

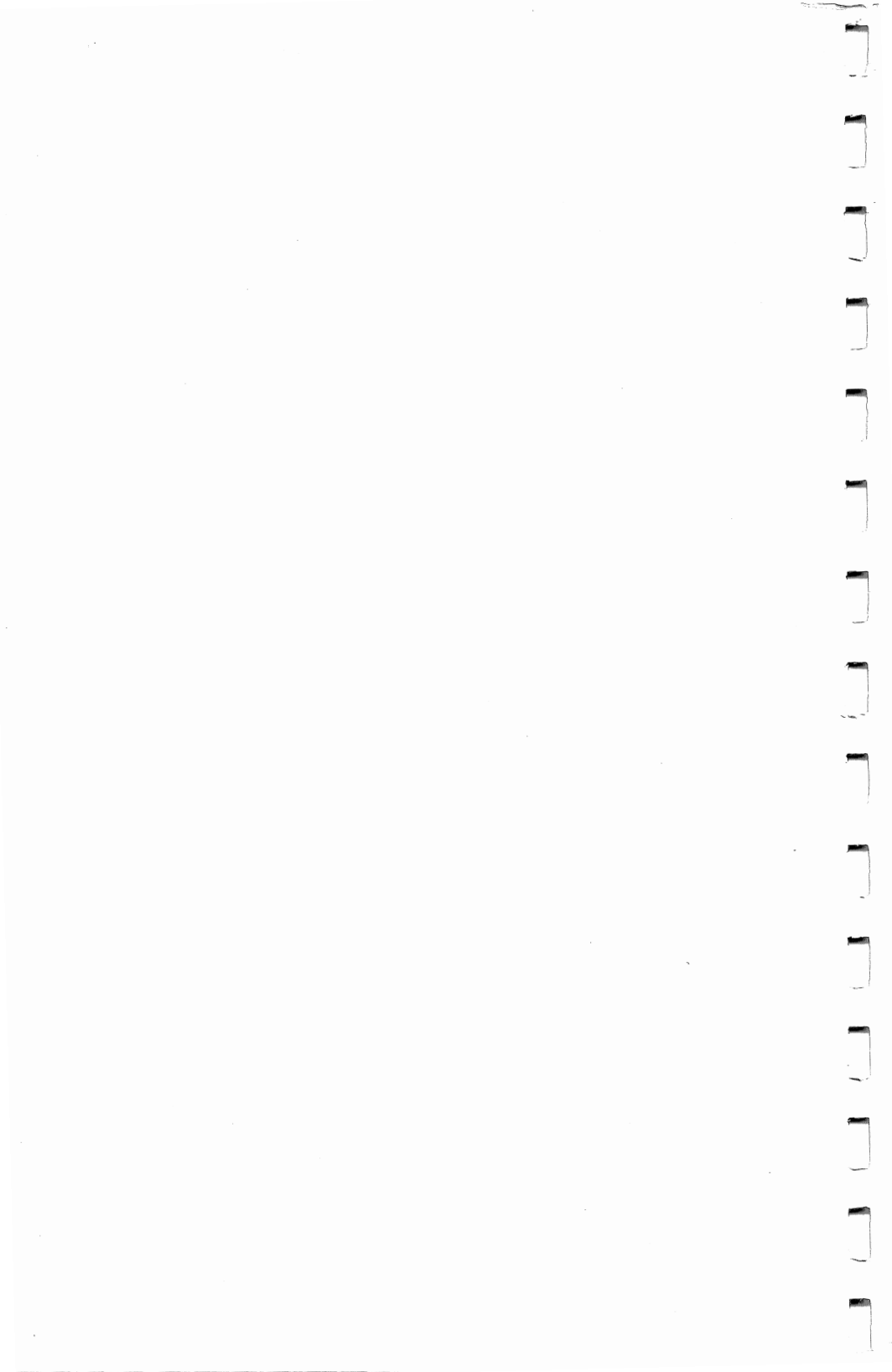
WRITING SESSIONS:  
USA & CARIBBEAN 1995

SATSVARUPA DAŚA GOŚWAMI

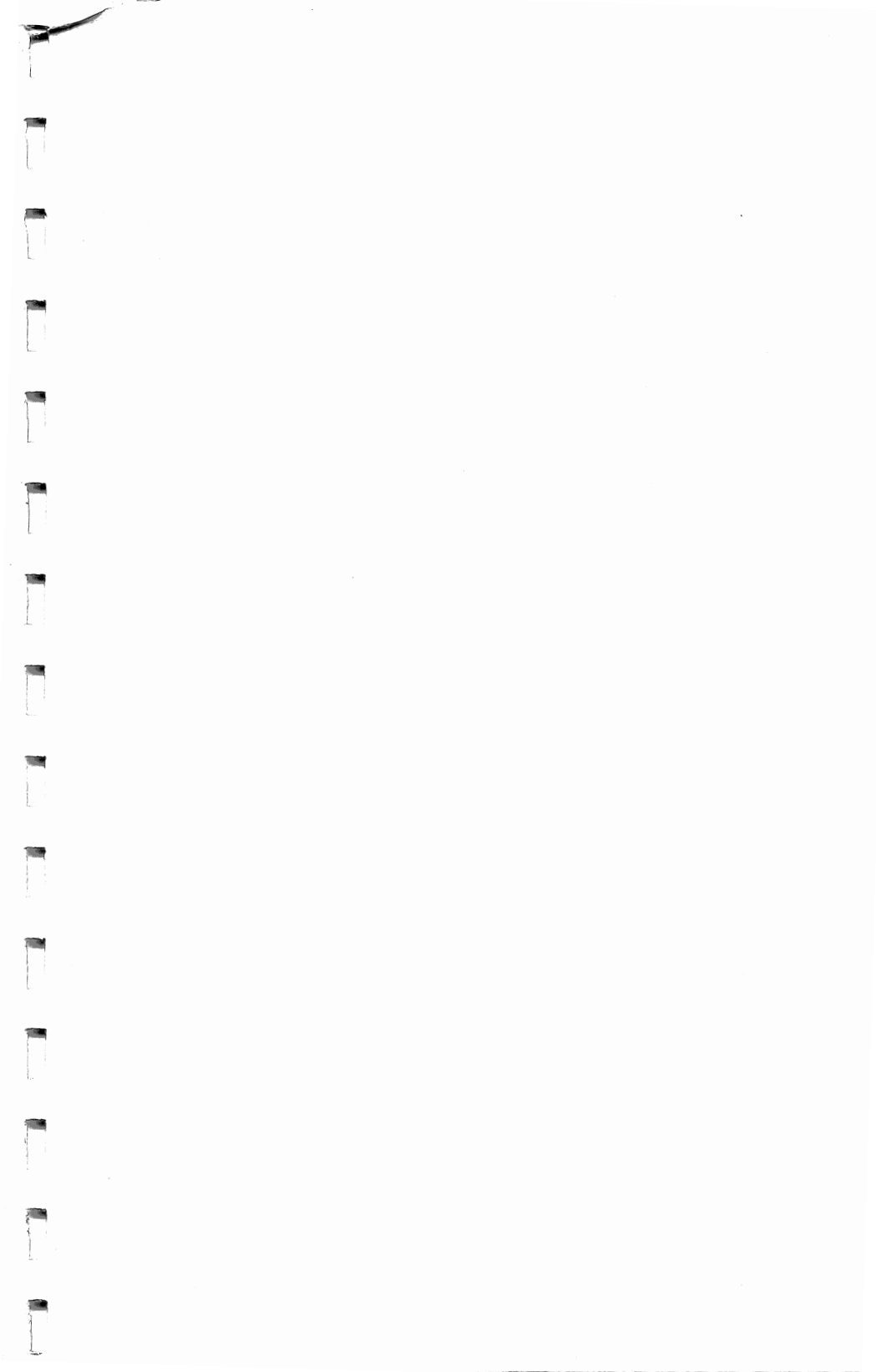


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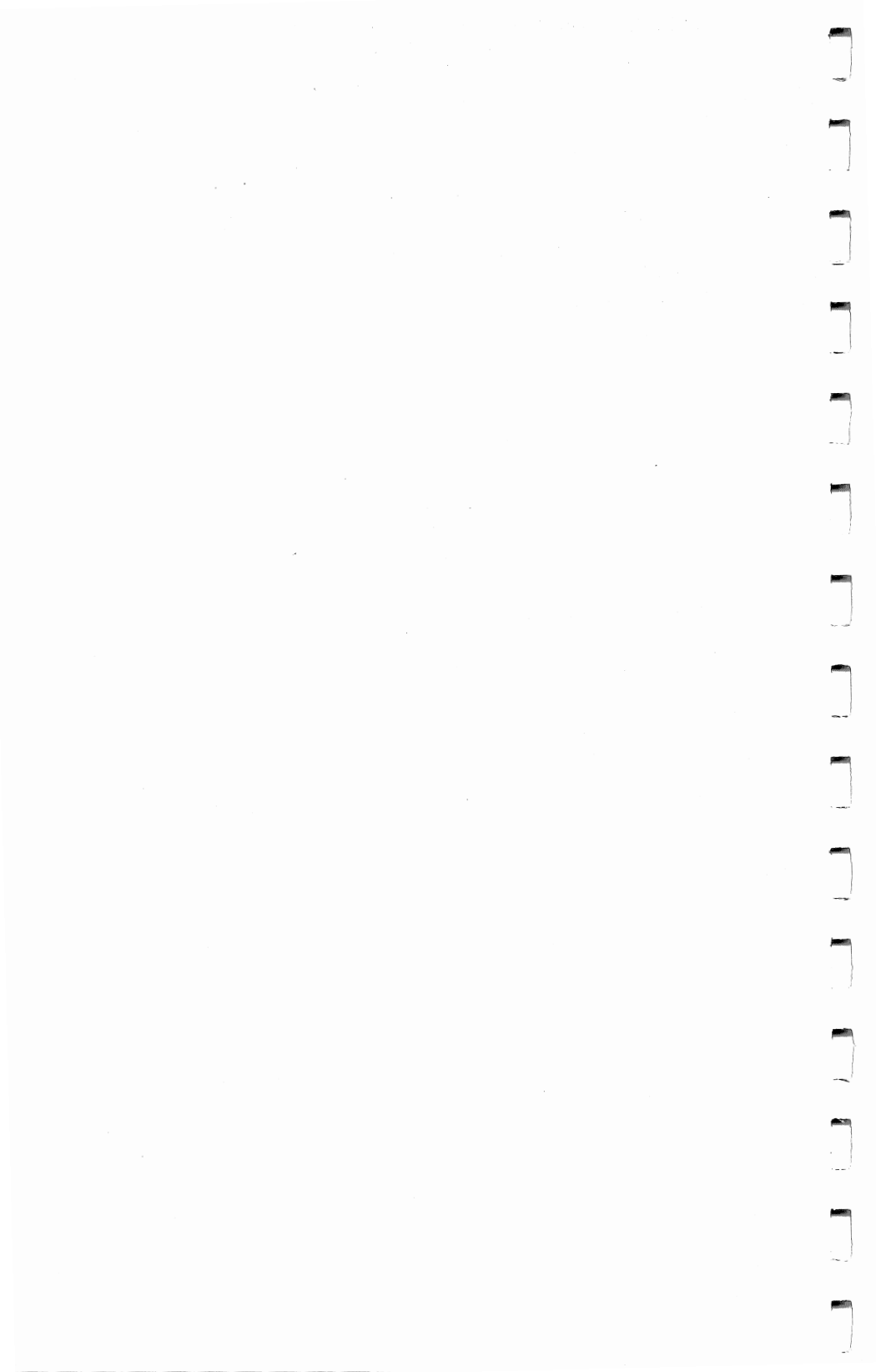
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U.S.A.





# SESSION 1

*December 31, 1994, 1:36 A.M.*

The Michael Jordan book teaches a step at a time and always goes back to fundamentals, etc. I wondered, Is the WS a fundamental of my devotional life or an example of something I do wrong? If it's wrong, then no matter how much I practice it, I'm not improving my life. So far it appears that the WS is my life and even if it's wrong or expendable, I'll have to learn that. But for now, my lesson is to do it.

I'm a writer. I'm a devotee who writes. I'm going to Boston today by plane.

Another thing in Jordan's book is to always practice wholeheartedly so that you can pour it on when you need it—and you can win the championships. The ultimate success is to think of Kṛṣṇa at the time of death, to surrender to Him and sincerely ask for the life of unalloyed devotional service in your next life.

The goal is *anyābhilāṣitā-sūnyam*, to desire to please the Lord's senses, not your own senses.

How to reach that? Not by indulging yourself. (People laughing are the loud sounds on the streets, Lower East Side, as I write.)

Hare Kṛṣṇa. The practice will hold you in good stead. At least you won't give up regular writing. No excuses. Be a real person. That doesn't mean sloughing off. So I must continue to travel and preach fulfilling the honorable position they give me as a senior devotee in IS-KCON. I want to overcome headaches. Keep going. Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa.

Your early morning *japa* is an example of a fundamental to always pursue. Short range goal, to reach a state of attention in hearing. Then investing feelings for Kṛṣṇa. Those two seem to go together. Hear and invest feelings. Someday I'll be able to report some success.

(They live below an apartment where a dog lives and people are now moving around. I feel it and hear it through the floor boards. Well, we'll be traveling away from here today.)

Then? Then? Words that come. It's "only" writing practice. And when will you again do a timed book? When will you do a deliberate book to be published? Hare Kṛṣṇa.

When, oh, when will that day be mine when I can offer acts purely to Kṛṣṇa? Keep making the acts. Keep singing and dancing. Build up your strength to do half-hour *kirtanas* with the devotees and disciples' meetings. New York, New York. The special people.

Cutting up the apple as the Swami did. What I innovated and introduced, what I get credit for.

The Jordan book also emphasizes team work as more important than trying to be a superstar. You need to go for that. Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa. In that case, that means I want my own development to be a contribution (to ISKCON). Also I need to recognize that when someone writes me a letter, it's an achievement on their part and I should take it seriously. Make a decent reply. Don't just "bat them out" (letter replies).

And sir, did you institute the one-half-hour Writing Session as number one now in your U.S.A. visit? Yes, and you could say 1995 visit. Because today is the last day of the year.

Good-bye (arbitrary to vision) to the old year. Look back briefly to the retreats and timed books and river of Writing Sessions. How much did they accomplish? I can't say for sure. I only know . . . *Śrī-kṛṣṇa-caitanya prabhu nityānanda*.

M. says I won't go out on the New Year's Eve *hari-nāma*. But why not? Because they stay out too late? Because it's too noisy and rude for my protected sensibilities? Is it a compassion I should taste? An extra effort I should make? We'll hear more about it when we reach there today.

So pack and travel, write some in Travel Diary. Go forth. Hare Kṛṣṇa. Words flow to help yourself.

I can't expect any regular reading plan except to read for preparing lectures and maybe something else now and then. *Śrī-kṛṣṇa-caitanya prabhu nityānanda*.

He knows what he is doing.

Refrained from getting a tape of jazz music. The Jordan book says if the leader goofs off, then the followers will think, "Why not me?" And they will too. So better I refrain myself from a sense gratification taste that comes up. These desires may reappear and I ought to not indulge them. Then I'll be able to tell others they should not indulge. I won't be a hypocrite when I say it.

The coach was holding him back. Teaching him to learn the game and to be a team member. Learn by your failure, "I cannot accept not trying." Don't accept a lower standard for yourself. Go for the goal, step by step. Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa. The world is such a place . . . I want to be a target for success (writing now what comes). Poems will come. Remember your daily sessions with typewriter and how you said, "Okay, let's sing," and you did?

The song is you  
curfew don't stop you  
red eyes behind eyeglasses, I mean  
how I look, chicken neck starting  
in old age in various ways the  
croker leads the young ones  
in *kirtana* at 26 Second Avenue  
and they bow down to him one  
at a time while receiving their  
slice of apple he gives on behalf  
of the Swami.

Glad to see Rādhā-Rāmaṇa dāsa  
was there from Connecticut and my old  
friend Nāma-Saṅkirtana dāsa  
and some I can't remember here.

Sing a song of Monk-less, my  
own musical joy.  
Don't need no  
adulteration, whatever I've got  
sing a devotee song,  
in shoe-less socks, the Swami  
step, back and forth. You  
made them laugh by stories  
of your own failure to make  
a standard *puri*—the Swami  
accepted it. The Swami accepted  
the essence of a spiritual life  
from each person,  
a potential devotee.

So I sing before dawn, don't  
get arrested by Yamarāja's followers  
or Vāruṇa's (for too-early

bathing) but write your way  
(sing in the streets), I hear you  
loud rude folks. But I'm singing  
here in eternal following mood  
Lord Kṛṣṇa's in His names  
despite city sirens,  
we sing prayer to God.

(36 minutes, 7 pages, New York City apartment of  
Rasarāja and Prema-bhakti-mārga)

## SESSION 2

*January 1, 1995, 12:15 A.M.*

Happy New Year. No rude sounds other than my alarm clock in basement of Boston church, I mean temple. Cars' muffled approach.

I am up  
pledge to keep diary sir,  
it's a good idea chronicle  
of your life for friends and readers. I saw  
your Travel Diary and liked  
that you took time to record  
it all  
hey fa-de-la-la  
it's Kṛṣṇa conscious and not  
just a footnote or  
moral added but  
permeated. As warp  
and woof.

Even misspellings and "post-  
humorous jab," I here  
declare the new year is  
for Kṛṣṇa and the children  
of God. May freedom ring in  
this lousy bed-written  
infested country  
and spinning globe—under  
His control (agency of *māyā*)  
not the grip of politicians.

Hereby ring it in—  
my basement watchtower

and drink of water.  
 But gadgets will not save you.  
 True yearning and action  
 for Him, let this day's lectures  
 assert it and you don't even have to  
 prepare them:  
 one in praise of the *sankirtana*  
 devotees' compassion  
 and one to the Sunday evening  
 congregation, "New Year's  
 resolutions"—better turn to  
 Him—  
 it will come I'm confident  
 because this is the place  
 where Prabhupāda hand  
 in hand with Gaurī dāsi to  
 install Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa (1971) and  
 the picture shows their hands  
 touching the head of Rādhārāṇī to  
 fix Her crown and She's smiling  
 under his touch.  
 All glories to new year  
 arbitrary crown of days I  
 and a new song to make  
 room  
 for the next—  
 long as I live  
 and after, O  
 holy men.

Gadgets won't save you but diary writing will help  
 expose the riotist claim ("Outrageous and autocratic,"  
 he said, describing a temple president).

That my words tumbling out of control have a meaning of their own, see face unshaven of Rasarāja dāsa and smoothed skin wife. I leave 'em

I move on,  
along a surface, call it iced-run, sled,  
me and travel companion,  
our eyes reddened, veins tracking  
yellow eyeballs and tired of airplane  
travel, safety please, we pray  
and the youngest stewardess who  
seems to really want me to take  
a drink.

Oh hell phenomena when  
sing through Kṛṣṇa consciousness  
clear water-filler.

Oh they took up the sink  
in Boston temple and found  
under it, a thousand pounds of  
putrid slugh with maggots,  
and cleaned it out and filled it  
with sand ever more.

Oh putrid  
will the temple ever rise?

My dear children, pray  
for me. That God protect your  
old man fat.

May the new year enliven you  
with horns. I mean horns—  
that cows wear.  
Not cuckold's because we are



through with that  
but I admit faint sex desire  
can always rise when you  
sit with a young woman.  
Therefore Kṛṣṇa keep me in the basement  
and let me out—dressed warm—  
only to praise Thee,  
Lord Śiva's compassion,  
Lord Viṣṇu's direction,  
as we did in the beginning,  
do now and ever will, oh help  
us Lord.

All poems go here. Go there. No file needed. Persimmons for the New Day, may Sikhi become a theist in his new incarnation, sure I'd like to see new books to inspire if there are such,

but best is *Bhāgavatam* I am reading and when free from other duties I'd like to go somewhere and write. Take this early hour now. I am glad therefore you are rising so early on the first day of the year.

Start it off.

And I'll tell them tonight—don't plan for money-making and happiness. Can't buy more than you are destined to have by karma but you can: 1) go to the temple; 2) make your home a temple, etc.

One may ask, if I am unable to act materially (bound by karma), how can you claim that I have free-will to say I'll get up early, I'll chant, or I'll be kind to my neighbor, etc.?

I'll say in reply, "You are not ever independent but you either choose *māyā* or Kṛṣṇa. Choose Kṛṣṇa, your free will is that. Happy New Year. Post haste.

Hip hurrah, sing some more even if you are no longer living in communes yet you visit them one after another. You get special privileges, old man, so don't abuse them.

Don't play secret sense gratification, that's the sum of it. Keep refraining from seeking what they're all after in Boston after dark.

Even behind your eyelids and in private brain.

He originally published his poems and prose together.

Oh, you were a good student of literature, got As, was hip and bluffed and hoaxed into thinking literature could solve all and be a religion and a line of work.

So much depends upon  
a red wheel-barrel  
glazed with water, etc.

At least my prose isn't incomprehensible.

Kṛṣṇa the cowherd boy churning the milk ocean. We made it, survived and arrived in U.S.A., car on ice on Commonwealth Avenue, in the safe basement, hear them go laughing by, hope and listen—do they shoot a huzzah drunkenly to the Hare Kṛṣṇa house as they pass by? Are you disappointed when they don't?

O unholy night it's become  
holy by dint of  
His passage, all life is rites  
of Mass, and free-flow is His  
name, Hare Kṛṣṇa I chant on  
beads proclaim  
*harināma* is the only way.  
May he serve unprejudiced,  
all servitors, all happy now  
with God our mentor,

our yearly hours,  
it's we who need Him.  
Seek to revive the contact  
as servant of His servants  
in Boston temple  
slugh discovered,  
a rotten egg  
but new *bhaktins* and *bhaktas*  
and I'm fifty-five years young.  
Give me money,  
give love  
I'll transform it into power  
station. Give me love.  
I mean let me serve and forgive my  
arrogant excess. I want to  
serve by this new year  
poem.

Time is up. See you later at *maṅgala-ārati* and devise  
a way to write always. Maybe in Travel Diary.

One more minute. Tenth Canto, *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*,  
chapter 13 is next to read, with pencil and pencil case.

Pencils, use them.

Pens, use 'em, eye use 'em  
in service of the Lord.

Holy bean-blower church is just down the block. I  
used to live here. My master started the Boston  
*brāhmaṇas*.

(Half-hour, 7 pages, Boston)

## SESSION 3

January 2, 12:12 A.M.

Hello. No mouse eyes in bathroom. You rise early, you are virtuous, lad. You need a shot in the arm.

For Gitā-nāgari I want legal pad with wider lines.

So many things you've asked them to purchase on your account. Charge it to my account. But does it bring *bhakti*?

Does your action bring Kṛṣṇa under your control and put you under His control? Control is strong language but that is the language for *bhakti*.

"Ciktraketu said: O unconquerable Lord (*ajita*), although You cannot be conquered by anyone, You are certainly conquered by devotees who have control of the mind and senses. They can keep You under their control because You are causelessly merciful to devotees who desire no material profit from You. Indeed, You give Yourself to them, and because of this You have full control over Your devotees" (*Bhāg.* 7.16.35).

In this verse, the requirement for conquering the Lord is that one conquer oneself first. And when He sees this He'll be attracted to his activities.

Okay, I'll study it some more, later. This time is for my free-run spirit. I'll run with *bhakti*. See my mind as meant for service to Him. Restrain, use it in His service. If some acts are not Kṛṣṇa conscious, I'll be alert to that and try not to let it get out of hand or try to dovetail it as soon as possible.

Yeah, yeah

Theolonius will come to  
play his sweet eccentric  
melodies or muted horn

of Miles and sheets of sound  
his lead sax man in 1960s  
was you-know-who and I  
can certainly learn the art  
to improvise  
for Him.  
Kṛṣṇa!

I praised last night ~~the soprano~~ <sup>sax</sup> in the audience because he  
came to play in *kirtana*. I gave it as an example of  
*bhakti*.  
Machine to make music.

But at last, he's got to surrender the self.  
Also mind and senses—  
Kṛṣṇa wants the man not the  
money only. The *ātmā* full-  
scale, full-time in His service.  
Tell us, Sats, even before  
you've fully conquered your own  
self, what it's like to be  
conquered and to conquer the  
*ajita* Lord.

Yes, I'll tell you folks. I've got the wonderful  
responsibility to speak in *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. I'll  
discharge that duty eagerly.

I want to draw pictures of my inner world and write  
some commentary with it. Share them with a devotee  
artist. Do you want her to reply something? No, mainly  
just give the drawings a home—in her heart? Well, in a  
file and use some of them later. But mainly a way I can  
express them knowing someone will care for them and I

may be willing to accompany drawings with a monologue. Write that note to her.

Hey, hey, nanny day, it's the second day of the year. One gone already. Not so many people were present for my lecture last night but more Indians came after the lecture, during *ārati* and for the *prasādam*.

I am in the basement. God is in the heart. A devotee doesn't want to control the Lord for any nefarious purpose or even at all. That's not his motive. It's to serve the Lord. But he does it so nicely the Lord is pleased and wants to be controlled by the devotee.

Talk about it. Declare here you are grateful. I am. I am. All glories to the Lord of the universe.

May He bless us. And that blessing may sometimes take the form of a "rough embrace."

He is the sailor in the boat in Vraja, He is the soldier on the field in Dvārakā pastimes, He is the general of the army and a servant of His devotee. Even Kūbja got the mercy, even Bana got the mercy when the Lord broke his arms. Let's recite His glories in the morning and night and in the day too in our own hearts. By hearing we too can do *kīrtana* well.

All glories to the conquering Lord. Rukmiṇi conquered too. And so did everyone, pure devotees in their own way. Come here my Lord, they don't ask Him to dance out of a desire to control but to please His desires. The Lord is the controller of His devotees.

Now my friend, can you control your own mind? Can you do it not merely as self-discipline but as an act of devotional service? Because unless we can control ourselves we are not fit for higher *rasa*. Herry bol. Cherry bowl. Rose Bowl. *Haribol*. *Bol bol, haribol*.

*Hari-kīrtana*

all souls were cheering the

activities of the Lord but some  
with deluded interest in  
His external energy and not in  
Him.

Some stood apart from Him  
and asked for no more.

Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa  
Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare.

May He bless, may He bless the wretched one.

This is just a brief trot into midnight streets lines. I am a courier. I'm a fool? Yes. But by trotting I have found the theme of today's verse and am FedEx-ing it to the brain and other parts—to ready myself for today's lecture on conquering the *ajita* and being conquered by Him. I'll study it more.

May the Lord be kind. Oh, He is. May you see His kindness and be grateful and take up new year life. Brand new 1995. I salute thee. I behold thee. May He be ever in your dreams. May He

study homework. Make money. Appear before the board. I'll go now and chant my rounds.

Kṛṣṇa consciousness is very nice. Let's practice it. And beware of what you need to do. It's overwhelming to think of helping others. So many need help. Just do what you can, preserving your sanity in *sādhana*. Be there for Him. Drive my chariot, Acyuta. Be my master. Be my Lord and govern me.

"Yes, I will," He replies, "yes, I will," and so we go together down the road. Hear the Lord speak to you. It will be nice. Please be my Lord.

*Radanti tat/tatvavidasa*  
poem book and looks of devotion  
and my words  
are His words given to me.

The old died (or young died)  
like flies  
Monk, Miles and 'Trane.  
That's what happens—  
to Thomas Merton and long, long  
ago to Shakespeare,  
Socrates so long ago it's  
old as stones and  
fresh deaths supplied daily  
*ahany ahani bhūtāni*  
get the message?

Better be caught dead  
doing what you want—  
him to see you doing.  
Die too for you, my last  
will and act—I died while  
distributing his books or in  
the act of writing one—  
for the clear interest to serve,  
that's Kulaśekhara's prayer  
you know  
to die in higher thought.

Rising hour, peace  
rain beating down in Boston non-freezing streets.  
Hare Kṛṣṇa here I come.

(30 minutes, approx. 7 pages, Boston basement)



## SESSION 4

January 3, 12:08 A.M.

You went ahead and got a Miles Davis tape. No harm, it's beautiful, you say. We can't press you as how it is Kṛṣṇa conscious. You got your artistic purposes. Improvisation is the word.

Today's verse in *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* is on creative energy. It comes from God, says Citraketu. So you will say how we people of earth should recognize this. It's not just a mere acknowledgment as in the *New York Times* article . . . but all works should be used in the service of the Lord. Yeah.

Then I'll say . . . what does that mean? The arts and sciences should lead to *kṛṣṇa-kathā* in new forms. That's the purport to *idaṁ hi pumsas*. Seeds by Śrīla Prabhupāda for a cultural revolution. All artists may take it up. He gives specific hints and artists and scientists can enlarge on it.

Then I'll go the Third Canto, "Prayers for Creative Energy." Lord Brahmā wants power and intelligence for creation and also wants to be protected. Life in the material world is very dangerous. We want to be daring in the Lord's service but don't want to fall down.

O *he haribol*  
work in my service  
the guru said—  
his feet itched with  
mosquito bites,  
his head now began  
singing the "Round midnight"  
tune, the way Coltrane as  
a young member of the Davis group

(1955) rolled over with the  
basic melody the improvised  
inexpressible in words  
art form . . .  
This too is for Kṛṣṇa but  
we who work in words got  
to say it more clearly—  
leave a work in its unfinished  
form.

“Garbage” by A.R. Ammons is that.

Now that lecture is in outline form and you are anxious to be able to speak it as your contribution. Don’t be rude or opposed to me, I say. I *like* to speak on *śāstra* and give excerpts from it . . . Read famous purports of His Divine Grace and tell my impressions of them.

“What is your realization?” he kept saying, a loaded phrase for his political inquiry. To say I have a “realization” is to flatter me. I pick my nose; the rose petals fall dead in the Boston basement, from the vases. Petal, petal, Shiki counted them down to the last one from his death bed and in his last haiku with no mention of God.

Red platform. My spiritual master. I groped last night. Was it good? Didn’t speak merely of official.

That girl a disciple of mine  
has been hearing nectar of  
*rāsa* with Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa and  
now comes to hear from me—  
I say love and trust this foundation  
of guru-disciple relation, I didn’t say—  
look I don’t want to fall down,

I pray I won't.  
But I can't "guarantee."  
Please pray for me.

I didn't say:  
In this room there's the possible  
feeling we are all duped so let  
us fight against it.  
I said some people scorn  
the relationship of ISKCON gurus  
and disciples. Let us improve our  
relationship. If it's junior  
league we can elevate it.  
It is up to us to make it  
champion quality,  
work together, admit it  
can be improved.  
You help me  
I'll help you.

I told the story (can't write this fast enough, seek the heart).

A disciple was away from me ten years and he said, "I was always your man." He was angry when I said, "I thought you were gone." He challenged, "I thought a spiritual master is supposed to know his disciple." I said, "How am I supposed to read your mind. . ."

You know those choruses  
of Mexico City blues?

Yeah, what about it?

Maybe like my Radio Shows  
one could play music of  
speaking or writing.

Oh, you are already doing that.

The truth of political affairs. My poor body, soul in it. We got two new writing books. I tells of method of writing from the body.

You got to learn art even in this kind of writing.

Oh yeah.

It is only a half-hour to write and then turn to *japa*.

Dear Diary, I couldn't sleep so well last night. Kept dreaming a UFO type group was sending a signal and would influence us. We were a small group of devotees including Harikeśa Mahārāja, trying to sleep. It was a warm summer night. We were waiting for the influence to come to us from the UFO. We kept waiting. It seems I was dreaming like this for hours. Finally some message came in written form. There was a challenge to me: What are you doing for the Prabhupāda Centennial?

I didn't have much respect for the UFO control over us—for the quality of it—and I wanted to escape the power of it and not be controlled. Staying awake during the night waiting to see how they might control us . . . maybe how to avoid it. I finally walked away hoping I wouldn't succumb to being a disciple to the psychic powers of those other people.

Now awake, I say, let me be true to my spiritual master. No tunes in my head during *japa* or bring mind back and sing in tunes to Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra as Aindra does twenty-four hours a day. I got my own *kirtana* tape. Hare Kṛṣṇa roll over the melody

in improvised re-work, original spirit

your own, your own. May words speak your truth. No headache, please.

I tried to tell them (disciples in a room), I am for you and we need to be honest in our Kṛṣṇa conscious rapport.

Gosh, don't they see I'm trying but don't want to merely recite absolute? I speak of relative, my struggle to attain absolute surrender and my admitted lackings. Yet I say, don't you speak to me your relative trip, but let's convert ourselves from relative, unsurrendered, to surrendered. Honest, sweaty work including snails and slugs. Oh, a snake, a black snake was in my dream and I feared he might come into my bed.

Honest attempt to convert energy to

Kṛṣṇa consciousness

and myself

I'm imperfect

I'm a woman (or man)

admit it for now.

This is who I am and I got to work with it.

Guru will help you.

I want to shout (sort of),

"Don't you understand me?

Am I getting through to you?"

Three minutes left in this then I ask you to make *mahā-mantra*. Don't strain—headache, etc.—but do call out and pray to hear mantras and pray to receive Kṛṣṇa in your heart. Lord, Lord, this fallen and unworthy person comes to pray in reciting Your name. From the world and body and smell.

Protect us.

Discipline us.

So we obey and utter

Thy names

in bona fide yet

spontaneous spirit.

No one can stop you or tread on you. Be awake and  
alive in Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

Ha ha

this way please

to the grand monarch

Lord Kṛṣṇa the controller.

And me wanted dearly enough

to hear Him

in my friendly guru's

free-write.

(30 minutes, 6 1/2 pages, Boston temple basement)

## SESSION 5

*January 4, 12:02 A.M.*

You wanted and He gave you the opportunity to hear the old jazz. I also heard the t.p.'s estimation of my disciples serving in his temple. His judgment of each one is the manager's task. So give credit for what he's doing for Prabhupāda and Kṛṣṇa. But I want to stay far from it. The judgment of each person's strengths and weakness, heavy rule you have to have, brain that closes like steel trap. His word against my dear disciples hurts the core of the heart and you think as he does, that they're selfish or weak-willed or crazy—and it's true each one has so many faults, such a checkered career in this material world.

Soon I'll get to see my books coming out.

Today we fly to Gitā-nāgari. See the life running out, the depressed farm community, is it really happening that they will divide up land parcels? Can I be spared?

Dreamt I was an actor. In another dream I was like a big female tiger, pretending to be asleep. A giant male tiger came up beside me and examined me. He didn't attack but there was threat of it.

I wish to write.

To bite off more than

I can chew,

strike tiger painting my

own strikes while the

male looks on. And I

don't communicate or perform—

I am free of the night club

atmosphere

or critics who say,

"Two and a half stars for S. T. Guarino  
because he's weak in knees,  
bad ankle, headache prone  
and shouldn't be in the night club  
but alone in a farmhouse some-  
where but when, by Lord's  
grace, he goes there he laments  
and wants to be in the suburbs  
pampered."

Two and a half stars for SDG  
alias Steven and his  
Monk album and Eric  
Dolphy album on the way.  
Two and half stars less than perfect—  
we heard the manager's analysis  
of my children.  
He wrote perfunctory letters  
explaining, "Why I can't meet  
you?" and left it at that—  
"I am traveling and lecturing and  
maybe we'll meet again,  
don't be angry with me."

Two and a half stars and thirty teeth left.  
In his New Year's Day  
speech he said, maybe  
some of us here will die in  
1995, it's all fated, and an  
Indian man challenged, "You  
said limited free-will but  
that's a contradiction."  
He smiled,  
I smiled, I lied and told



him to be strict while I  
was lax  
relax be-bop line of  
Miles Davis,  
wiggle-wiggle tunes of  
Johnny Griffin—I heard a  
critic say Griffin piles up  
old riffs like rock-n-roll  
sax player—and ever since then  
I am tainted against him.  
Such is the power  
of criticism.

So limp and wave,  
weave and hop,  
the Dixie . . . believe I  
would rather switch than  
fight.  
Now I am going  
to the airport.

You got a pad to draw but don't want to be presumptuous that my scribbles are art. Nevertheless, they are little figures in me and I can let them come out.

Kṛṣṇa is so sacred a form, yet in a loving way I saw one Godbrother's stick figures of the Lord. Three-fold bending form. That's the challenge, to draw Him and Rādhā in Goloka and forms like Śrīla Prabhupāda dear to you and sacred in the canon without fearing blasphemy or criticism.

Got a book how to write from the body. Who do I think I am? The body of Kṛṣṇa conscious knowledge is

## SESSION 6

January 4, 11:21 P.M.

Took to bed at 5:30 P.M. so now I'm up. Dear Diary. Tadd's Delight, etc. go through head but I follow them up quickly with Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa. Where is this fellow going? He disdains the Centennial deluge. Everyone's getting in on the act. What did you do? I ate one hundred donuts and did one hundred Prabhupāda push-ups, please note it and put my name and group into the data base.

Root me out, find me a place in your heart.

Not in Ireland now. The wind rising and moving around very cold outside but we is in the house and they have a coal burning stove.

Now this day at midnight if it's clear sky I could see a meteor shower. It's time for *japa* but I'll go see if I can see the shower. Look up and think of He who created it all and that's Kṛṣṇa the Supreme.

He created the sky and water through His expanded part of the part Mahā-Viṣṇu. But it's He, it's He who does it all, *īśvara parama kṛṣṇa*.

Would be nice if I could study books. Seems like a long time before I get another chance, with a retreat. But push on here, servicing others and this way of lecturing which is also a return to books to get some references.

Oh, the manager told me  
brooks, he said,  
brooks of water run and  
freeze now,  
Three Mile Island didn't  
look that long, belching smoke

"Yeah, but the memory time goes  
through you later."

Got to  
got to  
let it go  
the way  
is letting go.  
(Pro-found.)

The way is letting go.

The porch here is screened in, used only in summer.  
He says I ought to come here then, it's more enjoyable;  
he's got a garden and can give me veggies.

But I can't change a schedule that brings me to van  
seclusion I long for. Gitā-nāgarī is on the ISKCON  
map, BT Swami's group might come here. You know, I  
want to be off alone and write back messages. It's ideal,  
tell them—the Gitā-nāgarī workers—to live in a van in  
Europe.

You could settle here or somewhere, but what about  
your time? It would be stolen hours at a time by visitors  
at your door. How could you sneak in the hours to read  
and write and be alone?

De-bop, de-bop, de-bop, de-dop.

He sang as he walked.

You'd wear windbreaker pants and even face-mask if  
you went out and . . . It's America, land of the violent.

Guns and pick-up trucks  
and shouts, ill slogans  
big boogins.

It's America again  
and here we are  
in ISKCON  
living it out,

they don't talk of death and neither do I  
but he (not Yamarāja) has got his eye on us too  
who takes the Vaiṣṇavas to their next  
destination.

Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, the daily reading I was doing in Coll-nacopague, simple matter of it feeding right into my free-write of timed book.

Ask someone to read it and see what I'm doing. My editor and I plan to release the time bomb nectar in those books, what to speak of Writing Sessions.

Ink is shining. A small hair is clinging to the pen point. Kill adjectives, Twain said. "You like Thoreau?" G. asked me as he pulled the car into the driveway. He referred to the line, "I met a farmer on the road pushing his barn down the road of life . . ." G.'s house is small enough and I said you could put it on wheels and push it.

It's not so bad  
to have a house like that  
provided it keeps you out  
of *māyā*  
and turning to Kṛṣṇa for relief when  
it all crashes down,  
wife and kid and house and  
me too, fragile foundation—  
as a renounced *sannyāsi*  
pray you'll never fall down  
life of four principles—  
including no frivolous sports.  
Give *māyā* a chance and she will  
dunk you until you learn

once and for all  
no frivolous sports.  
Always think of Kṛṣṇa,  
life that way.

Now I'll stop here and go chant with glances to the sky for the meteors. Look for one crashing into your heart. A way to call Kṛṣṇa in His names, softly uttered.

Three more minutes.

Pin hopes,  
frozen birdbath  
tit mouse  
white breast  
red head brown bird.

Look! I couldn't see  
without glasses at the  
birdfeed.

The sanctified house of a  
man and his wife and child.

Look! See  
the birds and the frozen  
birdbath, the seeds they eat.  
Madhu on the phone assuring a  
neighbor-devotee his full-  
time job is service to his guru.

I'm up trying. This is a note to myself saying hello.  
Go peacefully now to *japa*.

Yes, I will. And thank you for the apricots. Of poison they are not.

Peaceful life and death come soon. He said he didn't want to get distracted by seeing people's faces, so when he entered his room in his last days, he looked only to

their feet and his companion greeted them. Oh well, try what works.

(One half hour, seven pages, Gitā-nāgarī dāsa's house, Gitā-nāgarī)

## SESSION 7

*January 6, 12:06 A.M.*

Well, here we are. You can write whatever you like. Timed book or series of poems is going on in another place.

When you address God, it's weak or the reader can tell you don't really know Him. Take advantage of being able to see this weakness by writing stronger now.

Hey—advised Aelred don't use my name in public so. I have not authorized you, you know. Be quiet, be cool.

I said he could speak on Śrīla Prabhupāda and Christ, but gee, he's taking it so far. We like to see Śrīla Prabhupāda saying that, but I think the guy has to be discreet.

Merton died in Bangkok.

Where's your spot?

Who has already chosen it—  
in name of God?

A bullet with your name on it.

By seeing the weakness in poems, you can know how to better them—more daring, more concrete images, something actually happening in life, and the true vision of Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

I keep looking at those weaker ones. Sorry about that. Now I want to say . . . Just two questions for you: 1) When is my class? and 2) Did you (the Institute) buy notebooks for my students?

Mail never ends, but you end. The Republicans are in and the Democrats are out, but later it is vice versa. You won't live long enough to see it settled because it never gets settled, the thing goes back and forth "for-

ever." The leaders change and the public opinion of them also. Tough-minded, light-haired, new guy is king of the hill and later he gets pushed off.

My voice too.

Hey, hey. You wake with tune in head and know  
someone called police on me  
and I was questioned as to  
why I wear old clothes,  
I said I'm coming from work.

They said . . .

I said, "This interrogation is because  
of that person who called you  
on me but he's . . ."

"Yes," they said, "but  
still we have to question you  
about possible guilt."

That's a dream in which I  
was a devotee,  
I guess.

But where is the huzzah  
or quiet prayer?

More evidence I should  
live alone aloof from  
parties: the latest letter  
from ex-disciple who wants  
me to express regret that  
I didn't love him and  
show some broad-minded spirit  
to encourage him  
to go join Śrīdhara Mahārāja's followers.  
He prods me, prods me  
and he's never satisfied. I'm a  
simple man, I say. Leave me



alone to worship my spiritual master and  
live with my disciples and  
retreat and write.

You don't have to approve me  
in your way, say what you  
like. I'll write him back—  
leave me,  
leave me,  
you already did, so no  
longer have a claim on my  
heart or actions.

Oh, six pence, the moon

I won't even bother to see if the meteors are shower-  
ing. You make song out of your actual life and hope  
something stands up strong.

Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, I wish the best for You and me. Get in-  
to *Gītā* and get the students to write on it. I'm already  
prepared by my own life. The first verse we will write on  
is 6.29. It means the *yogī* can see the presence of the  
Supreme Lord in others' hearts. It's a vision. He sees  
the Supreme in his meditation, four-armed Viṣṇu. You  
mean he literally sees the form in others? Well, he's  
like *vidyā-vinaya-sampanne* . . . He sees the spirit soul in  
all. It means he can feel the presence of God in another  
person. I'll explain it best I can, no bluffing, no bluffing.

On this farm there is no agriculture, but a hundred  
head of cattle (cows and oxen) live through the winter.  
It's difficult. They ask for money to get them through.  
They want to divide the land, but one can buy land  
cheaply near *Gītā-nāgarī* without getting entangled  
(you might say) with ISKCON. O Lord, it's like that.  
One builds a house and then he moves and sells it to

the *karmīs*, breaking solidarity of many devotees living together.

Foam form. [?] Oh well, I can't speak.

I'm just visiting

with no attachment

to the place, deep problems

and all that. Imagine if you

did reside here and women . . .

move on, pardner,

to Albuquerque. I mean to Geneva

or some less restrictive zone.

Move thy pen.

Believe in me

and my words and ability to

free myself.

No, I can't.

It's up to Him.

Ten more minutes. You jog in cold air. Give us one [unclear words]. Look what's becoming of you here in the West. If you were a *śiṣya* of some person other than Prabhupāda, you'd have that vision they want you to have, that it's all right to have *śikṣā-guru*, so don't be a fanatic or fundamentalist. I say leave me out of your whole controversy. I won't be dragged in by someone else's trip. I set my example, stick to Śrīla Prabhupāda, and you have freedom to do as you like. Now don't bug me.

As I go to Puerto Rico or

anywhere,

seeking rest and a typewriter to

write down my thoughts.

Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, I am going to recite Your holy names downstairs. My *japa*—I hope it goes well. Please appear in Your names when I chant.

I write poems in praise of Vṛndāvana and here I am at Gītā-nāgari and can do the same, scoop off the action, the energy of the seminar,

but if nothing much is happening, then what can I report?

But something is happening. You just have to tune into it.

If you were immersed in *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*, you could tell us plenty. When you don't regularly read, you can hearken to a time when you did. Your honest voice can help us. Please tell us that candy ain't good for you, but I eat some myself.

Do you want to worship the Lord? Yes.

Bala said he'd get me an hourglass. I didn't need it, so why ask for it? Or pictures.

You just need to write here, and even more to read regularly. But I'm too busy, it seems.

You were reading *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*, all chapters, made a compilation. These are the days to share with devotees what you already got.

And don't envy others.

Be better. A good guy.

Don't keep looking down at juniors, "Oh, I am senior. There are so many juniors here. They couldn't possibly be as good as I am." No, don't think like that.

Think I am here trying and they are new blood, they are taking up tasks. I'll try to keep alive and relevant, that's my service. Keep writing three more minutes.

Believe . . . the truth descends.

Keep away from newspapers.

Write your comments on Cāṇakya  
ślokaś, that Prabhupāda used.  
And be okay there to write every  
day, nipples on neck of a  
goat, don't sit alone with  
women, don't trust animal  
with long horns or women or  
politicians. He's a sharp guy,  
that Cāṇakya, not a Vaiṣṇava,  
but India's wise man  
of moral instruction.

Okay, here goes, see you later in realms and reams  
and pen cases, Sheaffer, not Internet. One conditioned  
jīva, I'll hear Śrīla Prabhupāda in bathroom too and  
worship him and Nṛsiṃhadeva (he's your Deity).

(one half hour, 6 pages, Gitā-nāgarī dāsa's house,  
Gitā-nāgarī)

## SESSION 8

Break away from the dear diary, he said. Make an American series of sessions to last a few weeks. Tell us your mortality odes written . . .

Dear Lord Kṛṣṇa. You go from one thing to another. Are you centered on Christ or Kṛṣṇa? On what is coming in your daily mail. You answer letters until your mind is staggering, your little head starts feeling first symptoms of pressure. You withdraw from letter answering and the pack of letters seem just as big. Go out and take a walk. That may make you feel better.

I said he wants to get away from the diary routine. You know what I mean. Then at the end of the day I put intensive care lotion on me dry feet and go to bed in night cap and write in the bedside book, "Okay, another day for this soul embodied, another day, see you in the morning." And I am writing some kind of story. That is all right too.

The news I mean, if the news is coming as first thoughts, then how can you avoid it? But I hope to get . . . beyond it? On to something else. At least the writing exposes that I am not reading in my master's books currently. There is nothing to report of that. But I did hear the tapes during lunch. He said control of the senses begins with the tongue. He said . . . something like that. And of course he was getting to the point of surrender to Kṛṣṇa and making it sound rather easy for us in the beginning.

News—I am working on Cāṇakya's *śloka*s commentary. Just what comes. When I take a walk in a few minutes, I'll bring my note pad with me and draw in black ink. It is nice to do that, you know. It's like writ-

ing. You express an inner state, the drawings bring release. It is interesting how the feeling you have transforms into a visual image. It is not to be judged as good or bad. Even if it is a little fearful I will regard it as a friendly act. To say hello. It would be nice to be more Kṛṣṇa conscious.

Some Swami said he hasn't read a magazine or newspaper in five years and to do so is like sticking your head in a sewer. Yet we do this sometimes to hear what Clinton and Gingrich are doing. I don't know how to justify it, but we feel some need. Maybe we should break loose from it and just free our brain and mind from the sewer flow. Just depend on Kṛṣṇa one way or another and don't bother about the world. I want time and space to write. I want to write of the world of Kṛṣṇa consciousness. I don't mean newsletter world but the world of the books, *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* and the other books and tapes and my own inner world when it is striving for that, for better things.

Lately people have asked me that same question, How much news should we read? It does make one's lecture relevant, like the one I gave that said religion is followed in America. You can put some relevance in the lectures. But you might find that anyway, huh? O Lord, I have to get free of it sooner or later. Maybe now is the time. You will speak only what you know.

One argument is that I live so isolated from the world. Therefore for me to know some of it through the newspaper, especially the suffering of the wars, and how it is getting worse . . . Anyway, don't increase it.

Talking to yourself, the heater hums. You are in America not Ireland. You are in a present. It is nice even though threatened. At any moment. Then it is all over. No more Tums, no more index cards, no more

request for a new V-neck sweater. They can bury you in whatever sweater you have and sprinkle the index cards in too, like the funny obituary and burn it all along with the books in sacred swans, in Swansea, in the towns with funny dear names of Europe, towns where you catch the ferry, or the ferry lands, the ferry that doesn't sink, the unsinkable Molly Brown.

Lord where did I leave off?

It seems Kṛṣṇa was rounding up the missing calves  
and then He did expand into them and then  
a year went by. I read that much so  
take it up again. You have drifted,  
now you can pray,  
teedom teedom  
the mass in b-minor, the student's meetings,  
the riots, the quiet cabin meeting.

"You missed something," I wrote  
to a disciple who stayed away because he said,  
"I don't like formal classroom meetings."

I said it wasn't that, it was eternal  
home at Gītā-nāgarī, the Deities and the devotees,  
the scene we do each winter, and they  
were good people and I served them but  
you may come next year if you are inclined.  
It is there, eternal flow and we cut in  
whenever we want to.

Go now, take a walk, you're in a flow of numbered  
series here at Gītā-nāgarī and in places after this. It  
will be . . . dear.

(Gītā-nāgarī porch typing in less than 15 minutes,  
creek is swollen and fiercely flowing)

## SESSION 9

*January 21, 1995*

Ah, the head tremors, the head tremors, the hand trembles within. Come, shocks, be kind, be gentle to blood flowing in veins and head and throughout the body. This once. Before you get blown apart or withered down.

Brown water flows left to right. Marketplace. Make sense for readers.

While walking in woods I thought of Stevie V.'s obnoxious phone calls and police of Ithaca arresting him. He can do it . . . disturb. But blew up with liquid dynamite the cabin while I was out for a walk.

Can you draw Rādhā? Looks like a boy from your pen.



Don't make those lips like that. Just make simple. Let it be mistaken. You don't know women. Just as well, don't want to study their bust-line or lips, some girl the model for Rādhā. Do "boys" then, stick figures and creations from your faulty crude brain and hand.



Show stopper. Plug stopper.

AAR and Aron and Mass.

Be clear to reader—"I'm doing whatever comes." When we went to that building where St. Francis lived and prayed. Could you pray anywhere? It would be a hoax, "The site where SDG chanted 48 rounds." Brown, brown water. Eyes glaze over, I can't do much.



Would you please step on it, driver? I've got an appointment. Go to \_\_\_\_ without headache. Weak body bring their Sunday night to rest and Monday see the doc. What's on yer mind?

O jes, a palaver. Got lunch in a basket (M. interrupts as I write this.) First three questions. "When is a mole in the big hole I saw in the ground? When is a chard ruin a true disruption? Please read again in *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*."



No special mood in knit hat.  
No special mood.  
It needn't be me in the center,  
the US stamps of some person, Harvey Cushen MD.



What'd he ever do for me?  
"Mādhava is here, he has more verses."

I can't see him. I am writing this epic poem on the snark. Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, come rescue me. The head operates that way.

Sure, I'd like to see him. But I've got the start of a headache and should write in this way that leaves me alone.

Don't eat bananas ever or mush.

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa.

I thank You for the verse to go on writing and then stop that too. Relax and sleep.

Give me five more minutes. No fathom or real person appears on the road as I look toward creek. Do not disturb me, I'm writing in ten minutes, man from (where did he come, who interrupted Coleridge?). Again and again he opens the door; I want to be left alone. Hare Kṛṣṇa.

At lunch we come together. Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, crunches of Cap'n Crunch. Please offer food to God, He doesn't need.

In general the

fall off stool I have decided to eliminate all stuff from my life.

In Spain

Please be smart, turn down the heat. Ha ha. In Spain we'll meet up with them. It's a foreign past.

You see it's too hot in here and it affected my whole being but I told my dream-self, give me good Kṛṣṇa conscious ones, and he did! I was preaching, I was defending the faith. Even when surrounded by thieves and when others defected in favor of Taoism, I kept it Kṛṣṇa conscious and woke wanting to give the best to devotees in *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* class. Then I went and lectured how God is within the universe yet outside.

"Any questions or comments?" There were none and so I ended fifteen minutes early.

Now please God

I want to

His hand over us,

Akrūra prayed, *gopis*  
cursed, I'm not Māyāvādi.

Behave and follow plans, murder, brown creek water  
clean.

(20 minutes, in the cabin facing the creek at Gitā-  
nāgarī)

## SESSION 10

January 22, 1995

Reform and read. Now we start out for Philly. A banner of hope. A faint dry odor to my nostrils—is it the cabin air or my own aging body like grandmother Doty and other old people, starting to rot? But I clean myself twice a day and wear clean clothes.

He burned old *kaupins* in the wood stove and papers confidential. Now ashes. Thirty-two degrees morning, you could start a fire in the stove. But it's our last day here. You may question, "Why write like this?" But you have so little time for it and the answer comes, "To cope, it helps." Ideas get generated. I've spent twenty minutes reading *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* and need that too for coping. So you can lecture confidently and not just by going to lower levels of memory. And to \_\_\_\_ the fear and bewilderment caused by proximity of the material world. Now we move in it, to South Street, over the roads, potential breakdown of vehicle and body and other intrusions. At the bottom of the page some of the pens skid like cars on ice and won't work.

Memory and desire . . .

See Kṛṣṇa Caitanya. Tick-tock. I will go. You sure will. It's not yours to decide. So many things.

The Savior. A medal sacred heart of Jesus. Miraculous Medal. Mary. Rosary. I pray. Lord Nṛsiṃha medallion. Little reticule shaped like a tiny silver barrel contains some sacred dust. I usually don't care for that. Streamline. Just keep pads and pens and books. Go forward with boxes and suitcases and plane tickets and dates of scheduled flights.

He said psychics say civilization will soon collapse. They've been saying that. We devotees also depend along with the *karmis* on the \_\_\_\_\_ structure of civilization, law and order and money available to travel. We have to be ready for an alternative form of life. Stay in one place and read and chant and think of Kṛṣṇa and encourage other to practice.

All right, until then we travel. My books stored in warehouse. NK says he will travel to distribute some. Out of the boxes and into people's hands. Go to Māyāpur and sell them at a table.

As I write this, it won't be long before we will be chanting *japa*. Light candles. I'll give you a picture of it: one candle in glass on mantelpiece. One candle on opposite of room on shelves before *sad-bhuja* picture. I chant but am not able to concentrate on the simple act of prayer. I plan as I chant. Walk back and forth and at least "I get them done." Also I do pray in a subterranean way.

So much to do, to read and write.

When I give a class, what will I say? I may choose a verse and repeat what our master says. When I start to read, a main impression is a craving for faith in the text, the philosophy. That's why I think Śrīla Prabhupāda's books alone are sufficient for me. Others don't bring me so close and sure to embracing faith, receiving it like Holy Communion. You can't advocate or easily tell others about this. It's private. I may say it here in this notebook but not in a lecture hall. Say what? The books give faith. I require them. I read them. I can't say it right now. Talking to convince yourself of the truth is not the same experience as feeling that truth in your bones and blood and spirit. You can't (or don't want to) feel it and then immediately explain to others, "Oh I

just felt it! When you read you feel this." Keep it, do it, need it and if you wish to exclaim it, do so in song.

*Drawing Lessons*

Riches flow, I drew a picture  
of grubby awkward hands  
gripping a primitive book, it  
said, "Prabhupāda, please save  
me, let me read your books."

I drew with black when  
I sat on forest log in snow  
flurry, wet stained the page.  
Draw that again,  
the awkward fingers on the book,  
picture your body holding on  
to the books,  
portrait of the reader from  
the inside.

Prabhupāda, that word  
uttered innocently is not the  
same as a public show by  
you. You don't even see  
or think of him in the same  
way as can be communicated  
externally. And now,  
thanks to God,  
I'm drawing the form of my  
master. Unafraid that it  
doesn't look like him and  
I draw Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa  
awkwardly. That's okay, even stick  
figures. Rādhā doesn't mind

if I do it in innocent love.  
Is it not for the world,  
although later,  
a few may share it.  
I approve. Go on drawing.

Okay, finish this in total of twenty-five. That's a mini session as you can expect to squeeze out next five days in travel to Philly. Tell your travel book too what highway you took. Log in. We went to Rosemont, the car's parked, here's the data. Save a year's data, I don't know why. Writer's write, their habit. I do it. I'm not the devil. The words want to be serious. Intention: no more newspapers or music not related to *kṛṣṇa-kathā*. Hare Kṛṣṇa tunes. Now the practical ideas come for your program to be resolute and depend on the Lord. Tell yourself: chant Hare Kṛṣṇa under breath and aloud whenever you can. Multi-purpose. *Haribol*. All glories to the Lord of the universe. A little of many things each day in a thirteen day retreat, read *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*, free-write, Radio Show, etc.

SDG

(24 minutes, Gītā-nāgarī midnight cabin last time this year. Do write)



## SESSION 11

*January 22, 1995*

Oh, all right, I can't do a Radio Show, it may hurt my head. You rested in a chair. You'll be leaving in less than three hours from Gitā-nāgari. Van will turn, over iced, rutted mud out the drive of Gitā-nāgari. This place will last. New life is coming to it with BT Mahārāja's men and money. They'll always be a place for me here.

Next year please visit our home. Of course I will, as long as I live. Śrīdāmā in Italy . . . cherry blossoms, white blossoms of the trees and the ravine you can walk in the morning when it gets lighter.

Pleasant times in rigors too. The Lord protects His devotees. I want you to learn to read your master's books. Why can't you give it two hours a day? Running here and there, so many excuses. You open and unless you are practiced, you won't be able to enter it deeply.

Tell them, because it is so very important. One night I read out loud a passage and admitted I didn't pay attention at all. So we read it out loud a second time. This time I comprehended intellectually but not from the heart with devotion. That third stage I couldn't demonstrate in public but I know it exists and I have experienced it. Reading and the environment fades away; you are with Vyāsa or Prabhupāda or Kṛṣṇa. The books . . . leave behind skepticism. That I have to do as a deliberate act each time I read. I can do it. But I want you to practice. Without reading, the self-searching companions, as free-write, as Radio Show, and drawings, will be just memories of a time when you were

Kṛṣṇa conscious or they may be diluted forms of Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

When death comes. The "D" word. You are writing this until when, 11:30? It can't be longer than that. You have to do the massage and bathing of Śrīla Prabhupāda. Then sit for your own lunch.

Lord Caitanya is telling the Kazi who was afraid, "My dear uncle, why do you run upstairs and not come out to greet Me?" The Kazi replied, "My dear Nephew, why do You come in such an angry mood?" Now they will begin to discuss and pacify the situation. As a result, the Kazi will allow the Hare Kṛṣṇa *nāma saṅkīrtana* to go on unimpeded.

Sit with Mādhava dāsa before he goes to work. I was just napping. Couldn't think of what to say. He took leave and went to his job in Harrisburg. Aghraya works seven days a week. I'm taking five days off from Cāṇakya commentary. Then we'll get back into it. *Haribol*. Don't trust a woman or long-horned animal. Make some comment by paraphrasing what Śrīla Prabhupāda said and remembering some more.

Companions—reading and writing. So I didn't get shot. Swear off newspapers, a new start to prepare myself for the end. Yeah, there is no reason I should be worrying about Clinton and hoping against hope that he improves his performances and pole ratings. I don't care. He's a *mūḍhā*. I must preach Kṛṣṇa consciousness and learn more about that and share it. When you experience it, only then will your lectures be potent and people will feel it.

The van ride, three hours, will be too bumpy to write or to draw. And not private for recording your voice. So you can hear tapes, those prayers tapes. And finger

your beads. Lie down some and close your eyes to pass the time over the highway. Then you will arrive in good shape. So dear free-write sessions, I will be attending you in Philly, at least brief ones. But I will read also.

The cows were mad in affection for the calves who were actually Kṛṣṇa. And the calves and boys responded to that love. For a year it went on and no one knew exactly why, not even Lord Balarāma.

A little at a time. I couldn't answer so many letters at once. But you could also do some in the moving van. You could.

A song is your walk  
and say here I am to Lord  
Kṛṣṇa who can't be perceived  
with senses but He's everywhere.  
We're so dull we miss Him.  
But He comes to remind us.

A muddy half-frozen  
puddle cracks ice into  
water. My boots don't give  
full protection. Feel a dampness.  
But walk and chant and rounds  
15 and 16, please. Please.  
So low.  
Please, Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa.  
At the end the chanting is the  
most important then you can't write  
books anymore. So why not now?

Please, please in the van to Philly finger  
old red beads  
new life of inner  
organ called soul  
calling out to Him and Rādhā,

names so easy,  
names so potent  
if you want—He loves you  
more than you love Him. Open  
the gates again, chant as best  
as you ever did. I'm asking  
you.

So many nice Kṛṣṇa-centered things I can do in a three-hour van ride. No, let's end this session and get on with our work. Hare Kṛṣṇa. Just two more minutes. Haber-dasher. A picture of me in saffron facing a mirror and not trying on an overcoat. My parents are not in the picture and neither is my ex-wife. I'm looking at Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa.



(22 minutes, cabin

## SESSION 12

January 25, 1995

Dreamt (here in Philly temple) that I was supposed to go to "Sri Lanka" by car. It was not the Sri Lanka near India but a city near Mexico. Ravindra-svarūpa started out first in a car and I was to follow. Then someone told us it was a fifteen-hour car journey. Madhu and I conferred and decided to cancel it. Someone in the temple was about to announce to the devotees that I was going to Sri Lanka and we told him not to. Ravindra would be disappointed because he'd gone ahead and expected me to join him. We decided the festival wasn't so vital for me to attend.

I slept almost two hours later today, to ensure I don't get a headache in going to the doctor's. Didn't sleep well though. Body was deep in trance for ninety dollars an hour. Ask him, How do you do this on your own? Do you have to induce yourself into self-hypnosis?

Yapko's book, Edgette's book, Milton Erikson, and Maharishi. All these new me, not making such a deep impression? Move on the retreats, the places and chances to read and write more, your chosen vocation.

Ravindra said we need more "charity" (in the Christian sense of love) among Godbrothers on the GBC. I'm glad I'm not on it. I don't ask his opinions on my life or what we can do. I choose. Erikson . . . each morning his subconscious will reveal to him how much energy he had for the coming day. I see. . . not much ahead. I try. I go to *maṅgala-ārati* and sing. In the evening I lecture as long as I'm all right.

If you must have pain (Erikson said), you could learn to reduce the time periods or have it at times when it didn't matter so much (maybe at night).

Learning skills how to control your body's pain. Pain management.

I'd sure like to learn skills of concentration of the mind so I could chant Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra and pay attention.

From talk with Ravindra: Whitehead the philosopher . . . the future of Hare Kṛṣṇa movement which appears now insignificant in numbers . . . the Hare Kṛṣṇa movement needs to be purified. It needs to be "together," have money, have love, better dealings among brothers. He said it is not so good on the GBC. (It seems my response to lack of charity among brothers is to avoid brothers, especially GBC brothers, and to practice on my own. That way I can make best use of my energies. It's an individual way not to be followed by everyone. By reclusive habits I learn and gain my own integrity and am better able to "deal" with brothers. I can better love them from distance. They are so hard to love closely because they are such "kṣatriyas," so much after power and issue-oriented, fighting each other, etc.)

O glory, I wish to break free in words in poems as I did on retreat in Kenmare by the timed book where I pledged to make song in each session I wrote in.

Heavens to Betsy  
the sprawled unit decided to  
mince meat and mince words no  
longer neither Democrats GOP  
could provide the solution of Love  
and money for all people. He said

secularism was ending and religions would fight so their sect could take over and all others be, what?—burned at the stake? The tiny Kṛṣṇa consciousness movement.

Here in Philly guest room  
Jesus Christ (whom I'd like to  
read more of in his words or  
life) appeals as a plastic  
light you plug into the outlet.  
A cheap way that doesn't honor  
him. I do wish to honor him  
but Kṛṣṇa is the God of gods.  
I wish to hear Him speak  
in *Gītā* and tell others about Him,

Our sweet Lord,  
Kṛṣṇa,  
who speaks for Himself,  
come to Me,  
my Swamiji who teaches same,  
come to Kṛṣṇa. And me in this  
body an American fool  
wanting to love the Lord and  
"Pay attention." (How much? Three  
dollars and eight cents as in the Pennsylvania  
Turnpike?) To His names.  
Please Lord accept me and  
my words.

Go soon to bathroom and fix yourself, shit if you can  
and bathe and shave and dress your body in saffron and

put on *tilaka* to go down with devotees and greet the day. All glories to the Lord of universe.

I'm glad I wrote this. It helps. I'll also try to induce the mental strategies.

(18 minutes, Philadelphia temple)



## SESSION 13

I'm at Śamika Ṛṣi's house for thirteen days. I intend to do Writing Sessions and (it's 5:27 A.M.) not the timed book. Just do them. I have been delaying writing this morning. Puttering around looking at books like Henry Miller and his friends, St. Therese of Lisieux, and others I probably won't read. Ravindra-svarūpa's wife said her husband is an intellectual and so he needs to read books and one idea leads to another that he uses in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. In other words, he doesn't read only books that are of some deliberate use or project in Kṛṣṇa consciousness, but one thing may lead him to another and suddenly he gets a lot of mileage of it for some Kṛṣṇa conscious project. I am probably not the one to hear that and put it to best use. For me it may be better to read as little as possible outside of the scriptures. I don't know. I can't keep away from all of it, and enough of it goes through me for definite purposes. Like now, we are exploring Erickson and I've put out feelers to look again at St. Therese and maybe Jesus directly in the gospels. That would be nice. I do thrill to think of him and his holy names, Lord Jesus Christ, son of God. But once it gets Christian and dogmatic, I can't stand it. Then I prefer some Chinese poet and simple life.

But Kṛṣṇa conscious scriptures are for me and that means Prabhupāda. I am at present not going into sources of Vaiṣṇava texts of the Gosvāmīs. Get it all through my master, find the Lord of life there.

Here I am writing while Madhu arrives to put a light bulb into the lamp, but then the lamp falls off the desk. I keep writing. It's happy for me to be here with all

projects for thirteen days. I am slow to start up but want to do everything I can, drawing, etc. Drawings and this and that, the Radio Shows, doing new ones and even a morning walk. If only I could do something Kṛṣṇa conscious at heart like praying the *mahā-mantra*. Otherwise, my happiness at a multitude of quiet little projects won't amount to bringing me back to Godhead or love for Kṛṣṇa that will ensure me to be with Him in the next life with a craving to hear from Him only or His pure devotees. Ravindra said those who prematurely speak of wanting to be the maidservant of Rādhā may be born as women into ISKCON next life. Ironical joke. Could be true if you are not pure but which to be a woman, what happens . . .

So many cruel-seeming ironic jokes can be played on us by karma in our next life. But if we stick to the lotus feet of our spiritual master, then if we come back in some direct relation to him, that won't be a mistake. Even if I could have gone otherwise to Goloka as a *gopī*? No, don't think like that. The best way for everything is following the spiritual mater, your own.

This ellipse, the writing, the session, make this book and read that one. I haven't read half of what is published yet in my private editions.

This is just a little opener of a session. I don't feel impelled to go so far with it. I am setting up all sessions to be on Go, a place to sit to do the Radio Shows, a book to look at and make notes while reading *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*, etc. And I've only chanted eight rounds. I should have started this Writing Session earlier when I had more drive but I'll be able to do it later.

No no no nobody can write like me. There is no need to read Miles Davis or hear his trumpet, there is no

need to hear the trumpets of Henry Miller, the farts of Gregory of Sinai, the smarts of Montaigne, the politics of Jack London, or the shorts of Anais Ninn and her life and the bed capers of Simeon, and cupcakes of Therese's, both Catholics, maybe, but there are such fat books of her letters, would you like to read? But when it gets like, "Dear dear little sweetheart Theresite, you have Christ in your heart and I hope you don't miss it that daddy isn't here on the vacation." Too much sweets you can't digest especially when you have mountains of more required reading and neither can you carry these books all over the world with you. Leave it behind. You can only be saint in one tradition at a time and I doubt you, Steve, can make it at all. As for wanting to write lines-divided songs, you can do it,

O heavenly choirs, I mistook  
the sound in the radiator for a mouse,  
I eclipsed my own, went to sleep when I was  
tired, and told my headache, Don't last  
too long, I feel the sensation so it's  
okay if you go away. When I can paint the forms  
of Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa I will be satisfied. They have  
beautiful shapes and to study Them  
is the perfection  
of form-study. Paint Them with devotion even if  
it comes out crude, do it for your own enjoyment  
because They're in your mind and your purpose.

Invitation to John, to Luke,  
the autumn wind, poems of Issa,  
this and that . . . I told you too many  
books spoil the brew. Drank ginger and water hot  
with a little honey. They want to serve  
you and you

want to serve them with projects that will  
come trickling out  
like a horny cornucopia of sterilized  
celibate dreams producing sex transformations.  
Don't tell all the truth as might  
not be fitting for a guru with double  
socks and cold feet gets his toes washed in  
waters of pious Indian homes and does his  
best to keep his trail clean and his prow  
clean and his middle and whole clean but  
you know the past you know it creeps  
up on you as in dreams and women are what they  
are, hearts like razor blades and bodies  
like what? Like sleek ships and tidy arcs,  
like a young horse and too fat and old anyway.  
Don't be befooled.

I saw a turtle. I saw a neighbor's mailbox  
I saw myself walking down Brislin Road before  
the people come out to wait for buses, I saw my  
spirit looking at the light of dawn and  
happy and not so cold chirping Hare Kṛṣṇa  
mantra and 12 projects at once, hello hello,  
earthlings,  
this is Satsvarūpa on his morning morn,  
broadcasting to you all the way from Baltimore to  
Pennsylvania  
to shout and be on my way.  
Okay finish this.

(18 minutes, Śamika Ṛṣi's house, pre-dawn on type-  
writer. What else do you want to know? You hope you  
get no headache and escape your own head for the larger  
world of compassionate Kṛṣṇa consciousness. But you  
have to start with yourself and watch out for those out-  
side influences.)

## SESSION 14

This is a Writing Session. I'm outdoors in face-mask. Radio Show is companion to this. I need and want to write ongoing. It's fine and right that I have written and published recently, but today I need to exclaim and whimper and praise God.

God of the  
minnows  
of the highway wheels  
strain in my wrist from trying  
to write big letters in  
big pad.

Relax man and woman, relax  
and hear Hare Kṛṣṇa.

Bala's buying me "tempera" paints. He said kids use them and you get bright colors and thick strokes. Try it with pad on wall. Try it, man. You genius hoax.

Going out the door I hear Mahajana family members and joint members and it sounds like a dream. "Chapel," she says and he says, "No, chapel means . . ." and he speaks in a language of India . . . Hindi. Do I know what chapel means? I sense their sweet piousness and like it. Don't think I'm better with my "tempera" urges and knowledge of Picasso and baseball.

How many shirts the doctor has in his closet even though business is down.

Steven Crown.

Sureśvara coming back from South India where he grew too lonely. Can he make it in the West? Is there a place for him? Has Gītā-nāgarī actually improved to livable?

O saints,

I did answer some letters in the morning.

Get done with all books that teach writing, pick up all tips and sparks and skills and you are left still with dependence on the Lord.

Lying on their bellies on those floor boards not knowing if the Negro thieves might rape or kill them too after taking their watches and jewelry and any piddling Guyanese dollars they found throughout the shaky old building. Dear rundown temple building feels violated now and even Satsvarūpa guru isn't going there when he travels to Guyana but will go to New Pānihāṭi, alligators can't get you in your house and I think it's a Hindu neighborhood. Old history of race strife, no sense of respect for Hare Kṛṣṇa Hindus what to speak of whites from North America.

"In this verse, Śrīla Rūpa Gosvāmī explains how to perform devotional activities in the association of other devotees."

Kṛṣṇa heaven. Kṛṣṇa's feet.

Me in prison.

Singing songs. Me pampered,

gongs gong-gong played by

Gaura-Nitāi dāsa. Don't make  
fun of him, white man.

Don't . . . you grow so old you

fall off your chair. "Ain't bald yet."

Curious charm of Philly temple used

to be Mt. Airy Hotel used to

be zonal guru there wild

dancing, "Keep it up. Keep up

the beat" of painting sells and worship

of the GBC's man—

idol spiritual master in silk  
cost silkworms their lives.

And it's all over now, baby blue.  
Your blanket on the floor,  
and it's all over . . .  
New year spent a month already.  
Down ratings of fear and  
steady too  
got 11 days left in Shack spurts,  
Stroudsburg last time before they sell it  
and off you go.

It would be nice if I could start a new project or be satisfied with the series of Writing Sessions. You really don't need to look through others' (nondevotees) poems. I keep telling the same things. Go back inside the house now. In shelter.

Okay, just a little more. He's setting up an art studio for me. I'm not afraid. I'm a naive artist. A devotee I want to be. Paint Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa. Don't imitate. Just release and be who you are. Be who you are. And that's not abstract.

If we go to Europe, will you live longer?  
If the April-May meeting in Belgium with  
disciples takes place does that mean . . .  
If it doesn't take place?  
Will the plane fly safely over the Carib?  
Do black robbers in Guyana?  
I expect peace in that breezy house  
they build for Agrāṇi Prabhu  
in New Pānihāṭi.

Leave a record. Hieroglyphics.  
Turds in rock  
the hippo, the aereodome the  
devotee of ISKCON in warm socks  
telling stories of ISKCON when  
he was young  
and drove in the van all over US  
all lies?  
No, we did make 100 standing  
orders per month. Yeah, but many  
canceled. Tell the truth if you  
can find it out.  
Hare Kṛṣṇa *cut through*  
in Bombay God is true  
read *śāstra*  
when your duties are done finally  
you can chant and read.  
Are you preaching?

(Almost one-half-hour, Shack, Stroudsburg, January  
28, 1995)



## SESSION 15

I am painting and drawing with pastels on sheets of paper. My visual art is expressing itself and fortunately in direct pictures of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa and Swamiji and Lord Caitanya. It's a ball, a fun thing, and Guru-sevā encourages me. It is a child's kind of art, no need to make intellectual judgment on it, just do it for fun or devotional arts service and you can look at it later. It may also bring pleasure to others. I started a series yesterday that harks back to 1966 like posters advertising the events of our ISKCON. One I can do next is Tompkins Square Park, chanting with devotees. Yeah, a series of posters and Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa are my favorite images. You just go right ahead and do it.

The writing is like that in words, yes, the words go on the page like globs and delicate lines of color and the black death strokes, the dribble out words, the *haribol* \_\_\_\_\_. Maybe words are dry compared to lines and colors on a page but I have been doing it so long, the poetic flow of the line divided is like a picture too

for the eyes

the brain is tired no it doesn't even work

four percent, the spirit is tired?

no it has hardly ever been tapped.

The false ego is tired, maybe sick like malaise,

of wanting to be rid of himself but not

willing to do the *tapasya* of killing the false

self and sacrifice the sense gratification.

I am confused.

What is prayer what is art and freedom.

O sing a song of six paise, a pocket

full of Guyanese dollars, the thief . . .

You see, the words go out of control.

You were saying . . .

I am tired or cannot focus. It may be  
a lack of chemicals or vitamins  
or not enough sleep. It's certainly  
not due to lack of sex. That is  
the energy to free you, I'm happy about  
that in my life. I can draw and paint

and make these words  
and make them be published but it all depends  
on following the four rules honorably and giving  
the lectures at the right times for audiences and  
the smile and the nod, the absence of malice  
and not too much fear so you go ahead  
and initiate somebody else and keep  
living longer, get those books out, squirk.

Bully on the block please don't spot me  
I've got a lot of work to do for my spiritual master.  
I walk so early here its dark sky just coming up  
and woods ice and road of Brislin.

The Woods in winter and chant

the prescribed minimum  
and inside spurring spinning like a top  
the heart beating grape fully  
back for cereal hot and milk.

It's all bounty for you honey and  
molasses and you don't want woman's breast  
you forego the flesh pleasure for the  
pleasure of the spirit which is higher anyway  
but it's got to be love for God  
under the Swami's care  
or all your efforts will go down the

drain even if you fix  
permanent your childish drawing with hair  
spray on pastels.

Do you think you can skip the importance of work of reading your master's books? No, but just now it is the dangerous hour. I have been up since twelve and I will get drowsy unless I can continue this sort of work that keeps me aware and doesn't push me into a headache. What about trance work? They say a neutral state of hypnosis is good for putting the physiology in right order. I don't know for sure. We spend money and try our best, sometimes make a mistake. Keep writing even if a fly comes. I don't have to . . . I stop to see if a few poems would help. Did they?

Christmas is long gone, the stores emptied of paints and toys and gadgets, now new orders coming in, the passionate world where, if you worked, you would be a jerk to some boss and come home with money in your sock hidden but robbers know that too.

They say things are lodged in your body and there is no other way but you have to release them. It's like a mysticism of the body as a repository of so much if you get at it. I'm willing to read a little more in that book, writing with the body. The writing with the soul means you repeat like Śuka what the Lord has said and Vyāsa and Prabhupāda. But when you say it, it is in your own voice. Your own voice.

How many times we say that but we don't know what it means. You have a voice. Oh ha ha hey hey, can you see by the dawns early life. What does she mean? It means you are Gladis Goodens singing the American Anthem for a joke? No, then what? Maybe it's that you transform yourself into a worker on behalf of ISKCON

but inevitably when you repeat the message it has a Brooklyn accent a little and some words from Brooklyn College or something that you retained from reading Proust translated by Scott Moncrieff, in modern library edition, stored over the bed while listening to Jerry Mulligan record. (maybe this can come out not explicit but implicit.) Any devotee, whether he's Irish, American, or African, any ISKCON devotee does the same thing and when he speaks you can trace his origin in this body.

Is that what I mean by voice? It could also mean something a bit more daring, that you go out to say things without exactly repeating a text. It means you want to slip away from the bad past but feel the need to speak very freely what comes. I can't exactly ignore it. Unless I know who I am, how can I improve? That is my contention. Someone may say just go ahead and serve, nevermind. But I don't say that. I am speaking and using everything I can, now paints and ability to draw and even awkwardness, color designs . . . use all in the service of the Supreme.

I am sipping a pleasant tea. Am not in Collnagogue. Be where you are in Śamika R̥ṣi's house. I didn't think I would make it here this year, but here I am securely nested and pouring out art expression, as happy as toast, warm as a nickel in your pocket, images betide, the Morse Code, the alphabet soup of vegetarians. And if you open a letter, you never know what to expect. With sleepy eyes you open one and it turns out to be actually sad news and not just something happening to them across the river but points of real danger for you and you have to change your plans. It may be like that. Stafford's way. I think even if I'm in a bad

situation, if I can write about in a pad, then it will be okay mostly.

We plan to go to Trinidad where Baladeva's son died. He misses him terribly. He used to actually call him "My son" to the child. You hardly hear that. And the child had to die despite many chemical treatments and coming to the USA. Oh well, you will be with him and his wife but you can't offer them anything. Maybe they should have another son. But he could die too or a son could be a fool and a nondevotee and therefore like a painful blind eye or a cow that doesn't give milk.

Cāṇakya these days, making our little project. If there wasn't a world, who would read your book? If there wasn't trouble, how could you practice to tolerate? And without trouble, how could you preach? There would be no one to preach to. This is the sleepy hour but I will get around it for the time being.

Later you can read all the WS and put them in a big book, a big ledger of the little universe of a foot stool soul. You had a big ledger bought in Italy on your Mediterranean cruise in the USN. You used it when you lived in your first apartment on Suffix Street when you wrote free, when you and I were young, Maggie, the treetops, the glistening snow in the courtyard, you going up in the flames of illusion and dope high, friends like enemies. I wrote a poem that my friends are throwing tear-gas bombs at me. I cried inside and outside too one night so sad at my plight in the love-less world. I had chosen friends who were blood suckers, and I was one too. This is not a fit place for a gentlemen, this world. Thank God Swamiji came, that's all I can say. And I am living to keep it up until the end.

Now finish this, soup for lunch, soup for sale, love for sale, listen to *kirtanas* and you can do without jazz

which has no Kṛṣṇa in it. Try to keep awake. Go back to that series as long as your hand can hold the brush and chalk and crayon, the series of posters inviting them to come to 26 Second Avenue as it was, to feast, to chant, to buy a book. Tell them please come and chant with us, you won't be sorry, there is a rubber band . . . there is a Radio Show I'll do in the afternoon explaining first why we resort to the random method of expression.

Enough for now.

(About 28 minutes, Śamika Ṛṣi's house, January 29, 1995 early morning)

## SESSION 16

Timed expression. A book on writing tells us to breathe. Take a deep breath and let your exhaled breath and hand do the writing, not the head. I am advanced, Edgette's says. I am adept, so I don't have to go through all the steps of ritual in hypnosis or the breathing exercises. I am adept. Sure.

What else? I'm a student of the guru. But my guru is not Edgette. My guru is my spiritual master. Then why did you spend \$570.00 to learn from Edgette? Well, there are interesting possibilities of how to tell the headaches to go away and cut deals with them. It is interesting, the possibilities.

What else? I am the window to the voice.

I am the hatchet on the wrist, the tree that won't get cut down. You'd like to get rid of other people's trips. They say you should read great authors. But who are the great authors? Is Prabhupāda a great author, is Vyāsadeva? Yes, they are the authors of the real truth I long for. The decoration of the dead body, the writing of the animal is all they mostly give us. How to have sex and eat and mate and, sure, they long for truths, to be a real person searching for the ultimate Self. But that is vague. In Kṛṣṇa consciousness, it is real specific.

I cut myself off, they say, from most people, by espousing Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Fine, that's a good challenge. I take it as a challenge. I cannot read those authors for solace but mostly to learn how to be honest and use words . . . and life. Sure, I admit I can learn basic things about life from them but then I have to use it in the service of Kṛṣṇa. The ultimate meeting or union or best thing in reading I can get—which they cannot get

who don't know *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* and Prabhupāda—I can get it, so don't cut yourself off from it, man, in the name of, "I have too much writing and drawing to do and I'm writing the Cāṇakya *śloka*s so I don't have enough time to read."

Don't say that. But first chant your rounds.

I am going on this for maybe fifteen minutes then I'll have to chant my final rounds. I don't think I completed it. You'll have time later, man, give us a little time writing this and then give yourself time reading in *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. I know you have many projects but I'm asking you to fit in also what is most important. That makes sense.

Sing sing/the dog that bruised, the elf that mused.

I thought of telling my audience, reading to them my favorite poems of WCW. But that is perhaps not responsible for sharing with a Kṛṣṇa conscious audience. Choose your audience. Shall it be the Radio Show audience or make a tape for Mādhava with it? Read some poems and then share them with your disciples. They deserve better than that, it seems. Yet I'd like to have a friend to share the music of the beautiful poems with and think how this can be used in the service of the Lord. Devotees in ISKCON tend to be devoid of this music of the graceful kind of lyric that can be written in American language and I'd like to introduce. It's a specialty item, the way a public communication ISKCON man might share ideas he read in a good book on that subject which the *karmīs* use. Not everyone is interested in it. It applies to some. You can read. You can help yourself by reading poetry, to voice it, admit you like it and see where it falls short and ask that ques-



tion, "Why can't we devotees learn to use this in the service of the Lord?"

No harm in that.

Jazz builds bricks, the hole in the roof, and he's going to fix it. He has a ladder up to that porch roof and his house guest, relative, is climbing up, but doesn't repair it. I can't finish that anecdote. I don't care for fiction. "There's a story in that," he says. What story? Why make up a story? Why not just accept what is happening? But nothing is happening for them. They don't have the opportunity to recite the best words, to get to meet the Lord of the universe.

New possibilities of expression in visual art that you can draw Kṛṣṇa and Prabhupāda and show a man opening a book and the book is *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* and we look at my pictures of the spiritual world.

Heavens scorch the music.

We send Faxes and my books are coming out  
behave yourself don't draw dirty pictures or  
think dirty thoughts, celibate monks

with wings I saw  
a painting of angels in several places  
recently and they

look bored. People think angels have nothing to  
do or wish for sin or they have no good service  
for God.

No one knows what God is doing or why

He's using angels  
to fly around. In Goloka  
there are not angels per se but *gopas* and *gopīs*.  
The human form in liberated way,  
to please the supreme human-like one  
the Lord in three-fold bending form,

inconceivably sweet and romantic and strong  
to kill the demons who come, in His childhood and  
He grew up and left Vṛndāvana in  
Vāsudeva feature and  
those activities always charm us, yes yes yes  
tell them  
again when you go into people's homes  
in Baltimore, it is  
very responsible, tell them, We should all read, I do  
a little each day and I am sharing it  
here is a sample,  
then turn to my compilation and sample sample  
the wares or nectar.

Each time the wayward's snort said something  
he folded up his tent and fell beneath the  
ice—words I don't select,  
they say take deep breaths and I might add,  
yes and let your neck swivel and let  
the breath right  
the sentence from deep inside you—my father  
said to me  
in the garage . . .

Been going here less than fifteen minutes. I am happy and want to acknowledge, that I am going from one creative outlet to another all day and in the morning fifteen minutes or less or car pomes and drawings, very happily, but don't want to notice, keep going and in between you sometimes feel tired and no real vision and think ahead that very soon this kind of leisure full time for your use will be gone as you travel from one temple to another and big jumps of travel by plane as from Denver to Puerto Rico, hope I don't get too many

headaches. Hey, Salvo, listen to this, this guy's got a headache but cannot write in his travel diary. Call it a travail diary, har har . . .

You want to say that when I do travel I will not be able to write like this but will settle for twenty minutes with a pen per day and then will grab twenty or thirty minutes to read and prepare the lectures. Bit by bit you will get the work done that you have to do as time runs out. But these next nine full days are very special to use in Śamika R̥ṣi's house which is like a heaven for me given by the Lord. He is generous to give me this time and I am trying to use it in His service, the Lord of all is giving me a break. What do I give in return? When you go out from here and you play the role of the guru, that's okay too. Now tell us I want to tell you people to read and chant. I do it myself. It's a good way to go through life. They say, "Oh, we hear this all the time." And so it goes.

This Writing Session can come to an end now having said a little although I cut out the confession part of what my father said in the garage because I thought it wasn't fit for any readers. And how to keep alive when we travel and take advantage of specialness of each situation. For example, when you travel you can write things that you can't do here in your comfortable place. The sights and the shocks of the travel and the things you can write, the Radio Shows in many places, travel diaries and so on, poems of place, do it do it do it.

(20 minutes, January 30, 1995, Śamika R̥ṣi's house, back room)

## SESSION 17

I have been living at Śamika Ṛṣi's but have not done a Writing Session in over a week. The reason is I've been using my time making drawings with colors, spray paints, crayons, etc. Now that has stopped and I have only a few days left in this thirteen-day long retreat. I completed most of my work of commentary for the Cāṇakya *śloka* book, but I have not been reading Śrīla Prabhupāda or writing. The usual obstacles arise. I have published many free-writings in private editions for my own use, but I haven't had time to read them and they become a kind of burden. It occurred to me that I don't have to read them. The whole idea of publishing them was to encourage me to see them in published form and not to create a burden as a reading assignment. So take them and put them in the van and there will come a time when they will be useful for you. But don't think of terms of pressure. Otherwise you will start to feel, Why am I creating all this writing anyway? You create it out of a need, a *bhajana*, a practice of an art. Also, some of it gets edited and used for publishing in GNP. There's no reason to feel doubtful about the process itself but keep practicing it. Yes, it is more important to write today than to read the pages you wrote last month. But I say you will be grateful to read them at the right time. You wait until you feel like it.

As for reading, I will start it up again. It is so important. I can't over estimate it. It's my life to be in *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. So I risk it or sacrifice it in these thirteen days to get other things done, Cāṇakya, and to go on the wave of drawing with crayons. Maybe I

shouldn't have. But now I can correct it. Start reading a morning schedule, give it a very good time. Even if you start with only a half-hour, how good you will feel. Projects will start to come and the seminars will especially develop and the solace, the contact.

As for the Writing Sessions, they also have their place. You told yourself you could write one as short or long as you liked, it doesn't matter, just number them, a USA series and a Caribbean series and then a long European series where we will spend so much time. This is one is typewritten but mostly they will be handwritten. It will be nice to get back to the hand writing again with Sheaffer ink.

*Haribol haribol*, spirit soul, the man is not the best writer on the earth or the best or worst anything. On a Sunday, the sunshine is glancing over the snow, the temperature is just below twenty degrees. You are getting your bearings again, on who you are and what you are supposed to do.

Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa . . . People expect me to be something, am I right? I can be there for them. They will gather in rooms next week and expect me to say something befitting a guru. I will tell them it is important to read. But will I myself be reading? Yes, I will have a habit underway again before that. I will speak from the *Bhāgavatam* and hope we can relish it together and see it as relevant, the words of the sage Vyāsadeva and Śukadeva and Prabhupāda. All glories to that process which we can keep growing.

Rejected drawings rolled at my feet. No alcohol allowed. Say this to misled readers. Innocent boys, young and older men. Sometimes I think of a name or person I initiated many years ago and haven't heard from at all, for example those two Philippine brothers from San

Diego, and Apauruseya. What's with them? I go my own way, monkey monkey. They said Puri Mahārāja said there might be war soon, say in 1995. But there's already war. What more war do they want? Oh, you know, not just a little one but nuclear war all over. The demons and fools threatening each other and rockets go off and the whole place is blasted out. Before you know it, the fanatics of religion and the demons of this and that fight fight in the age of Kali. What can you expect? Your spiritual programs will be tested at the time of death. Prabhupāda quoted a Bengali proverb the same as the *Gītā* verse: whatever you think of at the time of death will determine your next life. That is your philosophy and purpose, and that is the teaching to impart to others. We will die sooner or later and we should be in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. That's the goal, the short of it, heart of it—hit the target in your lecture if you mention that to begin with. We should be thinking of Kṛṣṇa at the end the way Mahārāja Parikṣit was. Stick to that, me lad, you are free from other duties for that purpose, to keep cool brain for reading. It is more important than your Radio Shows where you talk about pre-Kṛṣṇa conscious days. I want to hear that from you. Yeah, do a Radio Show, but hold the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* in your hand and tell us. You want to confess? Confess how you have not been reading and you want to do it and how you expect to get it together from the chapters of the First Canto between Vyāsa and Nārada and make a seminar, what you can say in your own words for readers. What do you feel? You are afraid that whatever you prepare, it will be like a teacher trying to get a relevant seminar, rather than a thirsty spirit soul going humbly to the *Bhāgavatam* and opening his heart and saying, Please, Lord, fill me with interest and *bhakti*

from this text. You are trying to arrange it, put it together, form a talk out of it, study as a teacher. Oh well, maybe I can put together both interests and share it. Read it, damn you, read it. Then you can begin to share it with others. From so much reading automatically you'll be able to put together a series of talks and interest your audience in five days in Villa Vṛndāvana and twenty lectures at the VIHE.

Now I will end this WS soon at the fifteen minutes mark. I'm out of practice. But immediately got a good result, focusing on the self, the self that was fuzzy, and came up with the idea to talk about *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* on the Radio Show. And read it, the book itself, the verses and comments. Say whatever comes to mind. That's the way, that's the way of the Lord.

End this stream of words, sweating in sweater, the fingers make ten mistakes per line and there is Bhakta Scott and Moncrief, and David and Chris and Tim and Joe and Glenn and Burns and Father Henry Hicks and all the crowd from the USS Saratoga, they're all in the Baltimore temple room to hear me. No, no, that is madness. I meant to say that Father Hicks is not a jerk or dead. His spirit soul is going on somewhere and mine too. I don't need anything outside of Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Tell me the truth about yourself, admit you don't have taste but you have a little taste and therefore you are reading *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* to your audience and for yourself in several shots a day. See you later with some more WS before this day, this life is run out.

(15 minutes, February 5, 1995, Śamika Rṣi's house)

## SESSION 18

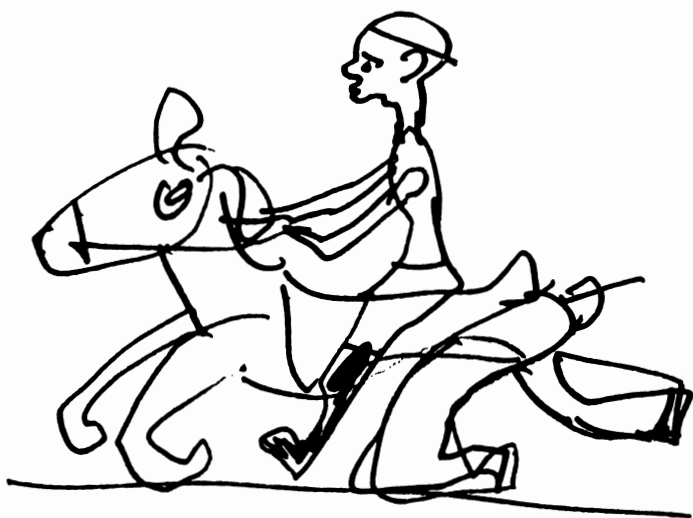
At this desk I wrote quite a few *Shack Notes* entries, early hours by the window in summer, hearing the highway and then later in the day, the wood thrush. Twisting paper clips . . . never was easy, always finding the inner critic and censor. Am I more skilled at it now? Oh, I am . . . moved along in life. Writing in black ink seeking new projects, to experiment.

My urge to draw seems burnt out, attempted so many primitive masks of Śrīla Prabhupāda in my little way

. . . now burnt out, I don't know what else to call it, and tell myself, "Get back into a reading routine." I may not so much like to read but I like *to have to read*. Fear you will not make enough progress before life is over. Thoreau at the beginning of *Walden* says he went to the woods because he wanted to live life to the fullest. A sense gratifier says that too. Remember when I would start an LSD trip, I'd feel challenged to go out and do something, meet the world? Yet I wasn't daring enough, especially in that state of hallucination or increased perception. You felt anguish that you didn't have a lover, a more exciting sex life. These are signs of lustiness, mode of passion. *I want more*. That has passed, thank God. I'm settled, prefer a quiet life of retreat, poems and books and talk of prayers. But *lauḷyam* escapes me and I am sorry for it. I think of the life not lived—the life of daring and full surrender to Kṛṣṇa.

Work at it, push on, march forward, your service of writing in this notebook.





Sats the equestrian.

Where ya goin'  
so fast and  
nowhere on that  
dilapidated funny horse?  
I is going to my Maker,  
rapid and you too whoever  
you are,  
we all race to death  
on a horse not our  
choosing. I'd like a life  
like the one I have but  
better. Can't imagine it—  
but just more Kṛṣṇa consciousness so I  
could accept the charge of  
my master clearly the  
way he accepted it from his.  
(Smell the ink?)

Oh well, you could  
say he waited til he was  
70. But he started right  
away, BTG in 1940s and  
writing letters. He struggled  
most intensely in 1950s,  
don't forget that.  
What are you doing that's  
equivalent?  
Nothing, I'm afraid.

Give me quiet, I crave and say.  
Each of us is alone.  
Give me a poem and quiet  
and a book, a brook, hope  
of another retreat and if I  
have to get mugged or slugged  
or detained or whiplashed  
hit by a car in rear-end or  
whatever . . .  
let me turn to Kṛṣṇa.

In quiet you think over, it's 4:01 P.M. and that's near  
time for when I sit with Bala and add remarks to my  
commentaries on the Cāṇakya *śloka*s. Coming near the  
end of that job.

*Hara ye nāma kṛṣṇa  
yādavāya nāmaḥ  
yādavāya mādhavāya  
keśavāya nāmaḥ . . .*

Dāmodara dāsa did a little pencil drawing of Kṛṣṇa. I  
like it. "Look pious now," M. said as he snapped a photo  
of me and the Mahajana family. A humorous remark,

embarrassed me, all this piety. It can get too much. Too much *srikand*, *halavā*, ice cream, *kachoris* (of course they're baked in the oven not deep fried) and you keeping quiet and to yourself as if you had such important work to do.

This is the time of year when GBC men are going off to India. The coast is clear for me to write a midnight poem. He said, "You write satire of ISKCON using mice, ha ha. You can get away with it that way." Implied he wouldn't mind if I wrote more of that but also showed it didn't mean much to him. But he is humble how he presents his own work. So maybe none of us are doing anything that is so important.



Thass okay, boss I just wanted to say I'm ink writer again and glad to return to this medium.

I wuz feeling a little doubtful about the power of words. Maybe I could write in magic marker—a brilliant idea. Let's go now. I'll let you go.

(18 minutes, Śamika R̥ṣi's house, February 5, 1995)

## SESSION 19

Last day here at Śamika R̥ṣi's. We leave tomorrow. Batch of drawings in color is done by me. Writing on big cards. Now don't forget to write here also, your own friend, the Writing Session. The ink runs.

You can speak on a "Radio Show" and you can write here too.

I pledged to read better or some. To prepare myself all year to give a seminar on *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* sections. It's not that need all year to prepare but it's a way to get me to read nicely. That's okay.

You know life is precariously situated in the body. A nurse knows it and doctors see patients dying and then they have to cart the body out and according to his desire, cremate or bury him. One says, "What the hell, burn it and don't take up so much room." Another is shocked at the idea that he should be burned down to an urn or box of ashes and feels offended by the suggestion. So his relatives agree to chip in—or take from his savings—for the coffin box, "six feet under."

Now a WS is supposed to be enlightened? No, it is what comes. What about all those pictures? Well, I tell you mate, you did mostly Kṛṣṇa's pastimes and your spiritual master's portrait and like that, so it's okay.

I say

that you have been wordy and now you have to leave.

A postscript. The sages at Naimiṣaraṇya asked six questions and Sūta will answer them one by one. I have some verses on cards. It is good to keep at some sort of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* communion. You don't need to splay out but if you want to carry Luke's gospel I have no objection. The parables and human story of Jesus

Christ are, as Śrīla Prabhupāda said, no joke. He was an actual son of God who taught a simple kind of *bhakti* according to time and place and we honor it. We can accommodate.

But we must study *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* and the world of Viṣṇus and Kṛṣṇa and not be thrown off by Christian theology and power, etc. which came after Christ. Take him in your own way in a Kṛṣṇa conscious understanding.

Now I am a little sleepy and tired, as expected. Take your bath soon and then you should give us three more *japa* rounds. I don't mind if you nap again. But be fit for 6:30 out the door for your last walk and "Car Pomes."

Illicit praise

illicit sex

she said I

I

am having trouble fighting material desires, specifically . . .

I replied (covert here) you should be sane (as I am). We came into this world out of envy and hate of God. That's our major root disease. God gave us a body to act out our desired illusion to become as good as God. Rather than serve Him, we wish to serve our senses. Ludicrous proposal. We act it out and material nature kicks on our face. Animals urinate on our face yet we claim we are the king of the jungle.

Yarn

Yawning weapon defeated Lord Śiva. I could lie down right here and declare, "I need a snap." Or I could shake it off.

The affect to release bombs. I've decided not to read newspapers but get a monthly report by letter from

Kirtana-rasa. He'll tell me what's going on in the world.

That's so I can focus more on Kṛṣṇa. So many poetry books you don't need. You can sing without them.

Heavens open  
dawn, all night black  
stars open I fantasized  
I was in Uitvlugt temple and  
robber came, I hid on the  
roof for two hours not knowing  
what to do with my money  
belt.

Did you pray while you were  
out there or just listen for  
sounds and be afraid and cold  
and recall the time you  
jumped?

I think I would pray also and try to think the worst  
scenario and then recoup  
losses from that.

No matter what happens you  
can think Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra  
and be in spiritual touch  
with Kṛṣṇa and accept it  
as His will.

That's a little poem.

A little ink on page. You avoid (swerve to miss a chipmunk on the road) certain words like "Jimmy Durante inka dinka dink . . . a dinka doo . . ." his little act in ten minutes, you know his whole repertoire. Did he ever play a jazz piano? The Shnozz made lots of money.

With disciples around him, he breathed his last, cutting jokes. Then it got serious and he was forced within, no more communication. They tell us who went near-death about a comma . . . almost died. How difficult not to be able to communicate anymore, entirely helpless.

Better practice to turn to Kṛṣṇa so at that time whether it's mostly regret or relief or whatever emotion, you can turn to Him.

Now this WS has touched on a serious subject and you can close it out as you like having done a bare fifteen minutes and wanting to preserve energies for balance of the day.

(20 minutes, Śamika Rṣi's house Stroudsburg, February 7, 1995)

## SESSION 20

It has been awhile since I have practiced Writing Sessions. The rigor mortis sets in. I can break out of it. Wrote in the cold car 10–15 minutes each day in Stroudsburg, “Car Pomes.” Since then, no. Or even during that time, I didn’t write more than ten minutes per day.

Yeah, because you can’t rhyme,  
a kid-son of a devotee said  
to his mom when she started to  
read aloud a Satsvarūpa poem—  
“Aw, do we have to hear poems?”  
She said, “You don’t like Satsvarūpa’s  
poetry?”  
“It doesn’t rhyme,” he replied.  
One poem started, “I sigh” and the  
next line said looking at the trees.  
The kid said, “Sky rhymes with sigh.”  
Still I sigh, looking down into the  
note pad (or the pig’s sty).  
Yeah, the same wise aleck,  
born 6:35 P.M. December 6.  
Don’t tell no one, it’s my  
secret. Don’t want the astrologer  
telling me how to live my life.  
“Better not take air flights  
or *burfi* in next two months.  
You are in a freeze period for  
the next 3 years. Don’t get  
married, but get divorced and  
sell your stocks. Look out for



revenge from an insured party  
and don't fly over Singapore.  
India holds the clue—your  
foot may fall off but don't  
mind. Main thing is not to  
be such a smart aleck or  
slow poke.  
Why don't you preach more?  
Why are you so vain?

Incredible, the astrologer tells  
me what I don't know, he's  
so smart.

So WS is good and I can reflect on my life. Scratch scratch. It's nothing new. Try to keep calm so you can give your lecture tonight. Look out at the room of people and emote, living room style, "Dear friends, a favorite topic I've picked tonight—the struggle to read regularly and why it is important." Smell that ink rising like fresh baked bread? No, it's not so sweet or edible . . . but it's your trade, smell of your occupational duty. The wearing down and ripping at the binding of this legal pad.

So why do you write? The answer is contained in the lyrics.

And why do you draw? It's another habit and way of expressing oneself. Today is February 10? So quickly they move it makes you edgy. Yes, Friday, Feb. 10. Moving along. Harassed by stack of mail. One would like time to one's self to read and write. But here I'm grabbing at least fifteen minutes at it so don't complain now.

Life these days consists mostly of preparing lecture outlines (you read with that purpose) and answering mail, avoiding seeing people as much as possible. Living the day in attempt to find calm and so you can lecture. But squeak in a WS and maybe a Radio Show.

The Director of the events. I started to draw a praying mantis and a grasshopper, the ghastly struggle as the mantis devours the hopper and the female mantis devours the male.

The truth . . . I want to write epic poems and brag, "I know a secret for me. It is to write, not for a book but for my own self." I told this to Kdd this morning while M. sat in and smiled to himself. Is this another self-pruning, self-priming session? Well, you have to go all alone to avoid it completely, self-aggrandizement, literary chats, bragging and asking for encouragement and faith from fellow workers. And even then, in solitude, wouldn't you be proud?

Can you open a window? It's hot in here.

Tonight at Kṛṣṇa Bhakta's house.

Gee, did I used to actually write an hour in a session? Doesn't seem possible now. I think twenty minutes is a lot. Don't create pressure, I warn myself. Get a haircut today. Proud of your wearing saffron and *tilaka*. Release tight knot at your waist. He took the bathroom scale before I could use it; he wanted to weigh the suitcase and I wanted to weigh my body. Knowing my weight is just a curiosity for me. Luggage weight is practical.

Kṛṣṇa, please. Don't *ask*, He's doing everything all ready. Just tell yourself to become His devotee. When

people write to me, they expect some soul-deep reply but I can't make it.

Saw the verbiage of senior devotees writing letters encouraging book distributors in Israel. Much of it is cliché phrases and I indulge in it too. Seems we can't do otherwise. We also imitate what we saw Prabhupāda do.

One devotee writes, "After an ecstatic marathon and nice festival." Just loaded down with cliché. What thought goes into such sentences? And a senior devotee writes, "Prabhupāda is very pleased with you for distributing books." Nothing wrong with it except it can be faked, can be written without touch of actual self.

So WS is to help me do something fresh. Not that stale bread and jargon, packed sweets. Ugh.

Give us fresh water and fresh *sabji*. Give us life and don't fall asleep at the wheel.

So fast you couldn't track him  
down, I remember writing free  
sessions in Vṛndāvana, Tejo's house  
just trying to break free of that  
stereotype.

Dead stuff.

Ice flows in Tuscarora in  
winter end. Breakup of freeze,  
flood and mud.

Jeff says he likes to scratch a  
cow or ox. His favorite service.

Knows names of all cows and some  
oxen. I never saw him in the  
temple and he never saw me in the

barn. Hey, it's good someone cares and works as  
volunteer to protect the cows and gives them their daily  
bale of hay.

I am writing this in back room at JG's house. Phone may ring, but they don't bother me. When room gets cold, electric heater kicks on. I await word. M. has boarding passes for our flights to Denver and on through to PR. Is that good? Will you be able to write something? Tell us, tell us something you did.

I chanted Hare Kṛṣṇa mantras. Many persons I initiated no longer think of me so I forget them too. New ones come. I can't live forever in this body. They were preaching to the Druze community in Northern Israel with great success. I don't know what comes next.

A boat in harbor.

You get inspired by the ocean  
to write poems if  
you have retreat time.

Thus I have gone a half-hour. Call it a session.

(half-hour 6 pages, JG's Baltimore, February 10, 1995)

## SESSION 21

I'm at JG's. I don't to want to read *Writing From the Body* or anything. Leave a record. Headache yesterday, canceled evening home lecture. But tonight I'll be there at Baltimore temple on Lord Nityānanda's Appearance Day. Got my lecture outlined. There's a little flash, like distant lighting, behind right eye. I'll make it all right but between now and 5:45 P.M. I figure I have to keep low, mostly just sit in this chair.

(Long ago I was in the Village Vanguard and heard Eric Dolphy—if I remember correctly—warming up on his horn off-stage somewhere just before he was to come on and play. I remember that and nothing of the actual playing they did. Remember it now.)

Remember Kṛṣṇa at the time of death. Pity me, folks. And I, do I pity others? Can I help them? M. says I can be compassionate by writing one book a year. That's more than lecturing here and there all over the world.

Malaria outbreak in Guyana again. M. trying to reach them by phone, ask how bad it is. Mosquitoes at New Pānihāṭi and bandits at Uitvlugt.

And you sit in your chair  
not reading *Writing From the Body*, not doing the breathing exercise or lower back and pelvic exercises they recommend. Neither do you converse with your unconscious or find a way to talk to your headache personified and reason with it not to come so often or stay so long.

You sit in the chair while bars  
of sunlight fall on the wall.  
You watch them  
he read to you of Lord Nityānanda  
blessing Raghunātha. Recall  
the details so you can repeat it  
tonight:  
Feet on his head,  
Lord Caitanya came to Pāṇihāṭi,  
you'll soon get His mercy  
(through the mercy of Lord Nityānanda.)  
And the joking lines between  
Advaita Ācārya and *paramahansa* Nityānanda.  
I'm not feeling worse by writing  
this. If I had more energy,  
I'd speak a Radio Show,  
I'd pray, looking at the sunlight  
through the venetian blinds reflected  
on the wall . . .

Another reason I can't do much:  
People keep coming  
into this room. It's only  
Madhu but he enters on behalf  
of the world, another letter,  
news, malaria, letters, notices,  
something I have to read,  
something to tend to, add to the  
stack. So I figure, "No use  
trying to start, you'll just be  
interrupted."  
Early early morning is better  
I'm praying that the next 3 days I can  
finish up mail. Write here.

Before we travel again, more lectures. They expect me to uphold the truth, sit on a cushion, *āsana*, and uphold the Truth.

As I write, I'm facing my Prabhupāda *mūrti*. Been writing less than fifteen minutes. He's looking back at me but I can't see so well, am far-sighted. Limits. Do I sound like a whining complainer?

Main thing is to conserve energy so you can speak at the temple on Lord Nityānanda. Therefore this void-like rest sitting in a chair, while the electric heater kicks off and on. Heard them rehearsing the *bhajana* "Nītāi Padakamalam." Ate once today, but a lot. Not too much. Weighed a mere 122 pounds at five foot eleven, that's skinny.

Don't want no . . .

jungle song, pop song of forties or fifties, about wanting to stay in the jungle. Bing bango bongo I'm so happy in the jungle I refuse to go . . . don't want no (here came a list of city noises) and then he said, "No matter how you tempt me, I'll stay right here."

At the time of death. Shankla girls kneeling in snow outside the car, one telling me her father is having chest pains again since his heart operation and therefore he couldn't attend the lecture even though it's only next door to their house. That's okay with me, but don't blame me either for not going to your house . . . I too am delicate. Be friends.

Write what counts. Don't think of pleasing anyone. Get beyond even the last pair of ears.

Play your flute. Raucous  
not clear yet  
this scratchy pen near out of ink?  
The bartender, the woman,  
the beer, the Fergus, the  
truth  
whistles,  
wind outside. "Give me a t-shirt to wear tonight."  
As I said, it's mostly just quiet passing of time until we  
leave for the temple, nursing you don't inflame a head-  
ache. Is that fifteen minutes yet?

(18 minutes, 5 pages, JG's house February 12, 1995)



## SESSION 22

Electric heater kicks on, JG is back from work, you may soon hear his guttural Hare Kṛṣṇa *japa*. Sound reaches you. Finished all my mail up to date. Relief. It left me bewildered. Now I can recoup in two days to myself. It will be good to return to *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* again, with note. Pray for faith to read. Do it early tomorrow. Yes, I look forward to it.

The meeting I didn't attend. They spoke of their disappointment. Pack the carry-on luggage. You are without Śrīla Prabhupāda *mūrti* for three weeks now. Please be waiting for me, Śrīla Prabhupāda, in NYC where I long to be with you again. I agree to this separation because it will be easier to travel to dangerous places (less to rob) and much more convenient to go through countries without waiting for our luggage. Yeah.

The mights of men,  
book on 18 natural ways to  
beat a headache. First  
principle—throw out your  
drugs. I did this morning in  
icy cold walk with M. Threw  
2 bottles of children's aspirin into  
the frozen trail. Fingers hurt  
in cold.  
Immediately, get him new black  
thick gloves. O Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa  
You let me talk of  
Lord Nityānanda last night.

This is not a letter to a devotee. This is evasive in its own way. I love to be free? To be alone? I can't say clearly

anything. Just say I do eat sweets. Headache book asks what foods do you crave and are you disappointed when you don't get them at a meal? My answer: Some succulent sweet. Yes, very succulent. Hayagriva grinning through his beard. Ha ha, another Ginsberg, finger cymbals, twirling around, long hair and beard, let him go, another *avadhūta*, dead now and his Keith Ham soon to be what? Imprisoned or continue his "*śakti*" way influencing those who want it.

Me, I draw one hundred people in Baltimore home program and then I don't show up. Disappointment. Due to head pressure behind the eye. They made speeches about disappointment, especially Śeṣa spoke. I resented so foolishly. They can judge me the same as I judge them. I don't care for my own foolish judgments. I prefer that my best not be with them but alone. Do it truly alone and later share it if you like. Maybe going to Denver and Carib I'll be actually alone, even though I have to . . . play the role. The daily writing and the Radio Show if you are lucky.

Today was dedicated to answering mail, two full tapes plus beginning a third, letters, letters, impossible to relate so personally to each one yet I did it by His grace.

Please forgive me. She said she worked hard all year but didn't get any recognition at the *saṅkīrtana* festival.

Oh, please save my drawings of Prabhupāda.

Don't make fun of me, wrestle with me if you like, throw me to the ground. Jumping up in *kīrtana* in tiny room, loud enough. I lasted through it all right without headache . . . The *brāhmaṇa* introduced me as *śva pracara vaiṣṇava*, dog eating Vaiṣṇava. That's all right. I am better'n him anyway.

I'm an original disciple of

Śrīla Prabhupāda. I am doin' okay. I straight on him and his books. Do appreciate that this skinny face, skinny legs in Hare Kṛṣṇa garb is true advocate, doesn't eat meat or shit of newspapers. Doesn't harass his head with neon lights downtown. Quiet place tonight to write and no one, no one I have to talk to. Just leave me alone so I can get sleep early and rise to read *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* better. Then by candlelight chant.

Frankie and Johnnie were sweethearts

he was her man,

but he was doing her wrong.

Something like that. Epic story of jerks. I need to get clear. This was just an exercise to get back into it, burned out after letter-writing most of the day.

(16 minutes, JG's house, 6:35 P.M.)

## SESSION 23

Hare Kṛṣṇa, ink, sergeants, words . . . I will write Kṛṣṇa conscious poems as I travel but come to the WS with no pretension, keep hand moving, words jostle to come out tip of pen. I make some editing process so they are not so raunchy, make good image of myself. Quick as you can or slower, the picture of the specific man. When we watched the film of Nimāi, I felt my lack of Bengali culture, thought of BC Swami and how he's humble by culture. The etiquette, the singing, the sentiments . . . Śrīla Prabhupāda gave us transcendental life and said it didn't matter which country we came from. US dollars and ingenuity could be used in Kṛṣṇa's service, he was glad to see it. Americans became his leading disciples—and his leading falldowns. The prominent disease of you Western people, sex and fighting.

So I thought I'm not a sweet fighting Bengali with those gestures of hands and head so dear to . . . Kṛṣṇites of India and spiritual world. Are there ex-Americans in Goloka? Do I have to get rid of those things? When I go on *parikrama*, it's all foreign to me. I'm a white Joe, skinny old fellow now, feet more tender than Eve . . . bones and headaches . . . but . . . what are you trying to say? Maybe just grateful that the Swami picked me up. I'd be some prevailer and taker of illicit sex in lowest forms and drugs, Lower East Side grave instead of what I found here, my salvation . . . and . . . and . . . I could have become a college professor and cooled out from 1960s madness, bought into sanity of system with a wife and after many years published a slim volume in Pitt poetry series, maybe. Or dead and reborn as alley

cat in Manhattan. Anything was possible, to suffer in innumerable ways.

They (the educated folks) don't believe in God. Who knows—maybe I'd become a Catholic monk or herbivorous plant and dinosaur. It's not in your control, the laws of transmigration.

I do submit to the  
hierarchy, the teachers  
of past, *ācāryas* and *śāstra*.  
I accept deductive knowledge  
and use my writing to serve  
that cause.

Not my own concoction or  
experience of sex and speculation and  
meandering and my own religion  
put together from 10 different  
authors and friends and trends—  
but I'm servant for the  
cause of Caitanya Mahāprabhu,  
Nimāi of Navadvīpa.

That's the reason I do sing here in Sheaffer pen. The diversion, the loss of control of steering in my hand is some kind of testimony to truth and fallibility. But when I get my chance to speak, I say praise Kṛṣṇa, don't accept something else.

Vidura dāsa wants to write in Africa, propaganda, philosophy, pervasive. He asks me what I mean when I say I want to get beyond concern for audience in free-writing. I replied, "Don't bother yourself about that. You write keeping with your audience in mind. My writing is a different thing." I needn't think I'm better,

yet it is a way to write where you don't think of your audience but your soul. You search for self, expression, process unwinds, and it's the way of a writer. People will read it. Audience is hit in face with ink drops as I shape them to get pen started with new refill.

Concerned Judge  
accused rapist of  
starting car on ice.

Whimsy judge sentenced  
his piece with rumber and raisin  
bread of past (toast and  
melted butter, good old days  
in illusion we ate.)

By the toaster. Your mamma . . .  
all you had as bound was  
sense grat of controlled kind,  
mother providing tasty food  
from kitchen in Great Kills,  
always think you're lucky (they  
said) to have such good parents  
who don't fight and plenty of food  
and a nice house in nice neighborhood.

Then I grew up and hated it,  
hated my tears,  
took grass, LSD and swallowed  
menthol from the inhaler  
with orange juice, almost, almost  
died jumping out the window.

Saved, saved by God,  
blue light in heart,  
save me Lord until the  
bona fide guru comes from  
India to take me back

to Godhead chanting Hare  
 Kṛṣṇa. "As long as you are  
 with them," mom said,  
 and I can complete the sentence now—  
 "Yamarāja will never come to take you."  
 Sin will not touch you.  
 You will actually be on express  
 route, *bhakti-mārga*, although  
 I can't guarantee it (pure love  
 of God) because things are still  
 stuck in your heart.  
 The original egoism you had  
 as Stevie Guarino and in past lives,  
 the stone heart—due to sins?  
 Yes and who knows what else,  
 curses I've been given—please  
 God, free me to chant  
 Your holy names.

Maybe if I go to India again I'll find it. Or right here  
 and now in his books, read them carefully. Something  
 will come of it.

Keep going a little more if you can. Tell the professor  
 your confession—I ate two carob cookies and didn't like  
 the rest of the dessert. I craved more. I ate and  
 remained skinny. I fantasized for sex. I was a wise aleck  
 always. Quipped and joked at least within at everyone's  
 sacred offering. I guess it's USA T.V. humor and *Mad*  
 magazine I imbibed too young to get rid of now. They  
 call it jaundice where you can't taste sugar candy as  
 sweet. I was a third-class journalist enlisted man. Coke  
 and burger and Dylan (Dylan Thomas?). No, him too,  
 but I mean Bob. How many miles must a man walk  
 down? Enjoying like hell the iced Coke in refreshment

stand, no women, just the eating and the music, back from the Mediterranean, a moment standing at the canteen on the dock at Mayport, my little heart rejoiced—at the sense grat combo, which is what the *Gītā* says a fool does, is elated or saddened by material modes. You better rise to goodness.

Above those waves  
that drown a sailor,  
I climbed into the boat  
of transcendental knowledge, the  
actual *Gītā* of sweet Kṛṣṇa and  
there I collapse sick and afraid  
of falling over again. I chant  
and chant but with offenses.  
Thank God I'm saved but  
damned be those memories  
and bad habits that hold me  
from opening up to the mercy  
of sweet Lord  
Bengal-appearing Caitanyadeva.  
Ah, ah,  
you know what I mean.

(28 minutes, JG's house Baltimore, February 14,  
1995)



## SESSION 24

Amish girl with transparent bonnet, trapped under chin, like a strange helmet. The stewardess is questioning her outside the first-class bathroom on a United flight to Denver. Both their voices sound loud and harsh to me. Gratty birds, females, noises. Why not talk softly—over the engine's noise?

I am reading. *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. Some discontent in me, not enough bliss? I wonder what it is and whether Kṛṣṇa in the heart will give me direction. Is it that the First Canto topics are dry and you want to read *rāgānugā*? No, not that. But I do . . . wish to be more concentrated on Kṛṣṇa. Nārada is explaining the lack of concentrated Kṛṣṇa consciousness as the cause of all despondency. I'm not focused so that's my own cause of non-satisfaction.

For example, we are going to Denver. I'm expected to speak on *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* because I'm a senior devotee and guru. But does it deeply satisfy me? I complain about having to perform. That unrest I'm aware of. But what else? What is it you yearn for? Usually I say I want to be alone to write and now to write and draw, and to walk alone, etc. But I've had good doses of that, it doesn't bring me more of that specific focus on Kṛṣṇa which Nārada recommends.

Reading and chanting *can* bring it if you stay with it. More and more? But my increased *japa* quotas on retreats only reveal to me that I need much more.

This leads sometimes to a conclusion that I ought to spend *all* my time alone. But that's contrary to the conclusion taught by my spiritual master. Therefore here I

am going to Denver and Caribbean to play this role. Deep satisfaction escaping me.

Think of the story of the musk deer? It's in its own navel, that aroma that attracts him although he searches elsewhere for it. No, that may not be an appropriate image.

Tired of free-writes?

Well. not this present talk, which is also coming in free-write. Am I not entitled to restlessness? Am I supposed to be all fixed and therefore I advise others but no one can advise me? Might I also be in need? Dark night of the soul.

Pray to the Kṛṣṇa.

Taka and his Christian books and contemplation desires. I can't be swayed by a neophyte. I want concentration on Kṛṣṇa topics but don't seem to get enough of it. Is that what you're saying? Been through this before. Usually leads to the balance I have now, some travel-preach in temple and sometime alone. Even that seems to be external to my present concern. But I've been through this so often I can't trust an inner calling for "more Kṛṣṇa consciousness as something mature and reliable." O Kṛṣṇa, Your poor son, not even worthy to be called . . . a devotee . . . is writing some thoughts.

*Bhaja gaurāṅga*

*Bhaja gaurāṅga*

Sing and sing and do it with devotees also. The nectar is given by Lord Caitanya in the holy name, more than in silent meditation. Not in impersonalism. Yeah, in the simple *bhajana* of *kīrtana*. More chanting? More writing?

I look down at barren-looking land—we're going westward.

If I could find this inner call's satisfaction in 1996, I'd do it as a Centennial contribution even if it wasn't recognized as mainstream. But I have to feel this is what Śrīla Prabhupāda wants.

I'm not fit (health or temperament) for management or outer work. What is an inner contribution? Well, like . . . they see me as leader or they are willing to accept that. But what special direction do I give? Maybe we can sing *kīrtana* together. *Kīrtana*, *japa*, read—not me pretending that I understand it better than others. But when I do get a chance, I emphasize it to them, remind them (and me) this is most important.

*Bhaja govinda, bhaja gaurāṅga  
gaura hari*

*Haribol*, what a vast land  
in a teacup  
how easily upset was  
Issa, like one tossed in a  
teacup of emotions. And Datta-  
treya asked me then, "Why  
was Issa called teacup?" I had terrible headaches. We  
flew from Harrisburg to Boston where observed the  
Vyāsa-pūjā festival. Yeah, and . . . I was writing haiku.  
Always into "something." (And one summer in Boston  
I started taking yagottamine based pills as if that was  
the remedy.)

The doctors don't know.

I'm allowing my thoughts to drift and will end this session shortly, no conclusion or plan of action regarding the dissatisfaction of self. Health weak so I may not be able to have extra *kīrtanas*. But do talk to persons like Kāliya and Taka and Pat, get to know them better. And in the morning sing with them and speak *Śrīmad-Bhāg-*

*avatam*. Don't let on regarding your unrest, it's a private thing and not yet clear to me. But write on it here.

Square patches bare earth 30,000 feet below, my head starting to weaken.

(Almost 30 minutes, only 4 pages, in flight to Denver, United Airlines)

## SESSION 25

12:15

Dreamt some Italian devotee found in garbage copies of a private printed book I'd thrown out. He was re-printing them and selling to my disciples and others. I told him I didn't want it sold because it was inferior. He tried killing me by throwing a bomb at me but it didn't go off. (I had a hot water bottle on my chest while sleeping.)

On waking, I reflected on the danger of one's writings.

The free-write WS is not to just make words or exercise but to help oneself. Drift into concerns. I wrote one yesterday exploring feeling of dissatisfaction. Changes in spiritual life? But there doesn't seem to be much room in which to change. I've thought out thoroughly the possibilities of secluded life for spiritual development and see it can't be done exclusively. So it's a matter of improving quality with the time at my disposal.

Along with a desire to improve on quantity or quality of alone-time, old age will diminish your powers and abilities to do things. You have to go inward and not be production-oriented. Try to write the best possible things.

Hare Kṛṣṇa. With crayons I drew what came to mind on the theme of the verse assigned to me for the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* class.

KB shows a slide show to guests on Sunday. I don't think I can do better than that. What else?

I want to keep going, keep living, wearing slippers, writing, drawing. But a pure devotee doesn't think like

that. He's ready to give up life and go to next life, whatever Kṛṣṇa desires. He wants to please his guru and the Lord. Prabhupāda was so intense in his last years, to spread and maintain the Kṛṣṇa consciousness movement. Yet he didn't live at a feverish pace. But he kept traveling. No question of alone-time.

It's healthy when I notice the differences between myself and Prabhupāda and don't try to imitate. I need to intensify myself by alone-time. He was already intensified. When I go alone then I can come back to the devotees in better, prepared shape.

I'm writing with antennae out for head pains. Be a little relaxed about it. Do what you can. I already met with the t.p. yesterday. He told me briefly how everyone is doing. They judge other's performance. A certain book distributor has very small results. Does that mean he's less surrendered? I suppose he's less valuable to their team than someone else who brings in more money and sells more books. But he led a good *kīrtana*.

So this morning I don't feel so dissatisfied. I am plugging on. This is the way of a neophyte in Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

You have candles ready to light.

You plan to read half-hour in *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. Do everything carefully and not too much effort. A little rest in between. Neck exercises.

It's all right to be up early. Not claiming one is a hero. I wrote so many timed books. I'm an artist, etc. Yet I do say *this is me*. This is my offering. And devotees are willing to accept it. Make the best of the situation. He described someone as an intense shoot-from-the-hip manager. They sacrifice everything to serve Prabhupāda by running one of the Hare Kṛṣṇa centers with all

its problems. They tackle *ghasthas'* messes, including their own. Fight to keep the center going and expanding. I did some of that too. Now I'm in a natural later phase, even a post-GBC phase. Set an example? Mainly I do it because I have to. Trepidate.

Try to do the right thing. These are not youthful days of *Shack Notes* experimentation. But creative life is still flowing. One wants to serve one's guru with all acts.

Then read in *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* and pray to know it better and present it to devotees. That's my service. The manager also likes it when a *sannyāsī* can give a well-prepared class with some appreciation and realization of the texts. Motivation is very important. Why do you want to give a good class, why do you study *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*? Don't try to be popular as a devotee or scholar. Just do it as duty and (we hope) because you love it.

I am trying to attain love for *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. Be honest. Tell the devotees how you actually feel. Then go on to present it as best you can.

*Śrī-kṛṣṇa-caitanya prabhu nityānanda*. No more weekly *New York Times* for me. I've reduced that. Keep careful on any increases in nondevotee culture, books, music, etc. Humming "Nutty" by Monk yesterday as I drew with crayons. Mixing things, cultures . . .

I

He. It. The ink flows. Nārada taught Vyāsa, *jugupsitam*—it is verily condemned that you have taught in your books with stress on fruitive acts, demigod worship, etc. The people will take advantage of it. He

should have written only *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. Heavy words from the teacher.

The expert teacher tests the disciple.

Have faith that Prabhupāda lives on in me as guru. If he's only the guru "created" by the group efforts of ISKCON, that is not dynamic enough or personal enough for my inner needs. Therefore I say, "My Prabhupāda." We each have a right to approach him.

In his books he's teaching me. I go alone to him as I always did

Maharishi

The rascal

Prabhupāda called him and said if you call a black man black he will be angry. (Don't read that line out line).

Maharishi, "great man " said my therapist. How can I go to him in confidence if he thinks Maharishi is a great man? It hints. And Edgette says my relation with him is as if I'm the disciple and he's the master. Crap, I can't buy that (for ninety dollars every forty-five minutes).

Explore the possibilities of trance, suggestive states to the mind why we needn't spend so much time with headaches. It's a good thing to do, to save my time for more active service.

I'm fifty-five years old, trying to do what I can. Travel fairly widely still. Later it may stop. *Śrī-kṛṣṇa-caitanya prabhu nityānanda*.

"Use your good offices, KP, to find if I can become a direct citizen of US and Ireland so I can spend more time there writing in my last days." Oh, be kind to me, old sad, rough sad, bast USA giant killer,

Don't ask the earth for that.



Ask Kṛṣṇa to do with you as He will. And you be a brave soldier according to your little capacities, to be a devotee up to the end.

Chant Hare Kṛṣṇa in black ink.

Drank trifalla last night. Now I go to read. Try to do it in prayerful way. Dear Lord of the universe, I come to You. And this writing too—not a pretending role, of me as Natalie Goldberg school of writing. I do it for devotional purposes. But be myself in quiet time, detached, honing, adking, singing a little, strumming musical instrument, practicing the writer's muscles,

Jumping like frog  
like old acrobat,  
diver, fun-person  
Rubber bat comedian  
jazz man  
cub  
reporter  
stars out  
window open

winter near end. Don't be afraid to enter Trinidad at Carnival time or Guyana. Pray. It's a good service for an old tyke like you.

Each has his own *tapasya*. This is mine—headache or not, to travel.

But I'm grateful when I can be up early to write.

It's to do it.

To say I did it

But to do it comes first.

In Colorado

In midnight

Winter ending in a

month from now and meantime

I'll go to the tropics  
All glories to the Lord.  
Read read  
the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* slowly now  
Thank you *caitya-guru* and Lord and  
spiritual master.

(40 minutes, 7 1/2 pages, Denver ISKCON community, February 17, 1995)

## SESSION 26

*Review of night where I talked of my poetry. Also the "depletion by speaking to Kṛṣṇa conscious audiences" there doesn't seem right*

12:12 A.M.

Last night spoke forty-five minutes how to appreciate my poetry. Let loose. Praised myself as able to simultaneously write for myself and communicate to an audience. Praised poetry. Now I feel depleted from it. Somebody asked me how to appreciate my poetry and so I answered. I said one reason I write in "nakedness of spirit" is so disciples will know me as I am and not just officially, "no bluff." But was it not also a bluff?

Tell me now in midnight hour. Find your reasons and guts to keep writing now. The spirit. Was it grave enough, a Kṛṣṇa conscious enough subject matter?

It's not something I'm likely to speak on again for awhile. You can do it rarely and then it's not self-serving. But my inner sub-persons are still buzzing (and feeling subdued and the need to be quiet awhile) after so much poetry talk last night.

He even read a Mary Oliver poem out loud as a demonstration. Poetry professor.

Gosh

So what?

The truth is . . .

The fact is . . .

I answered a question how Śrīla Prabhupāda uses the whole universe of phenomena as argument and evidence to convey the Absolute Truth. Yes, I did say that and "facts" are changeable but the Truth is eternally . . .

Dreamt Jagadīśa Goswami explained to me that you use a row boat in Vṛndāvana and just lean it on the bank and it will automatically return to where it belongs. I was making a huge endeavor to get it, use it and then return it by land. He showed all that effort wasn't necessary. I believed him but now that I'm awake I don't believe row boats return by themselves even in Vṛndāvana, India, land of thieves.

In another dream, Jayādvaita Swami was reviewing many issues of BTG and approving. He (and I) especially approved the issues which had one major theme and in which JS had written feature articles.

Cozy here. Playing the role. Getting my *bhajana* done at least yesterday. One half-hour of my own reading and more reading to prepare for the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* class. Enough, enough tending to the self.

Wait till I do the Radio Show. We'll see if the hermit still feels alone after all that praise of his own poetry by the poet-self. Self advertising.

Tired son? Use upper lifters. Diminish pride swiftly. Try gliding over the floor in cloth slippers or booties. Wear a hat to *maṅgala-ārati*. Answer the batch of local letters and type in the afternoon, and poems of try-outs. You can get them re-typed.

Dear Writing Session, it would be nice, wouldn't it, if I could help myself or attract Kṛṣṇa to reveal Himself to me. *Japa Walks*, I said, was a realistic book of answering questions about *japa* while I walked in Wicklow.

*Japa Walks.* Oh you boast over your play with words. The stuff I said about poetry last night was not wrong. But to say it . . .

Dear WS, this one is for you. You say you want to attract Kṛṣṇa. Consider Parameśvari and how she approaches people every day at the airport. How can I say I am more surrendered than she is? Oh well, let me serve these devotees as best I can.

Someone new and young wanted to do book distribution, even though he didn't know it was considered so topmost of all services. Wait 'til he reads *The Nectar of Book Distribution*.

Letters to me. I must answer from what parts of me can talk. Don't overdo this sentiment that I become depleted by direct attempts to give people my best in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Prabhupāda didn't say that. I know what you mean and I sympathize. I'm writing this WS to fill up the well or feel better about it. But it's true that *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* subjects are unending. Certainly it helps refresh your memory when you speak on various topics.

Kāliya asked yesterday about silence. I dared to praise a Kṛṣṇa conscious kind of silence where you think of the Lord.

Another asked if she could marry her daughter to someone I'm giving initiation to. I'll tell her I have no objection if the guy wants to get married. There's also a chance one could escape all that though it's not likely.

Who is the blond?

Who is the good-looking girl?

She is all white-haired and walks with a cane? Who is the young one a little funny looking? Who is the

pointy nosed tall one? They wear long coats for the winter. Snow melted. Let the mind go off, go along. You can edit your poems more and they will improve. Oh God, you said the Vaiṣṇava poets are poets and he said, "I didn't know that. You mean Narottama?" I said Rūpa Gosvāmi is more a poet than a philosopher. He raised his eyebrows, surprised to hear it. They don't know what poetry is and have trouble appreciating it. So it (poetry) deserved a defense.

What I did was okay. Yeah, let's come out of the closet and defend poetry which is generally so over-looked and even disliked—and not understood. Help them to appreciate what it is.

Okay, you love it. But why do you write that way? Because . . . it is a form of preaching, purifying myself, giving culture to ISKCON which it needs, teaching people.

Simic (I didn't quote) says it is the cat concert beneath the window of the room in which the official History of reality is being written. Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

Where is Kana, where is the beautiful Lord? Here I am, said young Nimāi. The people objected. I ask myself of this writing, where is Kana and Balarāma who roam by the Yamunā? Where is the Lord of Love?

You may reply He is in every line I write. It's like *japa*. It's an exercise of repeated *praṇāmas* and utterance of Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa. But I fail to pay attention and to focus more on Him.

I didn't tell them regarding explicit and implicit Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

I did say that poems, altho' they don't explicitly advocate or attempt to inspire and direct disciples, do

persuade by being honest expressions. They persuade in a different way. There were things I do want to express. Are dear to me. He touched my nerves or heart by asking that question, "Please help us to appreciate your poetry." I gave them an earful and I'm still spinning.

What good is a bowman's arrow or a poet's poem unless it enters the heart and causes the head to spin?

Metaphor please. "Comparisons are odious."

The way. The way and the light. The surrender of the Vaiṣṇava to the Supreme Lord.

Told them. Confessed . . . This is the way.

Huff and puff. It's Saturday. I'll make up for my poetry talk by being more *paramparā* mainstream as befits the subject of the class today—what is good population and also consider whether a son has to get married or not. Some do and some don't. Should be provision for girls to remain unmarried too as Lakṣmī-devī prays, any woman who chooses a husband other than Kṛṣṇa gets someone who really can't protect her, man of flesh and blood (and stools and mustache). Impurity. Nuns and priests. No hanky panky, please.

No delusion of grandeur.

Don't unleash a school of  
mad poets who don't rhyme.

But that's okay too. Rhyme and chime nowadays is out. But there's a tradition of it in English literature that is fine for those who like it. Since 20th century began, "we" (who?) don't do it, and I go without trend

Inject in their dull brain, innovate, you too are a person in 20th century taking advantage of the force of free verse to write Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

Someone could have cut you down,  
but last night was turn

for poetry to sing and  
proclaim itself and its special  
virtues.

He asked what's the difference  
between your free-writes and  
divided lines poems?

One is a hop and the other is a  
skip and a jump. Not much difference  
when the free-write  
is sailing along.

Now I'll finish this and turn to the *Śrīmad-Bhāga-  
vatam* reading, First Canto. Pray to do it carefully. Mr.  
Poet had his night and took up most of this WS ex-  
claiming, "What a night!" Now give turn to the  
quieter fellow who submissively reads his Śrīla  
Prabhupāda's purports and thus enriches all sub-  
persons. Please let us be simple and hear with faith  
what Nārada said to Vyāsa and what Śrīla Prabhupāda  
explains of it. Give it half-hour or more. I'll stop here  
and give room and time for that.

(34 minutes, 9 pages, Denver ISKCON, February 18,  
1995)



## SESSION 27

*Assuring myself, be my friend. Don't want controversy or pressure of programs but some of it you have to do. Accept it and dovetail an do fulfill your own needs.*

During the night I dreamt of cows being very affectionate to men. They kept coming at us, with their dangerous horns and big bodies, but their intent was motherly, thinking we were their offspring, licking us, etc. Series of episodes like that. Then slaughterers who took them away.

Now awake, the controversy in ISKCON regarding NM comes to me yesterday in a letter. Embarrassment to see my own letters of 1992-93 being passed around as evidence of conspiracy . . . we were reading Ananta dāda Pandit, etc. Out of it now. I wanted to learn more about Vaiṣṇava ultimate *siddhānta* but strayed from Prabhu-pāda inadvertently. Noticed it finally and came back to his shelter. Recovering from it in over a year and a half now. But it has since become a raging controversy because a few GBC men and devotees in Vṛndāvana still maintain their connection with him and those opposed to them often criticize them and NM in an ungentlemanly way. Stay away from it as much as I can. Now travel to the Caribbean.

What's on your mind? I just told you. And sour feeling that death comes.

It's appearance day of Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī and I have to give out initiations. And lecture. What's wrong with that? Nothing. But . . . it's a duty to fulfill. Don't be sour on it. Rejoice for devotees who are finally getting initiation.

It's a lack of doubt and taste. To those getting *dikṣā* I said yesterday I wish you enthusiasm and taste so you will always prosecute your spiritual life. I recommended myself as their guide and said they should exchange letters with me. Felt odd about it later because how little I myself have taste and enthusiasm.

Don't get down on yourself or them. Kṛṣṇa is providing for us. Look up. You fear, "Yeah, but He may make it harder later." If that happens, He'll give you insight and strength to get through it and to see it's for your own good as purification. Faith is so important—that's why *rasika* studies don't seem more important to me. Because faith is more important. You know what I mean. Lacking faith, the discussion of higher topics can't take place, becomes a traversity. Get everything from your spiritual master.

What do other people think of you?

Spare me the controversy.

But it's there in any case. I need a thicker hide sometimes.

Write clear in pen. Come out with what you want to say. I will read after this session in *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* and benefit. Just half-hour out of twenty-four? Well, otherwise I have to prepare for lecture and a second lecture, usually every day, twice a day, so always coming to another one. Why do I resent it? Don't—or it may be taken away. It's a creative process like writing a poem. It's potentially fun and always serious and it's preaching which you need to do. Don't be attached to it, comparing your performance to others. Self-centered? You don't like to hear another's lecture?

Don't like to be criticized that I don't attend the full morning program, etc. or live too opulently.

Wild accusations.

Leave me alone, he said. Then a critic hints back accusations. They don't leave you alone. ISKCON doesn't seem to be a peaceful family, almost never. Some turmoil always going on, and pressures and peoples' trips. Authorities demand . . .

And rhetoric why you should obey them. They preach that the power of God and scripture is behind *their* acts and words, whereas that may not be true. When someone discovers this—or thinks he does—it makes a crack in faith. Then the joy is over. You struggle to continue. I recommend finding joy and satisfaction in one's own *sādhana*. I seek it.

You write to help yourself. One should be one's own friend and helper and also keep oneself rightly situated. The mind is the best friend or enemy.

But sometimes we have to feel a genuine remorse. I'm saying I deviated. Sorry I'm not a better chanter of the holy names. Try more to stay awake. But you're afraid too much effort may produce a headache. You get them anyway. Power of suggestion, the mind and the body, asking cooperation and strength.

If you don't want to live in a community, then you have to keep traveling from one to another. But what if ill health forces you to stay somewhere? Oh, I think I can always move along, stay—in one house or another. Be committed to that way. M.'s great assistance in this.

And you need to keep up your resolve to do what you want, personally need. Be convinced your actions are

Kṛṣṇa conscious and strive for that. Otherwise you won't be able to project that quiet conviction to others. The WS is for helping me in that. And helping others. Free expression may not be followed by everyone but at least me.

To help yourself. To make an art. Use the typewriter when you can find one. Use colored pencils and crayons and paper. Find time and relax with them, another portrait of Prabhupāda or of Kṛṣṇa and Rādhā and one of the incarnations. It's a relief and release. Your crude, very crude portrait use and the wild scrambling lines of abstract expression seeking to come out as a design or a representation of something.

When did you last write to your mother, Stevie?

When did you burp your child, hug your cow? You'd like to . . . be a funny person like a clown in words.

grave as the grave as

the crematorium as

a fatal disease in body—

happens to you and someone else.

Grave as the grave. Upsetting as an attack by *guṇ-*  
*das*. Delay and entanglement by material nature. Yet when that happens you should know that smooth spiritual progress is still possible even then. Nothing stops *bhakti* for the sincere practitioner.

Chant Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra in your need. Your long dry spell can end. Need to confess it to someone? Need to improve?

Erase from the tape

your letter to a brother

asking you spend 2–3 weeks

together chanting. Go do it

## SESSION 28

*No home base. Affirm poet's life. Look for signs of how to improve. For now, patient in your ISKCON life of balance*

12:15

Got up early eager to write this. Been weak day after day with headaches, not able to do full programs. But I do enough to satisfy the devotees. Simply can't do more, so accept that.

Dream of Pṛthu moving to take back power at Inis Rath.

Thoughts earlier how I could have settled at Gītā-nāgarī and "taken charge" and drawn my disciples there. But it would have meant headaches of management. Jagadīśa Goswami finds rural development to be his calling in life. I don't. Mine is to write and read and travel as a *sannyāsī*. No home base. They ask, But when you get too ill, then what? I think if I get ill I can stay anywhere I'm welcome and then if I get a little better move on. No settling for a home base, until maybe that model of a small place in a community (like Wicklow) where I would not be asked to manage at all. Not be responsible for income, fights among devotees, etc.

Move on as long as you can.

Gītā-nāgarī Press is not my management either. Encourage NK to distribute my books.

Usually in free-write books I don't write names and my problems like this. I won't dwell on it.

Why don't I spend any time rehearsing skills of hypnosis or mental suggestion? There's so little time. I

need to first read and write creatively. If I have to choose between a poem and a trance, I'll take the poem. Or if I learn trance I'll use it to write a poem rather than massage pain. Write . . .

Rest seems to be the one cure or way to subdue a headache. Thus the headaches are "telling" me to rest, they are signaling that I can't do more.

I have an Erickson book of stories so consider using it, reading a story a day perhaps.

"Vitamin E and aloe vera for softer, lovelier skin." Skin, so thin, how long will it last stretched over the fine bones of your face and your feet? Keep it smooth while it lasts, like a glove or mask, so it's more comfortable and presentable to your public.

And constipated? Try trifalla and psyllium husks

And try brain power and powder and two layers of socks,

Shocks of travel? Long day cruising time zones? I recommend a powder puff

a ball of ghee a nonsugar dessert, piled up with *kofa* balls (by Franz Kafka)

and words, words, words.

Listen this joking is absurd  
when faced with the disaster  
of your earth and self too.

Better make serious due of  
the situation.

But it is a travel day. I'll write in my travel diary about it. Miami bound—Puerto Rico. Next WS from there, I hope.

Sure, death is imminent but still we perform a lovely fire *yajña* ceremony and dress the Deities. Why should we stop doing beautiful things just because it's all temporary in this world? Śrīla Prabhupāda said go on beautifying for Kṛṣṇa even though we are in this material world—you are moving from 26 Second Avenue to 62, still beautify the first place. Make the painting canvas beautiful with pictures of Viṣṇu, Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa, etc., and if gesso-covered canvas lasts twenty years, that's enough. Do more paintings later.

But I hope my writing lasts after me. It can. It can be re-issued whereas I as SDG in this body cannot be re-issued. I have to change so completely that no one here now will know me if I come back in their midst. They also have to move on and will come back, even if to ISKCON, in unrecognizable forms, as infants. You can speculate on it (that straight-edge kids were ISKCON devotees in last life) but can't know for sure.

So live while you can.

Stay on path with no radical change. Stay in ISKCON, not that in attempt to go back to Godhead as soon as possible you leave this balanced routine and live alone to chant and read all the time.

Be alert, however, as to what is possible within my limits, how I might change or extend limits, how Kṛṣṇa wants me to act. But for now it seems I need to be patient, like most of us, and go on doing the best I can.

*Śrī-kṛṣṇa-caitanya prabhu nityānanda*

Give a book to a friend.

Śrī Kṛṣṇa.

Read after this. Soak almonds in water. Cream on feet. Sweatshirt if hot. Every night I hear sirens. Crime and break down. The police roam the streets to curtail it. Drugs and killings and robberies. What do you expect from those victimized by violent and sex-filled T.V., etc. and filled with sin? Animal killers turn to kill others.

Oh, I'll be singing this  
song with a sigh I  
took the road less traveled  
and that has made all the difference.

I'm on poet's trail, less traveled. Is there yet another and another road? Choice ahead or only a few choices like that you have to make in life?

Join the Hare Kṛṣṇa movement, that's the biggest choice. Then within ISKCON, don't stay married. Then get off the GBC. Then you are forced on to or off certain roads. You must take the headache path. Then you learn to love things you find on whatever path is your destiny or choice. The writer's life, mendicant's life.

Travel fund. Travel fun. Travel travail.  
Hail all Caesar and his  
No. I won't follow that train of words.

Doctor, give me a medicine with aloe gel.  
Give me a pill, no more drugs please, just vitamins.  
No, not either. Just a *mahā* sweet from LA or Berkeley temple.

Give me a chance to read my master's books.



I got up early hoping for serious free-write and this is what I got. You drift . . . what did you write about. Oh, I said no home base. I affirmed poet's life, some meeting of death—facts.

Hopes to better oneself. Yet be patient and stick with ISKCON path you are on. These things I found this morning.

I'm glad I got up to write and didn't sleep in more. I wasn't sleepy. It would have been drifting thoughts. So I'm writing them down. Try to stay awake and alive on your travel day. Ink runs out in this pen and then pack it with no refill for the journey.

I'll see you later in a tropic place. Friendly skies or American Airlines will get us there safely, they say, and we hope.

But you can't live forever.

Please distribute my books.

The siren could also be a fire engine in the middle of the night.

When you read, the profit is eternal. You get close to Prabhupāda and Nārada and Kṛṣṇa.

Don't expect new words or thoughts. It's heart beat and pulse. Living in thought. Preserving effort (like spirit embalming the sign says in 42nd St. library).

Oh, I like to think of it more alone than by an embalming process.

The book and the table and the lamp to read by, fight of sight and brain and heart all given by God so don't abuse them but use in *kṛṣṇa-kathā*.

That's the way it is.

All glories not to football.

But to *mahā-mantra*

and *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*.

All glories to the meaning of human  
life—*bhakti* unto Govinda.

Cook simple foods and serve them  
to the spiritual master, make it first-  
class and serve with love.

*Priti purvakam*

I will try I will try. He  
said never to disappoint you.

"I can accept failure but I  
can't accept not trying."

Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya.

End this one now. No great message for the world but  
I'm up again writing. Received nice encouragement  
from old and new devotees regarding products of free-  
writing so do it. Go ahead now while you can.

(35 minutes, 8 pages, Denver ISKCON, February 20,  
1995)

CARIBBEAN



## SESSION 1

How dare you lecture that God, Kṛṣṇa, will take care of everyone and that we should not complain when we have to suffer? He has been lenient with you. I speak what the *śāstra* say. This is what they say, so I should believe it and accept it.

Believe me.

Dream of wolves—photo of people with rocks and spears to go after a werewolf who was supposed to live in a cave nearby. It was a very old photo that included school children.

We want to be free of sex desire and not read or hear of the activities of men and women, or for that matter, of homosexuals.

The fact is I don't associate closely with Godbrothers. I think I don't need people criticizing me, clipping me short like short grass according to their conceptions. I've had that long enough in ISKCON. I want (need) those who will believe in my aspirations. Yeah. For example, I want to be an artist in Kṛṣṇa consciousness, and I write in a certain way. I don't want a friend who will tell me I ought to cut down on this and do a more "normal" type of service if I want to please Śrīla Prabhupāda best. Friends in ISKCON, especially big leaders, tend to pontificate—tell people how to lead their lives.

*Śrī-kṛṣṇa-caitanya prabhu nityānanda*. Say the holy names and be saved. Be saved. The sooner the better.

So I wander and preach and expect people to take care of me. I spoke yesterday to M. saying my Father will always provide a place for me to stay—quoted Śrīla Prabhupāda’s Denver walk, “Rich men’s sons don’t work.”

O Lord of the universe, kindly be visible unto me. Oh believe me of all those endearing young charms . . .

How to infuse Kṛṣṇa, knit it into the writings in the most real way? At any rate, don’t omit it.

Prepare to read carefully my own writings sometime later when they’re all privately printed for me.

*Śrī-kṛṣṇa-caitanya prabhu nityānanda*. Do you believe, Charlie, that the world will fall apart as soon as they predict?

Newspapers don’t say that overtly. Hope world economies will . . . But they go on too, doomsdayers, saying

...

“Christ or chaos!” Repent, the end of the world is at hand.

Don’t repeat rumors and slanders. Don’t lump us in. ISKCON strives for world recognition as more than a cult. A dangerous loony cult. An extreme religion of people who wear saffron and dance in the streets and hustle you to buy a book. Book distribution went up 173% in USA, he said. I thought to mention to him a complaint I heard, but I didn’t

*Śrī-kṛṣṇa-caitanya prabhu nityānanda*. Forget, he said. It never happened. Healing.

Remember? The days went by and he could not recall any longer what it felt like being hit on the head by his own *daṇḍa*.

I explained what my poetry is and what poetry in general is. NK wrote back a nice letter.

Said he didn't want or need poetry to be analyzed.

Hell. I went through hell, his wife said, in giving birth. Cesarean operation. Heard other women screaming and then she got scared. She passed out during operation, so baby couldn't breathe. They cut her open, decided to do it—it was successful but it was like hell. Hell. You can't imagine the pain.

But each person faces such pain. Some births are easier than others. Urmila meditated in trance that she was somewhere else, in the temple seeing the Deities while she gave birth.

M. and I are starting to read an Erickson story each day.

This is a Writing Session of scattered thoughts. I'm on the Caribbean tour. It's good for me. And during the tour it's also good to take time to express one's self. Try to grab time to write a poem too. Don't feel guilty that you don't read so much. But do read at least a half-hour in good time—I'll do it after this WS which began at five minutes after twelve.

Ink is flowing very bright and wet black because of damp climate. Frogs serenade. Coquies [?] and peepers of various kinds. They aren't indoors. Stars and valley and the low-class pig-eaters and cow-eaters and drunkards who live around here, on government welfare, devotees too. Hard working devotees, a few of them, at least, who work hard to take care of Kṛṣṇa's temple.

Be optimistic like Ekatvam, I said. He didn't want the burden of the restaurant. KB drove me in a jeep to the temple lecture but then he drove away and didn't hear it. He's an attractive guy, like my uncle Sal, but not serious about a relationship with me.

I can't demand that. Should I even want it? I'm affected by those who follow Śrīla Prabhupāda but claim the ISKCON gurus are not qualified for being spiritual masters. Just as the anti-cult people dampened my enthusiasm for preaching and being in ISKCON, so these inner critics, Śrīla Prabhupāda's disciples, hurt my enthusiasm and confidence. I go on however, convinced they are wrong. We can do the job. I did it in excess in the "Śrīla Gurupāda" days. Trying to make up for that.

Shall I think it's good if those I initiated related to me as spiritual master? I teach.

How to improve it? I take the part. I aspire to help them. Good, make the effort. Either that or actively disown it if you don't believe it.

I go on, I go on.

Tell them, "You are my disciples, I having a disciples' meeting. Write to me. I'm trying to keep fit for you. Yes, publish my books and distribute them. Thank you, thank you."

Now five minutes left here. Go friend, you can be a little more innocent here in Puerto Rico and Carib. Go before the Deities and don't allow the mind to be so critical. Don't take it seriously when it does its trip. Be appreciative and see the Deities not just externally, jewelry and what's wrong. Don't judge. Try to enter the transcendental mood.

Be a guru? No, be a humble servant of your spiritual master. Aspire to dream of him. O Lord.



O Lord, I'm not a Christian or a queer, a lamp post, or shenanigan.

But I have to die. I may make it through 1995 or 1996 or 2000, but not 2040. No, I'd have to live a hundred years to make that.

You are older and freer to be who you are. You can be headache-prone; it's okay. Every old guy gets sick. You have a right to your headache syndrome. Yet you have a right also to control the pain. Insinuate to your ownheadache-body how he can reduce, be forgotten, etc. be of shorter duration. Allow your unconscious to do that work.

Keep in touch with your therapist. Tell him I tried it and this is the result. I am advanced, he said, and I can choose unconsciously the strategy suitable for me. It cannot be forced. But by suggestion it may work. He's clever but a TM practitioner. May be better to work with someone I could trust, even Baladeva.

Look for a volume gadget. Turn for the volume of the headache, a little at a time. The strategies.

Next visits. How long? How many books can Isaac Asimov write? More than a hundred?

Well, they're all lacking in God consciousness. Let me write in Kṛṣṇa consciousness and out to him. Better books.

Now end this and go to read. But I don't want to cut you short. I honor the WS. Read past ones. Keep doing them. Give them time. Now read. Read and write are complementary.

Nārada taught Vyāsa—I'll be well aware of these chapters and give a seminar in Villa Vṛndāvana and in Vṛndāvana ISKCON if it cools down there. Or else in

Māyāpur if it's too "hot" in Vṛndāvana. Consider it maybe like that. Stay with Acyuta in Calcutta. Stay with friends as spiritual master and father allows.

(35 minutes, 8 pages, Puerto Rico ISKCON as coquis chirp, I'm up, February 22, 1995)

## SESSION 2

They were out of touch, the disciples of SDG here at PR. They seem to be doing all right. One said, "Even without a spiritual." I said they would do much better if they had a good relationship with their spiritual master. Maybe some were thinking it's not so important as long as one has Śrīla Prabhupāda as guru. That's true too. One said, "Godbrothers and even your own disciples criticize your books as too personal, etc." I defended myself and my writing. Don't be phased by such accusations, dear writings. Anyone can criticize; it's easy to do.

But it's better to appreciate—I am showing how to apply the perfect teachings in one's own life. One last night actually said, "We are not very intelligent so what I like are notes you make while reading Śrīla Prabhupāda. This is what I want," she said, "and not these writings where you say what comes to your mind; I'm not intelligent as you are and can't read such stuff . . ."

I said I still write enough easy stuff and your opinion is not that of everyone (fortunately). Yes, she agreed and walked out of the room because her baby was demanding.

M. asked, "What should a disciple do in his ongoing crisis?" I first said I was available. But he pressed the point and I admitted Śrīla Prabhupāda was not available in that way. One went to him if one was ready to do service. He gave everyone the simple medicine of "chant Hare Kṛṣṇa" and engagement in devotional service. I gave the example of Lord Caitanya who didn't want to be disturbed by material problems of Gopinātha Pattanayaka. I said all *sannyāsis* are in a rare position

of being freed from the situations which bring most people sufferings. We should appreciate the *sannyāsis* and not try to drag them down to the material level. Go to them for relief by hearing *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* and transcendental knowledge. In turn, the *sannyāsi* is respectful of the householder and doesn't try to get him to prematurely renounce, but to do duties while also hearing and chanting. This seemed to me an important point—that disciples (and others) should “leave alone” the *sannyāsi* so he can exist for them as a resource—one not disturbed by marriage, business life or psychological disorders and stress. Let me speak what Kṛṣṇa speaks. Don't drag him down.

Reviewing last night. Now a new day. You woke and felt reluctant to begin it, heavy heart. Go forward to duties, lecture and then you have most of the day to yourself.

I want to read “Metaphor” in good time. I tried yesterday around 10:30 A.M. but got drowsy. But top time has to go to this writing session and to *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* reading.

I won't feel guilty if I have to cancel any lecture. Just tell them sorry but I get headaches. That's why I don't travel to Santo Domingo—or Caracas or Buenos Aires or Rio . . . although I may do so in the future. They still want me to go somewhere rather than they come to me, to my real world of the books I write.

Ah, she doesn't know what she's saying, but she says she doesn't like when I write personally “for self-expression.” Your “own” disciples don't understand and criticize your mood. I told them . . . listen, this is who I am, take it or leave it. Surely you can find something.

But there are some who just go alone in their own life and I don't mean much to them. At heart, I don't object to this as long as they don't obstruct me in what I have to do—which at least some appreciate.

While you can.

Don't complain is the theme of the classes on Bali Mahārāja. Be tolerant like him.

Me too, don't complain that you have to travel and give lectures. Don't complain you get headaches or even that people don't understand your health or your writings. So far you have an easy way, always time for retreats. I do look forward to more writing of timed books where I can advance my cause and produce more writings that we can publish.

They may not like it, but we have to give them what we consider the best. Some will benefit all over the world and I want to reach them.

*Haribol.* It will do your heart good.

Śyāmasundara spoke up and said many disciples of Śivārāma Swami and BC Swami read SDG's books because—what did he say?—they give touch of inner life. Something like that.

Keep going

Draw pictures.

Express yourself. Calm yourself and your body. Keep going. Travel to Trinidad and make Radio Shows there.

The Writing Session is bread and butter. It doesn't go anywhere. It's right here. The Radio Show may go further. The WS is the silent time, the pen speaks on but we can hear, slowly only to the intelligible marks come onto the page.

O Lord, O world.

Be influenced to speak what your mater has given us. The half-hour or forty minutes of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* reading is most important. When you are alone at this early time.

Coqui poky and I came here and  
I hear you again,  
if I had time I'd write a free  
book here even though  
Rukmiṇi dāsi is so strung-out  
and won't read such internal stuff and  
wants a child's summary of  
*Bhagavad-gītā*. Maybe, as she says,  
her brain is getting less and  
she needs *śāstra* spoon-fed.  
But my need is to say how I  
feel. So what can I do if  
our needs are different?  
My life is very simple and I  
like Śukadeva too.  
Hear what he said.

He . . . first Nārada said to Vyāsa, You should not have written roundabout books like *Vedānta* and *Mahābhārata* (yet they too have a place). You should write *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. And I? I am writing directly Kṛṣṇa's glories.

Kṛṣṇa's rabbits  
my habits

Kṛṣṇa's truth and fruit juice,  
the eye pain, the Ericksonian technique to stop it—  
and appreciation that Kṛṣṇa consciousness is the only  
really advanced wisdom—there is God, there is spiri-  
tual world, we are meant to go there.

Don't complain, troubles are God-sent.

Prahlāda endured them and the bull of religion did not blame the perpetrator. A saint is like that. The Lord gives us strength to past His tests. If we fail, we can keep on trying. Learn the lessons. Don't give up. Take His mercy. Love Him.

"Life is short, so enjoy it," said Erickson. We say life is short so serve Kṛṣṇa and prepare to remember Him at time of death. I've writing here a half-hour and will end it now.

But write even a little at other times of day.

(Half-hour, 6 1/2 pages, Puerto Rico, February 23, 1995)

## SESSION 3

You get up to right (write) reluctant in feeling but your mind or intelligence tells you it's important to help yourself. Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra is important. A week of sixty-four rounds we are going to take maybe Easter week. To improve your character, your cartoon character, Popeye and Wimpy.

You allow words to come without censoring them, she said. But when it was her turn to write a book, she didn't do it that way. The daily WS I will keep up at least through the Carib.

When we get to Ireland (assuming we will, if it is Lord Kṛṣṇa's desire), then I shall write another timed book with faith in the process. It's for making good reading for devotees. Thanked NK for his proposal. He is watchful to do it right—may produce books at a lower price. He is in a reasonable mood, but desiring to do this thing. I am grateful. After all, it is a voluntary service and it depends on whether he sees me as worthy. We lived in a different relationship, now we are taking it up again. It seems to be good for our hearts that we can act this way and I accept the role or service of being the spiritual master and he doesn't think it's a wasteful sense grat trip to try to sell more of my books. Yes, I said, you can advertise in IWR, "Centennial books by SDG."

It will look I am doing something for the Centennial cause, if only trying to make some money for GNP. We are distributing our special Prabhupāda books, starting with SPL and the others. Step right up, folks. Don't be vulgar about it. No harm to beat the Centennial drum in your own way. I gave permission for him to do that.



Agreed, we want to be careful how we go about advertising to make sales.

Don't be vulgar or too commercialized or on a guru trip. I want to restrain him (NK) yet at the same time encourage him to make sales. Sober ones monitoring the IWR may think I too have gone commercial but "a fellow has to peddle his book."

Mosquitoes land. They fly around, little ones. They may land on you and bite. Sadapūta's arguments for UFOs. And what else? You are just easy-going in this WS.

But it's important, you say. To recall, to allow yourself to write. Get out your travel diary and tell us of the evening flight arriving 11:30 P.M. as if to draw our sympathy. Plan to be in bed as soon as possible and sleep in late the next morning, eat some tropical fruits at Baladeva's house and then drive off for the temple for a late morning welcome address. Say what? Next lecture and next lecture, you ought to be confident you can do it.

Maybe tell them how fortunate we are out of many persons we have taken to Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Prabhu-pāda said this may be done by *ajñata sukṛti* but finally it is Kṛṣṇa's causeless mercy and no one can dictate to Him why He gives one person His mercy in abundance and not another.

(M. said there is a mouse downstairs. I didn't ask him how big it was and hoped it wouldn't climb the stairs.)

Yeah, a welcome address, or call it arrival address. We are fortunate. Out of thousands. So now we have to take advantage of it. At the same time, we have to suffer, even though we are devotees—as we were discussing

Plane ride tests chanting. Go within and chant Hare Kṛṣṇa. Each thing you do moves you closer to your end. You calculate it as post-seventy years. That's just an idea. It could be sooner. "Oh, you've written enough." Maybe this is as far as I could get under these circumstances (considering sinful life in this body, etc.)

Or maybe there's a big burst I still can do. Wait for the waves from the ocean to lift you one way or another.

When someone dies, we take whatever he gave us, we survivors, and we go on living. Or you may grieve a person's departure. Everyone has to take care of himself.

Hare Kṛṣṇa. The thud thud of electric bass in rock music, wherever you go. "Oh, there it is again." From a passing car or on the airplane, airport, next door, through a wall . . . You learn to tolerate it like mosquitoes biting here in tropics.

Winter ends and mosquitoes.

Hot weather of India, or cold . . . no peace for the body.

Now M. will come up here and pack my bag. It will be too late to put this WS onto a tape recorder. One and a half hours before we leave. Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare.

Read *Japa Walks* and agree, yes, *japa* is important. The book will help people in their chanting.

Give me a drink of water. Look at me, I'm a Hare Kṛṣṇa devotee in saffron.

This is written on the run, on yellow paper, red mosquito bite on right wrist. 5 P.M. sunlight from green tree hills Gurabo always a nice place, those white knobby clouds and clear sky, but yapping of dogs, the Cubans, I mean the Puerto Ricans, on welfare, believe in God, New Age entering San Juan, a good place for a res-

taurant. The householders are harassed. Would like to be more full-time devotees but have many responsibilities. That's the way it is.

Finish this up. Turnip, pineapple, pumpkin, be nice and cool and peaceful and gentle with your body and don't be too sensitive in tuning in to others. Keep them out of focus and turn down the volume. American Airlines once a week or less we travel and hear the plane may land on water and use the oxygen mask and usually some delay. You get practiced to it. You expect to land and not be too late on schedule. Dark night and throbbing music to greet tourist at airport to the Bacchanal.

Free drink? Throb, throb, I don't mind pan music in passing. I'm not a snob. I prefer what, Shakespeare and James Joyce? Bach and Bacchanal? That nineteen rum? Black men and white—

Feeble sorts

Hindu

Satsvarūpa once again  
visits land of Trinidad

where he first came on invitation to be zonal guru I guess that was a deal, with Adi-keśava and Tarkṣa. They're gone. I remain. Bhāgavata is dead, "Your toothless dog." I too have to go. They are worried for my health.

Again we go to Baladeva's house to sleep after journey. Again we ask to be treated gently. But Baladeva's son died. So young boy suffered chemical therapy. Didn't work. Grief of father and mother. You are a *sādhu* and tell them it had to happen sooner or later; don't be attached, we all die. Remind us of this, please. When it's my turn to grieve or die, you please remind me.

Mosquito in back remind me. Wind in trees whoosh, reminds me. Remember to live and chant.

Ten minutes to go. I can't even see these mosquitoes but they bite. Last ink in the pens. The Hare Kṛṣṇa movement will succeed I told a brother our main contribution as first generation is to keep practicing until end of life and pass it on with good example to the next generation. We can't make it a world-wide majority religion, unless that's fated. Sure, we have to work for it. But it's beyond our powers. Do what a devotee is supposed to do and leave the results to Kṛṣṇa.

That's what I wrote at beginning of this WS—I am not fully into the typical life of an executive leader in this institution; what they call a preacher is often a preacher-manager, one bound to all the struggles of the institution, its inner politics too and decision making. We call it *kṣatriya* life. So I'm not doing that although I did it for twenty years. Give me twenty-thirty years of this inner work and writing and I am traveling to temples,

not a snob or recluse,  
go Trinidad.

And say yeah, chant Hare

Kṛṣṇa and don't be a racists, try, dear Prabhus, to practice *japa* in your home. I tell them, I tell them in a disciples' meeting.

Sure, they ask the same questions and I give the same answers. Supply new impetus. Be there for them in your own way. Give what you can. (Give blood to mosquitoes.)

Now I'll end and say thank you for listening. Be Prabhupāda conscious, read his books. Be . . . a good boy. Die

The chicken and the pig. The Muslim shows a star and half moon and advertises beef. Hot *roṭi* appeals to all. Carib beer. Has Guinness moved away?

M. saw Irish flag on stewardess but didn't mention it. He thought it might be entangling.

I didn't mention either baseball, sandlots, uncles and aunts, who I was—who you were—I didn't mention my art. Saying that the smoke from the Staten Island ferryboat in white

bellowing brave and white  
that moment  
I loved it.

Didn't, didn't. Book says fear and love are only root emotions according to psychologists. We need to put positive thoughts in place in place of negative thoughts and we will avoid all headaches . . .

Jam packed with info, a book on how to beat headaches.

Jim. Jim. I'm up early, uncle, and already wrote a half-hour. A little longer to say.

I'm willing to do my duty here. Be careful you don't get headaches, yet you have to be up early too. That's part of life. Now I'll go on to read *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* and grateful for this WS. Did I learn or help myself? Well, I did honest practice and saw I have desire to do something a little more than this practice itself. That something is the timed book. Read the one you have with you "Metaphor" and appreciate its . . . honesty and reads along with interest for me its first reader.

That's enough. The rest I may be detached from—whether it will be a best seller. If it's good for me, then it will be good for some others. Make a book and get into

it. Then it will be okay. And your life must be Kṛṣṇa conscious in daily ways if your writing is to be like that. Therefore let's go to reading now.

(35 minutes, 12 pages or small size Trinpad exercise book, Trinidad, February 26, 1995)

## SESSION 6

4:32 P.M

The WS express, Sunday night before the *ārati* and *kirtana*, I'll go there. Sweaty bodies, simple people, Hindu leaning, Carib rough . . . and I will speak again. Five most potent forms of devotional service. It's just a way to give a lecture. Say nothing new for you in what I say but by considering the potency of these five I hope some of you will take them up, appreciate how easily available they are . . .

Associating with devotees . . . It is old stuff. What new life can I inject into it? Well, it's up to you, Prabhu. You needn't try for a sensational lecture but to be true. To speak sincerely, encouraging them to practice. Do I practice? Yes, I do these very things, *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*, Deity, holy name, holy place (tell them get a ticket to India? May not be possible).

The Deity in the home to save from cinema and clubs. Say it one after another, sincerely praise these processes.

Rely on my experience and knowledge—and my care that these people do take it up. I may not care about them so much. But whatever care I do have, please, say it in your talk. Look at them, don't look down on them for reasons of culture, race, education, etc. I'm not better than others. I have big limits in attentiveness to chanting the holy name. So speak that *we* all need to take to these practices. Not that I already am master and they are slobs who probably can't even follow good advice. Assume they do want to improve in these five practices, that they are open to them.

To me.

Tonight and then a *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* class in morning you talk about falldown. How to recover . . .

I am fallen in this material world. My spiritual master lifts me up.

Thus I prepare for talks.

Got a kerosene lamp for early morning *japa*. With physical energy I did rounds okay but then did bring it to the heart.

O Lord You are very kind . . .

Cigarettes. Fools. Mosquito bites. Cyanide. High pressure. Dale Carnegie how to win friends circa 1937. How to win suspenders on pants and JS says . . .

Conch!

Conch! Three times he blows it. The *ārati* begins. I ought to stop this here because I won't have time to record it later. Just go at least a total of fifteen minutes.

Rubber neck. Drawing of the kerosene lamps and face next to it. Hell I want to be saved from. Heaven is for Indra. Speak and decide from your own self. That is . . . you speak what *śāstra* says. The infinite. The person Kṛṣṇa. The aspirant. No more aspirin for me. He got us a room in airport Hilton near airport, got courtesy bus to go there. Hope it's no snow storm, twenty-four hours then return to flight; it sounds okay if civilization and this body lasts long enough.

Where would you retreat to if you had to? Oh, maybe Gītā-nāgari or some place where I could be more alone. I don't know . . . is there such a place? A little house and move from bed to bed an invalid.

Leave me alone.

Two more minutes. Shot a deer. Never. In this life. But have killed mosquitoes. Two are minding their own



business inside the net. I chase them out, not intending to kill. But if they bite, Śrīla Prabhupāda said you can kill in self-defense. You could. Now get ready but your *Gāyatrīs* are smashed. When will you improve bad habits? I ask you.

(15 minutes, Trinidad ISKCON, February 26, 1995)

## SESSION 7

12:07 A.M.

Oh. Bite on back of hands. At 11 P.M., I stayed awake and lightly dozed for an hour. Do you know simply what you have to do today? Huh? Speak, speak. And yet there's no need for the individual meeting. They could write me letters but so far they don't. Probably just as I'm leaving their temple they will hand me letters. It will be too late to answer them?

*Śrī-kṛṣṇa caitanya*. I will read, I will lecture, we will not despair. We will keep traveling or stop. But Time is not in our control. All is under control of Time as clouds are under control of wind. If demigods . . . and Time means not just passage of minutes, but things that are satiated will occur. Providence. Your empire taken away. End of writing career. You see you didn't spend time well.

Someone wrote me, "I am sure to regret at the end of my life that I wasted time."—saw this as a solace, to at least regret it.

You could have spent your time better. You could have taken more retreats or lectured more, cared more.

Last night I took part in singing and dancing, mixing it up with the black-bodied dancers, Ananta Śeṣa and Patita, back and forth, jumping and sweating. I didn't have to meditate or decide to do it, I just found myself doing it. It occurred in light way. I was suddenly no longer standing to the side in my reserved old man way but dancing in the center and voice straining to carry the crowd in a sweet old Hare Kṛṣṇa tune. Patita was singing it nicely but gestured that I should take it over. It was better than any lecture I could give talking

about the holy name. To actually sing and dance with many others. They do it nicely here, enjoy to sing Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra. So it has its effect. And therefore people wouldn't do it, wouldn't come to temple if they didn't feel something.

But still I had to lecture; they expected that. When I paused for even five seconds, they looked at me as if something was about to go wrong. So I spoke—while teenage boys sat together outside at a picnic table, abstaining from the lecture, one with a big “Chicago Bulls” t-shirt, but they were a mild and pious sort of teenage group, Hindu kids of Trinidad.

In mild weather.

Now dogs yapping  
while I write philosophy  
view of life ending  
passage of time and regrets.  
I didn't much regret  
but now look forward  
to exercises of reading  
*Bhāgavatam* and then  
chanting, chanting although  
I cannot do it—  
keep *harināma*  
warming in my heart region.

Can't even pray it? Not so much light here.

Haridāsa wrote, “Malaria outbreak is unheard of.” We would not have brought the subject up but his wife said, “Malaria outbreak.” Racists in Trinidad have good reasons to distrust the others, but what can you say to them?

Forgive, forgive says Dale Carnegie; it is a good policy. He says it will work. He's figured out people are hu-

man so no use criticizing them; it will backfire. His criteria is a kind of truth that works but not the deepest, not centered on God. God may be another factor for him but I don't find Him mentioned, so why bother reading his advice?

For that matter, why read Erickson? Well, it may help; it may help, the therapist who knows so well.

What's the sense in phoning him up and getting some bluff, eh?

Noises, almost twenty-five after. You go twenty off at this rate, mate.

Doctrine of Pasagoula . . . Do you think you control? Did you make a funny poem?

Room in the alley. Dead cat. Words that don't reflect a reality. Abstract art doesn't use form. Formless—Māyāvādi? I paint or draw what I see and add something, make a little composition that fills up the page. Send it to Guru-sevā to love and file away. Maybe we can use it later. They belong to Gītā-nāgarī Press. Some can be used in a book of 26 Second Avenue drawings. Bala will collect for it. Do it nicely or don't bother at all. What's the idea?

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, send us mail, a big stack to answer. Your retreat time stolen with it. Assignments you will still have time each day to write what comes.

It won't be . . .

M. suggested if you've got a burning issue then write it in directed fashion—a book on a theme. If not, just go ahead writing in blessed time you have (on retreat).

In other words, don't demand you have to be completely free of all other thoughts and focused on one before you write your book. My book doesn't demand con-

centration in that way. Just writing the life with respect for it and interest and belief that it is good and can be read. She will find some good in it especially if you enter it.

What does that mean? Enter it. Be there. You don't need "a crucial issue" or one-pointed attention on something exciting happening. But be true to your experience. The cold weather. What you feel, and what you are reading, your attempts to keep pure consciousness and be honest and good and Kṛṣṇa conscious. That is your story in chapters, divided segments of morning and afternoon each day.

We'll see what to do when we get there when Kṛṣṇa directs or allows. So be it.

Drive hard. I advised and advocated it to the Sunday audience, got insistent about it: "We should make Kṛṣṇa our friend! Then others will become our friend. He is God, the most important person in our life. Do you understand?"

They looked back at me.

And now the mosquitoes are buzzing. Almost all outside the net.

I'm telling you this, you dear folks I write to.

To Guyana. Airplanes. Once a week you travel by them. Hear directions what to do if there is a crash. The plane was distorted but no one injured. Wrong fuel in the tank. The attendant was very sorry. Another anecdote by Dale Carnegie to prove his points. No one blames themselves, etc. Keep away from it or it will rebound in your head when you could be instead thinking of Kṛṣṇa in Dvārakā or Vṛndāvana.

Gave a good answer when he asks, "What austerity did Tulasi-devi perform?" I said I don't know that but I know what austerity *you* should perform.

Five potent methods: 1) Associate with devotee; 2) chant Hare Kṛṣṇa; 3) worship the Deity with veneration; 4) live in Mathurā; 5) read *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. Read the books. Yeah, it was okay. Don't be a professional meditator. Now this little exercise ought to end, a frog was on the water faucet. A big one on the path outdoors. Walked to the temple. That's all I can do. And walk back. We're all subject to time.

(30 minutes, 11 pages in Trinpad, Longdenville ISKCON. Trinidad, February 27, 1995)

## SESSION 8

4:16 P.M.

Write. You could even begin writing an introduction to the timed book telling what I'm thinking of writing when I get to Wicklow. But then when I actually get there it may be different. Less than two weeks and we should be there.

*Haribol.* This is the WS which is supposed to be the basis of all writing. Don't forget it. Little increments, ideas, making you steady. In Radio Show (a complimentary way of expression) I found some firm ground (*terra firma*) on which to stand for tonight's disciples' meeting. It is admittance that I'm a fool as they are so I should not be condescending toward them.

But I have a right to preach to them and reprimand them for not following the basic vows. You are nonsense, tell them, don't be lazy and laugh.

In other words, I shouldn't criticize them in a racial way as Hindu and black Trinidadians. That's not the way. But as errant disciples. They have no good excuses, tell them. That conviction came in the Radio Show. The early morning WS gave me the idea to gather quotes on Time as the biggest container into which all acts go. Part one, Time and part two, death? WS produces. This is the pen exercise school. You drink water. You live. Time passes and shrinks your duration until nothing is left, finally you have to die. You try to . . . think of Kṛṣṇa at the end.

This is the way of the WS, the bread and butter, basic practice. From this you can go on over to the timed book when you get more time. Time.

Kṛṣṇa is Time. He's the cowherd boy. *Kalausmi*, Time I am the Lord said and He's nipped off your boyhood and youth. He gave you thirty years so far in *bhakti* and still you don't chant purely. Soon . . . soon what?

Metaphors and prefixes. It's all useless unless you praise Kṛṣṇa. You can hear Kṛṣṇa book in the evening and recite some of it when you go to write.

O Lord  
don't let them drop it,  
the bomb  
he's singing A bomb blues.

He—well, I will put him aside, Mingus and others, and go to Kṛṣṇa consciousness in simplicity. Up from Guyana, I'm going on a retreat. Write an intro, you said. A warm-up. Yeah, I could go for that. *The story thus far*

Our intermittent author detective has killed off two books at end of '94 and since then . . . which brings us to the present.

Time I am in the current idea.

This is the way the world ends  
he said

but in Kṛṣṇa consciousness we say it ends with fire from Saṅkarṣaṇa. You can't have it your way. Serve Kṛṣṇa. Prabhupāda is giving you a great opportunity as artist to use cultural weapons in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. There is no other way. From a moral (Kṛṣṇa conscious *sādhana* strong) life (preaching too) you are on *terra firma* to write your books. Art flows from devotional service. Okay, I believe it. I will write as I live and die.



This is just a little shorty because I have to dictate it and get out there to meet disciples in Trinidad tonight. Say hi folks and chastise them lovingly. Before the mosquitoes come out. Love them, joke with them, be with them. Another one of these in a few days. Two more minutes. Under the net later I hope to pray *hari-nāma*. It's bliss. Sure is. I like it. It doesn't go into a book but it is in the bank account of Kṛṣṇa consciousness most important. Yas man, yas. It is dat. Dat good. Dat feel good. I am free of all trash? Not yet or else I could see the Lord as Nārada did. And He spoke to him. Get ready, get ready and serve in various ways.

(15 minutes, Trinidad ISKCON, Longdenville, February 27, 1995)

## SESSION 9

12:05 A.M.

You rise, dreams were on a panoramic scale. Art produced huge, hanging from the fire escapes in slums. Now displayed in library-museums so big, many floors of a building you got lost looking. Often you dream of wandering and being lost in big places. Southwest USA. Śrī Galim in front seat of the car. What was I doing here and why don't I pray to Kṛṣṇa to help me focus on His Lordship in these last days of my life? *Solo deus vasta*. Be determined.

Be bind

Gold words . . .

We have a *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* verse where Sati defends Lord Śiva against the blasphemers. We also should not tolerate blasphemy. Repeat as best I can what I remember from his books. That is the way you lecture.

Devotees in Trinidad listen attentively (Guyana too) but don't respond much. Thankless task to try to direct them. Śesa said he would like to do it by letting them do what they wanted to do by mediating quarrels, etc. He has his style and may be allowed to do it.

As for myself, I can only say . . . sorry I had a headache and couldn't make that home program at Arcanā-siddhi's where a hundred people showed up. They forgave me. They should have informed their guests I wasn't coming.

Now I'm roaming. In the Southwest of USA? No, from temple to the south temple on island of Trinidad.

Will leave here after the carnival is over. Go to airport. You'll not notice much difference between now and non-carnival time.

But I'm getting ready for the writing retreat in March. Want to pursue a timed book. A theme of Time may be employed with quotes.

Some people look back over time and are sour about it. But at the time—I saw them smiling in old pictures of “Sadhū-bhūṣanam”—they had a different experience. Don't claim you were cheated or cheating. You did the best you could then and it had its good features, those days of surrender to ISKCON institution and oneself as the titular head to rally around. Yes, it was given up but served its purposes also.

New devotees live on their own and somehow the temples survive without businesses in which devotees sell nondevotional paraphernalia. I'm not a part of that struggle but a *sannyāsi* visitor to the temple.

Kṛṣṇa is Time. He kills all come finally. Before Time kills, it allows us to play out our destined and chosen roles. But that also is under the rule of the modes of nature. Comment on it.

Do you need a visa for Guyana?

My passport cover gets worn out but you can still read it. Supposed to last five more years until the new millennium.

If you had to stay in one country, you could still wander from place to place and stop in between but it would not be as easy to remain undetected while on a retreat. Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya.

Where is Sats wandering at the moment? It doesn't exactly matter. He's out there somewhere, maybe Ireland or Belgium . . . hands in pocket or on beads or

clutching pen or eating with right hand for a little longer and sending nonhoax communi-ks by "Among Friends." Please accept it.

You don't have to accept his writing or esoteric ways like his own self-searching way. I wanted to tell him the inner way should have activities. This means to me to read carefully at prime time and to chant without mind being occupied with controversies. Be peaceful to do more prime activities and give good time for it. "That is inner life. Plus for myself I write. You could try that too. Inner life means activities of an inner sort, offered as service to Kṛṣṇa

The Supreme Lord is not a straight-jacket. He allows you to wander all over Texas or bigger plots and skies. But know you are always driven along under the modes. Cow at end of rope allowed a certain tether and then pulled up short.

Okay, your time is up. Prabhupāda explains this in his lectures. He always tells us in books like *Caitanya-caritāmṛta* of the final goal, service in separation from the Lord, the way the *gopis* served is topmost.

Solve this dilemma please, GBC, about going to see Nārāyaṇa Mahārāja, but please treat the devotees respectfully. They will all obey whatever you order.

I don't know. I got out of it. Embarrassing evidence of my letters to Śacinandana Swami. Everyone so issue-oriented. I was spared. I said to be free of issues as much as possible. Doesn't that mean you'll be like Switzerland avoid the war at all costs and people will make fun of you? Maybe not. I have to fight sometimes.

Let it all be grist for the mill of writing. If I get too much issue-oriented, then I may be able to turn to some fiction. My art should engage it.

You mean you call this art, this WS, slovenly and non-involved?

Yes. Be aware *your time is limited and use it to serve Kṛṣṇa as much as possible*. That's the theme of life and the next book can do it, discuss it overtly.

Now friends the time  
is a mountain  
a gap.

We depend on Guyana Airlines  
not the most dependable  
carrier. Therefore we depend  
on *kṛṣṇa-nāma* as we utter  
them fingering our red beads.  
Please Lord, when I go  
where You order, where  
You take me, let it be for  
more service to Your lordship.  
I pray to be flexible and take  
up humble service to devotees  
wherever You place me.

Dreamt I was giving Brahmānanda friendly advice to associate more at 26 Second Avenue where he knows so much memories of Swamiji and he can share it. Kind advice from me. Can you be so generous in waking life? Important not to indulge in fault-finding of any devotees. Don't speak against them. Kṛṣṇa will give them justice. All will be carried out protected by Him. Truth will prevail. So I don't have to meddle. Do my own duty. If you want to criticize, direct it against the nondevotees, and even then you should not hate them. See them as ignorant rascals and try to peacefully give Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Hate the sin not the sinner.

Prabhupāda our leader. Now it's time to go read his books for thirty-five minutes or longer. And then we chant. Body will break down but not yet so go on chanting the glories of the Lord.

My disciples have been holding meetings here and I'm glad for that. It's a progressive sign. They did it on their own. *Prasādam* and reading from my books, accept each other, don't judge, don't put down the others. When he's in trouble, see it as his problem and know Kṛṣṇa will help him but he has got work it out. I sympathize that he has a problem and needs help. If I can't directly give that help, at least I don't line up against him.

Thirty-five minutes here, go five more at least to bottom of page. Dear Supreme Lord, You are real to me and revealed in pages of scriptures and in my heart. I have to force myself to speak a little beyond my realization as lecturer. It's a staged performance as *sannyāsi-sādhū*. I'm no Śukadeva or Vyāsa, but I have to speak firmly Your words. I let them know that I fall short. But mostly I drive home points I heard my master speak. Please spare me from vanity of being the Guru on raised seat who thinks he's better than all others, the worshipped one just because he is decent in behavior. That doesn't make him *mahā-bhāgavata*. Don't take the honors. You did that. Getting reaction? Stay low now. Write as you can. You desire to be allowed to do it and offer it. Please give me enthusiasm. And I can direct it to the direct praises of Lord Hari. That's the best use of the bargain.

(35 minutes, Longdenville temple, Trinidad, February 28, 1995)

## SESSION 10

5:36 P.M.

I'm writing this instead of talking the Radio Show. The quiet pen. WS instead of the Travel Diary. All similar.

Hope we don't get attacked and robbed in this flimsy house, isolated at end of road. We could fight back but not against a machete or gun. Turn over your money. Then how will you get to Guyana?

We depend on the Lord. Devastation.

Quarrels among the Hare Kṛṣṇa people in Trinidad, more than in other countries it seems. The age of quarrel.

This house. Had start of headache but it went away. The skinny dogs barking at each other. Today is Carnival high point but in this rural area it doesn't reach. No big truck filled with loudspeakers and pan music and crowd behind it drunk and carousing, dancing, sexing it up.

In this house I found a muscle-building magazine. Disgusting, grotesque color pictures of men with bulging veins and deformed rocky biceps, heads on top, smiling and grimacing, totally grotesque. The magazine also had women body-building but I avoided it, although I know it's in the closet. Try to avoid even thinking of it.

There is not much light in here. Two naked bulbs. Take rest early with earplugs and then up at midnight. Before of poor lighting. It could cause a strain which might build toward a headache. So write a half-hour and then maybe get right into the *japa* and do all sixteen before *maṅgala-ārati*.

Chickens, ants, lizards, mosquitoes, creaking boards of house, voices of neighbors, Hindu-Caribs and their radios, sound drifts and breezes is okay if you don't mind not knowing what else may crawl up your leg and bite you in the night or some drunk with a machete . . .

It's all right. Roof-roof dogs in the fields challenge the dogs on the roads. Roof-roof.

Weight lifting. My mind turns over all stuff and compost.

Guyana . . . count the days. Be enthused to lecture and to be here. Don't (coconuts) don't push ahead to Wicklow and your writing assignment but do what you're assigned to do. Keep writing. Read *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*.

The boy drags a cart with old plastic containers on it. Cart has simple wheels, like those on roller skates, and it makes a noise. Maybe he's carting water for his family. Beat of drum or base. Voice radio. Bark. Creek boards, last sunlight and breezes lift the cheap white gauze curtains with yellow flower patterns. A door blows shut.

I'm writing. I let a man talk, wrote a letter. Not much to say, "Dear Prabhus, bow to each other. Honor each other or know you are possessed of false-ego." I said I can't get involved to manage. He said unless you live here you cannot see the subtle truths and he means you can't see who's real a devotee (himself) and who are pretenders (those who live outside and don't cooperate with him).

Good plans for the Centennial. And what is mine? Someone wrote to me, take care of your health so that you can do extra in the all-important 1996 year. Boy, he doesn't know my mood. Do extra? Why not now? Or just



do what I can without extras. I get headaches, I'm weak. But not so bad right now. You can stop this whenever you like; we are down to fifteen minute WS.

Turkey gobble. They give many preps for lunch but some I can't eat, chew, most are cold, *capātis* un-eatable by me. So . . . you got to go on your own without expecting others to approve you. Don't say that, a Godbrother wrote me, or your disciples will quote it out of context and act independently, irresponsibly.

I didn't mean that. I want to sleep a few hours and then get up and chant and write and read if I can, if light isn't too weak.

Dear Lord, I'll draw pictures too and make a record of my visit. Maybe next year not come here. Skip a year. No one will notice. It will be 1996. I'll disappear in a mountain to observe the Centennial. I'll come back and they'll remember me. They'll do whatever they want to do regardless of me and my lectures. Jokes uttered and forgotten. Books last longer. So write them and therefore I think of it and write an intro. until eleven days from now when we can begin it.

(20 minutes, February 28, 1995 afternoon, in a house near South temple Trinidad)

## SESSION 11

12:20 A.M.

M. said last night, Don't be attached or adverse to this house because this is our last night. Then he said there is a mouse here and last night he ate some biscuits that M. had stored in his backpack. I became alert and afraid the mouse would appear before me and maybe even climb into my bed and bite me. Thought of it but slept anyway and dreamt twice of Śrīla Prabhupāda. Glad for that. Yes, that phobia of mouse has to be handled by the rational mind which says they are not dangerous. I think the fear comes from my early childhood impressions because I witnessed my mother's being terrified of mice. Impressions go deep within one. I could release it and see them and their panic and not my panic. Their tails and feet and faces, etc. are not causes of terror or panic for me, a mature human being. In fact, I need not have terror for anything because Kṛṣṇa is my protector and I'm not this body (terror filled life) but I am spirit soul.

Write as grown-up. Or as child. You give yourself freedom when you write. Use it for service for Kṛṣṇa out of your free will. I want to serve Him, to chant His holy names. All glories to Kṛṣṇa and Rādhā and Prabhupāda.

That's the way it is.

Was reluctant to rise this early for writing. But now I'm glad I did. You may read *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* after this, even though the light isn't excellent in this room. At least twenty minutes of reading won't hurt.

He warned me.

Now don't dwell on it. And go on to other things. You need to rest so you won't get a headache? You need to rest in fear of that? At least you can perform in the classes for the gathered devotees. We sang together last night, and in between *bhajan*s spoke on why devotees don't feel welcome at the temples, why they quarrel. Long standing problems. Some ray of hope perhaps. At least they will persist in their vows and I hope in the attempt to work together.

(Don't listen so closely to noises in the house. The mice are more shy and fearful than you are.)

It's a bit warm.

What was I going to say? That you need not fear a headache so much. You sang together last night. So last letters to answer. The British girl now speaks with Trinidadian accent.

The Carnival is almost over. Lent begins. We are not Christians but Kṛṣṇa-ians; it is almost the same. Not a competition.

O Lord Christ, O Jesus, they pray, and we pray Hare Kṛṣṇa, Hare Kṛṣṇa. The Lord of the universe has many forms. His original form is Kṛṣṇa and Prabhupāda taught this. It is clear indeed.

"Many wild accusations" in Vijitatma's letter. Now GBC is deciding on the NM issue. Let them settle it and settle the Centennial. Don't ask me for money or committee participation. I thanked my headache syndrome yesterday as I recalled that due to headaches I was able to resign from GBC. Now I'd never go back to that. They can't force me. Neither can they force me to be on a committee. I have my own life. Leave me alone.

I'll participate in the way I wish. Not under their control.

The world is dangerous at every step. The body is threatened. You could die by accident at any moment. Keeping this in mind, rise to higher thoughts. *Feel Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, save me, Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa protect me.* Let me serve You in this world and the next life wherever I may go. I'm a fearful creature, no matter what material body I get. Mating and fearing and sleeping and eating. The animals drives. Vedic science teaches us more. *Veda. Veda.*

Floorboards. Drawings in crayons. Clock. Time. The free-write. The holy name last time in this house. "They" could get me. The mosquitoes can't get under the net, but others . . .

Car accident, plane accident, bug bite could cause you malaria . . . so many things could happen.

O Govinda. We work so hard in this world but we may slip off the lotus like a drop of water. *Bhajahu re mana śrī-nanda-nandana*

Keep writing a little longer since you are here. Back hurts. You get older and more aches. Be more stiletto and tolerate but neither can you do as much. Complaints. Dogs bark in Trinidad neighborhood last house on the block. No fear, the Lord is here and even if the worst happens, you die, and that has to happen sooner or later. So turn to Kṛṣṇa, *bhaja govinda, bhaja govinda mudhamate.*

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, cry out. In dreams you did one thing but you can improve on that in waking state. You are the disciple of your spiritual master and can go with

him on a walk and hear his lecture and gain his approval.

Use this human form of life.

What is that song? I can't make it out. I am writing without being able to understand a noise I hear of so many things that are happening. Can't wait for perfect conditions. I am determined to practice writing. I will also read the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* and make outlines for lectures. I'll have to think of topics for the lectures although they are reviews of sections from chapters. Some little more focus to apply and appreciate the Kṛṣṇa conscious subject.

Nārada reaches Vyāsa. And the result is Vyāsa writes *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*.

Don't be averse, M. says. It's our last morning here. Okay, I'll try not to go into panic over the sounds I hear, the mouse in the room or the annoying bark of the dogs outside. Negative thoughts can set off headaches. Don't fall a prey to it. I wish I had more quality time.

Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa.

Use what you have as service to the Lord by serving His devotees. They gather to hear you so encourage them.

Now enough of this, go and read.

(30 minutes, March 2, 1995, Trinidad South temple)

## SESSION 12

12:22 A.M.

The danger the bandits may come as they did to our temple in Utlgut.

You want to write something worthy and nice even now. This requires reading in your spiritual master's books. First Canto, *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* chapters 4–7 form a section. But I will cancel my participation in VIHE. This leaves me freer for, I hope, an even deeper study. You say you'd like to study "without motivation." You mean to go deep into his books. For *darsana*. You could make your compilation notes for *Caitanya-caritāmṛta*. That gives you a motive? You underline as you read. No harm in that. The Cc is very important. For me it's important to gain and keep deep faith in my spiritual master's writings. The way to do it is to read. It also enriches my own writing. Write what comes but when you are regularly reading and hearing then it will be better. Hare Kṛṣṇa chant.

Shaky crazy travels. Culture shock. I see myself as timid and very white among the blacks and near-black Hindus of Guyana. I feel, on the other hand, at ease in *dhoti*. But that ferry terminal, people roaming around . . . maybe they weren't so bad . . . but the bandits. It's like that everywhere. New York City more dangerous than Guyana. Everywhere danger at every step but one who takes shelter at the lotus feet of Murāri—for him the danger is shrunk up. That doesn't mean the devotee will not be robbed or his body not killed. The soul is in the body. Can you preach to these ignorant people?

Arriving here I glanced at a newsletter on congregational preaching in ISKCON. Mail fundraising, whipping up a congregation, how you need their support in a time of trouble, how to sift through the contacts and find interested people . . . I find I am not involved in this and not interested. I come to the temple and lecture, keep my brain cool. I'm not interested in their trouble and maintenance. Oh, I care. But my poor body cannot do much. I'm supported by ISKCON funds. I know the congregation in my own way, not by mail or computer or by extensive mixing. I write books for them. I see them when they attend lectures.

I'm a *sannyāsi* of a simple kind who comes to give a lecture. May this body of flesh-bones hold together (a little longer).

Each day we have to drive twenty-five minutes to reach the temple. Then twenty-five minutes return. Do it once a day. I am staying Haridāsa's house here in Guyana. It is an elegant house by Guyanese standards with screens on the windows as an unusual luxury. M. is concerned about our confirming our tickets on Guyana Airlines. I will watch from a distance. That anxiety about getting out of a country like this. You go to the airport and if anything goes wrong, where can you stay? How to get out?

As we flew over the wide, brown river coming down onto Georgetown, over the forest, jungle, I thought if you had to stay here, at least it would be very isolated from the rest of the world of ISKCON. You could read and write. Haridāsa said sometimes I could go up the river Correntyne 100 miles where there is a health resort, I mean remote area. I could rest and write. Interesting proposal, but not this visit. When I write, with dictaphone, I need a typist.

Someone who can understand.

"Did you get my books here?"

He replied, "We one copy of *Daily News* and something *In Gratitude*."

Yes, something in gratitude. It's writing. Writing. I surmised they hadn't read the book.

He asked, "What title are you working on now?" I should have replied, "Have you read the titles you already have? The future titles are my private business. The titles I've already published are your busy—to read." But of course I didn't say that.

You hope you'll survive. You expect. Expect to have time and it will "later," and you can go to Vṛndāvana to die. You'll stay out of controversies. When can I go there?

You need to enrich and intensify your Kṛṣṇa consciousness and for you that means to read your Prabhu-pāda's books. And yes, to write.

Cāṇakya's *Slokas* book to be produced. *Churning The Milk Ocean. Radio Shows.*

Who wants or needs such books? I still remember she said, "We are not intelligent enough to read these books where you just write what comes out of your mind." People will say that. But some will appreciate. Do the best, publish the best and that doesn't mean you have "dumb down" what you actually do.

The advanced form,  
front line  
of Satsvarūpa, it's been  
awhile since I felt  
free to divide lines.  
My bones are divided  
or shaken too much,



my head afraid of aches and  
I fear too many  
faces. Faces at the  
ferry terminal of non-  
devotees and even the  
forms and faces of the welcoming  
committee here at  
Haridāsa's house.

I didn't have the strength physically or mentally too sit on a cushion and give "an arrival address." My dear friends, I have traveled here, you are all very nice, it is a fearful world, I'm afraid of the black race of your country and their machetes, I'm suffering culture shock, I'd prefer to test out the bed in the guest room and the water, the blessed water I'd shower in. I don't need to eat more today but would like to be alone.

That address I didn't speak. Soon you can go read for about thirty minutes. It will be okay.

Count your blessings. Mosquitoes can enter. Just saw one. Help, Mr. Erickson, you are going with me with your voice, to not get headaches. So I can perform the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* class. I'm willing and eager. Give me a nice pillow in the back seat of the car. Drive me to New Pāṇihāṭī, no alligators, no exaggeration, no GBC meeting, no committee. I will refuse to participate at my own risk. To do so I need to be encouraged by those who love me and support my way of life.

You are too sensitive to people's opinions. If someone makes a wise-crack like the taxi *wallas* at the airport, are you going to let that hurt you? Lord Śiva told Sati cut so bad that we want to commit suicide. Does that mean in ISKCON? Well don't let it happen.

You admire Jayapataka Swami from a distance.  
Don't let them bend you to their ways. Stay as clear as  
possible from them.

Now you can stop. Breeze up. Go read. Then chant.  
Keep well.

A horse or jack-as is naying and I hear him gallop by.  
Dogs a plenty.

(30 minutes, Haridāsa's house in Berbice, Guyana)

## SESSION 13

12:07 A.M

“The Kṛṣṇa worshipper says the names of God an average of four times a day.” Read a statement in a newspaper—in my dream. Of course we say Kṛṣṇa many more times than that. But it was favorable news coverage.

I told disciples last night my main interest is not Padayātrā or Centennial *but you*.

Now there are many-fold uses to a WS. One might be able to help reveal to me what I want and ought to write in the upcoming retreat.

Typewriter available here today. I could pray with it Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa—say His glories again and again in a way that purifies me and is a cultural weapon, readable book in a modern idiom.

Disciple last night asked me, What is the “free-style” writing? I said that’s my business; it’s a way I write. I’m enthusiastic to write. I told him if he were interested, I could tell more. I didn’t say anything to that mixed and simple group.

Ah, free-write is when you just let go and say what comes into the mind and you keep going. When you expand that, not in just a sentence or in a one-hour session but twenty-day book. Then you have a timed free-write book.

Why is this a good way to go? Because it releases so much joy. I know joy could be illusion—like joy of liquor, sex orgasm, etc. Breaking the rules is nectar at first and soon becomes poison. I’m willing to explain it and defend it, purify it. But I don’t see the need to reject it.

So the free-write book in Ireland and then another in Italy. They tend to be about the place you are in—the ingredients of each chapter. I like them.

But Nārada told Vyāsa, Your work should be as Kṛṣṇa conscious as possible. That's the value of thinking in advance. If I can come up with a natural way to assure that direct Kṛṣṇa consciousness is in each chapter. In "Metaphor" I heard Kṛṣṇa book tapes and recounted them.

I could do something like that? But it ought to be more "natural" than reporting what I just read in C.c. More like a *search* for my relationship with Lord Kṛṣṇa.

Ask for that.

Talk to Him or of Him.

How to make the ingredients of the chapter natural, spontaneous occurring and yet full of Kṛṣṇa conscious?

My organic writing.

Oh, you can be confident that your next book will have plenty of Kṛṣṇa in it, although I can't exactly tell you how it will happen. You need to be honest about your consciousness.

Search for Him in a lonely place. That's what you are doing. You work for Him yourself. Then you turn to the *śāstra*. But you don't always find Him.

*Śrī-kṛṣṇa-caitanya prabhu nityānanda.*

The GN Press books should be beautiful. Let them come out profusely and beautifully.

Distribute them widely.

All glories to the Lord of the universe.

I'm glad, glad NK is coming forward to help. He helped Dallas temple, now he's helping me with my books.

Be assured that the timed book will come out all right. Be assured. Well it's a search, an attempt to save yourself by writing. That's what it is.

The WS has many purposes. It can give you ideas of the biggest container.

Where is the hourglass?

How many ways to kill time or to "tell" time? Watch it pass?

Mahārāja Parikṣit had seven days and with a cool brain he heard *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. Tell them, dear people, you ought to read *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. It is very beneficial.

Don't be fruitive, TKG used to say (meaning don't demand a lecture or seminar has to be published as a book). I call it preaching-effective.

Dreamt I was out of work. Lived with parents. Economic security is an anxiety for most people. When you write, it ought not to be an ivory tower of just your own precious search for God. Help people. Can I help by a sincere search? If I find Him in my life, that is a victory I can share?

Tell me,  
hey I found God  
I'm a born-again Kṛṣṇian,  
rejoice with me.  
God new and my *japa*  
revived. I am reading  
Śrīla Prabhupāda with  
joy. Yeah, find yourself  
happy and it's the best  
preaching. Put it on  
COM? Well, maybe not.  
They'd just tear it down

and say, "To Satsvarūpa—  
you say you found Kṛṣṇa consciousness on  
your own, well come over here  
and help us in Zurich and we  
want to know how that new  
enthusiasm of yours can be used  
to distribute books of Śrīla Prabhupāda,  
raise money for temples,  
achieve aims for Centennial.  
If you are really happy you  
ought be able to endure and  
help poor people—even  
Mother Therese uses her  
joy in Christ that way.  
Come on, join the field  
work—with the GBC."

Got a few more mosquito bites on leg. Keep writing.  
Malaria may come. Or liver trouble. Who knows? You  
can't last forever.

More of the same while you can in your timed book.  
This is the timed session to go a hour-half in Guyana  
but try where I plan to give *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* lecture  
and later in day give out *gāyatrī*s in an initiation cere-  
mony. Will they be ready?

One man here doesn't read or write but is a good  
*dharma-patni*. His wife reads to him. He could become  
your disciple. In Guyana it's hard to resist playing the  
role of worshipable guru to your group. They live in dif-  
ferent places of the country and it's not easy for them  
to come together. I joked that one day I might journey  
up the Corrintyne River and not come back, just go  
there and write and write.

Then I said . . .

and one said we realize one day we won't be here—I mean *you won't* be here and we will. So I think we ought to write you more personal and inward letters while we can (and not have to regret later we didn't do it).

Yes, go ahead,  
but while I'm here my answers  
may be a bit rushed off.

Because, you see, I'm trying to  
get free to writing my book  
which actually are long and  
personal and inward letters  
to each of you.

As Kṛṣṇa conscious as I could get  
by March 1995 was  
honestly contained in  
the book I wrote then.

*tamas somad jyotir gama*  
come out of the dark,  
go into the light of  
service to divine Lord and  
Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī  
as in his  
book *NOD* and others.

Yeah, you could read *NOD*, yeah, yeah, the *NOD* is a great idea and now you have used up your time. A little at a time. This time to turn to reading.

(Approximately 35 minutes, Haridāsa's house, Seawell Village, Guyana, March 5, 1995)

## SESSION 14

*Nine minutes to 10 A.M.*

This is the last Writing Session in the Caribbean series of 1995 unless somehow we get caught here and can't get out. One thinks that way especially about Guyana that maybe something will happen and you can't get out. It's better you don't worry about that. The Writing Sessions are meant to help you, not to hinder your research into the Absolute Truth. But how much can words at random help? When you hear a shout in the street, are you afraid? Well, alarmed, at least. You wonder, Are they coming to rob us with a gun as they did at our temple?

But Kṛṣṇa will protect us. That may mean He will protect you from being killed or He will protect you by allowing you to get robbed so your attachments will be taken away. Or protect you by enabling you to remember Him at the time of death.

Writing in pen, electricity just went off, typewriter stopped. What if that happens in the morning at the airport? Such a backward country. Do you therefore appreciate the material high standards of North America? Is that better for Kṛṣṇa consciousness? Not necessarily so. The hand can write sentences.

Kṛṣṇa, I prayed even as I spoke to a devotee inquiring in *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* class—Kṛṣṇa, please let me read prayerfully in early morning without motivation. Read that way more and more. When electricity goes out . . .

No more letter answering in Guyana. Put it on tape and they can get it much later. Now assume the distant relationship.



M. writes to me that I can't travel and meet with people. And I have to stop travel—and what?

Laughing and clapping hands.

He said on this tour you have deflected people's request to meet with you. But it's not always possible. They don't see blood or a missing leg and don't understand the nature of headaches provoked by meeting with them. So better to not meet with them at all.

Maybe what? No more travel? Prefer to think I can continue to travel to select places where they do understand my situations. But that means we may have to eliminate some places.

Give us van time,  
give us hot Ralston and no more newspapers. Gimme that Hare Kṛṣṇa food.

Now electricity is back on again and I am back at the typewriter. The way of gold, the professor, the genitals dangling on the bull. You found a way to end the sentence, swirling violently at objects in the road which was an obscene reference. You found a way to keep the bell ringing, and the bell keeps ringing on this machine. Listen, there is no way out. Listen, the bells are ringing, the bells of Colbert, the miracle of the bells, the jangle of the prose, the fouling around . . .

I wanted you to be a serious faced man like one attending Catholic Mass. He said we can watch the film Jesus of Nazareth but they will know that you're not into Christianity, just that you sometimes want to hear the life of Christ. Fact is we should do whatever enriches our spiritual life.

Maybe I'm not thinking of it. Just thinking that I must behave in ISKCON and not be any kind of controversial person. Get by, get by, don't make waves, don't

rock the boat, don't upset the apple cart. I want them to say, "Satsvarūpa is okay, he is okay, he is a Prabhupāda man even though we don't see him at the GBC meetings. I heard he gets headaches." And then you say forget it, I will keep in one place to get less headaches. I thought I did all right on my US and Caribbean tour, but he is saying maybe I didn't. Maybe I should do differently. Not to travel if you want to keep this way of life where you don't meet people. Unless I have a secretary who can keep the people away, keep them outside the room. If the door were to breakdown and they entered, then I would have to leave that place and go somewhere where people leave me alone for a retreat. I don't explain it to people—that I can only do one hour of meeting in addition to morning programs and even that is something I can only do some times.

The music of chorus, the chanting of extra rounds. It is a fact you could think in a different mind-set. Am I getting complacent? But lately I don't think of being a hermit. I want to make a contribution to ISKCON in my own way. It seems I can do it this way, travel from place to place where they understand me.

This session has been going twenty minutes and you can go ten more. Perhaps I don't think much. I just go along. I write what I can, I say more of the same is okay. I don't want to agitate myself into some radical change of life. It is okay going along this way. Put on some socks so mosquitoes don't bite you and that sort of thing but go on as you are. Let the sunshine in

face it with a grin

open up your heart and

let the sunshine in.

Oh, let the sunshine in . . .

Rubber tire, tubes, condoms, the society of sirens and even in Guyana of Cutlass and rum and Avinoff vodka. Rrrr-rrr the siren is apprehending the criminals who are running away with the lute. They may not have car-to-car radio to catch the thieves in this country and bribes no doubt. You are afraid, will I get out of the country? Will I live to get into the next country? That sort of thing.

This afternoon a four-hour drive, wait for the ferry, and then keep going to go there, to a house some ten minutes from the airport where we will wait for the plane on the next day. You are a little man with white flesh like white meat for the bugs and it could be opened easily with a cut. How much longer can any of us live? Yet what can we do to radically improve? M. said I am making an important contribution in terms of integrity and putting first the priorities of reading and chanting and really looking with sincere desire to follow Prabhupāda after thirty years of institutionalism. To keep alive the original spirit with which I joined him, to practice spiritual life.

So you have to fight to keep it alive. Don't live just for a nitch on the outskirts of the movement. But what else? I don't want to get into it with the managers and neither do I want to break away and take it easy. I want however to build up to spending three hours a day reading his books. He said that was good and I should do it. I have to do it or else how can I preach? Now five more minutes here on this page. The session is ending. The music is heaven, the bell is ringing, one last lunch and you move on quickly, distant from the devotees, chat with them but I have had enough and don't want to be involved with them. My mind is going to the writing

retreat mode. I have had enough devotee commerce for awhile.

(27 minutes, Haridāsa's house, Seawell Village Guyana, March 7, 1995)







