Do see how the WS is the source of supply for the others. Experience is also the source of supply. And when suddenly you see that it's all frothing but not substantial, then *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* is the source. You are a lucky guy.

You have such resources to draw from.

Be humble and not thinking for glory. That's a block. You can flow.

I thank you writer of this session and for the sessions you thanklessly write.

My sister knew I was hoping that . . . what?

That I'll tell in radio show.

There you go again using Momma Writing Practice as a provider for other projects. Wow it's 1:13 A.M.. I didn't even notice the hour went by.

Oh WS I will return to you. You are a good sister and brother. My pen ran out here. (10 1/2 pages) plus many small notes written sparkly in this hour. You want to thank the Writing Process, thank Natalie Goldberg, thank M for bringing you here, and the midnight hour, rain on window, all as sources, but where did you think all those sources and gifts of expression come from? It's Kṛṣṇa your Best Well Wishing Friend. *Janmadyasya*. And how are you able to dovetail these desires? It's the grace of Śrīla Prabhupāda who called you in and asked you to write a book.

(Ballyferriter, Ireland)

May 3, 1994

10:30 A.M.

Go for a one-hour now. The past glory of this early morning is gone. But you can still write quickly and good ideas will come how to serve. You lose an hour reading drowsy but it's better than nothing. He said he wanted only the benediction to hear from the pure devotees with millions of ears. And I struggled for awakeness and that struggle is your sincerity. He'll grant you strength to do it. But time is wasting. Then I read the verse with complex metaphor—he says the messages of the Lord's glories come from the mouth of pure devotees and are like the aroma of saffron dust at the Lord's lotus feet. When one receives them, what happens? He gradually comes to the right conclusion of life. And you can't hear those messages from a nondevotee.

Then comes a verse that if one gives up such hearing he's like an animal. Intelligent devotees don't give up chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa. I underlined it as an act of prayer—please don't let me ever give it up. I don't want to hear from the nondevotees. Please spare me.

Then came a verse that Pṛthu Mahārāja wants a place of service at the lotus feet of the Lord and trusts it won't be taken as a quarrel with the goddess of fortune. I look now at this purport and can't recall any of it. Here is where I blanked out. Any-

way I forgive you and say it was certainly better than nothing.

Keep at it. Sheep baaa-ing. Gray mist. At breakfast (after and before) I glanced at pamphlet about Great Blasket Island. People lived there in simplicity and poverty and perhaps were spared evils of modern civilized world. By 1950s they stopped living there. You can go visit but there's nothing there really. So I read it and maybe it will fit in as some background to a story. Some general information like the pamphlet, "Fact about Forestry." Worlds forest are diminishing. Shortage ahead.

Went downstairs. April 1994 newspaper spread out to be used to start a fire. A political cartoon shows one man being crucified just like Christ, but he's smiling. These are caricatures of modern day persons but I don't know who they are. Another man leers and says, "It's nice to deny you, deny you thrice!" And a third person is prayerful with a shaved head like a priest, even like a Hare Kṛṣṇa devotee. The article says, "Religion goes Pato."

I don't know what pato means or who these people are but I feel I'm exposed to blasphemy and poisoned just by coming down the stairs and glancing at it. I also saw this opening sentence, "Whether one believes in the Christian version of the Crucifixion or not . . ." Religion and politics and pato and that licentious freedom to joke in cartoon . . .

Back up in my room writing away. So save me. Racing from sleep, racing from modern or mundane journalism, racing with my limited time and

limited piety. I have exposed myself to things which splay me out, reduce my capacity (already small) to receive Śrīla Prabhupāda. But I'm in a good situation now to build this up. Where there are no trees a castor tree is big. Great Blasket Island children grew up never seeing a tree. Go to America, in exile from Ireland and live in Manhattan—which is worse?

She said they didn't go to Confession or pray much. The weather was bad. But figured they were already free from sin by their simple life.

When I wrote earlier I got strong ideas for new projects and they are still strong. One is to string together my daily stories in one book printed for myself, *Ballyferriter Stories* and to execute that story at 4-5 A.M. The other idea was to start recording my reading of *From Imperfection*. So post glories of that morning are present assignments.

I can't expect or greedily seek for so many new ideas each time I write. Rather when the good streak hit this morning I recalled my disappointment of the day before and thought *yes and that led to this*. It was like yesterday was *tapasya* and today was a payoff.

Walked in rain and then it stopped. Vista of bay at sun-up. I didn't talk so much. The prospect of a "lectio" walk is happening but not so dramatic or concentrated. It is however a different realm than indoors and what is my ordinary level of intellectual life, faith or reading. It's better outdoors. I needed the time to use good conditions for *japa*, to show my *japa* that when I get a good time I consider

japa the worthy recipient of that time and holy attention. The loud and clear outdoor rounds while chanting.

Give thanks.

I also felt confident that this retreat life is not something to be guilty about. It's not my permanent situation but yes Satsvarupa goes alone to places where he writes his poems and stories. In these places he gets access to states he could never attain otherwise. He is free from other cares. He enters realms of expression and delight that satisfy him as nothing else does—and he finds a way to share it with others.

I felt it's right and that from an objective point of view Godbrothers could accept it as my valid, "though unusual" service. If they don't accept it, that's their misunderstanding. I needn't feel guilty about that or think I am doing something wrong here. *Phalena paricyate*. I read *Bhagavad-gītā* as I walked and paused and entered the house after an hour outdoors.

gotta, gather,

don't take a boat to an island.

Keep at your desk and books and pen moving on this page. If you do take a bike ride OK but may find a way to use it for more stories and poems, exercise, life in service to Śrīla Prabhupāda.

Soon it's 11 A. M. and I have still a half hour to go. We are implicated in the rotten society but getting out of it by entering the *Bhāgavatam* and purifying chanting. What did Śrīla Prabhupāda say, We have to publish and defy. We don't accept that

man went to the moon or the worth of the contribution of Freud and Marx and Darwin and many like them. We defy and don't accept their theories. No one can bluff us about God consciousness or even about the nature of the material world. We defy them and they reject us.

Stick to the teachings. I cannot have a wide reading audience because of this. Only those faithful and respectful to Śrīla Prabhupāda will heed me. That's all right too. I don't need popularity. I want to write the truth. Time will exonerate us when Kṛṣṇa consciousness becomes more popular and when it can purify itself as a movement. Or if that doesn't happen I will still have the satisfaction of enlisting myself in the service of the Absolute. Save yourself. Counsel those who want to hear, give them cheer. Give them a *prasādam* in writing.

Clear air out there. Green and hills. On way back from walk I saw the cottage and felt I could live here. But then realized I wouldn't want to really. I do want to live here for three weeks (and wouldn't mind a fourth tho' I can't afford it). I'll make it as perfect a three weeks as possible. Carrying the benefit of it to others.

I'm repeating myself. I'm chugging along on a train track of platitudes. Munching my way through lunch like a rabbit. Sipping down breakfast like a hungry mole. And sleeping here and there. Don't forget to take your medicines at the appointed times.

11:06

O'Neully, O'Seanus, O'Sullivan O this and that. What did Śrīla Prabhupāda say? He preached to a young reporter Kathy, from the *Toronto Star*. Told her we are so dull we don't see that there is both matter and spirit and that the spirit gives movement and life to the body. People fight on bodily differences but a devotee is on the *brahma bhuta* platform and sees everyone as spirit.

Why don't I always preach just like that? Do other ISKCON preachers do this constantly as Śrīla Prabhupāda did? Do they have the vigor and compassion and strength to drive home these same points again and again relentlessly knocking down the opposing ignorance? I'm sure no one has it to the degree he did. And we tend to find it overbearing.

Why do I speak a softer message? Why do I talk about myself and sense perceptions instead of straight basic message? Because I have taken this service. Sadāputa preaches in a specialized way to scientists, and I to the mind of people who want to know *what's it actually like for an ordinary Westerner to live in Kṛṣṇa consciousness and how does he confront his doubts and the pressures of the world and his own lack of purity?* I answer these questions for them with a relentlessness similar to Śrīla Prabhupāda's. That's my claim for the bona fide nature of this writing I do for my spiritual master.

He said the educated civilized men today are "ghosts without head." It is "something revolutionary" (to call them that) but it is a fact.

Chanting is for cleansing the dirt in the mind. Śrīla Prabhupāda is a dynamite change of sincerity, conviction, pungent (sometimes hard to take) expression, medicine and panacea. Full meal. knock-out. Holy words. Hard to understand for the *mūḍhās* because their brains are filled with dung. "Just like a dog having sexual intercourse on the street, so if I request the dog that, 'Don't do this, it is not very good.' he'll never understand."

I read Satsvarūpa reporting to Śrīla Prabhupāda of Professor O'Connell's objection to the devotees who deny love through the flesh. How openly I expressed it. It's embarrassing to read it now, and I hope professors don't read my saying they are, "Extremely blasphemous." But it's true and I spoke my heart to my spiritual master in private and he replied strongly and said how to deal with such men.

11:22. I've been writing here by taking a glance from *HS Diary*. Now back to my own, cold hand, ready soon to hear Śrīla Prabhupāda while massage him.

What's the purpose of these writing workouts? It's to persevere as a writer even when you have nothing to say. You live the writer's life and expose your guts—I mean your lacks and loves. And you stutter and sing a little and pause and talk to your friend.

It's a way. It pays off in dividends at certain times and at other times seems to be just the idling of the engine. But I claim I need to do it as much as possible. Fill up the pages.

So that when breakfast or lunch comes you don't think, "This is the purpose of life, to fulfill the voracious lust of the tongue and belly." No, I eat, I enjoy it intensely, but even more important is to continue plans and actual reading and writing before and after eating. If you claim to serve as a writer then you write something and I choose this.

Ned capitalized on the money he stole. Fred jitsued his uncle on the fractured head. I went to Dr. Creives in Annodal by the SIRT and carried Kaffa's *Castle*, but he wasn't much impressed. I smuggled my father's booze out of the house. I hated the taste. I rattled and spilled and cried and was repressed and gradually over the years it grew like a boil. The bird was bad. The Charlie Parker freedom. New York City not so far away. And atheism hatched its egg in me. I was corrupt. No angel. Then dirty blond boy sex stained, culturally greedy for the "best" extreme characters of Art and friends I sought . . . Aw put it aside. It's 11:30. You're a devotee of your Guru Mahārāja. Go to him now. He and Lord Kṛṣṇa forgive you. Don't dwell in the past.

I pray
let me hear nicely
not on the surface
as a fault-finder.
Let me hear nicely.
(11 pages).

(Ballyferriter, Ireland)

May 3, 1994

16:55

Go for an hour, Smitwick? Go for a pint. Car rolls. Sheep eat grass, sheep in snow.

You are finished reading HS's *Transcendental Diary*. As long as the body is stout and strong, prosecute Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Or continue it as long as you can.

They are out shopping. If they get bicycles that will open our vistas, nature poems and body exercise and new familiarity with this coast area. At 4 A.M. you go to write another improvised story. Oh well oh well I'll keep writing even if they come back within this hour. They've gone to Dingle and I'm only reading and writing and talking.

The truth of Kṛṣṇa consciousness is not in me but in Kṛṣṇa and in *śāstra*. I have to give up my old and bad propensities. I'm not like Śrīla Prabhupāda, coming from a pious and religious family and culture. I have to put it all aside. My taking to Kṛṣṇa consciousness is not a solidifying of what I learned from my father, a pure devotee of Kṛṣṇa. I sometimes air the grievances, show the scars, talk the nonsense. I want the right to live to be a person and that sometimes means recalling my pre-Kṛṣṇa conscious past and what went wrong.

I sometimes want to point out that I was victimized and also to admit I sinned by misuse of free

will. Because I'm still stuck with some of those propensities and bad habits and re-hashings of sense gratification.

Gradually you work your way to the end of reading another book or writing another notepad. New Spring lambkins are a few days dead, a few weeks dead. We say, "They grow up." Old ones die. A bone on the beach. Smooth worn rocks. History books kept careful records of the cartography of Ireland over thousands of years. It was divided like this and it looked like this; the invaders entered here.

Prabhupāda traveling around the world and we reading it in the *Diary*. Where will he go next. HS carefully preserved the record of what he said and did and we can be with him. In a sense it's more valuable than the whole-life biography. But I have also covered periods of his life no one else covered, Volumes One and Two and even Three of *Śrīla Prabhupāda-liamrta*. Later years I sped up and covered ground quicker. Didn't want to drag it out very long. Thought everyone might not be interested. We each do our bit to write about him. I've more to do, more PM, and in anything I write.

Prabhupāda, read his books. Make your own contribution not always by reciting his name and praising him but working on his behalf too.

I'll look at some books describing this area. Why? So I can write. Whatever comes. The hills by the sea. Pasture lands for cattle and sheep. Slaughter and be slaughtered. Go to the pub. The priests are in it too. And fishing in this part of the country. All

ignorance so don't make it out as picturesque or ideal for living. It's ideal only in the sense that you can remove yourself from outer contact and concentrate on your tasks.

This WS. I'm grasping at straws, one paragraph after another like gripping rock to climb upward. Ha ha. You can't just surrender to it, but want to make it good, feel a nagging. Go ahead say something Kṛṣṇa conscious. And on the verge of pulling myself away from the page to do something else. Come on, just give me this time and what comes.

The rifle men reported that they had shot their loads and still the enemy was advancing. Where can you go where you'll be free I ask you.

Like a child I'll ask them when they return, what did you purchase, did you rent bikes? Carrots and potatoes and what greens? They served a leafy green today cooked soft, but still I couldn't chew it; it had too much fiber. I need much or something that can be easily turned into mush. Very little chewing ability. Just snap at it a little and swallow it.

Oh hey men, oh nanny gull. Danegal oh he pilots and crickets and swarms of being. This lad's gone the course at fifty-four he should be a *sannyāsī* and no more family. "I enter new realms," he said, "especially in the morning and I'm not going to feel guilty about it." He means a retreat is fit for him, gives joy undeniable and is part of whatever Kṛṣṇa consciousness he knows. Why deny it?

Cows low and cry out in green pasture. Black faced sheep with shaggy dirty-white coat. He must

be warm enough in his sheep skin coat. Dublin affairs, news affairs, riots and office orderliness, ——— passion on time, the desperate sex encounters acted out and squint and shop for money and cars and trucks and honey and trees and jungles, hives, ferocious beasts—I mean to say I’m apart from all these. I’m apart and yet also a part of it. Intergrated an integer, a tiny figure. How rare it seems to get a little space and walk alone with Kṛṣṇa’s books. I do appreciate that space.

What will I do when I grow older? Not much scope for me becoming another Prabhupāda and going to America (or Russia) to start the Hare Kṛṣṇa movement. Are you entering a different kind of new frontier that is open to you in inner life and literary presentation? Yes that might be said. It’s what’s open to me. A different field.

But also my place is already defined to be a friendly and cooperative member of my spiritual master’s movement and to help others in it. Tell them what I know of our spiritual master. I have at least a little footing in the basic rules and regs. Some don’t even have that so I may help them, encourage and even inspire them to take it up.

But I can’t seem to do it by strong physical presence. I come and go. I do come yearly by travel to many places and do what I can. Be sincere in that. Be with people who want to be with you. Give them a chance every year. Then mostly they operate on their own and I do too.

Wipe this pen and keep going. You’ve not even gone half past the hour.

What were you saying? I have a place. I'm not guilty feeling. I have come alone and it seems just right. We also plan for when I'll preach or visit in Dublin and Sundays at Wicklow and Rādhā-deśa, mapping classes and time given to it. Although time for this writing and reading with all else put aside.

Domination.

Fiberglass. Don't take it as myths. Go back now to the Fourth Canto. You are out here with thin considerations. Make them thick. Don't be a laughing stock and when a brother points it out you deny that you are off.

It seems strange that Pṛthu Mahārāja is actually worried that Lakṣmī-devī may become his envious competitor. He really wants intimate service with the Lord. Still he's worried about this. But he trusts that Kṛṣṇa will protect his devotional service and not take it in the wrong way. "You will take my part because You are very much inclined to the poor and You always magnify even insignificant service unto You." This is the confidence of the pure devotee. We may not be so confident about our own sincerity; we know we are not perfect. My service is conditional. But we are confident that Lord Kṛṣṇa will see good in our efforts. That is His nature.

The pure devotees are fixed on Kṛṣṇa. I hope to increase my own concentration upon Him and fill my notebooks with talks with God, letters to Him and to Śrīla Prabhupāda . . . His pastimes, His holy names. When will that come? On the walk I bring

it on deliberately by reading in *Bhagavad-gītā* Try to make it happen. You can talk with Kṛṣṇa; and you can hear from Him. That is *lectio divina*.

Sheep lies down. Kid lies beside her. Wind ruffles the grass and the fur on their bodies. The baby lambs run aimlessly up to other lambs and sheep. They run in a frisky way but when they arrive at their neighbor's site they don't seem to know what to do next.

"The *karmīs* are generally engaged in fruitive activities . . ." By hard work, impelled by the modes of nature, the *karmī* spends his days and nights. This false egoism carries him from one species of life to another, "And there is no rest in any species of life." One lifetime he's a young woman living on Great Blasket Island. Then she grows old. Another life he's a Britisher and visits Great Blasket only as an observer for a day. One eats lamb and chicken at great risk and fish too and many come back next life in that species. No one gets free unless he or she learns the truth from a pure devotee.

And when you have learned the truth, then you need to stick to it, practice the life of sinlessness and devotional service to Kṛṣṇa. Become convinced that giving Kṛṣṇa consciousness to others is the highest service to humanity and to your spiritual master and to Kṛṣṇa. This weak-hearted fellow admits it in words. For strength and satisfaction of *ātmā*, however, he yearns to walk alone early in the morning when no one will see him. A *yogī* lives alone in a sacred place and cultivates Kṛṣṇa con-

sciousness. He likes that sentence. But then we hear preachers will go to the congested city just to rescue people. He doesn't get affected by their association but gives them his association as a devotee. So many choices. Śrīla Prabhupāda said he liked rural communities but it was hard to find devotees willing to work on them since sense gratification is so easy to get in the city. So does one stay in the city as an act of surrender or does he surrender by living in the country without all shopping and other amenities?

What does a man do?

Ten more minutes. The *jñānī* gives up sense gratification in disgust. Yet this is not the platform of satisfaction. His wisdom should take him further to the lotus feet of the Lord. Meditation on the impersonal spirit is insignificant compared to devotional service by hearing about Kṛṣṇa and personally serving Him.

When you run out of steam blow the whistle and we will send you help. You are not all alone. You are serving others and some are serving you. You serve as your *dharma*. Serve your senses, your writing vocation of serve your spiritual master. You can't be master but servant.

This has been a tough session not so much flowing but I did stick to it and that's what counts. The penmanship.

I refrained from other tasks and said this is worth it. I'm a writer in Kṛṣṇa consciousness and so I do WS. It's my job. Someone has to bring the hay to

the cows. Someone has to prepare the Deities' meal and put it on Their trays and someone has to be the *pūjārī* and offer the meal to Rādhā-Dāmodara. Similarly someone has to practice his writing. Of course we have to coordinate our efforts. But can I do what I want?

When we get to Rādhā-deśa a big batch of mail will be there.

I serve by words. Turds in the toilet. Free span of life and cement bridge and denture adhesive and time can't stick long enough, run front ridge on your gum, it doesn't fit. Get a new one, oysters and beets and Lear and Orwell and history and Lewis Carroll and oats and barley all my teachers in the ocean of birth and death and my spiritual master as pure devotee of Lord Kṛṣṇa is with Him and calls me to him, there is service to be done. Let me accept whatever it is. Now this session is almost a full hour running. Third of the day and I will trust it. Proud count, modest achievement and more to come. God when we die let us think of You in the right way and next life serve You in love.

(10 pages).

(Ballyferriter, Ireland)

May 4, 1994

10:30 A.M.

Write. You read an hour but slept away in it. Before that all morning you didn't doze at all, kept intent and busy from 10 to 7:30 A.M.. So I can't be too hard on you. Still, it seems a shame to fall asleep over the scripture. I could schedule some other activity lighter, like looking through nondevotee books . . . but I figure even 50% or less alert intake of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* in an hour is better than not doing it. Maybe I'll get better. If I was very hard on myself I could force you to "stand on the bench," recite out loud etc. Consider at least being alert that sleepiness is attacking us and try to protect yourself by spray bottle and some forms. You seem to think nothing will work when *nidra* seizes you and that perhaps it's better to let the guy doze a little, what the heck, maybe his body needs it.

Śrīla Prabhupāda speaks from the moderation advice Lord Kṛṣṇa gives in *Bhagavad-gītā* Sixth Chapter. Don't eat too much or too little or sleep too much or too little. He says we don't restrict eating. He mentions, to his 1969 LA audience of disciples, that we supply the devotees with *samosā* and sweet balls but that doesn't mean I shall eat a dozen *rasagullas* because they taste so good. He says gradually as one advances he will naturally reduce his eating and sleeping but it shouldn't be attempted

artificially. So that's where I am at, somewhere along the line, having reduced sleep and eating to a certain degree, and not able to do more right now.

Lambkins learn how to chew at short cropped grains like the elders. Now they don't space out but diligently eat. Sometimes they seemed to get bored of it and look up and catch the wind in their faces and gambol across the field. This morning I saw them charge full speed at a mother as soon as she stood up on her feet. They dove at her udders and began rudely rushing up and tugging down. Their tails were wagging wildly like puppy dogs while they sucked at their mother's teats. She stood ____.

At Christmas, in the days when humans lived on Blasket Island, each family, no matter how poor, killed and ate a sheep. Good Christmas. They were so poor and vegetables so scarce, if anyone could justify fish-eating and meat-eating, it might be them. But then better to live somewhere and somehow that you be free of meat-eating. However when a whole community has no idea that it's wrong . . . This brings to mind the great importance of preaching work.

A Godbrother criticized the ISKCON community at Alachua. He said it was a Hare Kṛṣṇa retirement plan. Out of 200 devotees, none made themselves available to do *Harer nāma* or lecturing at Gainsville. I can sympathize with why the devotees might not go to Gainsville, and how they see their lives as a good example, keeping their families steady, trying to raise their children in a *gurukula*

and home environment . . . associating with their friends in their homes and aligning themselves with ISKCON preaching programs, BTG, ISKCON Communications etc. But then when you think of nōdevotees walking over the cliff with no one to warn them . . . you admire those who go out, and at the risk of being insulted, chant holy names, walk on *pāda-yātrā*, give out books etc.

I want to extend myself a little more in that way. I say I can't drive my body so hard, but consider trying a little more . . . when there's a chance to give a lecture . . . either for devotees or nondevotees . . . one might say, and in your writing why don't you speak more to the nondevotee . . . but I still think the best I can do is write honestly, for purification. Devotees can relate to it and sincere persons—the ones who would be likely to be effected by Kṛṣṇa's love—will find a ring of truth, an appealing tone in your story or diary. People don't want sermons, avoid proselytizers. May my writings go out in the world and get passed around and have that good effect. *Śrīla Prabhupāda-līlāmṛta* and others. That's my main preaching, writing. And my main readership and congregation is persons I've initiated or persons who have come to ISKCON and find some sustenance and even delight and inspiration in my way of writing. There are such people and their letters encourage me that I'm doing something worthwhile beating on the big *mṛdraṅga*.

The world . . . crow with gray body and black wings . . . Catches a mind drift only a few feet off

the ground in his cloak-like wing spread. In Ireland the grass is a healthy green. Homes here and there and people pursuing lives of dull work day. Those looking for something more have gone to live in a city. Who finds Kṛṣṇa? Very few. Devotees try to inform them.

If you were to do a radical change in order to “preach” more, what would you do? I suppose I could plan to tour around the US especially to temples but with much attention to visiting people in their homes. Have someone go ahead and line up _____ lecture engagement. Travel by van or plane. You wouldn’t have time to yourself. Or so much time to write. Not as much as you have now. You’d have to become more outward. Give up the pleasure and peace of your alone ways and the considerable writing amounts you’re producing now.

Chances are I’d get caught up in the snares of ISKCON socializing. Because when you visit a temple the leader there wants to talk with you and he drags you down to problems he’s facing with management, issues of controversy and strife, competition etc..You are sensitive and these things disturb you. You don’t seem sturdy enough to face it. You find it tedious; you get disgusted. You are so accustomed to using your time in self-improvement by writing and reading that your inner self feels disturbed and outraged when it’s taken away.

But it’s good that I just raised that question. “How would you change your life to preach more?” and it’s healthy you didn’t just slough it off but said you’d consider touring the US with someone mak-

ing arrangements in advance, especially for stops on homes of people who may not be close to the local temple. To tie into an ISKCON temple where you are not likely to be much appreciated and where you don't add that much to what they've already getting . . .

Consider your newest books on display on the book table at Māyāpur and the devotees from around the world stopping and wanting them and buying and reading and feeling yes this is good. That's me giving my best. In the temple I'd have to give a more formal performance . . .

So I raised the question in the "____" of this WS and discussed it a little. But it's left to simmer. For now continue the more solitary life . . . And preaching by reading new standards and frontiers of writing. And disciples' meetings several times a year where you can speak more as your are.

Yeah.

I want to quit this WS and read in preparation for the next chapter of Ballyferriter. Be free in that. You can write a second session a day. But it (the writing of the story) needs time and a mental approach. Maybe once a day, 4-5:30 is the best I can do at it. That will mean twenty short chapters in a book. At another time in the day better you gather materials, read and underline and make notes, some of which you can directly use.

Don't want to abandon a heavy commitment of three WS a day (three hours) because I come up with important topics to face like this morning's,

"What if you were to preach more?" I need this kind of open sessions. A lot to discuss and roam in. Don't see it as directionless. It helps your stories and poems and other activities. Keep your priorities in order for best use of time on the retreat and in your life at other times.

That drowsy period . . .

Now up coming, the bicycle ride.

Maybe make a retreat of writing while we are actually in the field. Ride fifteen minutes and stop to write three or ten. Just see what comes. It could be the second half of your Day's Chapter on the BF stories. It's up to me. There's no internal demand on the story. Better if you can write *more*, it always is. Don't hesitate. Find a way to expand the structure so it's more daring.

Like the second half of each chapter could be. "Report from exploring expedition." As simple as that. You sit down and write what comes to mind each day and after a few chapters the reader will come to expect it and it will seem like part of the story's natural structure.

So you see how creative these WS are? It's good for you go ahead with them

The curtain is up.

I have finished reading *Walking on Alligators*. I'll read it again in the future. Consider another writer's or creators book to dip into for spring boards. What about that whack pack? Check it out.

Sidilant tones. Arjuna's handsomeness, his open book at me. Me with no teeth and nappy knit hat,

don't give a damn how I look, happy in my retreat beard of a few days, quiet and calm intent on the creative flow. Aw, how can you say it would be better to send me on tour in America staying at the Patel houses and delivering lectures? Can't I delight hearts more, starting with my own, by allowing full vent to world roaming, art flowing, Kṛṣṇa conscious writing time? We'll see. We'll see what Prabhupāda decrees. At least for now, 1994, burn it up, use it well, produce your writing life. The curtain is up.

And you have five more minutes here.

Ninth page. Can decide is for anti-church, anti-optimistic philosophy of Best of all Possible Worlds. Atheists. Sharp wit. Gah. To hell with it. I prefer the Kṛṣṇa conscious version of knock 'em down the rebels against God as well as corrupt bluffing religionists.

I say

_____, football games I don't care for
or drinking sports

or living rough on Irish island. I import zucchinis and bananas and eat mush and celebrate sesame oil self-massage to head, give a good rub to that right arm oh Earl of Dumkin, and the left arm too

and the beely container coiled up and not so good colon, and the feet don't forget the red feet and rub them and then jump into the bare tub and do a hot and cold shower time it, go for listening to Śrīla Prabhupāda loud and anger seeming public on tape

"Where is void?" He asks bluntly and you realize there is no void it's a bluff by voidists. There's life

everywhere. Life of the preacher. May I serve my
Guru Mahārāja with my writing or whatever he
lets me do.

(9 pages).

(Ballyferriter, Ireland)

May 10, 1994

10:32 A.M.

Your feet are a little cold but covered by a *cādar*, a luke-warm hot water bottle is leaned against your stomach and you write a near-hour exercise. It will come out in my expression of trying to be a devotee.

M. has gone to Dingle. Arjuna is willing to cook lunch. We are well into the middle week of this retreat. I anticipate that this is the time to go all out to achieve whatever best you can, especially in the "BF Stories." But I also hope to continue steadily, not petering out or tailing off in the last days.

Gave M. a phone message that GNP should produce in book form a selection of my one-hour WS of 1993, just for my own study. I hope . . . that's OK.

You are turning to writing about Prabhupāda in "BF Stories." I didn't want it to be artificial, like using him and my relationship with him as subject matter to fill up a book that was groping for a theme. But even if there is an element of that in my writing, it can be purified. I grope in my life and then remember service to Prabhupāda is my goal. So if a story is wandering lost and turns to Prabhu-pāda, that's typical and not bad. But don't write about him in a merely literary way. Discuss some real issues.

Also don't think there's nothing interesting to say or nothing New to say. You are always on a cutting edge provided you can feel it.

Hello gray day. What's on your mind? Potatoes? Gone to Dingle? What for dessert? The latest cramps and discomforts in your body?

Photo of my spiritual master in *mūrti* form. Direct words and thoughts to him later this afternoon.

Are you willing to tell some stories from your life?

Kṛṣṇa. Licorice. Cold feet.

The *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* is the subject matter. If you hear it enough, Śrīla Prabhupāda says you can dream about Kṛṣṇa, "*Jaya!*" the devotees said when they heard him say that. *Jaya*. Mahārāja Pṛthu left his rule and practiced severe austerities in the forest. We shouldn't try to imitate him but live in a temple. Do the program there as our austerity.

Want to do something tangible. Write here is not that so obvious. I am being who I am. So when others meet me I don't fall apart but remain a person. Do you really depend on writing so much to shape your personhood? I do turn to it a lot; it helps. But I can live when I can't write. I think then of what I've already written and what I might write in the future if I have a chance.

Bike riding yesterday, I thought how in my pre-Kṛṣṇa conscious life I was often posing. I claimed to

like certain novels by great writers and wanted to be seen as someone capable of reading big novels by Dickens, Proust, D.H. Lawrence etc. But did I actually enjoy the books as I read them? I was bluffing my interest at least to some degree. But now in the life of an ISKCON devotee don't I still sometimes bluff and want people to think I like *japa*, I'm a thoughtful, sensitive person, I write poetry and a personal prose. Yes that's an impurity—lack of sincerity you could call it or lack of fortitude to be who you actually are. Be "where you're at" and then go forward to where you want to be.

Admit the shit the bit the wit. I stop in careening and carousing with words. Go to school, go to work and don't be frivolous in your soul (*ātmā*, mind to and intelligence).

But can we play? Can we operate cellular phones? Can we be Peter and Mary and Jolly and Joe for no reason?

A pigeon bird, wings ruffled back by wind lands and walks across the cement roof below this window. His strides remind you of a pub crawler or a old sailor. He's looking around, plump body some people would like to eat. You are safe here, pigeon, and so are the rabbits, for now.

The ancient brew doth have a fixture of worth.

You see the WS nowadays not in that deep relaxed and submissive way. You have given yourself so many duties in a full schedule that when you get a WS space, you use it partly like a

manager's guide. You are a team coach who's in a brief huddle and has to think fast about the game, what to do in the running-out time to insure scoring points and victory? I think the WS is "purer" when it's free of that.

I also feel a bit up tight that the WS shouldn't get away from direct and explicit Kṛṣṇa consciousness. But WS is not meant for restricting. It's main life is free expression. Of course there are boundaries and I want to observe them. I don't want to wander around Central Park at night.

10:55. You are halfway through. So Mahārāja Pṛthu stopped eating cooked food and he stopped eating and even breathing sometimes. With the same determination he manifested while a *kṣatriya*, he executed vows of renunciation in the forest.

Limits, limits.

Where is my heart? Yawns behind the tear-filled eyes. That means you feel still drowsy.

Eagle. Efforts of Satsvarupa in recent years to be himself. To talk about that with them.

It's a grind. You have trouble getting through on horn. Writing slow and demanding it be thoughtful and serious. But WS means go what you can not a particular program also.

Granted but maybe I don't feel like dancing like Fred Astaire. Clamp. Clamp, slow guy with poor posture and skinny white body, ribs and lean muscles . . . In his skull a merry feeling that he's a devotee and would to give vent to writing urges *when* they occur. I am so schedule oriented. Maybe I should forget that, but I don't think so. Just stay

alert and pour spontaneous feelings into designated containers at specific times. Outsiders can laugh but it's desirable. However, sometimes you don't feel energy or you don't feel like being exactly where you are in the schedule. Work horse accepts it. Miller said write with joy, not like a drought horse.

Big horse pulling cart. Old cow still giving milk.

Will the rain stop Henry Adams from his course at Harvard? No, people have to do their duties no matter what.

Do your duty.

Rudy complex rude awakening, man pushes forward in crowd to explain why things are out of control. Whisper. Whisper. In anxiety that I may have committed a crime? Oh my reputation. Who knows what "they" could find out about me, gather testimony and present a trail. If not in this world's court of justice, then at death or in next life.

Please don't draw satisfaction from me being in trouble. I also won't draw pleasure from your lament.

11:06

The WS serves the human race. I can barely see above the kitchen table. I want to be a writer now but had no such indication (to be a devotee) when I was younger.

Oh you did, we can see it that way. Pogal [?] *sādhū* living in ruined building in Rāman retī used to approach us in a disturbed state of mind and starting talking.

The restoration and rewiring will be done on the building just when it's time for you to leave.

You stay awake to earn credit for the day you work. Look with pride at another page of ink covered notes. What does it mean? What does it mean?

Coach gathers us around. Stall, he says, stall. If we are winning we should stall so they don't catch up. If we are losing stall so they don't completely swamp us and widen the margin turning the game into a completely humiliating ramp against us. So the team takes down its flag "St Louis," and goes on playing while keeping the enemy at bay.

Kṛṣṇa I am your part and parcel. I write with intelligence given by You. The low level of this performance indicates my perversion of will or You not trusting me to write more directly useful nectar.

Kṛṣṇa-kathā desires. If I had more time I read everything he gives us. Reading is down to less than two hours.

Thumb hurts, grip pen more lightly. Day is ahead when even this rambling style will be too hard for you.

You can chant more then.

It's hard when you're drowsy and feeling that you have many assignments to discharge after this one. Maybe next retreat I'll do less projects.

Write faster. Mrs. Mill clipped the wing of a poet and chipmunk. Chomp kids song Hare Kṛṣṇa songs

in dream or good world where sizable amount became devotees. Stop satire, stop experiment and word play and nonsense of all sorts. Stop leaning on others for your program of work. Stop mooning or lusting or chewing chewed.

Do write but . . . oh maybe fourteen years ago I should have . . . But what about you, *you* went completely crazy so how can you come out of the past to advise me?

Sometime figure what effect it all has on you, that hearing. Flowers holding up well after several days. I may not make nine pages in a hour. Push on to try.

The Avenue of brilliance was honky dory and Mary went to the Manor. See you at RY.

I want to chant and hear. Serious face is required. This is loosen up so when you go to write your story sentence you will have potency.

For now I bring this crippled person to the finish line of the race called WS of May 10, 10:30-11:30.

He fractured his hip, refused to hop made it up as he went along like whimsical Jaṭāyu dāsa who goes his sad merry way thinking no one understands and leaders, he says, as soon as they get a post, become mad to falsely lord it over. So he tries to serve without guru or temple leader but just himself and his mind and Lord Kṛṣṇa in *mūrti*.

Oh this is the ninth so you can stretch it to the end. I look forward to a better afternoon with talk and radio and then straight awake writing, maybe memento of my life, from the sand. No liquor

please. No stimulants. Be very careful like a person shaving with sharp razor, be attentive.

We are not these bodies but that's not easy to know. Lord Kṛṣṇa is in His name and fame. You are crazy guys trying to be sane. Kṛṣṇa is in His name and pastimes. That book *Bhagavad-gītā* is Kṛṣṇa present in His words. He has to be contacted. Work without the filter of false designation. Take your eternal position of servant of Kṛṣṇa. You should stop this session now. Say good-bye to the folks. No cheating to go a woman or lying or whatever remember him in early days. I am a sore sport, with Ozgood Shlitiz [missing]. Nine pages coach. I'm sorry it wasn't better. Now run along to Prabhupāda *puja* and hear what he says on tape. I still don't know why you don't write all straight Kṛṣṇa consciousness like Śrīla Prabhupāda speaks.

I'll tell you why.

This is to help me be who I am.

It is something I learned from NG and Peter Elbow.

It's all right, it's me I'm played out right now so don't pick on a guy when he's down. I'm learning to write under all circumstances and grit it out for an hour. When Lord Kṛṣṇa works through me I'll be ready.

(9 1/2 pages)

(Ballyferriter, Ireland)

