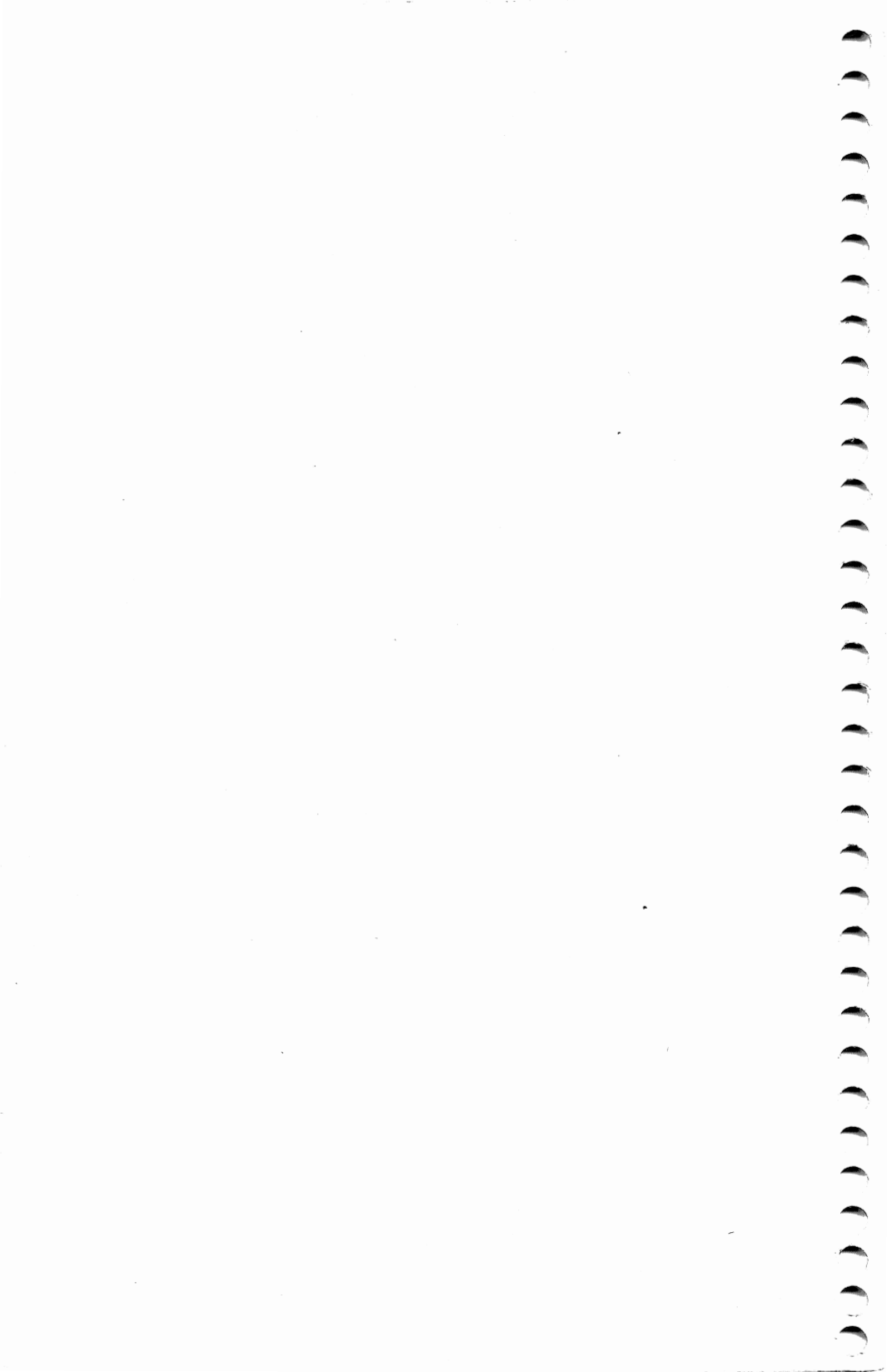


# WRITING SESSIONS

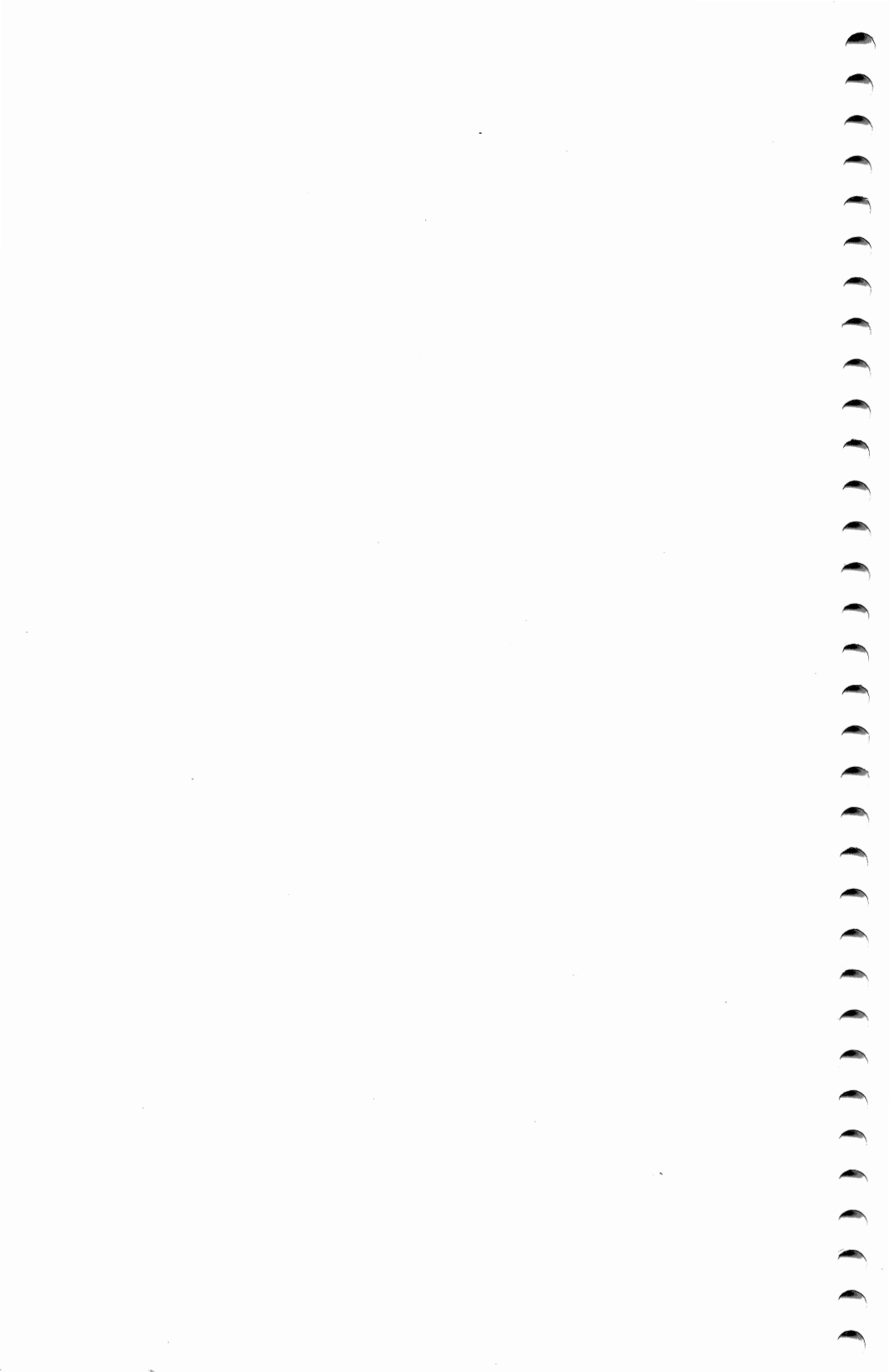
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WHILE STAYING AT MANU'S  
HOUSE PRIOR TO  
EUROPEAN TRAVEL



SATSVARUPA  
DASA GOSWAMI



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STAYING AT MANU'S HOUSE  
PRIOR TO EUROPEAN TRAVEL

SATSVARUPA DASA  
GOSWAMI

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12:30 midnight

My dear sir, you are pledged to do writing practices. They come from a life of devotional practices. "We have many things to learn about *bhajana*, or worship of the Lord, by following in the footsteps of Raghunātha dāsa Gosvāmī," writes Śrīla Prabhupāda. (Cc. *Ādi* 10.100, purport) Especially chant the holy names of God. Retire from material duties and fully engage yourself in the service of Kṛṣṇa. Oh, we will do this, please.

I'm thinking of my life and career. Someone asked me how do you deal with failure, the fact that we have not measured up to the standard of preaching ordered and exemplified by our spiritual master? I replied by saying we do the best we can and depend on Śrīla Prabhupāda's compassion and mercy. But I also wanted to say, even great souls like Sanātana Gosvāmī and Haridāsa Thakūra admitted or felt themselves to be failures. That is their humility. But I don't want to be deemed a failure by some of my contemporaries for not enacting devotional service in certain activist ways that they deem as successful. Anyway, don't assert yourself here.

Here is for free-write but it would be better if you had worthy concerns. One concern is to tend to your service of guiding others. You be with them and speak some classes. Do what you can. Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare

Kṛṣṇa. Will you go at least one more time to see Rādhā-Govinda? They are not far away. They will give you Their blessings by inspiring you to pray to serve Them. "Please give me that strength." Keep the impressions of Their forms in your mind.

The sense of failure. Madhavendra Purī cried, "I could not attain Mathurā. I could not reach the goal." In writing, I could not write concisely or purely or with analytical scholarship. In birth I failed, in upbringing I failed, on my own I failed. But my spiritual master is keeping me in his service and infusing me with sufficient strength to follow the basic codes (four rules, sixteen rounds) for a devotee.

Please render service to Madana-mohana.



5:50 A.M.

Now you are relieved of burden of making a tight Prologue. You can say as you like as chicken or throat but make some sense.

As chicken cut throat, chicken shit bastard. Bad names accuse me of being a coward. Chicken shit, chicken cream soup slop in Navy, puke your guts it's so bad, no thanks, I'll just take the bread and butter please, as much as I can get. The dirty cooks and servers on chow line.

Think of Kṛṣṇa all-attractive, SP talking on LA radio show '68. I heard him pause and hoped the guy wouldn't barge in or get rude, allow SP to explain that we need to know God and our relationship with Him. LA radio and here I am, let's go. Warm-up hands for October 1 out the gate you'll go and then. Cramped in van. Teeth glued in. Prospectus, your ass. Hard and harsh words by the victor. I am crass, he said, because my father was a boiler man in the Navy for much of his life and you know the Navy. Yes, I didn't know you were his son and heard all the fuckin' this and fuckin' that.

You must have . . .

I'm too tired to continue this long.

Kṛṣṇa

long-johns and *cādar* and socks and hats, get ready for colder weather and you sleeping not outdoors but in van—not in a warm building. You got to . . . see it's for your good to travel down to Italia. I think so. Men pitching hay into fields. KC black man freed. Man, I seen you before somewhere.

Rādhā-Govinda, I'd like to go see You but I want to write too. Take a day off or you may never get back here. Yeah, but Kamyavan is so far away, two hours? I'm willing to go, he said under pressure of no way out. Kamyavan headache, monkeys, *śilās* at Govardhana. What if I threw a rock?

Write clear so you can see later. Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa. He's knocking on the door, Śyāmānanda (was Sea-mus), and he let him in to prepare the breakfast.

Oh,  
he wears a muzzle but it is  
Bear. Lion climbing up ravine  
look! chant Hare Kṛṣṇa!  
Too tired to do this.



10:07 A.M., Shed

Struggle to get here without increasing eye ache. Through wet rushes (green fields, thistles). Scared a pheasant—complete surprise to her as I approached softly chanting—she flew up squawking, appeared to be shitting as she flew—and I also called out in alarm. My heart wants calm.

Now I am free to say even the little things. You await some music tapes in the mail like children's toys, for sense pleasure, even though you know you probably won't care for them because they're not directly KC (although you think it's possible they could be included within KC, Vivaldi and Desmond)—and because they are not soft and calm enough to qualify as medicine, to listen to when my head pressure mounts. When I'm dipping. When the body wants rest. When the head feels pressure.

So we are no longer writing a Prologue to *My Purpose While Traveling*. When that comes we hope it will be a series of a free kind of writing. Beyond the self-

centered diary of externals—although we will give concrete data too. (Who would want to miss the scaring up of a pheasant on a wet solitary walk in Gea-glum?)

Today, he said, is Jayānanda's appearance day. He means the sixth birthday of the son of Manu dāsa. "He'll get a little birthday cake." And I want a birthday too. And you? Each *jīva*. Hare Kṛṣṇa dāśī writes how the little plants grow, the vines, and they need support right away or their life will be frustrated always. Green grasses with brown tassel tops and yellow wheat-heads and then there are the tannish rushes at the lake edge and the lake passage blessed with Tuesday morning quiet.

I did not have time for a late-morning Cc. reading and I opted for this writing. I do remember, however, the branches of the tree . . . and my desire to continue reading. Earlier this morning I read SP's purport-biographies on Jīva Gosvāmī and Rūpa and Sanātana. Now coming up is Gopāl Bhaṭṭa Gosvāmī. Big branches. Jīva and Sanātana not only wrote books but they saw people, especially Vaiṣṇavas, and helped them. Jīva trained the big three, Narottama, Śrīnivāsa and Dukhi-kṛṣṇadāsa and they took the Gosvāmīs' books to Bengal. And Jīva Gosvāmī blessed Kṛṣṇadāsa Kavirāja and also Śrīnivāsa and he received *Ma*Jahnavi and many other Vaiṣṇavas who came to Vṛndāvana. Not that the Gosvāmīs were always in seclusion.

I want to recover the sense that writing is an act in itself and doesn't have to strive to become a book. You

just do it and the act of dictating it onto a tape and even making it into a private edition is part of the *bhajana*. Beyond that is the editor's work and I am interested in it but it's not my direct work. Write like that as you go into October. Repeated acts of kindness.

I can't go long now—not those one-hour timed sessions driving hard that I used to do years ago and may sometimes do again—because I have some remaining eye-ache. Nurse it by returning now to the house. I took a little risk to come out here because I wanted to write.

(I'm no big *tapasya* man. Nor do I work hard like valiant *karmīs* and other sufferers. By grace of guru I have it easy but I want to make my effort.)



2:50 P.M., Shed

You don't want to write so much. You are glad (glad?) your headaches have finally cleared after all morning of waiting for it. And now that you are free you have "nothing" to say. You read a little some more, names of the branches of the Caitanya tree. That's all.

Dry pen. Bottle of water.

Fly bumping against the pane but I won't work to get him out (two of them). Add don't correct.



Lord Caitanya's arms upraised imploring everyone to chant like Him, surrender to Lord Kṛṣṇa by chanting His holy names. I'm planning to go over to the island at 4 P.M. to see Rādhā-Govinda. Prepare yourself. I will bow down to Them and pray to Them. May I remember Their forms as I travel.

Thinking of items to put in van. Months of travel and stopping to write. It must come out of a life of devotional service. That doesn't mean you have to scoop news from things you just did: "Went to dentist yesterday, traveled to temple today, SB class tomorrow." Go deeper. Do you want to serve the devotees, especially your disciples? How can you best serve them? Standard answer: Make yourself perfect and then you can serve, *āpaṇi ācārī prabhu jīvere śikaya*.

Also, even before you are perfect example, extend yourself to them. Go sit with a sick friend, he's still in trauma from a car accident. Give each what he wants or what he or she can take and what you are capable of giving. Mostly that means I speak *śāstra* simply.

Pleasure boats go by distracting me from writing. Listen man, there's no way you can do this.

Whacha talkin' about? Lord Kṛṣṇa's activities? Give up my diary-self and what's left? Pass up dreams. Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa.

Hi ho. Aren't Aindra's *bhajan*s enough?

I am here boasting

I drew another Art picture  
of man and a man-woman,  
house and stick figures and  
dog and tree. No van.

I am herald of dawn. Autumn issue of "Santivana View" released and I already friendly-reviewed it and instantly answered a letter from Abhaya dāsi. Only six days left now. How can you amass many pages?

O Kṛṣṇa, the time of Lord Brahma ends in death. An ant may be amazed if it could hear how long a human lives. And we are amazed to hear the length of Brahma's one day. Geez. Christ's compassion and his suffering. SP said he didn't really suffer. Christians say he did.

I told you what Aelred did. Got to rise this writing above the news just of the day. And while it's good to say what you just read, we also need more than that. Gee whiz. Ceeripes I am a practicing devotee thirty years and a pre-KC fellow only twenty-six years so you ought to tell more devotee memories, yes? The time we acquiesced, the time we felt beholden. Hung wash on line in between white painted log poles stuck in ground by my dad. Mom hung wash and brought it in. Windy day. Pulley creaked like sound of blue jay. Horrible, blind lost days and years, don't remember them as "nice."

Try to recall you surrendering to guru and believing in Kṛṣṇa and worshiping Him. Did you ever have a profound spiritual experience and can you tell us

about it? Uh . . . I cried once during a Ratha-yātrā film shown in the storefront in Allston. I . . . gave many lectures. Some said I was good and simple. But a profound spiritual experience? Can't recall. To meet our spiritual master was very spiritual and memorable but he didn't create miraculous auras. He taught and you surrendered to him as much as you could. Did what he said. He approved you as a bona fide devotee. O dear master, I thrived on such praise.

O dear master, where are you now? Am I afraid of you? Built up an image in my mind of you displeased, heavy, etc. Or you with the managers. It would hardly be possible for you to please all factions that now exist if you came back. And no one does that, comes back. When Rūpa Gosvāmī left he didn't come back unless you want to say he reincarnated as Viśvanātha Cakravatī. But Viśvanātha was a new individual different than Rūpa Gosvāmī.

One more page. Symptoms of prolox. Baladeva writes me you can come to a clinic in Canada where they put injections in the back of your neck into a nerve and one over your eye and you get three months headache relief. Sounds too painful and extreme. I got my pills in bottles. Headacher.

Darkening sky. SB is the *mahā-Purāṇa*. Are you ready to dip into it again and see original Kṛṣṇa there? Here comes rain drops (and army helicopter). I have no umbrella but gray hooded rain resistant coat. If it rains too heavy can I cross the lake? Yes, with a brolly. Śyāmānanda, young son, will row hardy and you can chant *japa* and say something to him or not much.

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, the empty pitcher makes noise. I am in  
your service and will write in every place starting out  
October 1st and until then here.

SDG

September 25, 1996

12:38 A.M.

You feel humble and unworthy about your writing. It's not as elevated as *śloka*s and Bhaktivedanta purports, but still it is pleasurable and also KC. You've been doing it a long time as service. The special place of *śāstra* is not to be denied. You should go to it more and more.

I just read a half-hour, from *Bhagavad-gītā* 7.1–2 and opening verses of Cc. *Ādi* 7. I can move freely around Cc. now in one-volume edition. Become more familiar with it. It's a great asset. This material body may drop at any moment. How foolish of Aelred to assert that body has the same status as the eternal soul and that he is doing God's will when he indulges in his homosexual desires. Even heterosexual desires will entangle you.

Read *Bhagavad-gītā*. The soul is eternal. We want to get free of this material body. You won't get pure KC except in the scriptures. No other literature or entertainment can bring it. So we ask you to refrain from your tendencies for non KC enjoyment. SP says we can enjoy with senses; we cannot artificially stop it, but the senses must be used in KC. That means KC music—*kīrtana* with holy names, and dancing in *kīrtana* and feasting by honoring KC *prasādam* in right mood. It is fair enough and a liberal offer. But you want to take it out of KC connection? Music and food without

Kṛṣṇa? Or you say whimsically, "It's all within Kṛṣṇa." Yes, it's all one, but there are varieties of worth in the energies of Kṛṣṇa. In the house it's all one, but the toilet room is different from the living room. You can say when you enter the toilet, "I've entered the house" but not really. It's not all one.

Kṛṣṇa, I am writing in *paramparā*. It does me good to do so. This is also my warm-up for the travel "diary" where I'll search my purpose each day in writing sessions. Yes, I desire to write a book and yes, I desire to write without that conception. Become free . . . in KC.

Time, time . . . you sleep and rise. I was going to take breakfast even though ISKCON fasts on this day of BVT's appearance because SP said in 1968 on this day (when I was married), "There is no question of fasting. BVT was eighty per cent lenient. All the *ācāryas* were lenient." But I'll do it. On Rādhāṣṭami and Vamana-deva's day I did it and it neither made me more constipated or made for extra headaches. It might even be helpful to allow digestive organs a little rest. Set example. Drink water.

Man, I'm writing and hope to continue it today. Could not go at 4 P.M. yesterday to see Rādhā-Govinda. Śyāmānanda came rowing over in the blue boat to get me but I said no. Also my head was fogging up. Abhaya dāsī knocked on the door to see Madhu. Rain on her raincoat. Madhu working on electric connections in front part of van. I'm building up enthusiasm for life in the van although four people here have now remarked that it seems too small. I'll get into it in Belfast. I hope

to be positive about it. Sri Kṛṣṇa Caitanya Prabhu Nityānanda.

When you are singing Hare Kṛṣṇa tunes from Aindra it's good. Hare Kṛṣṇa is the way to focus on Him. Hear from Me, Kṛṣṇa says. You must hear from Him or His pure devotee. Hear of Lord Caitanya.

If I spoke Saturday on Cc., what section? Oh, you could tell of some *Antya-līlā* favorites you recently read. The passing away of Haridāsa Thākura . . . You mean several at once? The body of a devotee is spiritual, was taught in the chapter of Sanātana Gosvāmī's visit to Purī. He showed his great humility. The spiritual nature of the body was taught in that chapter. Here are some of the important instructions:

- 1) A *sannyāsī* looks on everyone equally (not disgusted by Sanātana's sores).
- 2) The body of a devotee is meant for serving Kṛṣṇa.
- 3) The Lord is like an affectionate Father maintaining His devotees despite their failings. He wants to act through His devotees.

Now end this because I like to save time for thirteen rounds in the morning here. It's so bad how I don't pay attention to the names and rush through them. Pray to Kṛṣṇa, "Please help me; my mind and body are out of my control. Hare Kṛṣṇa. Please help me. I think of too many plans and schemes. I want to chant Hare Kṛṣṇa, please allow me." And then I have to make my effort of will to hear—not in a material way but prayerfully. Write again today.



9:28 A.M., Shed

Had a talk with Manu regarding my writing and editing. Now here. Themes will come as flashes of inspiration, when you bring the threads together. It won't be done by a lesser, clerical self, but by the same writer who lets loose.

Hare Kṛṣṇa. No headache yet. My friends and well-wishers are kind to me. Madhu trying to make a comfortable seat in the back of the van for when we are speeding. Cook for you, row you across the lake . . . inquire from you. The nondevotees don't give a damn for me. No one would do anything for me unless I paid for it; professional services. That's the way it is. And what about me—am I rendering loving service to others, to friends, to nondevotees and to God, Kṛṣṇa? I'm hoping to make this a theme when I ask, "What is my purpose?" I feel tired and incapable of giving myself in one-to-one talks. So many times I did that with persons on whom it seemed wasted. See this one and see that one. The TP used to line up the devotees he wanted me to see. Tell the trouble-makers to cooperate with the TP. Tell the good ones (who pleased the TP) that they are pleasing their guru. No more of that for me.



No more bull-shit. *Haribol*. Ink is rolling thick and black and this is the express. Whee whoooo

This is the way. Shed is cool, a tang of autumn air but not uncomfortable, snug in Wellies, two pairs of socks and coat and hat and hood. Merton is not my brother but I do look at some things he writes. Back to *Bhagavad-gītā* and the truths we live by. Aelred's criticism of SP and Vaiṣṇava philosophy works in my favor as I go to *Bhagavad-gītā* and accept the truths and feel the weight of their reason, the theology I can defend. The soul is eternal and nonmaterial, the body is perishable matter. Old or new Christian thought is different. We defend and teach soul and body on Vedic terms not Christian or Greek, etc. We are in our own world and speak Vedic authority to the whole world.

Dreamt I had a big lion as pet or ward. We kept him in a very confining box. Barely room to squeeze him in. Put food in there. This didn't seem right so my dream-producer revised it. We called the creature a dog-lion so he would not appear quite as dangerous—especially he would be faithful to us and not attack us. And did he get a bigger cage? I took care to gather food and feed him, not neglect him, my dear, big pet, dog-lion. In the same dream me and two high school chums all came together—John Young, Win Burgraaf and I. We met Win passing by in an airport. Took him to a hotel room and we all settled there, including the dog-lion. I was about to tell Win of my religious career

in KC but refrained because we were just re-meeting and needed a little time to get to know each other.

Thought dream had to do with writing life. My writing is the lion. Afraid to release him before other people. He's potentially dangerous. So you stuff him into a too small box and jam food in there. Not nice. Dream improved when I let him out, dog-lion, and the relationship became happy. Let my lion roar. Let it come out. He is my strength.

Hare Kṛṣṇa.

Plan for Italy. When to arrive in Brescia, dentist, doctor, then temple. Oh, oh, oh, you beautiful . . .

I think things will evolve in the series of writing sessions. Find some basic operating rules, not decided yet, such as, do we date our writing as I'm doing here? Just a date starts a new chapter and then you actually do the essence of "Writing Sessions" but put down the time before each one, "5:02 A.M., etc."

In traveling situations you will not get much time at all sometimes and it will appear as a travel diary entry—where you are and what's happening. Then go off into whatever comes. The more you write the better you'll get at it. Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa.

(Writing fifteen minutes; go fifteen more) Glad day. Adventures ahead. Headaches too, delays and maybe worse. Kṛṣṇa protects in any case. He will . . . even if you have a car accident it's under His control. Whiplash, pain, abandoned, awkwardness, on your own, mistreated, no treatment for headaches etc.—whatever it is it's Kṛṣṇa working to bring you to Him. That's the real thing—not safety in this world, or reputation,

even publishing is not an end in itself. But Kṛṣṇa bringing you to Him and you responding. Believe He is working on your behalf. In *Bṛhad Bhāgavatamṛta*, the Lord tells Gopa-Kumara: "I was waiting for the opportunity to bring you to Me, back to Godhead." That means the Lord doesn't force us. He honors our desires. So you better show Him you are sincere and want to leave this place. Show Him you want to please Him, want to use your life and self in service.

Manu said I'm going into enemy territory. Using writer's skills to preach KC philosophy, convince people, catch them off guard, etc. Why should Māyāvādis have all the fun and devotees only write as dry scholars? Yeah, well said. Give 'em hell, give 'em fun. Be truthful. We've got the goods.

Okay, ten more minutes. You see how you are out of shape and to write even a half-hour is a big chore. But the more you write the more you will get better at both: 1) freeing up expression and 2) finding themes and conclusions. They go together. Hip hip hooray, Barcelona bars, old jazz men or just pop trumpet player black man in a night club. Castanets, the flamenco, the dance for tourists and sailors. The tall column-statue in honor of C. Columbus.

Those memories are of no good account. The theme, the lake, the birds, the time of year and time of life. Inner man has a right to live. How is this coming out? It is just you in the shed pounding heart, beating *mṛdaṅga* in warm-up sessions before you hit the road.

We'll park in the yard at Belfast temple and I'll write what comes. Lecture what comes in SB. You speak and Lord lets your training and reading come out—spontaneously you reach some conclusions just as you do in writing.

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Claus. The Trust is for what to do with my writings after I'm dead. Publish them, that's all. It sounds good. Hare Kṛṣṇa comes straight from *kṛṣṇa-loka*. When headache comes you can't write like this. Make hay while sun shines. Gather it in. Relax muscles in your neck but tighten grip on pen with thumb and forefinger and wrist. Rest. Kṛṣṇa is Supreme. We are marginal but spirit. Grand Crayon is just a crack.

Lord, I hope the October sessions flow and make good reading and good self-guidance, the wildest poems, don't neglect *sukuta* although it is bitter tasting. The *sannyāsī* should write books and describe Kṛṣṇa. He has to be perfect in Sanskrit and meter and a pure devotee and authorized by guru and Lord in the heart—no false motive—then he can write transcendental pastimes of Lord Kṛṣṇa.

My writing is below that but I do have basic credentials of following guru, etc.

Heavens. The shnoz, Durante. I recall MJQ Brubeck, hold on, those are just mundane memories.



3:12 P.M., Shed

Bhūrījāna Prabhu is in Germany and wants to visit me before he flies to the USA. I'll meet him in Belfast. What can I say? Is it better for him to be a member of the GBC? Would he be trying to tell me something? Guide me, how? I am firmly set on my course. And I have my physical handicap. So I'm not about to take any directions such as "don't emphasize free-writing so much," or "why don't you join me in Australia or would you be interested in such and such seminar?"

I'm willing to listen to him but he's a deep thinking adult and I can't presume to know what's best for him. I can only say what seems to be best for me and that is not to manage, not to be on the GBC. Why does he remain in that post? What will he do if he's not in that post? Can he stay in Perth, Australia and give classes three times a week?

We'll be happy to do a little even. You are all right when you do your heart's content for Kṛṣṇa.

*Kṛṣṇāya*

I've come to the shed. Boots on, sit at shaky little table and write. When you wake after lunch, life

doesn't seem so—great? You come out here anyway, determined to write a half-hour.

*Bhagavad-gītā*, the blessed book, proclaims Kṛṣṇa is Supreme Godhead and souls are spirit, not matter. Spirit moves the world and matter is secondary. This goes against the main scientific opinion of today. That's all right. We don't have to accept what they say. Sadāpūta argues well. Debunk them—*Hidden History of The Human Race*. Yes, the Hare Kṛṣṇa movement explodes.

So I want to hold this book close to my heart, affection's self. Pray, "Please Lord, protect my faith, make my knowledge strong." Hare Kṛṣṇa.

I want to be a devotee of Kṛṣṇa's *Bhagavad-gītā*.

As I write this it occurs to me I may want to stop short of a half-hour so I'll have time to get Śyāmānanda to come get me and row me across (it's not raining today) to see Rādhā-Govinda. Good chance today for that. Okay, do it.

Madhu fixes van. People write to me that it will be so austere for me to live in that small space. So many are saying it that it makes me want to accept the austerity and find it not so bad. Find solitude in that little cubical as we drive to Italy. And take stops along the way. Hare Kṛṣṇa. Hardly anyone knows what I actually do. I couldn't tell Bhūrijana. I'll tell him that I stay at Manu's house and that I may go back at the end of December and then go to India. Be careful what you tell others. A revised nonconfidential version.

But I would like to take lunch with him. Remember when they served us cookies (made by Prema-bhakti-marga) and he ate five, icing-topped? Don't tell anyone who you are.

The secrets of Handel and Bach who was in control, but had fun and provided fun, magnificent for his hearers. You can do that.

Hare Kṛṣṇa. Poets poets, you've stopped writing your own? Oh, I'll get at it, cranked up when we start out on the road. Write, "Here we is—"

wizzy was  
the gulp is on, I am under the  
skylight again in London flat  
visiting as we move,  
down *bonne route* to  
friendly Italia  
where the dentist John Franco  
will look into my mouth  
or not  
it doesn't matter.

Where Dina d. has lost the use of his left arm and he's past sixty-five years old. You're gonna have to be present at the side of some who die—either that or they'll be present at your death side. Tears flow down cheeks. Excellent opportunity to write or to give up writing and say, "Kṛṣṇa, I am yours."

He's the source of spirit  
big and small.

All comes from Him. No truth higher. And you can find Him in the material energy by meditating easily as

taught by the *Bhagavad-gītā*—I am the taste in water. Thank Him. Don't doubt Him. He's your Kṛṣṇa. Please Lord, stay with followers of the Lord.

On forest path, He could be coming around the bend with *gopas*.

You don't deserve to see.

Knuckles

two children of Manu at kitchen door, baby girl sucking on bottle and son drinking a carbonated soda. I asked, "Is that (food) for the dog?" Yes, he says.

"What's his name?"

"We call him Tilaka."

Fifteen minutes done. Do ten more and then save time so you can call S. to row you to island. Go for it.

M. says take pills, don't be afraid to. Don't put on the veil when you go to dance. Take them at early sign of pain, however many are needed, but they can be habit-forming.

Pleasure of relief. Wet rag on forehead. Nothing's perfect. Always some bad reaction or twist to things. Geez, *Introducing Bhakta Bob* was a gas if a reader will go with it. I gave him fun.

"There used to be a ball park here" wrote Red Barber in his poem. How many people know Red Barber? Will it help you at the time of death? The voice of the Bums, "Sittin' in the catbirds' seat."

Cookie Lavagetto . . .

Geez. Ravindra, GBC in Germany, high-handed authorities in religious movement. Girl wrote, "What is my mission?" Her guru replies by e-mail starting with



the words, "To become a pure devotee of your spiritual master—" and I think . . .

What I think aint worth saying here. That man is more dedicated and pleasing to SP than you are in book distribution and construction of Māyāpur. "What are you going to do to serve Śrīla Prabhupāda?" Bhavānanda used to shout them down.

Grouse, pheasant has a  
nest on ground. I scare her  
when I walk silently by  
the spot chanting and she flies up alarmed.

Mary ain't chanting any rounds. Writes to me asking for support and encouragement. What can I say? She says, "I guess I think I'm not going to die." Chant Mary, chant even though you have a new gentle husband and you're glad to be free of the *brahmacāriṇī āśrama*, chant. Chant in your chubby-cheeked youth, in your long braid and whimsy. You can save yourself that way.

I chant most mechanically in A.M. with candles. Don't come and interfere. Wherever I go I will arrange to be alone. Or stay in one place. Don't care what they say. Just chant and hear, chant and hear, got my residence in Ireland. If that fails and they send me back to U.S.A. I could set it up there. Stay at Gītā-nāgarī with a compromise that you sometimes see people.

Oh, writer, what book you got going? I got a hot October travel book in mind. Beyond that I can't say. That may rev me up for more in November, a prize-winner like *Photo Preaching*, and return in December for retreat.

September 26, 1996

12:31 midnight

Now we plan to leave Monday morning, a day earlier than previously planned. That leaves me a total of only six days for this set of writing sessions.

All glories to the chanting of the holy names. I intend to give a class to disciples here on Saturday, with all selections on chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa. I'm already into "motivated" reading, to prepare for classes. This is typical of the travel life. It's okay. It's a way to experience random reading in SP's books—which are like a sugar tree. And it will dip me into SB which I want.

Even if you can't surrender to Kṛṣṇa you can at least chant the holy names. Of all the orders of the Lord it is the most important. So it comes first in our day. I can preach this. Some devotees recently admitted to me they're not chanting their sixteen rounds. So at least I'm doing my own, numerical strength. I have no desire right now to increase the quota—to twenty, twenty-five or thirty-two—but would very much like to improve the quality in those two and a half hours or more, that are dedicated to chanting. It's so hard because other thoughts need to be put aside and you concentrate not so much on thinking but on the *japa yajña*, of uttering *hari-nāma* and hearing it with your ears.

Okay, write soldier. Don't be afraid that it's too profuse and not centered. It can be edited away later. You need to get beyond that concern. Write because it helps you, you do it as service, this process of free-writing does provide the best you can do—writing into the unknown. Do what you're able to do. If it's too much it can be removed later. You must swim into as much as possible. Books for the masses.

Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare.

I can edit myself but I don't have time. I need to go on to writing the next book. This is the way. *Haribol*.

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa

So on Saturday I hope to tell, them chant Hare Kṛṣṇa and your life will be sublime. Or at least, "You promised. It's the most important. This comes first and other needs and priorities in your life should follow it."

This note-taking . . . Belfast trip starts it off. As if Geaglum were my home. It's only recently been so. Giving up the imaginary idea that because I have residency in Ireland I should physically stay here. I will come back here but I need to travel. So there's no home base but writing pads and a moving pen.

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa. Tell them I chant in the morning. I don't have much taste and I don't have any ability to stay attentive or prayerful, mantra by mantra. But I do it and I know it must be done early, under best circumstance. Sit by candlelight alone in room before others are awake.

The mind is plan-making. I do make an effort to slow down the scheming and worrying or plan-making. No note-taking during *japa*. Put the worries aside and

turn to chanting as your only shelter or solace. With me I often get headaches so I want to get in “good” *japa* as early as possible. Plus other daytime activities will be demanding. So chant early if you can. But chant at any time.

There’s no home base but chanting and reading and writing. Then you move to where preaching is favorable. For me that means going to where disciples are. They need to hear the importance of chanting and obeying, etc . . . Travel to those places and share Kṛṣṇa’s *upadeśa* with them.

Write quickly, this is also your time. Kṛṣṇa left for Mathurā, entered Mathurā, left Mathurā. O Lord, I desire to be Your pure devotee. Please help me. The Lord says in His form of Lord Caitanya in *Śikṣāṣṭakam*—Dear Supreme Lord, You appear in Your holy names with all potencies but I am so unfortunate I commit offenses and don’t have a taste for chanting. Kṛṣṇadāsa Kavirāja writes that if we hear Lord Caitanya’s verses on *hari-nāma*, lamentation will go away.

Kṛṣṇa cripes. The world is getting worse in Kali-yuga. The filth is all around. Freedom to sin. Governments sin. Bad reactions come down on everyone. The only hope is to chant the holy names—it should be done loudly so that others may hear. Lord Caitanya was told to do this by His spiritual master. You know the section in *Ādi-līlā*. He praises the chanting so the Māyāvādī followers of Prakāśānanda can hear it.

I need to hear it and practice it. Got to end this one now but may be back again soon.

Keep trying to go beyond conception of writing to make a book or worrying of performance. Just keep going for gut and best expression. Admit what comes into the mind. Go deeply, confess and write the world and the *śāstra* in the back of the van. That space is tiny but from there I can go out all over the three worlds and follow devotional creeper back to Godhead.

Written yesterday in temple room:

Rādhā-Govinda

please allow me to remember You

and be free of doubts and fears

and envy

and impersonalism.

I pray at Your lotus feet.



4:12 A.M.

In a few days I'll have to pack up all my belongings, including the pictures from the altar and finally on the last morning put Prabhupāda in the wooden box and off we go to Belfast. I am writing this in the hopes I can achieve immortality in play. I read *Churning*. Churning the milk mustard, hacking the milk, playing the fool, the foolscap writer . . . the Catholic school of lapsed

First Communion. You get a new middle name when you get your Holy Conformation orders. You never went further in the Church for priesthood or marriage and you won't extreme unction either. You'll get the KC version of those things which is just as good if not better. Sorry, sorry, no tickiee no shirtee. No karma no better life. No love of Kṛṣṇa pure and unalloyed, then no ascent to the Divine *līlā*. Come back in another womb packed in air-tight bag if you don't get aborted. Have you committed so many sins?

Now you are enjoying pious results. You eat food offered to Deity but they cook it for you. Because you are a *sādhū* and an old time devotee of SP. You get treated very nicely. But if you don't perfect it, you'll get rough treated all over in the next life. At least rough in the womb and so on, shit in pants infant, can't even speak and tell parents that they are hurting you.

I wrote to a young woman that she is complacent with youthfulness and that's why she's not chanting her sixteen rounds. But I am complacent in old age and that's why I'm not pushing myself to the limit and beyond in order to broadcast the holy names and do my bit to spread KC. Oh, I am doing my bit but one could do better. Complacent.

Falling short, falling down—please save me from that. I wasted a page writing a nonsense poem and printed it. I ask to be forgiven. "You can't win them all" we used to say. There's a lot of good in that book (*Churning*) and some lapses too.

Man man man, I am starting this on time . . . Monk playing alone in the studio, does and re-does the takes on his solo of "Round Midnight." Says, "I'm gonna start it again." And finally they say, "Thelonious are you going to start now?" He talks to the white guy in the studio. He is taking precious time in the studio trying to come out with a passable rendition of "Round Midnight." Give him a break. Let him play it until he's satisfied he's got it right. Never.

All right, this is the way it goes. I'm not a piano player. But we can write nice books. I heard my disciple, Hari-kīrtana dāsa, will be asking me to write a book for the nondevotees in which I don't mention Kṛṣṇa or something like that. And if I refuse to write it then he wants permission for someone to cull from my writings enough material to make a book for nondevotees. But I think it would be a dull book. Take it from old BTG articles? Don't use the word Kṛṣṇa or Prabhupāda. There are devotees writing like that and they are a credit to our movement. But my contribution is different. I am an insider writer and so was Rūpa Gosvāmī. I can be understood and accepted only by the cult members and those sympathetic to this movement. That's the way I write. And yet within that I use arts and freedom. It is an odd combination perhaps. But you can't ask me to be something I'm not. I no longer have the desire to write as I did in *Readings in Vedic Literature*. Hide the fact that I am an anxious Hare Kṛṣṇa who wants to love his spiritual master, who wants to chant Hare Kṛṣṇa. Read my books, they are full of assumption that one has to



follow Kṛṣṇa, my books cannot be understood or accepted by someone outside of this cult. That's all right. I'm trying to get them to come anyway by force of presentation. I appreciate Hari-kīrtana asking me this but I cannot comply. I say you bring them to my books. The books are what they are and can't compromise. Shit shit, *merdre*. The artist imagines a brown scarf around his neck keeping him warm, keeping him awake.

Yeah, I want to stay awake and then at 5:15 A.M. Madhu comes in and we do exercises while Aindra sings.

Mister, you don't seem to be able to keep on track or sustain anything for long.

Yes, I keep it short. I write short poems. I go from one thing to another quickly. There's no use trying to get me to write a long chapter. I find it boring. I don't have the will-power or mental concentration. I keep short. I do bite-size stuff. I do a lot of them however, and so there's a big book of bite-size chunks. Eat away, my dear friends.

You can't imagine what it is like after death. You accept it on the authority of the scripture, that you will have to come back. So in this interim, use the human form of life to develop love of Kṛṣṇa. It has taken you countless births in lower species where you couldn't express yourself at all. A crow or even a cow cannot think of Kṛṣṇa. He or she can only eat, mate, sleep, and defend. So human life is rare and special, not to

be wasted. I think I will try to stay awake in some other way right now besides writing. It is hard to do and I don't want to push and get a headache. But we have to accumulate and put down as much as we can. This is the warm-up so we can push ourselves a little more once we're on the road starting September 30 which is in just a few days.

Today put more stuff in the van. Get closer and ready. Jayapatāka Swami is coming Tuesday and we will be gone the day before. I'm leaving early, just by chance. We will meet with Bhūrijana in Belfast and tell him truth but not the whole truth. He knows his SB and the whole truth is in there. I don't have a rabbit's foot in my pocket, never did. I keep lucky by serving guru. Don't abandon. Sit up strong. I am taking pills to get through these days. Staten Island ferry with porno mag, no more, I am not eating those rubbery hot dogs with mustard and thinking, "This is great." I'm not going home from Brooklyn College to find my father in the house and unloving exchanges and tension with him. Jerk-off fool, don't dare write those memories of prison life. Lord save me from it again.



9:58 A.M., Shed

Calm down and write awhile. Prahlādānanda Swami sends fax, "Where is article you promised for health

magazine?" I handed it in two and a half months ago! So I rush around. "Oh my God!" I said out loud when I heard it, as if it's a catastrophe. And wrote, "I was flabbergasted to hear . . . " Big deal. Found a copy of the article and we are sending it to him.

When I hear of other ISKCON devotees traveling to visit their gurus, I become jealous and envious. It's absurd. I mention it here just to expose such folly. You laugh, but another approach is to want to get away from interaction which produces this envy. That's impossible. I don't like the passionate way of life, however, with lots of socializing. What I call "give and take" is very stressing to me. It's not even in the range of quarrel, it's just normal give and take with a little shove and push and hyperbole, a little lie . . .

I want to be apart from it. E-mail is a curse although it's a useful tool. Jayapatāka Swami coming here Tuesday. We were going to leave Tuesday. Now we'll leave Monday just to get out of the way before he comes. And we go to Belfast where Bhūrijana Prabhu will fly in from England just to make a one-day visit to see little old me. Har har.

Cookies  
any?

Jimmy . . . slow down. Humphrey Bogart's first bit part in a movie, he walked into the lobby and said, "Tennis anyone?"

Coolies anyone?

Slow down, Sats. You are foaming a bit at the mouth, phlelam, or what's it called? It's not nectar of your lips, you slob.

Slow down and write, this golden pen will assist you. Daydream: I meet Jagadīśa Goswami and he doesn't speak and neither do I. We let thirty seconds go by, forty-five, then I say, "Silence is golden" and no more.

Silence in between notes in Monk's music. Monk's mood.

This stuff you'll be writing in October? It's just a way of saying I am happy, do appreciate the protection of Kṛṣṇa in ISKCON. But also I want to be deeper. Want to use my time better. Practice prayer-reading of *Bhagavad-gītā*.

Kṛṣṇa says, I am *tapah* of *tapasvis*

He said

and heat of fire

original flavor of earth

seed of all beings.

Feel mystic insight in ordinary things. Remember Him. In taste water, God supplies. What about sufferings and running around? You do it as service to Him.

Hold *Gītā* close to you. Keep reading. And try your best to check this silly and perfidious envy toward ISKCON gurus and their disciples. I don't want to be the only one. I don't think I'm the best. Or do I? Is my position so ridiculous and irrational as that? Puffed-up oracle of secretive prose. "One day when all the tallies and chips are in, they (who?) will see that I am the best. Me and Sam Spade."

It is ridiculous. I am sorry about that. A monk says I am God's speck of dust at His lotus feet.

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, give it all. Rainy, hard to work in the van. Last minute things get loaded on Sunday, eh? Jam it in? Neat compartment. O Lord, the rain rolls across the lake and green land like horizontal and then blows in a fit, a gust and you hear it whistling when it finds a whistle to blow, like ave on roof or piece of house. This shed.

And as it does so, you think all your possessions can be taken away. All your pens and fingers. A common thief could do it. He could appear to have such power over your life as to take all goods out the van and then kill you or leave you half-dead. An ignorant but desperate and violent, strong-bodied crook. Leaving you dying. But then you have time to accept it as an act that wasn't really done by the crook but by fate, by God. You ask forgiveness of ISKCON disciples and gurus and *hari-nāma*, all *ninda* you have committed . . .

But I can't. But I can't.

This is a warm-up. Learn to write more than your own life concerns. You go to imaginative flight KC theme or a man in you with bent fork, bent back. He walks over wet field, holds his *dhōṭī* up so it doesn't get soaked by thistle grasses and tall weeds of rye and he whistles in his brain HK tune of fiction and his heart beats in tune. He asks God, please be real to me. We are all your tiny imperfect servants. The preachers are pleasing Him. We are moving around for that purpose.

Don't act selfish for self-aggrandizement. Don't inquire into people's lives like Rāmacandra Purī did.

Oh, tell yourself what to do and what not to do, but can you reform?

This is river bottom view of Geaglum, Rādhā-Govinda dressed nice, rain comes down like *gopīs'* tears, he said. Who said? I think my master said.

Chill weather. I'll be a good boy and man. Massage my spiritual master and hear him on tape—"Write even one page of BTG. Don't write nonsense literature." (New Vṛndāvana 1969, lecturing on Nārada's Instructions to Vyāsa).

One page glorifying Kṛṣṇa. Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa. I am inside the movement, in this body.

Tolerate blasphemy to yourself but not to others. Dear one, chant your rounds and always be alert to improve them. I'll tell them that. Dear ones, I come before you with words of encouragement. I am the best of all gurus, quiet and well-behaved and gentle. Have good *sādhana*. Very senior (class of '66), write many books. I am the best but don't tell others. You may not receive me with great pomp because I am humble like Gosvāmīs of Vṛndāvana but you cook a fancy desert, like cream and fruit pie. And you may buy me thick socks, gloves, earplugs, music tapes, candles, winners, losers. Buy me a ticket to Vṛndāvana. Put my name of the preferred list and be with me when I fall and get sick. Take me to hospital if necessary and record my words.

It's a hard rain gonna . . .  
 shit on me foolishness.  
 A brand new green ribbon  
 sour balls  
 liquor plenty  
 laugh at Jimmy Duncan and his box and cheap toys.  
 He spits on the rug, red faced, Jimmy, son-of-a-bitch,  
 I'll tell the story again. Legendary character.



3:12 P.M., Shed

These are nice to look at and lead to more. Reading no more than fifteen minutes in *Bhagavad-gītā* and my eyes grow heavy. But I did pay attention: The material energy comes from Kṛṣṇa but it doesn't cover Lord Kṛṣṇa although it covers the *jīvas*. The *nitya-baddha jīvas* can't know God. One who surrenders to Kṛṣṇa can easily cross over the material ocean. Then why don't the leaders surrender to Him? Real leaders do, but four kinds of *duskṛtinas* never do, even though they pose themselves as intelligent.

Kṛṣṇa allows us to write and make sense, beauty, logic or illogic, fun, prose hops, honesty, reason, *kṛṣṇa-kathā*.

This will be beyond diary but some diary also. I cut my chin shaving; Madhu blackened his hand when electricity ran through it. We were saved by Kṛṣṇa

from something worse. I had an appointment to see a top homeopathic doctor but I canceled it by a misunderstanding. I thought she would tell me to give up my allopathic pills (which suppress pain but don't cure it. In fact, they may push the pain to another part of the body. Each school of medicine has its own theory. Poor body). So we called back and asked for the appointment again but it was no longer available. I'm stuck with just my suppressing medicine, and my dependence on Kṛṣṇa. After all, He's the one to get me through, not allopathy, or homeopathy or anything else. Suppress pain and write and read.

When you leave here and the roomy rooms you will live in the van tight can and I hope it brings you close to your writing and drawing tools and closer to the books of Prabhupāda. To open them and pray in close quarters. Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa.

Prisoners masturbate and have sex with one another like savage animals. The world is too cruel and horrible to even contemplate. Amnesty International tries to stop people from being tortured. We say it can't be stopped. It's not surprising that animals attack each other in the forest, that's their nature. Similarly, animal-like people will act as terrorists. You have to stop them from being animals and then they will stop terrorist acts. Don't stop writing to make it come out clearer. Keep moving your hand. Then we spread this knowledge of KC. It brings liberation. Ask people to chant the holy names of God. Most people won't attempt it. They think God is dead or some vague force they are sentimental about. Rare a person who



will try to chant or will be obedient to *sāstra* and *sādhu*.  
Cc. says only a very intelligent person will take to KC.

So World Enlightenment Day is December 14 and ISKCON targets at distributing one million books. Many will make a sincere effort but there will also be faking with figures to make it come out at a million. Each center or person will report their figures and some will fudge. "Well, we paid out money for the books so let's say they got distributed today." I will shut my mouth unless I can do better.

Ranger

Ranger

Please be true to your vision of KC contribution by yourself. I too want the success of World Enlightenment Day, that the modes of nature, the demons' cruel play, etc. can be stopped. Let KC knowledge reign and free people. SP's books contain it. Get people to look at them. Any way you do it. The squiggly pictures of a few people, you color them in. How does it help? Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa. I was born not on World Enlightenment Day but in bad times when Hitler's armies were on the move, invaded Poland, me born Dec. 6, 1939, too young to fight in the War, but I suffered they said, as my dad was away and I was raised by weak women. It wasn't so bad. The streets of Queens. The "Marble Heaven" wooden box my father made when he returned from the war. Oh, Tom Mix on the Radio, and Superman, and shows the adults listened to and you too.

Now you are transcendental to the modes. See the emptiness in front of you. Your chanting is offensive

not liberated or in love of God. So you must be committing some combination of *aparadhas*.

Sip at your Wicklow water bottle. There is no remedy for mortality. Keep moving your hand. You can't nap out here. The fly buzzes and bounces against the window pane. Jagannātha Kṛṣṇa dāsa gone to Mahārāja, Rksarāja gone from me and others like that. And those who stay but don't care much. Write the perfunctory letter. Some trying harder. How hard do I try?

I face blank. I go and lecture and smile and see them. They bow down. I return the bow sometimes. Caught up in protocol. Dear reader, we ain't sorry enough.

Drink your water and let the breeze and sunshine come in these two small windows of this eight foot by five foot shed. It's big compared to the van. Roar off with massive engine. Get messages and send them back.

Hells Angels headquarters in Manhattan. Stop. Stop. I don't need all details. Kṛṣṇa will tell us sex is for propagation in marriage; not otherwise. And He is the strength of the strong when used to protect the weak, not when used for exploitation.

My purpose is to obey my spiritual master's order. Taking it easy because of propensity to get headaches. That doctor won't see me now. Try this and that method. But who can say what will help? Kṛṣṇa may want you to be this way. Within these bounds you find your room to do what you can.

Van contains a symbol—we work within tight limits. We are boxed in the body. We are bound. Live with it

and see what it teaches you. As old Christian monks said, stay in your cell and your cell will teach you how to pray. So may the van teach me to read and write. Lecture on the verse. Improvise at that time too. What to say will come to you. You'll get the inspiration. Because you are daily listening to SP and reading, it will come out in right shapes and be satisfying to others.

Golden Lanka. Rāvaṇa was ruined. Milk fast begins today. A letter here from Śyāmānanda. At first I thought, "Oh no. I answered one just a couple of days ago. What now?" But it's good. He's TP. He's giving you a chance to serve Rādhā-Govinda and ISKCON. Now I've been writing a half-hour. No mail. No hail. Cheap poor poet pardoned, reprieved a little longer. Has no fictive story or list like Steinbeck Saroyan (Obits) to work in October but a roomy tale. The structure is the van size and road travel and read—limits

and beyond

poems galore. Stuff it best you can.

September 27, 1996

12:30 midnight

Practice lad, practice. Reading is good when you see the truth SP speaks and you value it. Doing it in BG and Cc. but it's equally there in SB. The Supreme Lord is the predominator. Those who don't surrender to Him are *mūḍhās*, *naradamas*. The logic and authority of *śāstras* need to be preserved in my head. (Don't needlessly read other books.) A *goswāmī* controls his senses. One must be a *goswāmī* to be a spiritual master.

Read and be formed—by this. Submit the powerful mind to this. Hare Kṛṣṇa. And in Cc. we read that Lord Caitanya is the Supreme Lord but He has taken the body of a pure devotee to relish the conjugal *rasa*.

In *Gītā* we read 7.14, the *jīvas* are unable to overcome the illusory energy because it is willed by God. Only Kṛṣṇa or His representative can release them. He can do it easily. The process of devotional service helps to free one. Are we (the ISKCON average devotee) free? In the process of becoming free. Some more than others.

Why are you writing this and what is its form? Why doesn't it have the more recognizable form?

You mean Sheridan Baker's form or newspaper writer's form is KC and not just writing what comes honestly? Why favor the one? I like this one and KC truths come out. It's more "modern" flow tapping and

can have effect of going straight to gut and heart of a reader.

Kṛṣṇa is the Supreme. Read *Bhagavad-gītā*. The *nara-damas* will not. The *mūḍhās* claim they are too busy. Are we in that category? We are not nondevotees so we should read and chant. I write this as something to tell devotees in my tour of temples. That's nice. Prepare yourself to preach. Help yourself to deliver something worthwhile to those highly valuable people who have already taken to KC in the temples. See them that way.

It's unfortunate that when I think—or even just hear—the names of one or two top leaders of ISKCON, I become envious and fall into fault-finding. It staggers me. I'm helpless but feel waves of fear, of disrespect: “Oh yeah, I know him.” Why not acknowledge the good they do, as you do for less prominent devotees?

But what if my intelligence is criticizing rightly—as it should have done in the actions of Bhagavān, Bhavānanda, etc? Well, in some cases you didn't know their wrong doings. But another response is okay—it's possible that a very big leader may be misleading and creating a bad influence on people who come to their shelter. Still, Kṛṣṇa will purge that out. It's too dangerous for me to make a judgment. ISKCON GBC or other leading devotees in the past have purged out wrongs even in top devotees when it becomes unbearable. The movement is young and undergoes reforms periodically. Changes.

I do my bit by purging myself and printing my truths. Nowadays encouraging devotees we can be honest and real. Yet we don't need to take shelter outside of KC. Chanting and hearing. So I am indirectly speaking against the faults which possibly those big leaders may be committing.

It's best to keep a distance from them. Become neither their follower or their critic. Important point. Revolve in outer orbit but definitely making a contribution. *Sannyāsa* life is ideal for that. Good van is ready to go. If Kṛṣṇa allows, we will visit temples in Italy in October and November, Spain . . . But most important is to keep this flow of writing. It will lead to books, to parts of books, to honesty search. And keep the daily reading of *śāstra*, one-half hour when you rise if possible. Even if you read only a section for that day's SB class. Read and re-read the purports of your spiritual master. Second Canto SB, etc., etc. All glories to the Lord of the universe.

Sri Kṛṣṇa Caitanya. The worm in me. Rashes on skin. The devil's workshop.

I had to finish this quickly but can do more later. Remember, in October you will write a lot faster even in small time.



4:28 A.M.

I didn't so much want to write again, but then I recalled that it's discipline, and more than that . . . When you keep it up it is meaningful, joy. It slips away, the meaning, the connection, themes, the thread. You are writing your way through life. Kṛṣṇa is the Supreme Personality of Godhead. This is the way. Hare Kṛṣṇa circus, tents, bloomers, big drawers. Hey, wait a minute—this is to be sober and serious.

I wrote a letter to a *bhaktin*. She wrote me complaining that devotees don't take her seriously but smash her enthusiasm when she says she wants to do something. It sounded like a half-truth. The devotees may tend to smother a new *bhaktin* and yet the *bhaktin* doesn't really know what's best for her and comes out with ideas that get "smashed." She sounds precarious, going back into the city to stay with her mother, "Who at least accepts me as a person." What does she expect from me? I liked her poem and told her so.

"Stuck between temples,  
what to do,  
I've no one to turn to,  
I haven't a clue.

The course has been arranged,  
for three months to stay,  
in a temple that makes me,  
more homesick each day.

With Inis Rath,  
I don't want to part,  
as Rādhā-Govinda  
have stolen my heart.

Don't get me wrong,  
the Belfast temple is great,  
but with Rādhā-Govinda  
is where lies my fate.

O my dear Lord Kṛṣṇa,  
please hear this plea,  
and please tell me where  
I should actually be.

Through all this confusion,  
heartache and pain,  
serving Your lotus feet,  
is where I remain."

And in another letter a devotee tells me how expensive equipment was stolen from the Belfast temple. I became worried about our proposed four-day stay there with a van full of valuable equipment. Steal all my dictaphones and pens and what's left? Get new ones. Steal the van itself and we will resort to travel by plane. Take my body and kill it, I'll get another one. A devotee can reach this stage: "An equilibrium mind even when there is great trial of material loss or a great material gain in life."

Well Sats, you can't expect it to be always peaceful as here in Geaglum. There is noise in the world and



thieves and pain, your share is coming too. But if you go somewhere for Kṛṣṇa's account, you can endure it. Take the risk. Śrīla Prabhupāda took all risks in old age. Suffered inconvenience because he had a message given to him by his spiritual master.

And writing is such a nice thing that they can't steal that. The books are printed and stored and can be sold and my life goes on through expanded energy.

Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa. I wanted to say that writing is okay and you do it and it looks sprightly later. It is everlasting, at least for a long time. Lasts much longer than a loaf of bread. Lasts as long as a temple? Even longer, because it can come out in new editions. The Muslim emperor tore down the top floors of Rādhā-Govinda's *mandira* but they couldn't tear down Rūpa Govsāmī's *Bhakti-rasāmṛta-Sindhu*. New editions come out and keep it alive. But it has to be worthy for new editions. Write one page of *Back to Godhead* glorifying Kṛṣṇa; don't write nonsense. A devotee writes in Kṛṣṇa consciousness and creates a revolution in the impious lives of bewildered humanity. Write the revolution. Hare Kṛṣṇa.

Chant Hare Kṛṣṇa. Don't commit sins on the strength of chanting. I am following. So I wrote the *bhaktin*, Don't be resentful of devotees. Do what you want. But I'm an ISKCON man too. I told her to stick with it. This is better than giving it up and going back to Dublin scene with old friends and mother. Don't be an ordinary *karmī* again.

Another *mātāji* wrote me that she no longer chants *japa*. I wrote back that you are in the complacency of youth. Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa picking at fingernails, the man climbed to the top of the building and said, "I'm tired of it." But we kept him awake by splashing water in his face and giving him assignments such as chanting two rounds while walking. That's because we don't think it's good to fall asleep at 4:30, *maṅgala-ārati* time. You often have lusty and violent dreams at that time or at least they are dreams of confused unhappy states and you wake up heavy in your body. Then 5:15, do the exercises with Madhu.

Determined to write in October a song of diary and beyond, the travel and beyond, the right here now and the spiritual world, fiction too, beyond rubber tires and yet riding on rubber tires. Books in the mail, restrict your sense grat.



9:17 A.M., Shed

Head clear but fragile, he writes books on Kṛṣṇa and Prabhupāda. Someone suggested I write for non-devotees.

M. putting in rear windows of the van. Bold attempts. He knows what he's doing. Expert handyman. But almost got electrocuted yesterday.

X told me he's a homosexual. I said, "Therefore take it as a blessing that you must be celibate."

What else? The ink runs. This is my little COM computer world. I don't hear from others and they don't hear from me unless by chance they read a GNP book (which most do not). Operate on ether waves—send out your message.

Guard eyes against sun. The warm-up says we are going to write now what happens. (Sounds a like a creature with big teeth and claws gnawing on a part of this shed). Bright sunlight can be followed quickly by clouds and rain here and then again sun and rain and yesterday a complete rainbow over Inis Rath—it began at one end of the island and came down on the other side of blessed Govinda-dvīpa. Rainbow is a proof of the ethereal. It's a bridge of colors, purple to blue-green to yellow and orange and red as far as I could trace it. I am not God. Kṛṣṇa is God. I'm a little speck. A little speck. Heck. The *Bhagavad-gītā* draws me to it. Twenty minutes I read around midnight and now another twenty or twenty-five minutes of decent reading. One who knows Kṛṣṇa and serves Him with love is very dear to the Lord. Kṛṣṇa (Vāsudeva) is everything—is ultimate knowledge. *Mahātmā* is rare.

He doesn't divert his attention to anything or anyone else. O Kṛṣṇa, I better be careful in what I hear or read from nondevotees. If they were not thinking of serving God or Kṛṣṇa when they composed their music, then how can they lead me to Him? You could make a case that they were praising God in their own way although they didn't know He is Kṛṣṇa. And you

could say because of their desire to create beautiful music and their austerities in attempting it, it was awarded by Kṛṣṇa. And an advanced devotee can hear the music and make the connection to Kṛṣṇa—because he sees Him everywhere.

But he wants to please Kṛṣṇa. One great devotee chanted Kṛṣṇa's names while throwing dice *in jest*. The sense of hearing or seeing is not so important but the life (*ātmā*) within. So link it to Kṛṣṇa.

I read how Kṛṣṇa can award all desires and his devotees don't go to the demigods. He allows you free-will, even if it's not best for you. But then you have to get karma. For His devotees, He brings them to Him and substitutes the taste of his lotus feet for the poultry sense grat.

Annie Dillard on writing said, "Don't keep it for later; spend all each time you write." I like that. In these writing sessions I give what I can. The October book is different but this one deserves love as much. Learn to always do it, art of writing. We seem to be on the lam the way cops and customs people and toll collectors, etc. stop us and break our train of thought.

My purpose is to go see Dina, go to dentist and doctor—facing ancestral past.

The truth is wind blowing and sun shining in this world. It's a reflection of the spiritual truth which emanates from Śrī Kṛṣṇa and which we can't perceive at present.

Be good and you can go there sometimes, to the trailer where SP stayed. Where is that? You mean the one where I stayed? Yes, that's true. Bob Dilon and the Beatles.

Some blackberries still shinny on bushes. Red berries—like cranberries? And some blue berries I don't dare pick. Don't know if they're edible.

Kṛṣṇa is teaching. I've got to stay awake. The easy day here, and then inside to start SP worship and you know you'll get first signs of vise-like pressure in head and you'll take a pill and lie down and it will clam down, vise will ease off.

You see, it's gonna be okay. Oh yeah? You have to die. Write something nice. But I have no theme, and pressure of outer events will be so demanding one couldn't write even if I had a structure.

Not true. If you were obsessed you could dovetail it as you did in *Photo Preaching*. Work with photos, work with a list. These are structures. I have the structure of "work with these travel events." Work with diary as a starter but go beyond it. Get it? New York hip.

Means what?

I don't know

Irish simple

Joyce sample

Hierogenous unconscious should be allowed to flow in the unconscious, the Self they call it. It will be all right. Tell him to give me the tip how to write inspired in October even though you are pressed by outer events. The outer events are occasions for

“inner” writing—learn that. Get free to sing the KC in your heart.

David Hart. Mac Donalds. *Memories* book flows. Music of my soul. Lie down at ease and hear Grieg or Shuman or Panini’s (grammar) Patrick Ball electric harp, sheep in mist, Ireland, tin whistle, Russian accordion like harmonium of Aindra and Viṣṇujana and we watch the men marching into Red Square playing accordions strapped around shoulders. They look like soldiers coming home from the war. The Belfast to Moscow *pada-yātrīs*. And I sat at several desks, wrote my own walk.

Put log on stove at Śaraṇāgati  
of mine.

Remember you played pen and typewriter, *Poor Man Reads the Bhāgavatam?*

I remember. That’s over? Perhaps. Don’t faint.

Chirtle chirp birds of North Ireland. Are they British citizens? Maybe flew up from South. Thistles don’t care. Plants are sensitive to love and neglect but not to politics and religion. They like soothing music.

I talk *about* music, write poems *about* poems, but where is the word “incarnate?”

That’s who I am, a guy who suppresses headaches with Butabital based pills. Luden something on USS Saratoga, first high was great, look out at shining water and feel released from the dull obscene humdrum of stupid sailors and military order. But then you came down to that reality again . . .

KC can save you. This muscle bound one half-hour I surrender to Kṛṣṇa. I won't write books for non-devotee market. But whether this is for devotees, you'll have to decide. Committed to writing what comes. You expand my audience by selling books as they are written. Congregations are growing in England, South Africa, India—go there and sell. My Śrīla Prabhupāda books.

SDG, wart hog junior



3:33 P.M., Shed

Head not clear but I want to write. Home. Going home. It doesn't matter what you write when you do genuine writing sessions. What matters . . . some effort to be true and reach the KC that is honest and true—or the lack of KC. The truth. With me, I'm so programmed to reach KC and to know that it's the goal—so even when I fail, fall short, it's still within the context of KC. (And I follow four rules, sixteen rounds everyday.)

It may be that a failure is even better than an apparent success. How is that? Because it is honest. You are always a failure in a higher sense. So why not admit it? Hare Kṛṣṇa. You chant at least holy names written on page so BSS will say, "He has written Kṛṣṇa and Caitanya several times. That's all right."

Daytime memory of time, I . . . (self-centered to raunchy).

Give me this, give me that, new pen, hats and gloves, etc. And when desert is “only” some sweets in the form of small balls I hanker, and we all know it, for something more substantial like an apple crumb pie and whipped cream. Here in Ireland, here on this page we are accustomed to this kind of confession. But we stop short of lurid sex because I’m a guru and devotee. Don’t need to rub my nose in it. One could say, “Then all your honesty is invalid. Because when you recall something X-rated, you don’t tell us.”

Not that that doesn’t mean all my honesty is invalid. I try. Give you some good stuff and leave others out.

I risked coming to shed even with a little headache. Because I wanted to write. Good. This is your discipline for October too. Try to say something each day. If it’s too hard to write with pen on some days, you can talk. Pick up dictaphone, say what time of day it is and speak, speak travel data and any thoughts and feelings. Don’t worry, “But it’s increasing the volume of the book.” Please don’t bother about that. I have to keep telling you that.

I like your colored drawings. Poems are something else. You don’t “have to” write anything. It’s all gratis. It’s all your self-expression.

First idea of “My Purpose in Traveling” was to separate an outer purpose from a purpose I would describe only as I wrote. It would be the purpose of the inner man. Carmelite romantic notion of praying to



God . . . which you maybe can't do. You can write however. My purpose is to find time and do it. I write a lot about writing itself and why I do it. Admit that; it's okay.

And my purpose, M. reminded me, is not only to find time to write and be alone. It's also to go and be with disciples in Italy. Yes, I admit that. And we'll write about it also.

Purpose is to see if this old body can get around despite headache syndrome. Whether he can suppress them enough to get around, drive each day, although not as quickly. Just a few hours each day. No driving after lunch. Settle in a parking spot in your smart Ford and stay overnight.

If M. dies and I die. Or he dies and I don't. Our editor dies and he don't and he dies and I before or soon after . . . what is this calculation? If I am alone and have to get money to make a phone call, an operator usually speaks English. I need help on highway. I have phone number but not sure how to call. Please help me, mister, I am a Hare Kṛṣṇa and need help so I can find a place to stay overnight. My dead companion and I are out touring. Please help us. I have been sheltered in the cult and don't know how to do these things. I expect people to serve me as they do in our sect because I'm a religious elder. I was recruited personally by our founder-*ācārya*, you see.

They don't give a damn.

I have only U.S. money. Hundred dollar bills with the old Ben Franklin series. And I dream that even this

money merges into play money. My worst fears confirmed.

Stop worrying those big emergency scenarios. What happens will happen. *Que sera sera*. You can't stop. The future is not ours. Live now whatever.

Kṛṣṇa. Miraculous Medals. Saint Christopher Medal. Hanumān Medal. Lord Nṛsiṃhadeva, please protect us. Travel in His shelter, like Nārada did.

By His grace I am writing this. Even if headache gets worse I got my afternoon session in. Tomorrow morn 9 A.M. I speak to devotees. Say I don't know anything about the holy name except what's in the scriptures and I will speak, however, what I know. I will start addressing the problem some have, to chant sixteen rounds. Rock bottom. We may also consider improving the quality. Even if you do chant sixteen rounds everyday, when we discuss it, it will underline for you the need to do it so you appreciate and never fall below that.

Sixteen rounds and four rules.

You load 16 rounds  
and whaddya get?  
Another day older  
and deeper in—  
attraction to the habit  
of *hari-nāma dīkṣā* vow.

I promise I will  
never abandoned it,  
16 rounds and whaddya  
get?  
Infinite mercy and freedom  
from laws of karma—  
liberation.

Keep going a full half-hour then quit and go back in  
and nurse your head. Ted, Ted, did you kill that girl?  
Sats, did you . . . (censored) Bill, did you . . . your dad?  
Pen, did you run awry? What did Tobai Wolfe write  
and what do you dare to write of your childhood in  
Ireland? I never grew up there, to tell you the truth

the weeds are blowing, we will be gone from this  
peaceful place.

No turning back from our decision to move, travel,  
vamoose. We are off. Yes, you have a yearning to  
remain in this quiet place and write like this each day.  
But it's good to get out. Within one week I'll have  
three disciples' meetings, one here in Geaglum, one in  
Belfast and one in England.

That's pretty good, Guruji.

Get out and try and you'll have adventures to write  
even if it's the inner adventures which are scratched by  
enduring the outer ones. What can you write on a late  
night ferry?

I can't tell the raunchy stuff and there's no use in it.  
This silver pen, I keep wanting to give up but it has a  
nice feel to it. Why don't you stay with it? Each pen  
can help you in its own way. Best result of this week of

writing sessions is to get me attached to (liking) the feel of the pen in hand and a habit of writing. I like the shed. We will have no shed in van but learn to adjust to confined space. Rest your head and hear the music in earphones as best you can. *Khichari*, no big deserts. Send tapes out, your life is what it is.

Holy Kṛṣṇa protect us,  
we know the real thing  
God not vague  
but coming in *Gītā*  
and learned sages love for  
Him  
transferred to me and you.  
*Haribol.*

September 28, 1996

12:30 midnight

Keep eye on Kṛṣṇa. If you can't surrender then at least chant, Śrīla Prabhupāda writes. Sixteen rounds are essential.

Report in here and leave record. But not just for the sake of log or record. That is a clerical function or like ship's log kept by men on watch. It is just a history that no one reads except for official purposes. I've seen sometimes our security guards at Hare Krishna Land Mumbhai. They keep records of their standing watch and this paper work pre-occupies them in a life of boredom with nothing else to do. My writing shouldn't be like that, perfunctory.

But I do feel need to record some things in that way of daily round. The first signs of a flashing pain (no matter how slight) in right eye are important to me because they warn me I can't even do this function of writing. They tell me I have to pull in plans right away. Can't write long or passionately, have to decide what to do aside from desire to go all out in writing or reading. What care and repair for the body?

That's an example of why I do write down log material, "Slight flashing light in right eye. Reluctant to get up at midnight. Slight indigestion. See at 3 A.M if laxative worked. Ship is plying smoothing. Steady as she goes."

Harumph. Be quiet. Others are asleep. I like people to sleep while I write. Then I chant softly to not wake them. I'm a considerate person at least in that way—don't disturb their sleep.

What writer can teach you style, content? At least they can sometimes give me a spark to steal some structure. *Litany* list, and so on. *Dear Sky*. Ideas you take—someone wrote poems based on photos.

Go to Hawaii as zonal guru, receive frangipani garlands, go on a walk like SP did with your disciples and allow them to tape record what you say as you walk. You are someone very special. That pretense is over. To some degree we continue functions of guru but not with pomp or so much exaggeration. I take advantage of the system to get my meals and lodging. In return I give writings and some classes. I want to be appreciated, understood, maintained.

We all do. Bhaktin B. wrote me that people in the temples don't take her opinion about herself seriously. When she gets enthusiasm for a particular service, like *pada-yātrā* or going to India, they "smash" her. I told her I sympathize and like her rhyming poem.

Last two days here. Lots of packing to do. M. said he works slower now as part of the general slowing down (growing older). I don't think he'll do this again, outfit a whole van from scratch. I also may not "forever" be willing to travel like this. We are hopeful of at least this October-November tour, but it occurred to me that it could be a bust. I might get so many headaches and pills cannot check them. And the whole thing gets out

of control and we come back (like Francis of Assisi comes back from the Crusades) ill and apparently defeated—but try to turn that too into a victory for the spirit.

But if as we start out we do get more headaches, that doesn't mean we instantly push panic button and come back. Tolerate and suffer for awhile, staying in van, lying down in the bunk there, not seeing people or giving temple classes until I get clear of the headache.

Mail package never came. Last letters to reply to. Last writing sessions in these two days, less than usual because of lecture, packing . . . but I'll get a few in. Then go. Send last tape over in the row boat and tell typist, "That's it. I'll send them all to GNP for a private edition book." The warm-ups.

Steady as she goes. The tug boat, the boat crossing the sea, old boat, engine holding up but with a problem. Keep moving and chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa. Keep yourself together for giving the class today.

At 5:15 A.M. we do physical exercises but only if we feel up to it. And listen to Aindra *kirtanas*.

Good-bye again Geaglum. Rushes, weeds blowing by lakeside. The little prefab shed poised there. When on the lake strait you can see the little shed in the field on edge of forest. It's a good place to start. I've felt I cannot write unless I go out there, it is so congenial for starting you.

Read a little I must each day, says M. He's been so busy with van these months he hasn't read. But now he's installed a fifteen-minute-at-least shot early in his day to read *Bhagavad-gītā*. He feels its potency and his need for it. No other regular program of *śravanam*. Take it. We are not ordinary workers. Try to improve your chanting. I will give standard references to devotees, that of all instructions of guru, order to chant sixteen rounds is most important. Which of nine principles is most important? I'll hold their attention with this talk. Now I have only three minutes left on my schedule. Then sit calm as possible but move rapidly and quietly through mantras softly uttered. Wear a surgical glove of thin rubber. Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa—my writing contains mantras. Give mantra freely to others. Encourage people to chant Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra. It's the panacea in this age. No other way. But to be most effective, avoid ten offenses. Chant.

"Can't" they say. They are too sophisticated and will never chant. I cannot convince nondevotees. My congregation is those who already know they should chant, who have vowed to chant. Inner preaching is equally important to preaching to the nondevotees. All preachers have to cooperate and preach to various groups—nuns in mid-West, college students, Navy kids, cookie bake moms and disciples growing older, hear my talk.

Time is up.





4:10 P.M., In the house

Almost over these writing sessions and the Geaglum stay. Didn't write today in shed. Busy loading van. What goes in and what stays in the house-storage? Go through many items, socks, crayons, books, funny why you decide one way or another. Slim down, then take on weight while head fogs but I delay taking second pill of day.

Class on *japa* went okay. Disciples. Holy name. Abhaya says—I tried saying prayers of forgiveness to holy names but I never improve so it seems no use, offensive, to keep asking forgiveness.

Yeah, I say, so then pray, "Please give me the strength, please let me improve. Try your best, your worst, your mediocre." Don't pray as you can't; pray as you can.

Walk or sit, calm or loud. My motivation in chanting? It's okay I tell her.

How to develop humility?

I tell her—something.

Questions and comments.

Declare my October book is not a story of European travel in the sense of a well told, fast pace novel. It starts out with four days parked in courtyard

of Belfast temple after a mere two-hour drive there. And in repeated writing sessions I'll delve. I'll be busy with class and seeing Bhūrijana on Tuesday but I'll find the time to write. No doubt. Gee whiz. I hope nobody steals from our van or takes the van itself or ourselves as hostages. In any case, you could still chant Hare Kṛṣṇa—if you were determined.

It's a test, Prabhu. Ink cartridges, Post-its, books, what to take and where to stash it. Think over, my friend, how to keep dry on a rainy day. And how to calm your mouse's heart. And stout the way.

They stay here in house or temple whereas we move in small space van. See new places, new faces, *sannyāsi's* privilege and austerity. On the move. What's my purpose? I say I like it here. I hope I can soon return . . . But off I go—if you love a place and people you still have to leave. Kala forces you.

*Gopīs* thought Providence forced even Kṛṣṇa to leave Vṛndāvana. But He was only playing.

In my case I have to go here and there like Nārada, on a mission. Stop and write and then finally . . .

sick on a journey  
my dreams travel forward  
over the moor.

To the New Land, promised Goloka, not for you Prabhu, you need a lot more seasoning in the minor leagues. Feel it's unjust, a touch of irony and resentment in your voice that Kṛṣṇa didn't promote you to His topmost Kingdom? No, He'll make it clear to you why you can't go there.

"How can we be humble?"

Just look in the spiritual mirror.

The collie barks and trots in the rain. He's used to outdoors. Some Irish men and women are also not so afraid of the rain.

All cloudy, no big pleasure boats today. As winter comes you won't see any at all. When and if you come back here. Won't it be nice?

Keep it quiet.

There is no proof.

Hare Kṛṣṇa. Could you look at a little *sāstra* for your own benefit? I think I could. Bring yourself close to a few *Gītā* verses and purports. Everyday, as much as possible, SP said, read SB. Model yourself after Mahārāja Parikṣit who knew he had only seven days to live. He wanted to know, "What is my duty now that I am about to die?" And it was decided he should hear SB from Śukadeva Gosvāmī. We also should be *nityam bhāgavata sevāya, kīrtanīyaḥ sadā hariḥ*—always chanting and hearing. At least sixteen rounds and some time daily in the books. That's what I tell them. And give out stiff cookies at the end.

When you go on the road, say a prayer for me please. Yes I will.

I can't Suhotra says

*New York Daily News* says

hang on, jerk, to the strap  
in subway car.

In dream again two thugs  
surrounded me and said it's  
obvious we are gonna mug  
you for all your possessions so you  
might as well give 'em over  
before we club you.

And I do, rueing that even my passport has to go.  
But then I wake up, locate my passport in the drawer  
of this safe room and then re-enter the dream. After  
the mugging I go wandering, seeking a place to stay for  
the night. I get the idea to go to 26 Second Avenue.  
I'm not expected there but they will know who I am  
and I don't think anyone stays there overnight so they  
ought to let me. It's too dangerous to wander in these  
city streets.

Barbed wire in between posts, for keeping cows  
within a grazing area and away from this house. Lord,  
Lord, No lawn mower trimness, the house is okay. Very  
nice with view of lake and island. I talked myself out.  
No more. This pen is stingy. Use one that flows more  
smooth and broad to get you through the last few  
minutes.

Race steeple chase.

No music request except *kīrtana*.

Mister, we hear you say the same old thing over and  
over like a broken record.

That's why I'm going to a new place. At least get  
something different to see and say. I am sorry about  
the repetition and the poor chanting.

I say same names Hare Kṛṣṇa.

She said I think of the English names, O Rādhā, O Govinda, please engage me in your service. I made it relative and said yes, you can think of *arcā-vigraha*, and some think of Nāma Prabhu, each one prays to Kṛṣṇa and it's okay. Go ahead.

You're looking old, lady.

We're all moving along in years,  
and time is cruel to the body, wears it down, no more pretty comely faces after forty and fifty and by sixty we're dried up and wrinkled like prunes, you can smile though, because you're with Kṛṣṇa in your heart. Believe it, be happy because it is nice.

Hare Kṛṣṇa, see you later.

(Twenty-four minutes.)

Give me six more. He played his horn. Encore! More! they shouted. Aniruddha walking along in rain away from van, casts a look back. I'm in the back of van. I don't think he can see me. I think, "I wrote you a letter. You'll get it tomorrow." He's walking alone. We are not alone but we get lonely. Be happy.

She said, "My motives for chanting are not so good: 1) I'm afraid that I'll fall into the material world and 2) chanting helps me to cope with the day." I said those are not bad motives. They are not the highest but they are good. Bad motive is to commit the seventh offense in chanting. Yeah, we talked of that in our *japa* support group, openly admitting who doesn't chant and try to help them. Don't have that anymore.

Oh mister, are you gonna have another disciples' meeting on Monday in Belfast and if so what will you say? Oh, I'll think of something. From *sāstra* I will read.

Maybe say, “Let’s love Kṛṣṇa. Let’s hear what He says in *Bhagavad-gītā*.” Gee, I’ll have to think of *something* no doubt.

[30 minutes]

September 29, 1996

12:30 midnight

I read seventh chapter of *Bhagavad-gītā* with theoretical understanding. God, Kṛṣṇa, is above the modes of nature. We suffer due to separation and forgetfulness of Him. When we surrender to Him, He releases us from material bondage (repeated birth and death). No one knows Me, says Kṛṣṇa. He puts a curtain of illusion between Himself and the foolish. One has to be free of sin (of the duality of hate and desire) and then he gains determination to perform devotional service. One does this under guidance of pure devotees of the Lord. The devotees attain Kṛṣṇa's planet. He goes to Him by thinking of Him at time of death.

There are many points here. I tend not to like to analyze in an academic way. It makes me feel Kṛṣṇa is an object for study, theoretical. I want the "mystical" approach. Study, yes, and understand the terms and the flow of logic and subjects covered in *Bhagavad-gītā*. But the reality of Kṛṣṇa in your life must be more than merely intellectual study of the philosophy. Pray to Him. But can you?

While reading I felt regret that my mind and consciousness is not yearning for the transcendental goal. I'm more concerned with my body or literary expressions, life in ISKCON (pros and cons), etc. How to live in Kṛṣṇa? Someone could point out my great

and thorough deficiencies. I could quake to learn it and see it. But I won't submit myself to anyone.

Lacking. Going through life with major lacking. Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa. Most of "us" (ISKCON devotees) are like that. But how can I say what others are like?

I'm worried that when Bhūrijana comes to see me I won't have anything worthwhile to say to him. What does he want? Just be yourself, I can say. What am I? I'm not emanating peace and or wisdom. I don't want to complacently think, "Yes, he is flying especially from England to Northern Ireland and back to England in a day just to see me. I will justify his taking the trouble because I am spiritually advanced, humble, a unique preacher. I shall help him with his problem by giving my own opinions." Oh well, that's his choice, to do this. If he wants to think cynically later over what he did and on the way back to England say to himself, "Satsvarūpa wasn't able to help me. That was a waste of time," then that's his problem. I will pray to be up for the occasion. Take a pill and meet him. But I'm just a feeble fellow.

Do I think that? That I'm not worth visiting? He knows *Bhagavad-gītā* better than I do. I can't claim something to show him. I thought of showing him my recent colored drawings but they are too private. I would like to leave a good impression on him. But he doesn't read my books much so what can I do?

My self-searching writing sessions in sheds and borrowed rooms in homes, the books I publish, these are my real contributions.



I can best help disciples because they take submissive position that I am representative of God. I try not to take advantage of that. Don't say, "Yes, I know what God wants for you." Help them to decide. Hare Kṛṣṇa.

Don't criticize others. Devoid of propensity to criticize others. Hare Kṛṣṇa.

So in Belfast in tight van you'll write like this. It won't be much different than this, but maybe colder and you'll have van data to report. But when you go to center what will you say? I don't know.

It's not all the same thing. Believe in uncovering, development, process. It's the process of devotional service. Doesn't seem right to dedicate myself to the process of writing practice. Only if that process is actually identical with process of devotional service, or is a form of devotional service.

You say—I write like this because it digs up the best I can write and we use some of it in published books. And those books are my service, my preaching to the world. Hare Kṛṣṇa.

The writing takes time. It gives me back a solace. Life isn't easy for anyone. They manage to publish books but they don't have the message of Godhead. They have given up service to God in any "organized" religion. Whatever religion they have is hardly recognizable as *dharma* especially as *bhāgavata-dharma*.

But I have that message to carry. It is carrying me. I see myself partly caving into burdens of old age and disease. Try to hold your head high. Get on the road. What shall I tell my Godbrother? He's seeking his own

next direction in life, at fifty years old. Does he want “permission” that he take *sannyāsa*? Does he have a scheme, a dream? I’ll be open to hear it. But I usually just agree with people. If he’s been thinking a lot about what he wants to do I can’t presume to judge his tentative conclusions to know better than he, what he should do. Okay, stop worrying about that. Be a friend as best you can.

Van

pan. The last day here, the last of this week’s series of warm-up writing. These writings form the basis of the next month’s writings in a chain.

Now time is up. Twenty-five minutes is all I could spare so I’ll have time for thirteen rounds. Come back here later this morning.



4:15 A.M.

Writing helps. The man is a little chilly. That’s okay, he’ll live. He’ll die. He’ll be in between.

Proud he is carrying the message of Godhead. Read his master’s books. Aware you’ve said it all before. This may make you discouraged and want to stop. No, tell yourself—it is not the same old thing. Even Śrīla Prabhupāda had to repeat the basics.

How is it new? Because it is happening just now. Beat beat beat beat, the heart keeps beating. Be

thankful it is the same and newer each moment of time. This is eternal. Not the material body but the life force, the individual soul and the individual Supreme Personality of Godhead. They are both eternal. The Lord maintains us. We are all His servants. So if you think that you're repeating yourself, then I say go and travel and experience newness. Newness is not that external stuff. They are combinations and permutations of chewing the chewed. But with a little variety and you call it novelty. Deeper than that is change or sameness of the truth. It doesn't matter whether it is something you already did or seems new. The important thing is to serve Kṛṣṇa with love. But in the spiritual world Śrīmatī Rādhārāṇī experiences *purva-raga*. She always thinks She is meeting with Kṛṣṇa for the first time. This is proof that it doesn't get stale or boring and you don't think, "This is the same old thing, *deja vu*."

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa the same name can open in you new vistas of bliss. Every year the devotees came from Bengal to see Lord Caitanya in Jagannātha Purī, but it was always new. They walked the same route, saw the Lord in the same place, took the same residential houses, saw the Ratha-yātrā and the Lord's ecstasies as before . . . But they felt pleasure of new bliss. He is always a fresh youth and He's playing on His flute with very enchanting melodies. Varieties new and interesting. He is the eternal lover and never old.

Higgins Smith, make your last notes. This is the last day of this Geaglum camp. You had thought maybe it

was your home for the rest of your life but now it's another camp.

Bring SP into van and see how he fits on the altar. But he will stay in his box while we actually travel. See how it works living in the van. We have said we will return here but keeping it something of a secret. Travel to devotees and speak what is in the *sāstras*. Hello folks, here I am before you, just to remind you that you should read and chant and you should consider Kṛṣṇa your best friend. He's the Supreme Personality. Yeah, but you got to know Him through the guru. Granted, of course, no one can go to Kṛṣṇa otherwise. (No one can go to the father except through the authorized son). But still, it's Kṛṣṇa who the guru points you toward. So you might talk something about Kṛṣṇa in the *Bhagavad-gītā*, how He keeps Himself above the modes and no one can know Him. But He can be known by devotional service. That is the seventh chapter. Want to go for it?

Tell them something. How they can work together. One says she's fried, another says she's roasted. They're lonely. There's not even heat in the building. Not enough devotees or too many. Too much work with just a few workers. Besides, the ladies want to get married. Once they do that and have a child, then the whole thing is changed. Then who'll take care of Rādhā-Mādhava? Who will distribute books? The householder has to take care of himself and his family. Then we must recruit new devotees. How's that for an answer?

Whistling Smith. Not reading anymore of Tobias Wolfe, *This Boy's Life*. It is excellently written. Some said it is cruel. The boy is completely alienated from adults. The author started with an Oscar Wilde quote—"The first duty in life is to keep a pose. No one has yet figured out what is the second duty." Wise-guy genius Wilde. We don't agree that life is inevitably only a pose. There is a sincere attempt to be yourself. But he's right, everything is illusion otherwise. You play at being a literary man, a girl, a fish, a boss, but you are not that. You are pure spirit soul. Say that to the readers of *Among Friends* and to whoever you meet, if you're up to it.

I know you are feeling sleepy but I ask you to take a seventh inning stretch, take an intermission. Go into the lobby of the theater and there you hear that Leroi Jones punched a guy and that guy went and got a cop and Jones was arrested. This happened the night I was also in the theater. I saw some of it from the outskirts. Activist. Then we went back to hear the jazz. Coltrane too loud and honking with another honking sax player. They stood in front of the curtain with no other instruments. Almost like big Al Sears of Allan Freed days of just noise, deafening unpleasant. Give us something sweet please. I can't stand this crazy anger and chaos.

So take an intermission and then come back happy and refreshed, wash your face and hands after you take a pee in the men's room and then come back and join us. O human race, I'm ready for you.

Dear Bhūrijana, I am ready for you. Here is my real face. Take an intermission and come back and write the October sonnet, ode novella, autobiographic travel note, here goes comment purport to the *śloka*.

Stevie weevie, in back of van counted his toes up to ten. Said, I'm in pain, please stop the van. But Madhu says, sorry we've got to push on to reach Brescia by morning of the eighth for the dentist appointment. Oh me, oh my, that massive engine better take us and the wheels stay affixed. This poet's got pressure and the bunk is too short. Mama is crying out, "What happened to my boy?" He grew up and joined the cult. Mistah Kurtz, he ain't dead. He went back to Godhead or at least his soul went on to the next life. John Berryman dream songs . . . rubber tires, short curly hairs, you got to be kidding. I am serious in KC. Take out the bad words and leave me my teeth. I'm in no mood for sporting. Kṛṣṇa is Supreme. Wheel it around. Be serious because when you die, all these things come out in the wash. You are all the things you were and thought. You get a next body of a tree if you sinned or if a devotee who failed, then still back for Kali pain.



3:05 P.M., Indoors

This could be the last one in this series. But I'd like to do at least one more at 12:30 A.M. on September 30.

Then start the new October series. Hare Kṛṣṇa. Life's not so deep feeling when you have many things to do. M.'s room is wall-to-wall cluttered with our belongings and supplies which he's got to put either on the shelves, in storage room or into the van. Running out of time. We leave by seven tomorrow morning. Blue, blues.

The "let go" blues. The not-care-what-they-think-who-read-this. Then why record at all? Why live at all? For Kṛṣṇa, you say. Such a strange name is "Kṛṣṇa" to the nondevotee. It can't be introduced right away. "Don't speak of Kṛṣṇa. Kṛṣṇa is millions of miles away," SP sometimes said to an impertinent guest or person in a public audience. First speak that "you are not this body." You're the soul. But at other times he sprang the word Kṛṣṇa as soon as possible into the lecture—and I write like that, Kṛṣṇa, Prabhupāda, assuming the reader will know what I mean. In other words, I write for devotees. All art for them.

They deserve it, the best.

Crackers and tea, remember we used to eat traveling last year? Get going, spirit soul. Today the stinging when passing urine returns and I have to pass every hour. And completely constipated. Headache not more than usual. You are not going to stay back just for a few bodily discrepancies. Push on, on schedule, leave tomorrow.

Put everything you can here. Bhūrijana coming to see to me in Belfast, October 1. Dare to write about that? Maybe I'll be a bit discrete. I don't owe it to the writing process to bare all confidences of others. You

can say you spoke to a friend. There will be enough to say as you try out living in the van and participate in temple life. Tomorrow is plenty for me in the two-hour trip to Belfast and a scheduled disciples' meeting in the afternoon. But I don't have a topic yet. The topic is Kṛṣṇa. The goal is Kṛṣṇa. What He says in seventh chapter about Himself. But that's too many points. You don't expect a disciples' meeting to be an overview of a *Bhagavad-gītā* chapter. Then what? Focus on Kṛṣṇa, what He means to me? His *līlā* in *sāstra* and His role in your life? Kṛṣṇa the Supreme. Ask M., what do you think I could speak on? Instead of all seventh chapter maybe two verses.

Dear disciples, here I am. I care for you. I'm about to travel to see devotees. Living in the temple. I wish you well. What can I do for you? (One or more want to get married. Others wish they could be more steady or less mechanical, wish all devotees would be more loving . . . )

Dear devotees, here I am, first leg of my late-in-year travels. But they don't know that. That's my trip. The class here on *japa* yesterday was good. Can't repeat that. I'm not up for it. Read and write, people. Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, who is He? He's the *arcā-vigraha*, He's the holy names, He whose pastimes we read in SB and whose teachings we try to learn in BG. Kṛṣṇa.

In a name is all

potency.

Not like "rose."

It's sound incarnate.

But I can't taste.



No matter, I chant and  
feel it's right and  
duty. Hare Kṛṣṇa  
mantra.

I'll think of what to say. Sit in that room, Nitāi-Śacī and some ladies, and maybe one or two congregational members. Householders living outside. If not many, that's okay. They are my disciples. I am Prabhupāda's *śiṣya*. Tell that. Hare Kṛṣṇa.

Been raining all day. Now stopped. Lake calm. They have their Sunday feast around 4 P.M.. I'm leaving here. Some day you die. Think of Kṛṣṇa then. Oh, that's a topic, isn't it? In the eighth chapter. But maybe a bit morbid or just too theoretical to choose for tomorrow's meeting. I can't talk about the nature of my own writing. That would be self-centered. So talk of Kṛṣṇa.

Yeah, how to make our lives Kṛṣṇa-centered. That's it. By living in a temple, tell them, you have a big advantage. Somehow or other become Kṛṣṇa-centered.

But He's not real to us. Far away. So it seems. Kṛṣṇa centered . . . It gets down to one same lecture I always give to disciples, importance of reading (of Kṛṣṇa) and chanting rounds, Hare Kṛṣṇa, especially in the morning. I write and say Kṛṣṇa. Oh . . . I'll be okay.

I told you M. has an enormous amount of picking up of stuff and packing. But he still has last minute

work in the van—putting curtains up for my privacy. The thing he has left for last is his own bed. And so at the last minute he will just take articles and stuff them into the storage shelves in this house, in no particular order. When we come back we can do that.

Clouds laden, gray is beautiful. Can you see it? Can you sense Kṛṣṇa's presence in your life? Remember SP in '72 GBC meeting in his room in LA—"Are you convinced that Kṛṣṇa is God? Unless you are convinced, you cannot help me." He is convinced in *śāstra*.

But is He my friend? Does He love me? How to make it less than abstract?

You could go into your meeting tomorrow with no real answer to the question, "How to make your life Kṛṣṇa-centered?" Then just ad-lib. Wow. Oh yeah, you'll say standard things. You'll be inspired by their presence and the desire to help them. You maybe have a little experience and insight they don't have. Or you are expected to teach. So take that valuable topic, how to make our lives Kṛṣṇa-centered and go for it.

How to believe

how to get from abstract to real

to feel His love

to surrender . . .

Kṛṣṇa in the heart will help me speak as He did the first time I ever spoke to devotees in 1966 at 26 Second Avenue. Oh, please. This is Swamiji's place to speak, not mine. My position is to listen to him.

Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya Prabhu Nityānanda. Smiling gal embarrassed but pushy, helpless. Repeats what she heard from her guru. How thoughtful I am . . .

Okay, we've been going a half-hour. End this.

Notes for talks you'll give will regularly appear in October Fest's writing book. Pumpkin harvest.

Hope I don't split a gut or talk too much about body aches and pains. May the pen bless me and write on.



6:02 P.M.

"After attaining Me, the great souls, who are yogis in devotion, never return to this temporary world, which is full of miseries, because they have attained the highest perfection." (Bg. 8.15) I think how it's far away. Real Kṛṣṇa consciousness. You always think of Kṛṣṇa, don't forget Him for moment. Chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa will bring it. I read SP's purport and think, "He says this but I haven't found it true in my life." The Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra hasn't brought me to love of Kṛṣṇa. Rather, I do as duty. I am so fallen. I'm still at the beginning after thirty years. He says, "In the beginning you may commit offenses" and in the beginning you may have so many discrepancies and make mistakes. But how long is "the beginning" supposed to last? Feel sorry. But then meditate, pray. Cannot. Get drowsy. Get interrupted by noises. Think how active preachers and temple workers and leaders are doing practical work to achieve the state of KC. They can attain

constant KC in that way. But sometimes they admit that they're working but they can't think of Kṛṣṇa. We all feel so much lacking when we see what Lord Kṛṣṇa and Śrīla Prabhupāda speak of as *mahātmā* and pure KC.

How can we expect to go back to Godhead to Kṛṣṇaloka? At least I must stick to this reading and worshipping. Put Kṛṣṇa in center of your life. Go see Rādhā-Mādhava. Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa.

Serious work to be done to attain Supreme. The life after death. Don't be absorbed in history of this life in the body, mother and father, etc. It's all like a dream gone, like bubbles at sea. And not only this one spot-life, but many lives you've had this way. Think soberly.

Mahārāja Bhārata thought of a deer at the end of life. Even though he was spiritually advanced he had to take the body of a deer next life. I don't want to come back for trivial sense grat. I'm indulging in it. Be a *sannyāsī*, renounce the world. Live in the *śāstras* and pray to Kṛṣṇa that He will reveal Himself to you.

You don't notice it, but time is ebbing away fast. Come to renunciation. Stop indulging in eclairs; Therese took only one as far I know. Get it done with. See things in relation to Kṛṣṇa if you can use them and it's authorized. Keep stuff off your mind that is not KC or used in His service like the microphone, dictaphone, typewriter, van, pens, etc.

September 30, 1996

12:53 A.M.

End this series of writing sessions here. *Bhagavad-gītā* 8.15 speaks of the Supreme goal attainable by the *mahatmas*. It is Goloka Vṛndāvana, and when one goes there he never returns to this material world of temporary and miserable life. As long as we have so many attachments to this material world, how can we expect to attain the Supreme spiritual abode?

This world is meant for miseries. It's not the total reality.

The Supreme goal, the state reached by the great souls is this: "They only want Kṛṣṇa and Kṛṣṇa's association and nothing else."

"... The pure devotee is constantly engaged in the transcendental loving service of the Supreme Lord and cannot forget the Supreme Lord." And so he easily attains Kṛṣṇa. Chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra is the way in this age. Hare Kṛṣṇa.

But when I write my pen talks of bodily pains and themes in my struggle to be a person in ISKCON. And fears of this material existence as I see in dreams. I ask myself, what is my purpose? Shouldn't the answer be to quote *Bhagavad-gītā* verses or the purposes of a pure devotee? Why should I have a different purpose from what Kṛṣṇa wants of me?

I'm struggling to live the scriptures. I want to make the theoretical real, the general specific.

My headaches. They are the aches of my body and not the soul's, eh? But *I* seem to feel them, because I'm attached to the bodily concept. I seek peace and ease in the difficulties of old age and disease. Get through it as painlessly as possible. But you can't. Pain killers can't do it or even naturaopath.

Yes, try to be more Kṛṣṇa-centered like the great souls. Go now preach, visiting temples. And for this purpose endure inconveniences of life in the van. Tell yourself why you are doing this. It's to make yourself more KC, study SP's books in the van, and write your little life epic. And come out of the van to give lectures to devotees. This starts today as we travel to Belfast, live in the van and if I'm up to it, give a disciples' meeting at 4 P.M.

I needn't write like a madman but a devotee. A struggler. I'll also report what I see and try to see it (adjust vision) through *śāstras*.



