

Guru Maharaj —
I'm sorry it's so
funny — it was hard
to bind properly by
hand. At least it
contains jewels.
BuSpar[®]
(buspirone HCl)

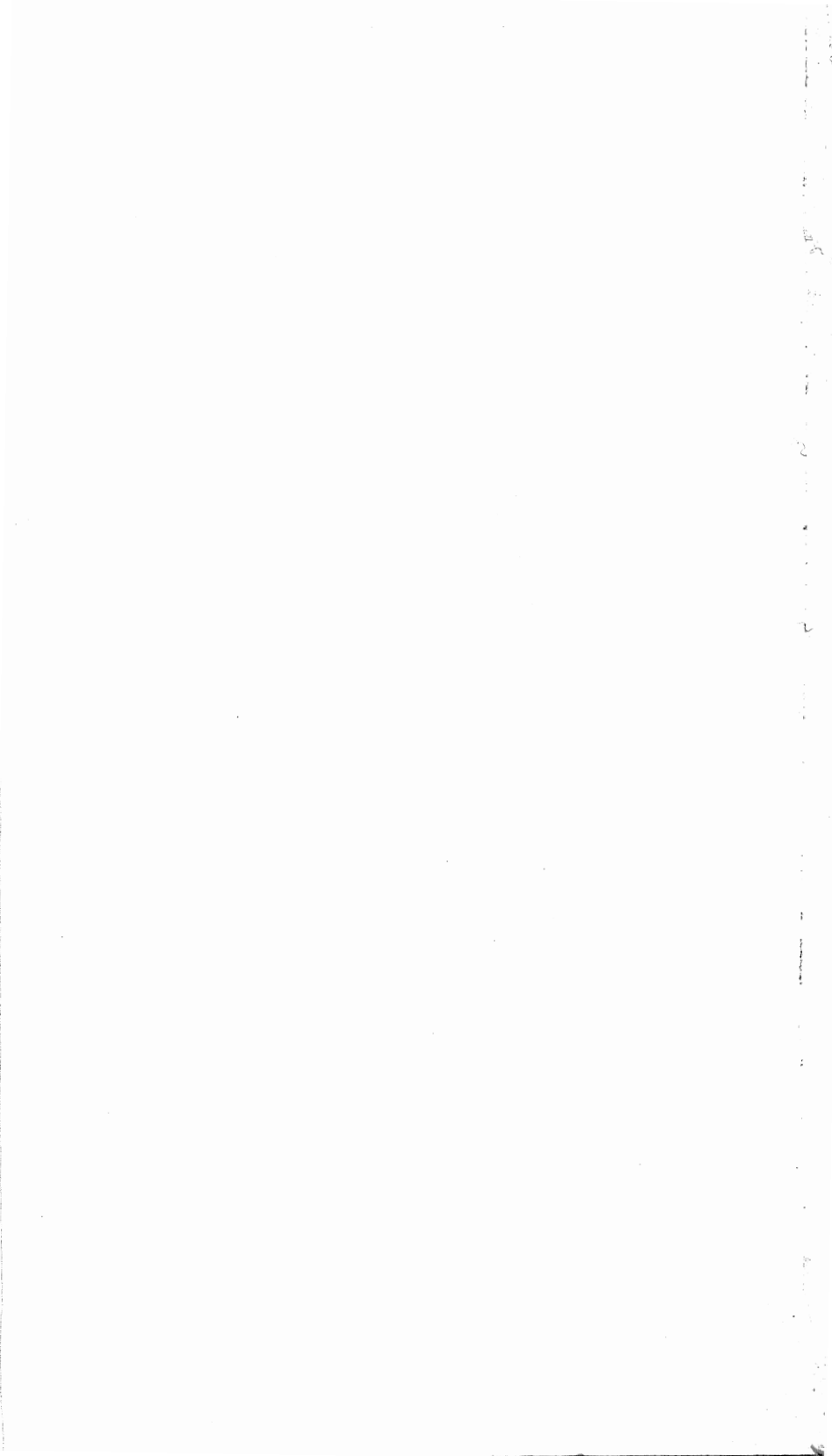
ItM Notebook

October 6–November 21

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October 6

My back and forth thoughts on listening to CIMP (jazz) are recorded in EJW 16 in early October. Some days I'd be very sober and renounced; gradually I gave in or accepted it. I felt it could aid my life as an artist (writer) in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. The love, the life, the art these men express through music. The improvisation.

So I picked up five CDs to which I have only begun to listen, Ornette, Coltrane, Monk, Miles. This notebook is I hope for some things I might not want to put in EJW, but in EJW I did free-writing while listening to Monk's "Sentimental," or I just listened to Miles' "Dr. Jekyll" without writing at the same time.

It should be rationed. Two in a row seems too much. I'm also going to subscribe to a couple of magazines and get more music to catch up on what's developed in this music since 1966. Free jazz, more improvising is what has been happening, dropping old structures.

October 7

Started listening to CDs and writing while they play, a little at a time.

Worry it will start replaying too much in my mind. What is *that*? Is a jerky tune Kṛṣṇa conscious or *māyā*? Too much worry?

October 8

Idea is to approach the "writing while listening" or "improvisations to music" in a separate way. Keep it within EJW. But be conscious that they are writing pieces. They can touch on immediate concerns of the day, yet be pieces unto themselves linked in some way in EJW.

The best example is my *Songs of a Hare Kṛṣṇa Man* as inspired by playing the *Mexico City Blues* tape and as appeared in EJW 2.

Best not to hype yourself that it's a separate book or great finished pieces—don't even think now how it could be published or shared (because of the forbidden subject matter), but give them a working title, "Works in Progress."

One "problem" is that the music is so demanding, especially on the first hearing, that I can't just write at every moment while playing the music. Maybe on second hearing it'll be easier.

Method: Be content to write less sometimes while the music plays. Pause and write. Or after the music ends, continue to write.

I expect to put into this notebook a lot of the anxiety of back and forth:

—afraid to be caught thinking in jazz mode at time of death

—it's *māyā* and will lead to worse

—these are fears

But one takes a calculated risk and tries to make something nice for Kṛṣṇa.

If you write out that anxiety here it may leave you more free in your improvisations to music.

You know how gremlin considerations can tie up creative flow in writing. Baladeva said much of my autobiographical talk was apologizing and defending the project.

Especially the mood swings—yes, do it; no, don't do it.

Improvisations to music in EJW: should I number them? Put them in panels? Or with a panel headline? A logo to begin and end it.

Yes, some or all of that. ItM.

Numbering is too difficult to keep track of.

Write them in a separate notebook? Yes, that sounds good. Then you could number them. But the obvious way is to title them to the piece you're listening to, "Hackensack, T. Monk, 7:32."



My CIMP listening and writing project is not a hundred percent pure, but don't make a guilt trip. Use it while you can to make nice poems.

M. phoned my request to Kdd to subscribe to *Cadence*, get *Downbeat* and book on jazz history 1960s to 1990s. Also ordered three CDs: CIMP 132, Joe McPhee, CIMP 139, Chris Kelsey, Cadence 10701, Dale Fielder, all based on favorable reviews in *Cadence*. This is further commit-

ment. My note to Kdd began decisively: “I have begun something called ‘Improvisations to Music’ within EJW. For this purpose I want to read about jazz and listen to it.”

This is the notebook in which to take out the anxieties. It will tend to be pro ItM here, but the anti-voices have their say and you feel it will sully your EJW. You’re going to go with this for awhile—although it seems strange for a fifty-eight-year-old person like me, a *sannyāsi*, to be listening to such intense music and relating it to his search for peace in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. You’re accepting this as a genuine and serious music and thinking it stirs up something worth feeling.

Well, Bach does that too. But you tend to think the formalism, the playing what is already written, is not what you’re after. It’s improvisation, writing free.

Did it twice this morning with Coltrane. I feel good about it. The ItM is non-pretentious writing. It also tends to reach beyond myself and immediate diary concerns. It flows as music does. Of course, it refers to the music specifically. That may make it difficult to publish, but I don’t want to worry about that.

October 9

During the night (with headache) I was humming tunes in mind, involuntarily. But it didn’t seem a terrible thing. When I noticed, I switched to Hare Kṛṣṇa.

Does listening to jazz provoke headaches with its drums, fast beats? I don’t think so. But I can’t hear it

when I have a headache. Neither can I read or write at that time.

I listen tolerantly, looking to love it and gain from it. Don't quickly dismiss it for superficial reasons. It's a language and you have to know it to appreciate it. I used to know it well and can return to know it.

Today ordered three CDs and whatever M. can find in the library in Dublin. Listened to Coltrane's "Promise" and wrote.

Often when Śrīla Prabhupāda says we can't have a pinch of sense gratification and no thought of happiness in this world I may feel guilty as if the music listening is *māyā*. I'll have to live with that doubt. Even today I thought, "Maybe soon you will see it as tiresome, unseemly, especially the jazz, as cliché, boring, etc., and you will give it up." Well, I hope not. I'm hoping to get long-term mileage from it.

M. appreciates that my gremlin is active on an issue like this. At the same time, he wishes me well in it and is willing to procure the music. The gremlin's doubts may be put in here, and my defense reasoning.

Wrote to twenty-one minutes of Ornette's Part 1 of "Passaqua Suite." It took a long time getting into the "language" of his music, but I did. Said I find him more inspiring than most Godbrothers, his freedom and expression—I say it leads to God consciousness. I can take it there. I said regarding my own art—if the music is not Kṛṣṇa conscious we can add Kṛṣṇa consciousness to it. But don't give it up.

October 10

I heard Bhūrijana lecturing that we are spontaneously attracted to *māyā* and must restrain ourselves. I thought of jazz listening, my current main controversial interest. Is it mere “cinema” music for which Nārada was cursed in a former life? I say no, I say Ornette is not a *mūḍha*; I say artists help me. I don’t think I could defend this to others, but to myself I do.

October 11

The last few days I played CIMP in the earliest hours before *japa*, but today I’m not inclined. It seems something not so pure as to be “indulged in” at this sacred hour. I note this feeling and I may honor it, but I request you not to act with a prejudice against the music thinking it’s merely “good time” music, sense grat. You’re using it for higher purposes. But if you want to do it at different hours, okay. It was good doing it early and I hope you will again.

After writing this I went ahead and listened to Coltrane’s “Your Lady” in sacred time before 1 A.M. and wrote to it. It seemed okay.

I don’t know how the ItM is coming out as literary pieces, but I do see within each one a sentence here and there pops out with a newly discovered truth of my life—the desire for the secret life, etc. And there’s good free-writing. But it’s so much with reference to the music. I don’t know how I shall edit it for GNP or BAF readers.

October 12

While writing to “Off Minor,” I expressed thanks to God and song to Him. I said Monk and company are doing it implicit and I’ll join them as a band member and write on top of them—from their energy—explicit love to God, Kṛṣṇa, who also has music in the spiritual world.

The ItM is for attaining art in writing (otherwise you could just write expository essays). Art is for preaching, reaching people in a way that breaks down the many resistance they have to the messages of the Absolute Truth, prejudices against a Hare Kṛṣṇa person.

I do it privately. I don’t “tell” Prabhupāda I’m doing it, but I offer the result—art and preaching—to him and his movement.

October 13

Yesterday I wrote to my editor informing her that ItM was good and seemed like a substantial period of creativity (art for preaching). I said formerly I had kept a diary about music listening in which the basic premise was that it was a bad habit to be curbed, but that this present ItM diary is positive, encouraging me to continue.

This morning I feel a little reluctant about it. Themes of my dreams, even if not related to this, remind me of it when I awake. When I read something in a purport, such as Prahllāda’s teachers teaching him materialistic life, I think, “Oh, the music listening . . .” It is risky and the gremlin is alert, lest we fall into something material. But I’m not treating it that way.

Reference to the musicians comes to mind not only in a negative way. I just heard a reference to prayer: "God makes Himself known to mankind in many ways . . . through inspired men and women . . ." and there are many responses to these "utterances" of God "partly but not always expressed in words."

It's like I'm putting the words to their music, but not exactly lyrics to a song. Rather, as a sax man attains a *sound* and articulates with it musically, so I blow a sound in words. The word version of music?

No, I'm not attempting to translate or evoke their piece. I'm letting theirs inspire or influence my feelings as I write. I ride off theirs and into mine and back and forth.

"From I to Eye" is creativity

(what I feel within and what I see without).

Read in *Jazz at Ronnie Scott's* statements by black musicians of their unrelenting anger at injustices done to their people. It put a burden on me, a white man, but I don't want to feel guilty about it or spoil my access to "their" music or my using it for my Kṛṣṇa conscious purposes. I put some of this in EJW today and hoped to go on with business (or art) as usual in ItM.

Played and wrote "I Mean You" and I adapted it to my purposes, not feeling guilty or left out. I write a word version to the music, a genre prompted by listening to music. You can tell that's what it is, but I don't claim it's a word transcription approaching a jazz sound. It's what comes as I write, entering that "trance" that comes while listening, or maybe half listening. I listen also to the words and

thoughts and write them down; I do share or identify to some extent with each soloist—while he is on, I am also on writing as quickly as I can.

When thoughts defensive and apologetic, guilty, come up, I don't indulge in them.

October 14

Woke up at midnight, mind humming "Crepescul." Start to read *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*—it says people who have uncontrolled senses can't stop sinning—and I think, "Is that me with the music?" But I don't take these things as seriously detrimental.

M. said he couldn't shop for me yesterday because another devotee was with him. I'm going to explain to him the seriousness of my commitment to ItM. Read author's note to *Songs of a Hare Kṛṣṇa Man* and a page in *Memories*, and show him the logo:



It may still seem odd; it is unorthodox. Be careful how you engage a disciple and money that's given to you to use in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. But it's going now and I want to go with it. Approximately a hundred pages of writing is done. Don't get shot down.

M. got only two tapes. I'm asking Kdd to get me a catalogue and M. too. Find out what post-Albert Ayler means. Getting deeper into it, eh? Keep the mind clear in Kṛṣṇa

consciousness so you can receive *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* messages. I have to do some work, request catalogues, and today recording a library tape of Mingus onto my own tape. These are so that I can do the formal exercise of writing while listening.

When I hear 'Trane or Cannonball Adderly, the way they play so fast and flowing, there's some kind of suggestion to me conveyed not in words—but to how I can use words spontaneously—and especially in 'Trane's case (and other innovators) how I can keep develop my writing art so that it goes further to say something and say it well. I'm trying to express Kṛṣṇa consciousness and my practice of it in newer, deeper, more naked and honest ways,

breaking through the façade of formal and even hypocritical presentation.

October 15

Listening this A.M. I wrote that this is a liturgy for me, a way of prayer, "get down," it forms my heart and "soul," although I couldn't dare to say this to others—yet I want to in some form.

October 16

I don't binge, but try to keep up regularity. I'd like to do three times a day, just four minutes "Budo," Miles and Coltrane at sacred time before 1 A.M. Transform the "secular" music, go beyond bop prosody to writing sacred and fast Kṛṣṇa conscious sketchy poem form of your own. You with the jazz men and yet not with them.

I do see in many ways it's an ideal music form, light, happy (even when sad), serious, capable of being a vehicle for my spirit to write on—like a good Sheaffer pen with flowing ink on a good quality page.

October 17

It's almost too good to be true, but it is true, so just accept it and work at this mine (gold) while you can. Yesterday I made a breakthrough in considering how to edit and possibly publish ItM. (Maybe call it simply "Improvisations.") I thought the introduction containing the name of an artist and song could be omitted and new "literary" title given instead. Thus it stands as a kind of poem-prose or poetic free-writing. They could all be taken out of EJW and presented as a book by itself. I'm now going to ask to get them back from EJW 17 as soon as possible. I'll edit them and make a private edition book out of them. I'm eager to see how they read and how I'll edit them. Rather than think of it as a job for the editor, it's for me.

These plans are good, but don't let them distract you from immediate ItM work of listening and writing. I'm sending for more CDs and catalogues, etc., so the listening can develop, but you can listen also to what you already have. Re-listen.

It's important to see these music poems as celebrations and not do them in a fruitive way to enhance your reputation as a poet, to produce material for a book. The book is good, is the harvest, but the main thing is celebration of ability to hear music and write and attain your God-given Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

Free jazz should also mean you're not selling it, or trying to take from it in an exploitative way.

Plans:

A. The published form would be titled "Improvisations."

B. I will write and edit many of them and print them by themselves as a P.E.

C. From that collection, Kdd could select the best.

D. Others remaining to be published in EJW.

E. An author's note to the P.E. could contain references to Shelley's "Skylark"—"unpremeditated art" and other phrases, and the whole of Blake's Introduction poem to "Songs of Innocence."

October 19

I notice I may not be fired up to do it beforehand, but as with other activities, I do it as a discipline. I listen to the music but then switch to what I have to say while listening, still half-listening. Even if there's guilt or sense of wrong in this, I express *that* and that's the nature of good poetry, to make painful admissions.

The typed form will be different than handwritten. You can rearrange the typography in editing to suit your mood and the final effect you want.

I look forward to reading each and giving it a new title.

It's very simple, I present an author's note saying I began to conceive of my free-writing with the metaphor or making music. Writing is improvising music, similar to what a jazz musician does, except my instrument is not a

horn or a piano but pen and paper. I can then cite some examples of Kṛṣṇa conscious poets who see themselves as instruments and their literary work as similar to music.

October 20

In a letter to Kdd I asked her to send catalogues and CDs as soon as possible, “while the gremlin is subdued.” The gremlin isn’t always bad, right? He takes the cloak of respectability in any case (right or wrong). He says: “You have been feeling dry, unable to pray. You can hardly trace within you the flicker of a pilot light to feel devotion for Kṛṣṇa and guru. Something is missing. When you read in a purport that we must give up all material desires and surrender, you feel—what? What’s the problem? I’ll tell you, it’s all due to listening to jazz. It’s sinful, mundane, ruining your chances to go back to Godhead.”

I laid it out here. I’ve been strongly keeping a positive view of the practice of ItM and I intend to continue. One point: I only listen when I’ll actually write along with it. I’m using it for a specific writing purpose.

Note for when you edit: For example, I start off my ItM to “Bye-bye Blackbird” saying, “They say it’s a tribute to Charlie Parker.” So that could be omitted. Not all jazz musician specifics needs be omitted, but some can. You can keep it in your original P.E. in one form and make a new version for publishing. Get it? Both versions will be good.

October 23

I haven’t seen an ItM typed yet, but I think it will work. The unsuspecting reader will read it as a poem-like, which is a piece in its own right, a kind of improvised jazz num-

ber. For example, when you read *Mexico City Blues* or *Songs of a Hare Kṛṣṇa Man*, you don't think the author wrote it while listening to music, or necessarily that he first listened to the tape of someone reading *Mexico City Blues* and then wrote.

Look forward to getting them typed and working with them. If words are obscure, I have my own original handwritten manuscript to check it against.

Read them aloud sometimes? It's silent music; within is my secret.

I give my love the music
and I get it back
it's like that with any
aficionado.
Employing it in service
of Govinda.

October 24

You're planning to take tapes and Discman to Carib. You're serious about the daily function of ItM. Not all of them will live as immortal poems, but all I will keep in the "archives" of my singing private edition, and in EJW.

I just heard from Madhu that when he goes to Wales this weekend he'll also go to London. He didn't volunteer to get me CDs. I had to work at my will to ask him. It made me again face the dangers of "going back" to listening to nondevotee music. I consider those precautions to be cliches that don't apply to my project of ItM, yet I am afraid of losing my peace and purity, displeasing guru and Kṛṣṇa, or losing my chance to go back to Godhead just for some groovy sounds. Anyway, I wrote down an order,

Bird, Mingus, Coltrane, MJQ, Bill Evans, Gerry Mulligan—whatever of that he could find and enclosed £100. I don't think I'll feel guilty or uptight about it. In an exceptional situation (mine) one could use these in the *yukta-vairāgya* spirit. Externally to accumulate these things creates a certain burden and/ or jeopardy.

I just received some first drafts of the first ItMs I wrote. It will be important to see what I can make of them. But don't approach them like a critic or gremlin. Since you have elected to dance, don't cover your face with the veil. Or—give it your love if you expect it to reciprocate with love.

Well, good news. I'm editing ItMs and I like them. Thoughts: let the first draft disappear. Just edit and keep the new version. I take out the title, artists' names, but a few names remain. Maybe just keep it as "Improvisations" in EJW and in future, Kdd can select the best for a book, BAF or GNP. But also do a P.E. compilation of all the improvisations.

October 25

I'm eagerly awaiting jazz books and magazines, which are in the mail. It could take two weeks to get here. Am I like a young boy who sent away for a magic ring and impatiently waits for the mailman to deliver that wonderful package? Go ahead and laugh at my expense. I don't think it's a wrong thing to read them. But I'm not sure how much it will help me in writing improvisations. I can learn the course of jazz since the '60s and become interested in who I want to hear. More buying and "consuming."

I'm already coming to grips with some ethical considerations of publishing. The obvious one is that it's best not to mention jazz players and compositions, the jazz listening. Why? Because I'd be criticized. No one could understand. Also, it's not going to impel the reader's Kṛṣṇa consciousness. But there's another ethical consideration. That is, the writer's truth. If I write, "I like 'Trane's big sound," or, "Miles, I like your golden sound," is it right to strike out those words? I suppose it could be done. Some compromise. The writing implicitly is a tribute to the jazz players and music and even when I omit most references, the spirit will remain and even some explicit ones. For example, I gave one piece the title, "I Remember Miles." That's my answer so far to the question of being true to your own voice. Write whatever comes and edit later."

I just read aloud and recorded the first edited ItMs. No way to remove the *mix*. They are far from straight doctrine. The real "difficulty" (for a reader) is that they are, like jazz improvisation, not a recognizable tune but moving quickly from one thought and image to another. As I read it just now, I couldn't see how my usual ISKCON audience could comprehend it or even benefit from it—unless they really allowed themselves to enter free form.

Reading *Bhagavad-gītā* 8.5–10 regarding thoughts at the end of life which determine our next life. Should I fear that I'll be hearing jazz and for that take birth again in this world? I reasoned that I am doing it for the writing service. It's not possible for me to "only" chant and only read *śāstra*. Kṛṣṇa told Arjuna, "You should always think of

Me in the form of Kṛṣṇa and at the same time carry out your prescribed duty of fighting.”

October 26, midnight

This notebook is intended to support the listening to music and writing to it. Previous notebooks on this subject have allowed for the swing of emotions back and forth, usually ending in my feeling that I should *not* do it.

This notebook is more positive.

But do I have to keep still another notebook to allow my doubts on this? It is a burden to carry. You have to assess whether it's worth it to have these improvisations. (Here we go—this notebook is now opening to pro and con dialogue.)

I don't feel I'm becoming a “demon” or sense gratifier, but I see I could do without it. I could return to the simpler writing and living as I have always had, and as I had last summer.

Typical of me, I'm going into it with a charge, ordering CDs, magazines . . . You'll get deeper into it.

Shouldn't there be a cut-off point? And if you think like this, then why not cut off now?

It's not becoming. It's a burden. I don't want it at the end of life.

The writing serious it's producing may be “terrific” or whatever, but it's very jazz oriented, experimental, and I'm not sure who will be able to appreciate it. I can achieve pretty much the same thing by free-writing without this.

I've been doing this in a controlled way, holding off the gremlin (a cliché—after all, I do have a normal function of doubting my actions).

Now the renunciation of it seems to come with a typical passion of pendulum swing, call it *bhoga-tyāga*, or is that too cruel?

4:30 A.M.

I calmed down later and I'm going to continue as underway receiving and hearing and writing. I read aloud some more edited ItMs. It's good writing, although not very accessible to writers. I'm not going to worry about that. Just make it as good as possible. Since I'm going to do it, I should take it seriously.

October 27

Still plugging away. Played twice today. Say this is love. Music can be used to remember God. It touches the emotions—and then they flow in words to my Kṛṣṇa consciousness or predicament (lack of it). If you argue, “These musicians are not devotees,” I can't exactly argue back, but I'm using the practice to write Kṛṣṇa conscious poems.

Whether the secret can be shared I don't know. That's not my concern now, but to write in *bhakti* mood.

I was moving along, but when Coltrane began soloing on “Bye-bye Blackbird” (1958 version), I dropped the slower syntax and just made quick words, felt his urgent art development and tuned into what I could say myself. I mention this as an example of how this ItM process works.

It will have to be “cleaned” up, I guess, of words like “cat,” but I don't know.

October 28

I take it as a gift from Kṛṣṇa. They may not be Vaiṣṇavas but I link. Go my own way and sometimes return to theirs. I use their energy, but with affection, not ripping off or exploiting their energy. I go to Kṛṣṇa with my words.

It's a writing process. I played Ornette's "City Life" and wrote a personal piece on that theme. Played his "What Reason" and used that phrase as a springboard rhetoric—with the emotions of music and the time of the music piece to keep me going. So I needn't feel guilty when I read in *śāstra* how material desires can send us to hell or prolong our stay in the material world. I'm producing poems. I want to be careful and not binge on it. I usually don't listen more than a half hour a day. If more, I'd regulate it.

October 31

Saw these pieces as fictions. Not telling the reader I'm listening to a jazz piece, making it out to be something else, is part of the fiction. It's literature.

November 4

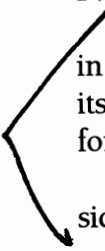
I'm listening and writing more poems. They flow abundantly. I have so many some are likely to survive. I'm not avoiding the jazz themes, but in a natural way, I think, my language is becoming more subtle. The music puts me in a state of consciousness where I get access to my own feelings—my words are driven and influenced by the music, but the words don't explicitly say, "saxophone," "drums," "this musician," "that musician is playing the blues." This makes the poems more share-able.

But I don't want to avoid any truth, especially in the "first draft" or private edition versions.

November 5

Kdd wrote me that ItM seems to be "taking musical notation and turning it into speech." I agreed. But it's actually listening to music and allowing it to put you into a consciousness from which you write. It's writing down words that come from the emotions the music generates in that time that it's playing and you're a passive audience. I like it to be a tribute indirectly to the music, not a ripping off of the music's energy. I wrote back to her saying that I have enough for maybe two private editions already, and "Kṛṣṇa and Prabhupāda are kind to let me do this."

November 8



Writing to music is a steady part of my repertoire. Do it in the process mood. The joy of doing it is satisfaction in itself. Don't be attached to the products—although I'll care for them too.

I don't see this music listening as forbidden. If the music is secular, I spiritualize it.

I edited and read some into tape recorder. I'm happy about it. They read well. Of course, it could be creator's euphoria. I like to be encouraged. Keep literary and ISKCON critics far away. They destroy your enthusiasm.

M. said music (like poetry) is alive, whereas so many people are half-dead, only striving for money and selfish goals. The artist gives to the world, even if they don't love him for it.

The musicians are artists and I become an artist when I write.

November 10

Making the best of it. I think of Bhakti-cāru Mahārāja saying people criticized him for getting into TV while making “Abhay,” but he said in effect, “So what?” He rejected their criticism. He went ahead in *yukta-vairāgya* to do something he considered wonderful—to present Śrīla Prabhupāda’s life to all of India.

My poems are also wonderful in a way. I offer myself as a kind of sacrifice. I sacrifice the quieter life. I risk the charge (and fact) of being in sense grat (*māyā*) by listening to jazz and the charge that I am misleading others.

The poems speak for themselves. I hope they will exonerate me. Go to *japa* now.

November 11

We can always debate the validity of this act, ItM. It will never be settled. You can stop it, censor it. You’ll never give it a hundred percent bill of clean health and Kṛṣṇa conscious approval.

Nevertheless, I hereby today say it’s good. It’s something I allow myself to do from a deep place, with risk. I am redeeming it, converting its life to the spirit.

Also, my life is solitary and quiet. I don’t want to go out from the house to talk even to devotees, what to speak of nondevotees, and my health doesn’t permit me to do much more than a lecture and then walk back alone to the house. So it seems natural that I have sought out a way to be in touch with passion, movement, life, in a way I can’t

do outwardly, but hearing it expressed by the musicians. That's the human explanation of it.

None of this would be justifiable except I'm getting poems.

November 14

Regarding Nārada Muni and his last life as a Gandharva. His offense was that he neglected to glorify the Lord, and being mad in the association of women, he began to chant otherwise. Thus he was cursed to become a *śūdra*. "His first offense was that he went to join the *saṅkīrtana* party in the company of lusty women; another offense was that he considered ordinary songs, like cinema songs and other such songs, to be equal to *saṅkīrtana*." (*Bhāg.* 7.15.72, purport)

In reply I say Śrīla Prabhupāda allowed "country tunes" (he heard light rock tunes) to be used in praising Kṛṣṇa with Kṛṣṇa conscious lyrics. Now we have music like Harikeśa Swami and many others. Ordinary music can be used in Kṛṣṇa's service, provided a devotee transforms it and adds to it so there's glorification of Kṛṣṇa.

I don't use this music for some mass appeal or PR effect but for deeper reasons, because it has life, it's close to spiritual, it is dedicated music, I'm attached to it, and I use the emotion and states of consciousness it provokes to express myself in writing—yes, in Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

November 15

Charlie Parker has a tune called "K.C. Blues." I wrote to it today. You could do a series of those.

It's going good. ItM is a process.

Paranoia of GBC calling me on the carpet for this. And my inner critic's always ready to say I'll miss Goloka for hearing jazz; sell your soul for a pleasing-to-hear-tune. I reply that it's being used in service and so far I think it is.

November 18

I have an intuition and it works.

It's spontaneous Kṛṣṇa conscious writing. The music helps put you in a mood.

I assume that when a mood comes, I can enter it in a Kṛṣṇa conscious way. For example, this morning I read in Cc. Rāmānanda Rāya's quoting *jñāne prayāsam*, etc. I read it and wrote and that was one level of experience; then I played Miles and Coltrane's "Fran Dance" and entered that meditation by making a letter to Kṛṣṇa stating my low level of Kṛṣṇa consciousness but my gratitude. "Put your little foot."

November 21

I used to—and still do—like to share jazz favorites with a friend, if I could find one capable of liking what I like—dig it. A way of being together in love. This principle is at work when I write while listening. And even if my reader couldn't like the music—or with ISKCON devotees it's forbidden—I can share the love evoked by the specific music I'm hearing. This is the potency of ItM and a reason why I should continue it.

ItM Sampler

A Start

♫ This music is background is foreground is entering your mind—heart of mind—you don't have to go as fast.

Don't have to do anything, listen though, it will come to the serious student of good music.

In a place where they drink and smoke and chat, a nightclub, he decries. And I agree it should be listened to more carefully than that.

The musicians play anyway despite less than ideal conditions. They have learned to play and concentrate anywhere. They so much want to play in any ambiance. They take it on.

Your beautiful enemies, take from the air whatever you hear and feel

I'm cautioning you
feeding you.

Black men, white fools . . .

last year's best time to sing.

Your ode

today I began rereading the section where Prahlāda sits on his father's knee, you know it well
you know it.

The soprano sax. He played like that on *Love Supreme*. It's loud enough so you can hear it

Afro Blue. America too. Irish tune. Dance crash feet.
Now I've got to go hear quietly my own *japa*
Don't expect colors-pageants to equal or capture anyone
I'm simply grateful I don't have a headache and can eat
and sleep and be apart from the madness.

Grateful—I missed the visit of the *sannyāsī* here.

That I can have my own room for this secret practice.
There's nothing to say

he says. The Way, the Pay, and Play of me in my
reverence capacity

The clerk who saves his own words on cards and puts
them away and putters, putters.

Putters

Beauty in music or color or form comes from God.

The drummer is harassing the other players to go on,
push on with their offerings. Driving them.

This

this. Now the time is coming, we all have our own time
of being quiet—not having much to say

there is a space, a bend like that come back to this and
learn and learn what master is saying with even a few
notes. Believe they are earnest as I

to worship God.

to worship God

here, here is the place I want to do it.

The bass, the clear note vibrato. The clear playing
together.

It just wanted a start. ||

To Coltrane's "Afro Blue"

♫ The truth of the *Upaniṣads*, I told him, go there to where it comes.

The geologist knows and I know—the gold-soul. They can know it in Africa or anywhere. From a Hare Kṛṣṇa person like a devotee in saffron.

We guys, we sell books, give out *prasāda*.

Hey Harry! You mean the Harry's have knowledge?

What about groovin'? What's the relation to that? What is a monk like you doin' in a place like this?

I'm in my room alone. Via CD I hear, and in the mental-spiritual space with 'Trane, on my terms. Yeah, but they're his drums.

Oh, cold in chest, oh, listen *Frere* Bro. You are a Franciscan monk, a Buddhist barefoot, Emily nut and worshipping God of *Upaniṣads* and Vṛndā, Aranyaka,

baka-waka he made fun, Murray, of Damapāda. Yeah, I was looking and can find. He's drumming, "Cool it!" We're going, there

O mighty one

friend

Brown

you took me through a little pain yesterday and I backed out and opted for a pill to serve Thee better.

You are forcing me to go as fast as possible with you.

One has to learn from a bona fide

hark

heark

Hierach

the Arc de Triomphe

the radicals of Rheingold. The titles under-covering
ISKCON reality. We're here, not there (Vraja), we're here
in Spring, in rain, it's autumn. Chestnut. Nut.

No, no temple visit. I celebrate alone-keeping. O nurse,
massage my head and feet. Keep me warm indoors.

The shed, to shed

head with colors

scream, no it's good, it's wail, prayer in sound and
speech

He's praying this way?

Yes, you've got to understand. Like a fakir or a *sādhū*
with one reed blowing in the tower. Poor India vast chaos
throws you down spits you out in hospital jail people's
dark faces inquiring of you, "Who do you think you are?"
You respond with *sādhū* persona, which is all you know.
"Take me to ISKCON."

Now I bow to GBC

but keep my soul

He's taking us home in a few minutes. There's no way
but hearing from your teacher.

I doubted him, why he asked for a luxury car to India
and I listened those who say "he doesn't appreciate
service." No, I submit, I don't know his mind

vaiṣṇavera kriyā mudrā . . .

No ice cream cone misunderstanding of guru
can't spell, can't froth, can't run, Please, guru, give me,
please, Kṛṣṇa in heart,

let me honor my spiritual master and recall the good
things and know he's above me—whatever he does is
preaching and doesn't need my advice. I'll serve him even
if I can't realize understand all he does.

Yes. Nice time, lay it to rest. You help. I like you too.
You are right, not wrong as I said in my book. Holy and
religious is best—but see it everywhere. Ending this one-
hundred-page notebook of ItM—more! More 'Trane and
others and me worshiping Śrīla Prabhupāda and Lord
Kṛṣṇa and *Vedas* and ISKCON in this way, please enter
the sonnet Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra. ||

Free Karttika

(Get ready for a long haul.)

♫Fast and frenetic words of descrip. You go your own
please, master. It's a forbidden road like in a dream—in the
movie theater, why should I be here?

Because you didn't want to be with your Godbrothers
in what you considered

too pressured

pressure, pressure cooker

in the wall

you resorted to this alone angle

and pooped out.

Get a medical cert

from the bass tune-in

he's too restless

he's full of desires

this is your free time.

Nārada is not like we think

pics are stale, limited you can't imagine and yet
they are like that?

Kṛṣṇa is all things. You can make this His music. I
want to go with it and not rip it apart.

I'm writing in the *gośala* to time of cows being wildly
milked with calves, India
catch the senses' eye.

I'm in a Selkirk alone, Robinson Carusoe school
books
catchin' you.

Now it's quiet for just a little while. They come from
the roots of black r&b.

I come from a place I know not,
the Kṛṣṇa conscious fountain of youth
you really do remember Vṛndābana but being there is
that perfume salesman begging you for baksheesh, you
rich s.o.b.

I got your number, the mice came out from behind the
dictionary when you lit a candle.

That Vṛndāvana is the way to go, home on Sunday.

Rassler, this is my free-time in the mind/ are you a
bopster/

why did you turn down Haṁsa?

Because I know I can't trust him.

Why did you say, "Oh, I got a headache?"

It was always true.

My dear servants accompanied me and now these last
songs.

Hah, hah, the piper's hot
piper, pipe that tune

now write it down rural pen stolen from archives/
Stevie V. after me, I run down hallway sterile office, no
more this life.

Poor house the artist isn't afraid of the . . . Nurses his
head in private. Esther Brook, Esther Williams, bra smile
bemused boy all allowed

Bhāgavata dāsa and wife I'm a *sannyāsī* and trip down
the stairs holdin' *daṇḍa* behind face we are surprised you
never swam in Gaṅgā.

You gave an awright class
but it's all the same anyone
can wail the same

Truth. Kṛṣṇa consciousness in Vṛndāvana
"Thanks for Kārttika."

Russian guy wants to talk with you make film for anti-
cult—

to show we know Kafka and
show our secrets are cultural
not show one half-dead he kept the lid on this.

Tambourine is Kṛṣṇa consciousness. If they all began
chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa, I would be surprised at that bag of
tricks.

He said, "I'm all alone in temple and thinking of you
guys."

This is the restart of the time I was in Kapor Square, the
Riot behold pics visions of words and words with colors
My Christ appeared on wall.

Now calm down and tell us. I want to confess I sat
quiet and
coughed a little the slightest
disturbance I noted it with
Geiger counter
seismograph
tears the earnest poet of private

Kārttika is our theme it's nowhere this year I don't
venture into an Irish town: "Hey Hari dude!" They really
got into yelling at us, "Hey, Hari skirt!" Hey, Momma
Ducks, you held your head high despite it, expected some
town elder to intervene but they didn't Our Rosary Club
was glad . . .

She stays indoors but how long can you read *Śrīmad-
Bhāgavatam*. Doesn't it get boring?

Yes, yes, but I'm calm. Kārttika calms down with a
birthday candle at least I wrote it . . .

Love of Kṛṣṇa in the brambles on Sant Colony field,
sādhus pee, ants live, crickets cricket, ball play.

This way I memorized half the *Gītā*, libretto for the
Broadway show when I was young I could play like that.

It was on our own. Kṛṣṇa brown in earth lift
Govardhana one gets sick sharp headache and fever take
him to Rama-Krishna Mission hospital Baptist Hindu
ISKCON,

he's delirious and falls asleep hearing (through iron
decorated grates) in Guesthouse

pigeons, parrots, monkeys,

bell

sonorous bass on fiddle

the *bhajan*s again and again

"He's polluted himself with non-*Vṛndāvana* sounds,"
pronounced the *kavirāja* psychic who could read it on his

palms

cascade

feet walk out on *parikrama* stinking smell, hogs,
Govinda Mahārāja, houses, too much politics all black
gook running in gutter, the untouchables pick it up and
pig squeaks, here's whitey with his money Sterling and
dollars

now say good-bye all occupied with coping to live
heat—food—memories—women—old disciples—

demands, demands, and headaches

and you don't even go down to

light candles so better do it here with candle at night

alone

Kārttika in North Ireland

in Kṛṣṇa in me and you

in jazz I said it

Kārttika improvise

mellow dramatics

This is only one Kārttika

Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa

chant in Kārttika

extra rounds

deep sorrow

he heard though hard to understand. ||

Almost I Prayed

♫ Sashay onto a dance floor with a pretty girl. Oh no,
step on her door
many
the romance shattered
E. B. White told
he couldn't dance
holding her nervously and sweatily that dream girl with
pimples and you
feckless
the romance is you and we loved your early days
and this horn-player can tell.

High school dance band plays the romance in
decorated gym.

Crepe paper hangs saggingly
I told all that.

My 'Trane and yours, yours truly, all the romance of
material life and players celebrate *I say*

it can be this life also—hey this is for listening your
own unique Kṛṣṇa consciousness

I love it. It says this man loved the world.

Christ so loved the world

God did and gave us Christ

and Kṛṣṇa gave us Lord Caitanya, He gave us Śrīla
Prabhupāda and gave us our chanting on beads

we are beyond dance floor
dance for God
and this dialogue
Kṛṣṇa mighty chant
brings down house
the love supreme.

Lip
tip
the horn of plenty I like this his evolution what he got
to, his art driving form formless always art and love and
God not far away—

even to nightclub audiences. Don't forget the people.
The suffering of us all starting with me, number one,
number one fool

Don't forget people are listening and you want your
sonnet for them, Shakespeare,

Rūpa Gosvāmī,

Oh, I am coming from this Western world Playboy
Synge and today I'm alone

I Want to Talk about You, he said.

I stood alone sometimes with no rhythm. I went to
say You

Kṛṣṇa are best person in Vṛndāvana You killed Keśī and
danced with the girls pure spirits mischievous in Your
own way known to best devotees I ask to be honestly
committed

admitted in the way at old age almost I prayed

Godbrothers left behind
to stand alone before God
connected to them all
lip and embouchure
spell-check hellbent
Lord
save us from hell
sufferings all people go through a book for them
petty sufferings, folks, look to God in heart and *śāstra*
and palm of hand
the people I avoid
as the chaos and crime of city is too much for me,
māyā's fearful I sit in a shed as sheets of rain and peaceful
pond
lunch alone
sleep early and often
dreams seeking even there the secrets how I can
stay on the path
O little life
too brief, yeah, Kṛṣṇa,
be mine. ||

The Loneliest Monk

(He's a blues man, not directly religious but I take him that way. "The loneliest monk.")

♪ They assure you like a mommy and dad, a lover (a crowd, a subway)

that God is real, life is
real
you have to live anyway
so you might as well sing

as you move.

The coda the demand is
to serve God

for your
pipe toot the
world
is also the spiritual world

God, God is rhythm and blues
is the top and bottom

God, I'm talkin' to You
Rip calm choose your words better

Even if fast
released time for religion

fly in cockpit to God
God mad
not guitar mad
or money or sex mad

But get it right/ we've got best science. I'm preaching to
you for mankind. I get purified by that.

But want to be with relaxed real people.

Wrote to Manu I'm alone I'm sorry, I made a mistake
be kind

They are. Gave me blackberries.

This is blackberries, part two,
shiny berries grown on land
offered to the form of Śrīla Prabhupāda.

His name is in this place. The man is good I like him.

I'm broken and wobbly
forget to turn on the tape recorder to my own
lecture, it's lost. No one else records it.

Thank you, they're trying their best. Level best.

Godbrother Mahārāja, one great preacher. We put each
other down, only at death make an elegy—

“He was a good sort. Did such-and-such”—but I never
loved him, couldn't afford to.

Speak truth, honest—
that too is not everything.

Read and recite scripture—

that's not all either.

Listen to Monk, that
doesn't redeem you
But relaxes, jump
start rejuvenate.

Hey, I like this
it too comes from God
his eccentric run
his art
stars falling on

(I can't say everything, Alabama, I don't remember the
juke box was it? Johnny Smith, stars fell on Alabamy
Arrowsmith Mohican, I can't remember a damn thing.)

We are falling bridges, my fair lady.

Please be with us on the bass walk. I'm a metaphor a
bridge to the other world.

Pen writes fast to the
beat of heart. This day we consecrate to Kṛṣṇa
praise and be cleaned
do it in your way.

The thing is

President Wilson guides us

wrong. Demons. This is a bad age, but at least no nu-
clear war at present. They say the worst is coming soon.
What does the psychic say? She said I've got a lot to write.
Don't depend on anyone but God, God's word and

your master says I'm here to accept your service.

You make me feel good
I allow "even" the drums to
shake up the angry and weak
inner head

the vein and arteries ready to
choke up and say "Ouch!"
The head and my mind says
"hurt" but *could* say
It doesn't hurt so much.

Cruel tormentors, learn
to listen and don't kill your
cat or fellow humans

No pets allowed
no love allowed unless authorized
Oh, pinafores and long daily walks, hide your love,
don't touch thorns.

Pick berries but not
poison or mushroom
vicarious
carry us home to
mushroom to Kṛṣṇa
the clear way
Bhakti
trans
Mike and Mary got

married

I don't care. I know he's trying to—to find
yeah

"I digs it," they say in

France. But then died.

Take love eternal.

It doesn't end. You do it as long as you can, "Sorry,
folks,"

this attempted flawed
to love you and God and
me

the end is

only a new one. ||

What Is There To Say?

♫ Salvation Army too on the streets
cold NYC
sad amen you stop and listen
someone else thinks, "I can't get into this, it's
too slow."

But you're rooting for them—the musicians,
you think maybe I have to just listen by myself
or put it as background to our own loud scared talk

our talk wasting, avoiding, hitting a few truths as we
grew up alien
and heard the revolution brewing
in newspapers like *The Village Voice* and Krassner's.

We talk while the sweet trumpet improvised and we
knew this
was the language we wanted.

Velvet smooth.

The way they walk and sing a song of love not the
same as Lenny Lymon, "Teenager in Love."

This is cool

to say

I am a cat on soft paws
the creation is God's—

who can say “No”?

They dare but Swami proves it's God behind the flowers.

Behind cancer?

This comes out/ the way you double the time and relax it,

Relax

but then no music at all

you repress it

want to forget it

what is there to say

I could love you

and marry you

Kṛṣṇa

I could be a monk

and give it up again

if You say so. ||