

Dream Notebook

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Dream Notebook

May 4, 1994, Eire

Intention:

I don't intend to record my dreams here. That I'll do on tape. I want to make notes, which may include fragments of dreams, dream talk, analysis, notes. I'm not sure what. This may supplement the recording of the dreams.

What is dream work?

§ § §

May 5, 1994

Why am I reluctant to write out dreams or do dream work? It takes too long and doesn't give immediate, clear Kṛṣṇa conscious result. But I do believe they are *me* (at a certain level) and that they speak to me with my fears and concerns, and their messages are valuable. Frankly, I can't understand them and can't afford the time to do dream interviews, etc. I also don't have time and power to memorize Sanskrit verses or do other worthy activities. So please accept whatever time and interest I can give to them in the dreams. With this in mind, dream-self, if you could make the dreams powerful and even clearer, that might help. I like to retain them.

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May 7, 1994

The problem is I don't want to wake fully enough *to speak out loud* and record the dream. I'm afraid it will break my sleep to stop and gather the dream into a conscious state and speak it. But when I was doing it, did it disturb my total sleep? I don't think so. Try to break the silence. Speak into dictaphone. Try it.

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May 9, 1994

Dream Fragments:

For a restart, be willing to record at least fragments. Okay, here's one. Garuḍa Prabhu is an initiating guru with the name Gurupāda. His female disciples arrive. I am an observer having a little fun. I let on I know they are looking for their Gurupāda.

After dream:

Seems like my turn to have some fun watching Godbrothers go through what I went through.

Fragment:

A little league baseball game conducted on the flight deck of an aircraft carrier. (Dreams and their odd ____ position). Someone hits the ball and it gets stuck in a wall of the ship.

It's been days since I dreamed this but it has stayed with me.

§ § §

May 19, 1994

I started recording a few with bedside tape recording. Also when I go to the 12 midnight Writing Session, I may write one down, "I just had a dream," and I make a comment. So dream life interest is still alive 'though not at high flame. Also I napped at a 5 A.M. Writing Session and woke and wrote the whole dream into my book, *My Relationship With Lord Kṛṣṇa*. Dreams are potent and useful. Regarding the question whether recording dreams disrupts sleep, I don't think so. I usually sleep in segments. I wake after about one and a half or two and a half hours. I can record and turn back for more sleep. I can record at similar little periods like that or when a dream is vivid. It requires some trust that I *will* be able to get back to sleep and also sense the value in the recording.

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May 20, 1994

Again I used a dream in my book writing in the last section of *My Relationship With Lord Kṛṣṇa*, so thank you. It was very effective, like a parable.

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June 9, 1994, Italy

Recently I had dreams which I accepted face-value as experiences. One was satisfying, healing, and forgiving, about my mother. I was wandering homeless, and with much difficulty found the apartment where she lived in a joint family way with my sister's family . . . She met me in the outer office of their apartment. We spoke friendly of her rejection of me because of my being a Hare Kṛṣṇa member. It was nice. She told me that I was destined to be likable to others and so even if she didn't take me in her home (she didn't), five or six homes I approached would receive me. It was almost like a blessing on her part. I woke feeling that I had forgiven her and she me and she'd given me confidence to face life. It doesn't matter if that dream mother doesn't tally with the Catherine Guarino who rejected me on the telephone. The dream was real.

In a dream last night, I followed other Hare Kṛṣṇa devotees on an American Indian route of swimming in cold weather. The others did it only briefly, but I became "lost" in it and turned up much later in the woods on my

own. I returned to our group feeling confident and fulfilled and willing to work. I recorded these dreams and intend to publish them in my private printing. I note it here to encourage myself to not forget the benefits of dreams and attention to dreams—accepting them as they are and applying them to my life in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Let them work for you.

§ § §

– Agree to see an unusual movie –

November 12, 1994, Māyāpur

I'm walking somewhere with my childhood friend Phil Backoff. He tells me there's a great new film out and he wants to go see it and I should go see it with him. It has a theistic theme. Some men go through some terrible ordeal, they're up to their necks in some liquid or something. Through that, they attain a kind of God consciousness in which they say, "Thank you, God." God is the same as saying, "Thank you, God." Although it doesn't quite agree with my morning schedule, I agree to go to that movie with him.

Instead of that movie, we're seeing some other movie and in it is my ex-wife. This movie begins in a pub, like a restaurant, and people are gathered there and they're at little tables. The film shows my ex-wife talking something. At one point, she says Prabhupāda is gone. Then there she freezes and everybody else in the pub freezes, and I don't know why. Of course, it's very strange and what's going to happen after this I don't know. The film ends there.

Then I more or less wake up and think, "What does this mean?" They seem to both be a chance to come up with some story or artistic theme that I might write on in a fictional way to bring out God consciousness. That's what I mostly get out of this dream, that my subconsciousness is coming up with some kind of way to present God consciousness to the masses through fiction or film. But I more or less reject it thinking that it would take too much effort and that I couldn't deal with characters and that I'm not really into fiction that much.

§ § §

– Violence threatened by straight-edge kids –

We were staying up all night playing golf in my home, my mother's home, in Staten Island. Then four young guys came to the door and they were threatening violence. But there were six of us so they didn't really fight. They withdrew finally but I went with them. I was known as a Hare Kṛṣṇa. I was very submissive to them in one sense. I got to see what their identity was like as kids. They were straight-edge kids who didn't commit too much vice, but I saw how they lived. I finally left them and it was dangerous to wander alone. Then the story ended with my being alone with a friend. He

got married to a widow and became an Italian or something or other. It was like a refrain of the line of what happened to me. Then I couldn't see anymore what happened in the dream.

I don't know what it all means—why I'd dream such a strange dream here in Māyāpur instead of something about Lord Caitanya. What does Prabhupāda want me to do?



– Back in the mode of being a disciple of NM –

November 18, 1994 Ireland

I was going back again to lovingly dive at and touch the feet of Nārāyaṇa Mahārāja. Along with other followers, I was back in the mode of being a disciple. Partly I was under the influence of Gīrījā Mahārāja in doing this. He told me that at least twice Mahārāja had some sweet exchange with him and then said to him, "Show this to Satsvarūpa also." At the end of the dream, we were walking outdoors, and wherever we were, the places were lined with cakes and sweets. I was reaching out and poking different ones that were looking too hard and I was criticizing them and not taking them, looking for a good one. Finally Gīrījā took me to a place where he had built a structure. It was like a building and he was talking about how people outside of India didn't know how to make these cakes or sweets.

Comment on the dream:

This is something that I don't consciously want to happen. I thought perhaps the subconscious is working against my conscious intentions. Another far-out possibility is that there may be some persons who are working to bring about the end that was end this dream. Maybe they're trying to contact me and convince me of this action. You mean a kind of mental telepathy through dreams? It's not that exactly, yet something is going on and my subconscious picked it up and told me about it in dream. Thus it has a kind of warning effect, "Some people are trying to bring this about. Be careful it doesn't actually happen."



– Confessing to be a strict vegetarian –

I was discovering and confessing to somebody that I was not a strict vegetarian. I admitted that sometimes I ate chicken or in other more subtle ways I departed from strict vegetarianism. As I said this, it was also meant to be a kind of instruction to others that they should not take the easy definition of being a vegetarian, but if they were very strict and looked within themselves they too might find discrepancies. The result of this kind of dream was a feeling even while in the dream that vegetarianism was some-

thing very special and wonderful, and so in the dream it had a pleasing effect to consider the value of the practice when done strictly.

Also, the dream had a pleasing sense of re-conversion or re-dedication to that principle. From now on I was going to take it seriously and become a pure vegetarian in Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

§ § §

– Staying strong in *sannyasa* vow
against seductive attempts of ex-wife –

I was in a rather small building which was like a temple, and I was lecturing there. My ex-wife came to me, surrendering to me in a seductive way like a wife, and she wanted me to accept her back. I said, “No, I can’t do that,” and refused her, being strong in my vows of *sannyāsa*. I said, “I can’t even talk to you.” Then she turned and became angry and even threatening. She picked up various weapons and charged at me with them—throwing things. I asked the temple devotees to give me shelter. They weren’t very protective, and I got stern with them. I called my servant to me and said, “Look, we’re going to leave here in fifteen minutes even if I can’t find the right shoes or clothes. Get ready in fifteen minutes.” But within that time, she continued to charge me and the devotees weren’t protecting. I had to hide out. Finally I got a few devotees to take a strong stand. They intercepted some of her knives and spears.

Finally she came to me with some fresh weeds or spinach and said, “This is loony spinach. If you grind it down and take it, it will drive you crazy.” So I humored her and said, “Yes, yes, I’ll take it,” and took it away from her. Then I was going away and she again came after me and attacked with a pair of scissors. I took them and somehow carelessly I stabbed her with them. It wasn’t a serious stab, but she began to cry and run away. I didn’t know what she was going to do. She was just trying to use that as another weapon—her crying and protesting that I had harmed her. I finally said I had to make my escape and the dream ended.

I don’t know what the dream represents but I took this rest after being up a couple of hours and started at midnight. I had a pain in my eye and I went back to sleep. I thought the pain might go away, but now I’ve woke up and the pain has come back stronger. It’s like the beginning of an actual headache. My ex-wife is like a symbol at this time, at least of a headache syndrome, the headache pain befitting me, correcting me and my not being able to deal with it to make it go away.

I had some dream theory that there were people who could curse me by black magic. I could say that by telepathy somebody was thinking ill of me or doing something to me and it was taking this form of various attacks causing headaches.

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- Interactions between devotees and Catholic father-teachers -

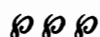
Fragments from a dream:

It was a Catholic combination of college and church. This was in a back woods place, not a very big city. Some devotees were visiting and having some interaction with the fathers there. One father was highly qualified academically and he could have had a job in a big city, but he was at this small town college and they appreciated him.

I remember a scene which was related to me as having happened in this place. My disciple, Tirthapāda, was talking in a kind of interview setting with one of the fathers, and they were explaining to him about how much they appreciated this highly qualified father-teacher on their staff. They said he was always concerned about other people, especially when they were looking for a job. He was compassionate and tried to help them find a job. Suddenly this father asked Tirthapāda if he would accept a post on their faculty. Tirthapāda told me that he immediately accepted it. I assumed that this didn't mean that he was converting to being a Catholic, he was still a Hare Kṛṣṇa devotee, but he could teach different subjects including his business subjects, and so on.

One reason I'm relating the dream is that dreams I've been having lately seem so real and I'm also attentive to the emotions in them. The key emotion here was Tirthapāda's gratefulness and happiness on accepting this job, seeing it as Providential and just the right kind of thing he wanted, and myself sharing this feeling of goodness in life when you get a post that you were seeking.

Of course, after I woke, I had some caution about why are we getting so involved with the Catholic Church and would it actually affect Tirthāpāda to become too close to the Christians. But otherwise, I liked that emotion of a relatively young man being happy at getting an auspicious post.



- Decision made to leave Santo Domingo in order to write freely -

We were living in a country like Santo Domingo. We had a friendly relationship with the Catholic Church and the government, but suddenly they were no longer friendly with us. Then we were on the land running away from them. There were three of us. I was going to keep a diary of our running away, but I realized anything I wrote would incriminate us if later we were picked up police. We made a decision, and I was the leading one to decide on this, that we should change our clothes and just take the clothes of American hippie tourists. Then a further decision was to leave Santo Domingo completely. We would then no longer be able to conduct any kind of revolution, but then I could write more freely if we just wandered around in America. Somehow it was very important to write also. I could write my own story each day and not worry about what it meant in terms of what

police would say when they read it if you ever got picked up, because we would no longer be in the country where that oppression counted.

§ § §

– Eyeglasses broken –

I had a dream that despite being very careful with my eyeglasses in my place of work, they were broken. They were only broken by someone who pulled out the ____ I tried to get new glasses but couldn't.

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– Prabhupada in America before anyone knew about him –

I had a dream of many incidents of Prabhupāda in America before anyone knew anything about him. This was material that even before Prabhupāda went to that place in Butler—it was things we never heard of. But in the dream it wasn't like a real Prabhupāda, it was some stranger. Nevertheless, it was interesting too . . .

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– Met Hridayananda Maharaja while visiting a temple
in India with disciples –

I was visiting some temple in Vṛndāvana India with my disciples. I saw Hṛdayānanda Mahārāja coming and I went over to him. He said that it was a good resolution the GBC passed that devotees in ISKCON should go to see the temples in Vṛndāvana with their spiritual masters. We talked and were walking back together, and I was asking him about his activities in Harvard and other places. He was suffering from some diseases. He said he had diarrhea. I said I knew some good medicine for it.

There was one old temple where one of the practices was that the people taking *darśana* would stand in a circle and throw flesh—like in catch—catching of the flesh one to another in a circle. I thought it was goolish and said, "I can't stand this," and I wouldn't take part in it. But that was too squeamish of me and too Western. I should have taken part and gotten the benefit of learning something.

§ § §

– Being harassed by ex-wife and bunch of devotees –

I had a scary dream in which my ex-wife and a whole bunch of devotees lined up with her were harassing me all the time. I had touch bodyguards.

It was, in one sense, a struggle to keep them away from us. They were always following us and my guards were fighting them off. It wasn't just playful—it was to the death.

§ § §

– Thrust into controversy on guru worship –

I was thrust into the controversy between how to honor the disciple's worship of the guru now in ISKCON, and also a desire and some parties to worship only Prabhupāda. This happened in the New York temple. Myself and some others appointed a committee to decide on it and then we left there.

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– On T.V. show with Indira Gandhi –

There was a T.V. show Indira Gandhi was on, and others were like a panel. Indira Gandhi and her daughter both said something that was sort of spiritual or Kṛṣṇa conscious. I was on the show too. Indira Gandhi at the end said something . . . it appeared that she quoted Jagannātha Gosvāmī and said, "Even death shall not prevent me from thinking of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa." But instead of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa, she used some other names which could have been Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa or could have been something else. Devotees were very impressed that she said this, but I wasn't so impressed. People also thought that I was good on the show.

§ § §

– UFO messages –

A UFO was coming from a place like Denmark. We were waiting and waiting for them to come—a group of devotees. Then finally some messages started to come. I think there was something about our not spending our time well enough for the Centennial and other messages. But I was doubtful whether this group really existed and whether I had to do what they said, or whether they had all wisdom, maybe just force instead. Brahmānanda said that he would like to know when this guy, meaning this psychic person or controller, was coming. But he had offended him and had to learn something from him.

Comment after dream:

I didn't want to be affected by the UFO message or be overpowered by it, and I tried to walk away from it. It wasn't particularly a Kṛṣṇa conscious guru type of voice, but something alien that had observed our Kṛṣṇa conscious activities and made its own judgment about us. When I was walking

away or someone like me was walking away, Brahmānanda was saying, "Well, we have to own up to the fact that we've been like disciples to this psychic voice, and now if we've displeased him we can't get anywhere, so we have to please him." But I was thinking, "I don't think that I'm in that category of someone who became his disciple, so I can walk away."

§ § §

I was somehow recruiting the life of an actor and was following the more experienced actor, and we would run from scene to scene to execute it. We were doing it under some kind of oppressive regime who watched the plays. The person I followed was so used to it he could just run through it and then when he had time off, he could spend that knowing exactly what to do. But I was struggling to keep up, and at one point while running along I broke down and began to cry. They knew that I didn't want this, that I'd love to do something else.

In the back of mind, I think I wanted to go on a retreat or something like that.

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- Captured a prisoner -

I was a captured prisoner by some people. I was cooperating with them and it was very humiliating. I was acting humble toward them waiting on their judgment decision what to do with me. Maybe they would let me go at the end of the day, or maybe not. They were reviewing my case. I was trying to serve them. Other devotees were there and saw me in such a humiliated position. I thought especially one devotee would later see me and I'd be in an exalted position, but what can I do, I couldn't get out of this present situation, so I tolerated it, trying to get away by being humble, but then later there was a chance to escape.

§ § §

- Taking Prabhupāda around on a mechanized vehicle -

I was taking Prabhupāda around on some machine we had to put money in. He was ill. We were receiving him somewhere and everything was disorganized. Prabhupāda came and I came forward and took him around on this vehicle that you pushed—it was mechanized and he liked it. The place was advertising about Kṛṣṇa in Dvārakā and it showed twenty-five different lotuses. Then I ran out of money and was trying to bring him back, changing some bills and things I had into coins that could run the machine which took one hundred and twenty-five. Prabhupāda patiently waiting.

In the morning, the peasants there were to bathe the Deity, he would arrange it. But we were worried what kind of reception he would have because he didn't have money and we're trying to keep Prabhupāda there.

The dream feature a nice intimacy with Prabhupāda, ill and depending on me to take care of him and my coming forward, willing to take care of him. Maybe this means I'm willing to take care of my own creeper to Prabhupāda, which is weak and ill. So now I'm going to come up with the money to do it and take the risks to do it even facing the nondevotees and embarrassing situations. Finding somehow the ability to do it and the means to do it. Keep a genuine service to Prabhupāda.



- Traveling with Prabhupada in awkward situations -

Prabhupāda was traveling and he said that he had no clothes, no *dhōtī*, and he was suffering because of this. I was a new servant. We didn't know why he said this, and we looked through his suitcases and found the separate *dhōtīs* wrapped up there. Two different devotees showed them to him and it was good enough, he accepted it. Finally he went and took rest after lunch. I began some other things, showing that I wasn't attached to eating, and I saw him go by on his way to the bathroom and he was not so pleased. He was dragging the *dhōtī* on the floor and didn't look happy. I realized that you have to see him in these awkward situations and keep up your faith in him.

He said he liked to sit by the sea under a tree just in itself. He talked this over with someone like Bhagavān. He said if we can get a place on the French Riviera that would be great. You couldn't keep other people from being near there unless you bought the whole property and that would be an important detail. If we have to do that it would cost a lot of money. He was talking about that with him.



- Madhu purchases a tiger -

Madhu was engaged in purchasing a tiger. The tiger was six and a half months old and was already big and going to grow to full size. He had it in a suitcase. The container had suitcase hinges on it and not much security. But he was telling me how it was going to have much more later. He didn't ask whether I wanted to do this, he just went ahead and did it.

Then there were three of us—Madhu, somebody else, and me, and that somebody else was like Madhu. He ran away from Madhu when Madhu asked him to stay and mind the tiger and the suitcase. While Madhu slept, that person took the opportunity and ran away because neither I nor the

runaway person wanted this tiger into our relationship and Madhu hadn't asked us. Now we ran away.

§ § §

- Brahmananda and others attend controversy on ISKCON gurus -

Brahmānanda Swami and others attend some controversy about ISKCON gurus. There is some idea that maybe the system will change again. In this meeting I get very angry and I speak eloquently that Brahmānanda should not have accused me in public for absconding with funds. Somebody says in 1954 I was given \$17,000 by her. I say, "Wait a minute, I was only four years old. Any way, if I got any money, I'd use it in Kṛṣṇa's service."

§ § §

- Rehearsing a play in Prabhupāda's presence -

We were rehearsing a play and Prabhupāda was there. Somebody came out and was interrupting Prabhupāda. He said he had doubts. He wanted to talk it over with Prabhupāda like enemies as well as friends. I said, "But not now, it's a rehearsal." Prabhupāda asked that man to excuse me for butting in like that. But he said the boy who is right or the body which is speaking, meaning me. Then he looked at me sternly and he said to the man, "Sometimes you have to follow your own perfect advice."

§ § §

- Unpleasant dealings with devotees -

I had some unpleasant dealings with devotees. We were traveling somewhere and at one point, someone handed me a big plate of sweets. Prabhupāda was with us also. Holding the sweets on a paper plate, I continued to talk with the devotees. Prabhupāda looked at me sadly and compassionately reprimanding me because I was actually given the sweets to give to him, but instead I stood there talking. In my mind, I thought they were for me. When I realized what he wanted, he sat down and I sat and put the sweets before him. I wasn't doing it so well and I thought he might reprimand me but he didn't. There were too many sweets on one small plate, and on the other plate I just uncovered the cellophane and let him take anything he wanted rather than just select a few for him.

I think this dream came because I don't offer my food to Prabhupāda with the right consciousness. I think of eating it myself. The parallel is that I had food for him and I was not really thinking that I should personally carefully give it to him as his servant. I was distracted and talking to somebody

right in Prabhupāda's presence, right in front of him, instead of thinking of myself as his servant. Therefore he gave me that look, and that look was the prominent thing in the dream. It was the most real thing. It was really Prabhupāda looking sad and disappointed at me, a little disgusted and neglected by me.

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– Assigned again to PIO office in the Navy –

I was back in the Navy and was assigned again to a kind of PIO office. There were quite a few sailors in it, and there were a number of cots in there. I tried to claim one but then I saw that every one had been claimed by someone else and I really couldn't get one, so I decided I had to stay in some part of the room. In other words, I didn't have any seniority. They were really goofing around in this PIO office, mostly young kids. They were writing silly things on the wall and they seemed to have no plan for work, nothing to do so there was nothing I could do.

Then I was away from that office, still in the Navy confines, perhaps still on the ship at a kind of snack bar. I ate something that somebody else left behind. A girl came over and asked me what I wanted and I tried to order something like a toast sandwich. I think I wanted vegetarian items on it. There they were treating me with a little more respect reminiscent to when I was the PIO before and had seniority. In fact, I expressed to someone that when I was previously enlisted in the office, I was actually the head man in that office. He sympathized with me and said yes, the group in I was in with now didn't do anything and they were very silly. But there didn't seem to be any way I could rectify my present situation.

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– A visit to a nun's monastery with a Maharaja –

____ (**possible blank here**) Mahārāja went to a ____ (**possible blank here**) monastery place where there were nuns and spoke to some intelligent nuns there. Mahārāja took over all the talking. It was very humiliating for me. I thought I was the one who knew about Merton. He had something very strong that he wanted to say about a lack of preface, the way he was wasting his time and so on and that it was due to some deficiency inherent in the Catholic Church and so on. He was driving this point and I was wishing that I was talking. But it was something profound that he was getting at in his own way and he wanted to make this point of that. He said after all he had studied Merton also then later he asked me. In the dream I was thinking of speaking very thoroughly, as good as anything I've ever done. I ____ (**possible blank here**) saying how you get flashes of good things but, he's an impersonalist. I was explaining how he's an impersonalist and one of the flashes that you get, how they're satisfying to us. It was a remark-

able dream how coherent and articulate I was. My mother was listening with intelligence and sympathy like it was more or less her opinion too about Merton. And so it was, that was the dream going on like that. It was still going on strong when I woke up from it. All I can say is too bad I didn't write it down but I don't want to write it down now.

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– Meaningful meeting with Bhakti-tīrtha Swami –

I had it out with Bhakti-tīrtha Swami and got the opportunity to pour out all my feelings about him—about him being Ghana-śyāma and my knowing him as a little devotee who had just joined, John Favors, how he grew up and we never were in touch all those years. It was really an affectionate pouring out, but who he was now was for me hard to relate to.

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– Sitting at Prabhupāda's feet with Hṛdayānanda Maharaja –

We were sitting around at Prabhupāda's feet—me and Hṛdayānanda Mahārāja. We were talking about photos, how it's nice to have good photos of Prabhupāda. I turned to Hṛdayānanda Mahārāja, well aware that Prabhupāda was present, and I said, "It's especially nice to look at pictures in which you're there with Prabhupāda." Prabhupāda said about the pictures in general, "Yes, they make you calm, they make you calm."

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– Old devotee friends taking to the ways of Chinese philosophy –

January 20, 1995

Old devotee friends were taking up the ways of Chinese philosophy, but Balavanta and I didn't. We were sticking with Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Before I fell asleep, I asked for Kṛṣṇa dreams and I got them. I was defending the philosophy being taught by ____ (**possible blank here**), that all our activities are in the material energy. I quoted Prabhupāda from the eighteenth chapter of *Bhagavad-gītā* showing that the boys and girls in ISKCON are like *sannyāsis* with *daivi prakṛti*. In the dream, old devotees were taking to Taoism but I persisted.

A character like me was in an apartment in New York City where they were practicing Tao. I wanted to leave because I still was a devotee of Kṛṣṇa, but they pushed out the door. The apartment was one door after another, and I was searching, trying to get out. Finally I wound up in a place that turned out to be St. Louis. This was very mysterious. I went on the

street and saw everything was like a mystical oneness, which is like the Tao experience but not Kṛṣṇa consciousness. I was in this city St. Louis but had no money, and people took advantage of me. Somehow I kept living, and I went and lived with my father who lived in that city. He was practicing Tao but I was practicing Kṛṣṇa consciousness. We were all lumped up in some place and I heard Bhavānanda there and said, "Hey, Bhavānanda, are you still Kṛṣṇa conscious?" He said, "Yeah, no Chinese for me." So no matter how down and out Bhavānanda was, he was still a devotee. That was a saving factor, whereas other persons were becoming Taoists.

Some more details on that dream: When I was pushing through the doors trying to get out, it finally led into a library. Then I was talking to a young librarian there, but I was trying to ask her where we were. On further inquiry, I asked, "Which borough of New York City are we in?" She didn't know anything about the boroughs of New York City. She finally said, "This is St. Louis."

Another detail is when I left that library, not at St. Louis, either I or the character in the dream had this vision of oneness which I think was associated with the Taoism. The way it worked was that you were able to see a lot more details of different people interacting. You noticed a lot more. Different strangers getting into cars, doctors walking along, people walking on the sidewalk and everything, rough people, ordinary people. You were able to see all the different details of life, everything seemed to fit in, and you were able to appreciate everything in some astounding way although it couldn't be explained. It was all just going on, the phenomena of life and people and your perceiving it. You were aware that this was very a heightening kind of realization, but it had nothing about God consciousness in it, nothing explicit.

As I've already described, I was sort of trapped in a tunnel with people before me and after me who were all vagabonds and thieves. I was in the middle and they purposely got me caught in there, and I understood that they were going to take what little money I had left. I was very afraid out of fear of starvation that I wasn't going to be able to have anything to eat. To solve this, the person who then became not so much me but the character in the dream, went and lived with his parents who were in St. Louis and he became sort of complacent and snug there and I was visiting him there.

That exchange with Bhavānanda was also like our both being trapped in the tunnel. He was numbers of persons down in a line and I heard him and called out to him. That was while we were in that mutually trapped situation. But it was heartening to hear the fellow devotee there.

§ § §

- Drummer in jazz group takes off clothes -
- &
- In Vrndavana with Giriraja Swami and others -

January 23, 1995, South Street

Two scenes: In one scene, a jazz group was playing and the drummer who was a good drummer suddenly began to take off all his clothes, and he exposed himself. This was a kind of scandal, and later the lead man of the jazz group who was a white man was explaining that he couldn't let this other man play anymore because he might even be legally implicated now by having had this band with the man doing that.

Then the scene shifted and it was a different dream. I was going to Vrndavana and Giriraja Swami and others came forward. Tamal Krishna was supposed to be there, but I never saw him. Giriraja was saying that they missed me that I didn't go on the *parikrama* and they hoped in the future I would go. He was being kind of pushy about it and I was explaining where I had been. I was giving reference to the difficulties I had in the previous dream with the jazz group. Giriraja was gently but insistently hoping that I would go on the *parikramas* in the future and come there early enough to go on them.

❧ ❧ ❧

- Making a film of Calcutta -

Someone was making a film of views of Calcutta. Not any Calcutta that I know, but a kind of old, very nice Calcutta. There was a devotee taking the film and the idea was to try to awaken it to life and appreciate it more, the sights and sounds. There was a big painted sign that said something like, "The purpose of my life is to see that Mr. Something and so-and-so (I forget the names) enjoy themselves, and my purpose is to help them do that." This saying was perhaps from a time when the British were in charge, and some Indian had stated it and now it was printed big. I don't know for what purpose, perhaps commercial for business, but the devotee taking the film was pointing out that this could be used as a way for understanding devotional service for us devotees. In other words, the purpose of life is for Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa to enjoy and I should just facilitate that. In this way as you looked throughout the world you could see different ways to be more Kṛṣṇa conscious yourself.

❧ ❧ ❧

– Affectionate dealings between Prabhupāda and Girirāja Swami –

I was coming back from work, and I saw Prabhupāda swimming in the ocean with Girirāja. They were dealing very affectionately together and I took it that Prabhupāda was giving him this association so he could bring Girirāja closer to him, out of the Nārāyaṇa Mahārāja inclination. A few other devotees were there with Prabhupāda too. Of course, I was missing that reciprocation, but Prabhupāda saw me walking from a distance and I felt satisfied that he knew I was working on his behalf. I woke up thinking that I could be quite happy living in the world even if I had a job, if Prabhupāda knew I was working for him and I was rendering service in that way.



– Getting health treatment in Mayāpur –

We were in Māyāpur trying to get diagnosis for treatment for my health. We went to see Bhakta-rūpa. It wasn't the same Bhakta-rūpa as now; this one was very physically developed. He didn't see us, and finally he saw me. I laid down and he checked up—maybe he was looking up my anus—he was looking at something. According to some science, he said the first thing is I should have died. In fact, I was going to die today at three o'clock, but maybe the time was different and it was four o'clock. He couldn't figure that one out. Then he began to speak about this biopsy or this little microcosm that lived in me. He said it would be dormant for awhile. He said what it amounted to was I was living with sex desire because that was this biopsy or this microcosm's nature, and that was subduing it. So I might as well not be (what was the word he used?) patchouli, meaning pretending that it didn't exist but acknowledge this. I thought that he said I'm controlling it. That was it. He had very little to say. He said it quickly, he was so busy. I didn't know exactly how to treat the disease and I knew I couldn't ask him any questions, he was in such a hurry. I was supposed to accept something very sobering, some news about this creature that was in me that was destroying me, but there wasn't much I could ask. There was nothing much he told me to do or eat or anything to change. Then I had to leave. We were in Māyāpur and people felt very strange—the Indians. We saw many people who were retarded and severely sick so I thought, "Well, I shouldn't complain." I was going to go to Madhu and tell him about this diagnosis. I thought he'd be impressed by it, but the main problem was that he predicted I was going to die but I didn't, so what did that say about his diagnosis? Maybe the whole thing was wrong. I can't remember now the details about this microcosm within myself that was eating me or whatever it was that was a sex microcosm, but I was sober and impressed by what he was saying.

He said that in an ordinary person this would lead towards a lethargy, different activities in the world—one wouldn't want to take part. In other

words, my real nature was being obscured by this and I couldn't flourish. But I was doing a good job somehow of living and managing with this disease, and although I appeared to be all right, I had a really heavy thing that was living in me. That's about all I have to say about this.

The word patchouli. I forget now exactly what it was. Maybe Bhakta-rūpa was saying that if I pretended not to have this disease, it was patchouli. Yesterday I noticed while worshipping Prabhupāda that the incense box is called Patchouli.



– Forced to engage in duel with Ekatvam –

I was forced to engage in a duel with Ekatvam and it was for blood-letting, for real. At one point I wanted to back out of it and some rowdy kids started laughing at me and teasing me. I then was using my whip against him, but I appreciated that he was driving me actually to participate in the duel because it would have been too shameful to bear his taunts. He was then reprimanded for laughing at me. Ceremonies went on like a parade leading up to the actual duel. There was a report of the duel when it was going on. It said that Ekatvam was honorable in his blood-letting, meaning his cutting me, but I was honorable in my restraint from that and my art of defense of myself. So it seemed like the main thing was to be honorable and to duel in a dangerous way and to bear cutting and to cut the other also. Horrible practice, but I was dreaming about it anyway and afraid of being dishonorable or cowardly. Didn't know how to get out of it.



– The duel of blood-letting –

After some time I slept again and dreamt again about another ceremony occasion of the duel of the blood-letting and the honorable behavior. It was different but with the same purposes and the same situation. Somebody described that my art was honorable and that I was constantly trying to defend myself, just as in life we are constantly vigilant against an animal with horns and so on. I was constantly cutting against the sword of my opponent and I asked people to please accept that it wasn't dishonorable of me not to like to cut and to have my blood drawn.

My situation evolved through these two dreams. In the beginning, I was somewhat cowardly. Toward the end, it's not that I became completely fearless, but I was able to control my fear and to act in an honorable way. It seemed that I had great talents and abilities in this dueling, and yet when it came down to actually being able to bear being cut by the opponent and to stab the opponent, I was quite cautious and even seemed to lack a certain courage. But still I passed the test and was accepted as honorable, at least by persons who were sympathetic to my particular brand of dueling.

Even my opponent, in this case who was a humble person and yet who drew my blood more expertly than I was able to do, respected me always as a talented dueler. It was accepted as a kind of arrangement by higher powers that our combat should come out in this way, and each person used their abilities with sensitivity, not gloating over victory over the other.



– Adventures with Jayadvaita Maharaja and other devotees –

February 6, 1995

I was somewhere with Jayadvaita Mahārāja and he said, “While we’re here together, why don’t we spend as much time together as possible?” He made that friendly gesture and I agreed. He wanted to be with me. But then more people came to this place in a car—more of our group—and they were sort of low-class people. More of this group were congregating, I guess they were devotees. We were also in a place that was like a store where they had two big dogs, and gradually they grew quite friendly with us and lay down by me in a nice way. When we were going to leave there, I asked the friendly owners if we could keep these dogs. They said, “Oh no, we can’t.” They had a picture of their spiritual master, it might have been Gopāla Kṛṣṇa Mahārāja. I was thinking of asking them, “Well, if your spiritual master asked you for the dogs, I bet you’d have to give them.” But we left without those dogs and then we had to travel—Jayadvaita Mahārāja and I.

The next place we were in was a big pool. There were many people there and I still had most of my clothes on although I’d been there for awhile. I had been swimming even but now I had some of my clothes back on. Then Jagadīśa Mahārāja arrived. He looked quite young and handsome and he smiled in a very friendly, welcoming way when he saw me. I told him I had already been there for awhile. I wanted him to know that I had been at the pool. He dove in and I took off my extra clothing and also dove in the pool.

Then there was a lot of wandering around and being poor—all part of the same trip or dream. We went to these different places but always moving on. We understood that we were very poor and that gradually our poverty was pinching us more and more. We were running out of any kind of supplies and eventually we would have to starve. As we were walking in some place, I said, “Yes, you’ll be biting your fingernails.” I thought this was a good artistic expression, like something a writer would say, meant to be like a poetic remark—“yes, we’ll be biting our fingernails.” In that way, I was helping myself to get through the suffering of the poverty by making a writer’s type of remark and reflection. But we had to look forward to that kind of tough existence. The dream was vaguely Kṛṣṇa conscious only with devotees being in it and some feeling of a devotee’s life but not very focused, I’m afraid to say. I’m sure there are some meanings I would be

able to fluff out of it by a dream interview. It would have a lot more full meaning in devotional life for me and my struggles to improve myself and to live with others and to live in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. The poverty, the being in the pool, the dogs, the friendliness of the devotees. I'm sure all of these are some kind of expressions my subconscious is trying to make toward helping me to be more Kṛṣṇa conscious.

§ § §

– Riding on an elevated train with my dog Nicky –

I was riding over an elevated train with my childhood dog Nicky on my lap. He was very old and he was whining—oooh-oooh. Down below from the elevated position we could see people in the streets and some priest was pushing a wheelchair, bringing one of the people to his church. It was a kind of wealthy neighborhood. It seemed to be dangerous the way the train went over high, so I wasn't sure whether the dog was moaning because as he looked out the window he was afraid, or whether he was just moaning to me to tell me how painful it was to be in old age—that he was very old and was eventually going to die. When I think of the dream, I think of it more as being the fear of old age coming from the dog. Of course, I still dream about that dog so many years after he's been gone.

In another dream, there was a softball game going to be held in a school yard similar to my school yard in PS 8. The pitcher throwing the softball threw them so fast you could hear them going through the air, and the man who hit them was smashing them and they were going far distances, very high, and hitting up against the upper windows which had grills over them on the building. I thought at first it was Rūpānuga, he looked so strong, but it was somebody else. I wondered how I would do when it was my turn to get up. I had an orange baseball cap on. I don't know what that was about but I was on the team of Kṛṣṇa ISKCON persons. Hṛdayānanda was there and Hamsadutta was there.

§ § §

– Application for private gas pump refused –

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– Blood or orchids –

A series of events took place in England. I was living in the big city trying to get on. I applied for a private gas pump outside the building but the man came and took down all the details and then I waited and the paper came back. I was turned down. I saw Tommy Oakland there. He was going to be my driver but then he said the company turned me down.

Then there was a dream where some old man cut himself on a piece of glass. Everyone was very sympathetic to him, but a lady next to him was

saying, "It's just orchids, it's not blood." She had also the orchid color on her body, so everyone lost sympathy for the man. Later on, we talked it over and actually he was cut but somehow she had turned the sympathy away by talking about orchids. So life went on in England in this big hotel and me trying to drive around and survive and all these crazy things happening. That's all I can remember.

§ § §

- Running away from a big tiger -

We were in some place and it was dangerous. There were classes being held. Some of the lady devotees, like the typists, in between classes asked me how I was or if I had any instructions for them. Suddenly while we were talking, out of a hole a big tiger peeked. I ran away and ran upstairs thinking that he would be following me and perhaps he was. It wasn't made clear whether he was or not. But it seemed then I was thinking of people like that who were so afraid of death coming in the form of a tiger that they used their time very profitably to write something until the end came.

I guess that dreams signals to me about how death is coming and fear of death may be a good thing to make you use your time well.

§ § §

- Discussing Bhakti-rasa's faults and shortcomings with his GBC -

In another dream the same night, I had to live with Bhakti-rasa in his room in a place like Vṛndāvana, and I found out so many of his faults and shortcomings. I was discussing them later with somebody like his GBC. We had to do this. We had to make some improvement. Then I confessed my own fear of the lion or tiger coming and they got me a better room to stay in. Maybe that fear wouldn't come through in the better room which was more expensive and I wouldn't have to work as hard.

§ § §

- Tested to see strength in throwing baseball -

I was being kept in the hospital until I was strong enough to go back. They ran different tests and one day he said all the test were normal except we had to see how strong I was in throwing a baseball. That was tested that I still had to stay in the hospital. Then I formed a question—what if I am healthy enough but not strong enough to become a baseball pitcher for the major leagues? Would that be a reason to have to stay in the hospital?

§ § §

– Playing sports–

Segment of a dream:

We were playing sports and I couldn't bounce the ball well. One man said to me, "You look foolish. Sometimes you don't look well." I said, "Yes, I'm going through a difficult period."

§ § §

– Listening to monologists –

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– In temple in Yugoslavia –

February 11, 1995

I was listening to one monologist after another. I got on some mailing list and this brought me to them. I wasn't actually in their presence but by some advanced technological medium system it seemed like I was in their actual presence. They talked on and on with their monologues. They were so empty, especially because there was nothing Kṛṣṇa conscious about. I was listening to one and then I got to listen to another. I wondered was I going to have to pay for this or what was the implication, my being able to listen to so many of them? One was sitting saying how he was unemployed and he got one job after another. Two of them I saw were very drunk. I was getting some tips about how I could give a monologue by watching them. One was talking about watching the tape recorder, wondering whether it was on. I thought, "Yeah, that's just the kind of thing I do." But mostly it was just emptiness of their talking with nothing substantial. Then it occurred to me of course that if I were to do this I would want to inject Kṛṣṇa consciousness as directly as possible to give some meaning to this. Also I should stop listening to these monologues that they were delivering because it was just wasting precious time.

Later in the same night or the same dream I was in a temple in Yugoslavia (no mention in the dream of Yugoslavia being split up into several countries). I was a senior devotee and yet some younger devotee was giving a lecture. Was I accepting this without envy or pride? Don't know why I was dreaming of Yugoslavia.

§ § §

– Announcement –

Here's an announcement. I came up to myself just at the end of a dream which we interrupted thanks to my mind: I said just chant Hare Kṛṣṇa. Naked stuff (naked women) comes up in dreams—and terminate the dreams. You don't need it.

§ § §

- Narration of a big military encounter
with millions of Dutch soldiers -

A big military encounter was being narrated and the scene was being enacted. The narration was that the Dutch (I think it was) had lost perhaps millions of men in some attempt to fight against seasoned Spanish troops who had an electrical gun. This was in olden times but still machine guns were just being introduced. The Dutch kept going forward even though they lost millions of men. They had five billion left. Of course, I began to think how could it be five billion, there's only ten million people on the earth even, but they kept coming forward. The scene of my dream was that they had recaptured a little part of some big city hall and had repainted it during a hurricane. But all the wallpaper was falling down and it didn't stay put. Now the encounter was about to begin and it was understood that the Dutch were going to be slaughtered. There were rumors that maybe they should all just flee instead of fight.

I woke before there was actual resuming of battle and thought, "Why should I dream this? This is ridiculous. I don't want to dream that all these soldiers are killed so that they retreat. Just stop dreaming it, there's nothing Kṛṣṇa conscious. It's similar to having dreams of sex that you don't want to see. Why see all this horrible defeat of the soldiers?" But my mind tended to keep dwelling on it—all the painted wallpaper falling down from the ceiling and the soldiers waiting for their slaughter.

§ § §

- Given a service to do for Prabhupāda when he's very old -

Prabhupāda was very old and I had some service. For example, he told me to blow off a little, long, tin horn when he came down from upstairs. When he went to the bathroom and then would come back, I would blow the horn again. He gave me that duty, but then I put the horn aside so when he came out he stood around and made a gesture like, "Where's the horn?" so I ran and got it.

Teddy Rice of Great Kills was serving Prabhupāda at this time. Prabhupāda was giving different people a chance to be his servant, but I could have done that little service. Finally I found the horn and I blew it. It was amusing how I did it in a belated way. Then he walked up the stairs and I watched him go up the stairs. He looked very old. He wore khaki pants but he was still a pure devotee. Afterwards, I felt tearful and I wanted to remember it. I'm glad I had this dream even though I wasn't very good in the dream—about Prabhupāda. I was sad that he was getting so old. It seemed like he couldn't function anymore to be very enthusiastic.

§ § §

- Hired by a film-maker naturalist to protect turtles -

There were atheistic movies, one about turtles. These old turtles were having trouble living on the earth. They should live fifty-five years, but they were living only forty-five. They were being killed by monkeys and so there was no ultimate justice or arrangement in the world. I hired myself out to some film-maker naturalist and I had a little rifle and I killed monkeys. In one scene, there was a big pumpkin which was like a egg. We were waiting for a turtle to be born. I was standing guard and then I saw a monkey and with my little toy-sized rifle I shot him twice and he began to bleed. He was crying and I thought one is being born and the other is dying and I have to kill him. But I did it to protect the endangered race of turtles.

§ § §

- As a welfare worker I had to see that a black kid was taken home -

I had a welfare job and I had to see that some young black kid got taken home. We had to find out how to get him home, and as a result he had to stay up real late and I had to stay up real late. I was hanging out in the city in the subways. It was very complicated waiting for a bus to come and take that kid, finding out how to get him back. Only then could I go back. It looked like I was going to have to stay out all night, and from there I would go to the welfare office which was on Chambers Street. I found some friendly people who liked me, some guys who were connected to Kṛṣṇa consciousness, and they took care of me. So I stayed with them in the city in the suburbs. When I asked one of them how I could catch my own train back to the welfare office which was on Chambers Street, they gave me some advice, but one of them said I should just go. Instead of staying here I should go to South Africa or to Europe, but I would be able to make a good impression there. It was dangerous down there but we hoped that we could last, and I tried to make the best of the situation.

§ § §

- Leader of traveling van party -

The same night I had a different dream but with a similar mood. I was a leader of a traveling van party. But during the whole dream I was trying to make arrangements. So that one man could be free for something else, I had to go to another man in the party and ask him if he would do some duties to be in a certain place. Then I went to another person and asked him to do some duties. It was like managing, but it worked out all right. The man who did the special duty reported back to me rather proudly, saying that they'd gone out in the streets all night. They were like chanters but

they also did rock music. He said they chanted and then did rock music, and then they went into the concert. About a hundred people came to the concert and they said they usually were disappointed but since I did it they thought it was good tonight.

Then I was trying to sell some of our paraphernalia to Badri-nārāyaṇa, the GBC leader. I was being kind of presumptuous with him, asking him to make a sacrifice. In this way I was doing all these duties with this traveling van party. Something that I couldn't actually do in reality as I discovered when I woke up.

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– Wanting to take a shower at Bhurijana's place –

Bhurijana came shortly before lunch. We were talking, alluding to different things about him and his relationship with Tamal Krishna and other things. Then he left the room expecting me to stay for lunch. It was getting close to one. But the main thing I had to do was take a shower which I hoped would relieve my headache. I took all my clothes off slowly (it took awhile) in some place and I was going to take a shower there. But then the people said they were going to have a birthday party for somebody that had to leave. So I went back to Bhurijana's place, but by now it was 1:30 and he was already taking rest. I knocked on the door and said, "It's your faithless friend." I had all my clothes in my hand. I wanted to take a shower. He said, "Sorry, I'm already taking rest." I laughed and said, "But do you have any water?" But I had to walk away and I had nowhere to take a shower. I woke up and I actually did have a headache at 9:30 P.M.

It seemed to me the dream was saying that Bhurijana and I have to go our separate ways sometimes. One has to take care of oneself and when one does this, one risks missing out on friendship, but still you have to take care of yourself just as I do now with my headache.

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– A metaphor of how we are detained in this material world –

The area between Great Kills train station and our old house like Samson Avenue was built up by so many different things and you couldn't get through it. I kept trying to and kept getting lost. Sometimes I met people who helped me or encouraged me and said I could get through, and then sometimes I met people who said it was impossible. We were climbing up and down towers and falling into sand pits. Then I met Lilānanda. He said that when you finally got through, it was now so roundabout instead of direct that it would lead you into an old, tough neighborhood of hoodlums who used to attack the Boston temple. They remembered us as devotees even if we didn't dress as devotees anymore. So that was another reason not to go through. I tried to go back to the train station to make the more

direct route down Gifferts Lane, but I couldn't get back, I couldn't get forward. I met different devotees and persons and even a strange version of Prabhupāda . When the dream finally ended later, I was still stuck in the middle of the whole thing. It was developed by contractors and developers and more and more of it kept getting developed and it kept getting more and more roundabout. The whole thing was like a metaphor of how we are detained in this material world.

§ § §

– US Army has taken over parents house
thus left with no possessions –

February 19, 1995

I had a nightmare that I came to my parents' house. They were away in Avalon and the US Army had taken over the house completely, just young people like the National Guard. I found a person in charge and asked, "Have you taken this over on behalf of the Army?" He said, "Yes." Then I realized what it meant, that I had no possessions. I tried to call my parents but couldn't get through on the phone to them. I tried to salvage a coat but couldn't find it. I realized I had nowhere to sleep in the house. I could get out and run away, but I didn't. I kept looking for this coat. Then one man was beating me and I finally ran away, but I was almost too late and should have gotten out as soon as possible and not looked for that coat.

When I woke up and thought about it, it seemed to be a story about how to get out of this material world entanglement. Be urgent about it and get out for going back to Godhead because it's going to close in on you more and more. You get entangled if you try to keep things. So when there's any sign that Kṛṣṇa's pushing you out, get out and go for spiritual life while you can. Also it made me think to "take *sannyāsa*" more and be renounced and do the best thing for Kṛṣṇa consciousness of myself and others.

§ § §

– Prthu makes a strong bid to come back to Ireland –

Prthu was making a strong bid to come back Ireland and Inis Rath. I met up with him and he said the only reason he left the island was due to something that I did, and I didn't vote on that. Now he wanted me to vote or do something, not stand in his way of coming back to Ireland. I knew that at least I had to face up and talk with him about this because his bid to come back was so strong. I thought it was strange the way time changes point of view and the way that Prthu had his own point of view as to what happened.

§ § §

– Prthu coming back to power in Ireland –

Later in another dream I was walking down dangerous New York City streets with Madhu. We were walking quickly, anticipating that somebody might attack us. I told him about my dream of Prthu coming back to power in Ireland and how first there was a preliminary vote about who should cook and he won. Then he thought maybe he could get there permanently and he asked all the GBC devotees to decide. He asked me if I was in favor of choosing or conquering. I said choosing. It looked like he was in favor of conquering. In another vote, he also had a majority to do something . . . was about to tell me something else about Prthu but I wanted to finish telling him about my dream first.

§ § §

– Meeting with Kirtanananda –

I met with Kirtanānanda Swami and expressed different doubts to him. I said I heard that there was a strong element at New Vrindaban that New Vrindaban should go on with Kirtanānanda. He said, "No, I got rid of that," and he explained one thing after another, convincing me. By being with him, I also felt worried that I shouldn't be with him because he was influencing me in his favor and we were becoming friendly and close. Some of his disciples were there. I was accepting what he said and I said that I would visit New Vrindaban. I'm certainly glad that this was only a dream and not a reality.

§ § §

– A dream with Prabhupada in it –

Prabhupāda was in the dream and he played an instrument and sang. I was repeating the phrase of the instrument with another instrument I had like a sitar, and he looked up and said, "This isn't satisfying to me." I was struck and felt bad because I thought I had done the best I could and it was all right. But then I couldn't make that music anymore.

At least Prabhupāda appeared in my dream. While I was dreaming and even after I woke up, I was reluctant to record it. I thought, "Well, this isn't enough of a dream." But then I thought, "No, at least Prabhupāda appeared in your dream, so do it, record it." I recorded it, and the main thing is that Prabhupāda was there, I was trying to serve him. But I didn't please him and I had some anxiety about it. But the positive aspect is that at least it was dream life where I was in his entourage and trying to serve him. Thank God.

§ § §

– Judging a sculpture artist's work –

I was in the Navy and along with some others I judged some work that a sculpture artist was doing of a series of wild animals, but it was wolves and animals like that. He even did a werewolf. At one of the meetings, we were looking at the work and I made a mistake by referring his work as being all just one animal. When I did that, everyone avoided me and walked out of the room, implying that I was so stupid. Later I apologized and explained why I had made that mistake. It seemed to be accepted and everyone tried to convince this artist that his work was done and he should do something else. The whole thing wasn't accepted yet by the higher authorities—this project of his.

Then connected with this dream not only were the animals being portrayed but they were alive—at least one of them. It would go up to people on the street and there was fear that it would attack them. It was its habit to imitate them first and then maybe it did attack them, I don't remember. It kept doing this—going up to a person, one after another. Finally somebody shot it. It was defending itself and he said the authorities should have done something and stopped this animal from roaming in the streets.

§ § §

– Snake bite cure for chronic headaches –

February 20, 1995

A group of people who were underdogs, maybe they were Hare Kṛṣṇa, had to submit themselves to some cruel people who were like dictators and a bad regime in order to get cured of their diseases. One person who had a minor disease compared to the others had chronic headaches. He was told that he would have to have snakes bite him to be better. Then when he went to the clinic, they asked him, "Have you done this before?" He said, "No, because there was an alternative method and I tried that." They said, "No, you have to try this, snakes."

Later in the dream I saw a film, it was like a Hollywood film, and there was a person who had that snake bite treatment. He was like one of the Three Stooges. He was very unhappy looking and said, "All that happens is that there are two snakes and they bite each me and I don't feel any better."

§ § §

– Pistol duel between devotees –

I just remember the end of the dream. It seemed like every year different devotees had to tie in pistol duels. I lasted one year by killing the others and this year I came back again. Then I heard Tamal Krishna Mahārāja

was like eating lots of sweets and that one day it would end though, but that was also good, meaning I had to serve in separation.

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- Keep hiding out -

April 6, 1995, Morning nap in Dublin

Jagadīśa Mahārāja had about half a dozen persons, mostly devotees, gathered together and all sitting like in a theater row or church row. Then he introduced Charlie Joseph, who is a boy that I knew when I was in grade school when I was twelve years old. I was there too and Jagadīśa Mahārāja said Charlie Joseph turned out to be a heroin addict, and all these people who had gathered had some connection with him and had to be cleared somehow. Maybe to make sure they didn't have some disease by contacting him or in some other way they had become entangled by knowing him so now it all had to be cleared up. I wasn't one of the entangled persons but I was there. I saw Charlie Joseph but couldn't recognize him. I shook hands with him and said, "It's very difficult to remember what we were like when we were boys seeing you now so different." We were friendly as we shook hands.

In another scene Jagadīśa Mahārāja said that I had to attend some meeting at 12:30, but that was the time I took lunch so I was hiding under a bed. I didn't want him or any of the other persons involved in that entanglement to catch me. There were other scenes in this dream, one in which I was looking at the published art work of a young *gurukula* boy and it was brilliant work, but he was considered to be very erratic and he was still a little tiny boy. Anyway, the dreams went on like this. They were kind of similar in that the people were all entangled in difficulties and somebody like Jagadīśa Mahārāja was working with them.

To me, the obvious meaning of the dream is that I want to get out of such entanglement. I don't think it's suitable for a spiritual person to act like that. He was acting more like a lawyer or a counselor and I don't want to be caught in that, although it seemed like responsible work. I was hiding out from it, and I say good, keep hiding out.

ॐ ॐ ॐ

- Very confused full of many elements -

I woke up with drool on my sweater from my mouth. Very confused full of many elements so I'll just tell you some of the general ones. Being lost like a young man and trying to salvage life by writing. Very lonely. One dog died. Thinking of getting a puppy as a friend. No human contact. College kids hanging out in my room. I was playing jazz records for them but the records became more like something different and an exposure of my own

life through the record. Finally lying down on the foot-path like expiring. Some friend from childhood, Tommy Oakland, came and called up my parents and said if they wanted they could come and get me. But then big crowds of people, somebody shooting guns. One thing after another, but those elements. Then I woke up with feeling, "God what a mess." The dream itself was so unclear. Then thinking, "There was no Kṛṣṇa consciousness in the dream; how can I get out of this?" And it does seem likely that these dreams were about transmigration. All that we've been through, all that we're liable to go through again. Life is like that, no end to the thread, no way to figure it out. Full of suffering, hallucination, loneliness.

I woke up and saw my Prabhupāda *mūrti* in the room and thought, "Let me enter this regular life of Kṛṣṇa consciousness."

I have to go and give a lecture now. Although you can't put all this realization or horror and hallucination of the dream into a lecture, at least you know what's there waiting for you if you fail in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. So take to the external reality of Kṛṣṇa consciousness, which is all you can get. You can only scratch the surface of it, but be true to it and do the regular duties and hope to develop love of Kṛṣṇa and believe in Kṛṣṇa.



– Wanting to write clean and gentle Kṛṣṇa consciousness –

April 9, 1995

I can only report a fragment of a dream. I was looking at some writer artist's book. He had two brothers who weren't so intellectually advanced, but they admired his work, even though it was very dream-like, theolistic. I looked through it, it was so many different things—recipes, vignettes, but all in a strange world of creative "madness." Then when I woke, I thought, "I don't want to write a book like that, but it should be clean and gentle Kṛṣṇa consciousness."



– Taken off to jail –

Many different things were happening. At the end we came to the end of the line on a train. I was talking with Ravindra-svarūpa. He was like a professor, and I was joking with him about how he was taking care of students and I was also. He said something how in one of my classes, people didn't understand quite what I was saying. Anyway, then I gave a ten dollar bill to the clerk, like the clerks in the subway station who make change. I said to him that I wanted a certain thing with my change of the ten. Some people were asking for some rupees along with their change, and some of us were asking for some special card. I forget what it was. Part of the change we wanted to spend in that way. He said, "Wait a minute." Another man came

forward and I thought, "Oh, maybe I'll be in trouble that my ten dollar bill isn't valid." But the trouble turned out to be much worse. They had me down as identified as some criminal who had stolen. He put himself down as a clerk with some company that had stolen a van or truck. I said, "This is a mistaken identity; I don't even drive. The man said, "No, we have a system of identifying people by different temples or facial marks." And so by this system, he identified me as this thief and they took me off. I was very sarcastic.

Earlier in this dream, I had very much angered a subway man because the train was about to pull out and I had put my hand through the door. It had those rubber guards after the door shuts, so I could plunge my hand through it and that forced the door to open. They were very angry that I used that emergency measure to get on. Anyway, I thought maybe they were after me for that, but it really was a case where this man was so proud of his system of identifying criminals that he was determined to arrest me to prove his theory.

Ravindra saw me being taken off. I said, "Please see that I get legal assistance." But he didn't seem like he was very interested in helping me. I was cheerful enough, although inside I was afraid. I was thinking, "Well, I guess this is Kṛṣṇa's arrangement to teach me some new experience, some new lessons in surrendering to Him. But it isn't going to be very nice being taken off to jail." So that was the end of the dream.

I woke up certainly afraid that such things can happen in the world.

§ § §

- Test by the big mountain lions -

Going up into the mountains, western US mountains. Somebody said at the end, "When you're up there, the big lions are going to test you and try you out thinking that you've come to take away the little ones. So whether you come and take the little ones out of their box or not as tests, the big mountain lions are going to test you and maybe even attack you on your way down, on your way out. Some human beings want that thrill, want that excitement."

In this dream I was living alone. I was considering living on the Lower East Side to learn how to write and to be dedicated to it and living with nondevotees. Then I thought it was better not to do that. A lot of dreams later about what it means to be a writer.

§ § §

- Angry for being held up -

Madhu and I were trying to travel, I believe within India, to one city. We went through the first state as the formality of the airport coming out all

right. But then we were made to wait and wait and wait and other people went ahead of us. It was getting quite late and Madhu wasn't doing anything. I said, "Do something." We found out from one lady that they had overheard me remarking that if we went in, it would start World War III. I said, "That's ridiculous!" and got angry. Then Madhu and I started running to the gate. We wanted to see the people who had held us up and tell them in no uncertain terms that they were nonsense to hold us back. We were Kṛṣṇa conscious people and there was no question of our starting any war. How dare they hold us up? I was urging Madhu on and I said, "It doesn't even matter if we get on their plane, I don't give a damn, but you should be angry now and go and tell those people." So he was angry and ready to do what I said. I was running behind him. We were both running and running. Then I was thinking to myself, "How are you so angry? Maybe out of this Kṛṣṇa will reveal to me what He wants me to do, but even then it won't be easy. You'll have to do daily, simple austerities again and again, but at least now we are flowing in real anger and running and trying to see people who have held us up." I thought if you explained to them nicely, then they'd let you by, they'd know that we're peaceful people.

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– Better to be sixty years old and not remember
your Hollywood part but to be a devotee –

April 11, 1995

With a sharp headache I had a dream once I was able to fly like a *siddha*.

There was a big set of a Hollywood film or a live theater going on. This one actor was sixty years old and he had forgotten his part and everyone was trying to remember it, help him remember. Then they finally let him use some very expensive material that top actors use but it changed your whole flesh and changed your whole body, or you looked like some god and you could get into your part. So when he changed and I ran away, or somebody ran away, it was like the main character in this dream and he was trying not to be touched by this because he wanted his own flesh the way it is. And he kept running and running and seeing all the actors who had this very heavy sensuous stuff that Hollywood producers had rubbed on the actors bodies'. A little bit of it came onto his running staff and he threw it away and he kept running. Different actors knew that he had a little of it like the upcoming actors and they wanted it from him and he had a little bit of it and he touched them with it then he kept running away to preserve his own flesh. One woman knew that he wanted to keep his flesh so she wanted to touch him so he gets this expensive stuff and loose his flesh, but he kept running and running, trying to save himself.

When I woke up, it was like a symbol maybe for my wanting not to be corrupt. By pseudo spiritual life, wanting to be a normal person because

that way you could be Kṛṣṇa conscious. I can't figure it out. Better to be sixty years old and not remember your Hollywood part but to be a devotee.

Early in the dream there was other theater going on where something about God or . . . The dream may be an analogy of wanting to remain a simple devotee of Prabhupāda and not be touched with something like *gopī-bhāva* or any kind of higher thing and lose that simplicity of being Prabhupāda's disciple.

§ § §

– Nobody invited him to eat –

Somebody said that nobody invited him to eat and so he decided he wouldn't eat anything that others had. I guess he liked ice cream or something, but then his hand reached out anyway and took the meat. People appreciated what he said honestly and . . . other people's non-generosity.

§ § §

– Conversation with Ravindra-svarūpa's wife while riding on a train –

April 17, 1995

Riding in a train with Ravindra-svarūpa's wife and her family. Different ISKCON leaders had guns. I had a gun and was shooting it in different ways and getting ammunition for it. She said to me at one time, "There are parts of you that are Ravindra-svarūpa, and parts of him that are you. When you were still in the cow or the embryo or being formed, different parts were like that." I said, "That's interesting, I would like to live more like that." Then we got to the station that was the nearest to Gītā-nāgarī and I got off and I was lucky that there was a taxi waiting with some various devotees who were going to Gītā-nāgarī. I found a space for myself in the back. Some of the devotees who were there like Kaulini didn't even greet me, but at least I was happy to get a ride. As the train pulled out, the devotees from Philadelphia were singing my name over the loud speaker in some Pennsylvania town and that was in contrast to the car that was going to Gītā-nāgarī.

A typical dream where Gītā-nāgarī seems to be my home. I guess the outstanding part of the dream is the line by Ravindra-svarūpa Prabhu's wife saying that my life and his life are interchangeable in parts and that occurs in some embryonic state or maybe it continues throughout life. Of human bondage in ISKCON. When they were chanting my names when I was getting into the car for Gītā-nāgarī, they were chanting *Jaya Gurupāda* and *Jaya Guru Mahārāja*. Of course, I don't like that. So that was like back in the zonal *ācārya* days, and yet in Gītā-nāgarī they weren't in that mood but were actually unfriendly or not even communicative. But I didn't seem to

mind that as long as I had a ride because otherwise I didn't know how I was going to get any ride. And you know often in dreams, that's a problem with me. I'm lost and I'm not with devotees and I don't have knowledge of how to get where I want to go, so at least I had a good ride and a good destination. I can't make out what the dream is about.

I wrote in my writing this morning about another dream I had last night but I just want to put it on the record here too.



– Hayagrīva comes back in a dream –

I was in the temple room and my secretary, perhaps Madhu, came up to me and said that Hayagrīva was outside and wanted to see me. But I looked at my watch, it was 9:30 P.M. and I was tired, it had been a hectic day. The dream content of the day was stressing different things and I didn't want to stay up, but what could I do? He said Hayagrīva had tried to see me several times but I wasn't able to see him and now he was disturbed, so my secretary and I exchanged looks like well, what can we do, we have to do this, don't we? We agreed that I should see him and hoped that it wouldn't last long, but we knew how can we control these things?

Anyway, then big Hayagrīva barged into the room and he bowed down to me. I was standing in front of the temple Deities. I said, "Oh, don't bow down to me. I'm just a little servant of these Deities." But he was bowing down to both of us. I took it that since Hayagrīva has actually died, that now he's sort of coming back from the dead and that's why he was humble and very spiritual to bow down before me even. Of course, I exchanged the bow and asked him not to bow to me. Then he was picking up different kinds of wild flowers that were in the temple. They were in a bouquet or vases or they were just there, flowers that looked like lilacs and that flower called phlox and violets and different, very nice, pretty wild flowers. He knew all the names of them and I didn't know any of the names, so I was impressed. Then he began to quote the names of the flowers in the context of a poem that he had written and he was gesturing, brandishing a branch of the lilacs and saying something from his poem and picking up one flower after another like that. So that was nice.

So that's another human-bondage dream remembering Hayagrīva. He's gone to the shades of the immortals, as they call it, he's gone to death. Our literary friend Hayagrīva from 1966 days. Boastful, sintone, good writer, independent sort of fellow, never quite fit into the overall institution and then went his way, but remembered Prabhupāda to his dying day. And so I'm remembering him connected with death and connected with thoughts of where do we go after life, because one of us has gone and now he comes back in a dream in a nice way with his literary remembrance of flowers and his big ways. Hare Kṛṣṇa. It's like you're saying hello to some-

one who's dead and has come back. And he's not telling you much about what it's like there. He's not saying that he's gone to the spiritual world or he's gone to hell, but he just comes back into life sort of the way he was. Indicating maybe that we remain the way we are actually until we die and only when we go to the next life can we know what that's about. But he comes back from the dead brandishing wild flowers and knowledge of their names. Something I don't know and I'm not envious of him, but we have good exchange of etiquette. Perhaps it doesn't go much deeper than that but that's it anyway.

§ § §

– The power of honesty to recover lost relationships –

A high ranking military officer, one that had "scrambled eggs" on his military hat was being told by one of his women subordinates that the people working with him didn't really like him. He was shocked and began to cry because he assumed they all loved him. She was telling him he shouldn't even wear the scrambled eggs, why put on such a front? He said, "Well, I have to wear it." She said, "No, you don't," and he thought, "Well, maybe I don't have to." He said, "You are opening my mind; now tell me more." Then she told him why they didn't love him, but he could see in her eyes that actually she was impressed by his honesty and it was possible that they would love him if he were more honest.

This seems to be a dream having to do with my guru/disciple relationships and the power of honesty to recover lost relationships.

§ § §

– ISKCON incorporates Christ worship –

ISKCON decided to incorporate Christ worship and they chose one person to be the leader. He wore Christ on his T-shirt and they said it makes him so that he can lead and by his leading, others can follow. He was explaining why they did it, and different aspects of the dream were unfolding.

§ § §

– New musical instruments bought by Baladeva –

I had musical instruments like a double bass and clothes to wear to play it but it was very shoddy material. Baladeva had faith in me to buy new equipment although people questioned why he spent money on something whimsical. But by his paying the money I developed the urge to do it nicely and be dictated to it and I thought if only I could learn to play.

§ § §

- Dangerous situations that a devotee could find himself in -

Dangerous situations of Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Sometimes a lusty woman would become attracted to a devotee and when he spermed her she tried to ruin his reputation. Sometimes a person insisted that a devotee do some crazy thing like free the fish or commit some violence, and the devotees were challenged in different ways so we had to tolerate this.

❧ ❧ ❧

- Being processed into a prison -

I was being processed slowly into prison and it looked like it wasn't going to be so bad, the people were fairly decent. There was a group of devotees who were going to see me. I got my hair cut and I said that's no problem. I spoke with a Christian. That didn't seem to be a problem. I thought I would keep a journal while I was there, so I settled in. Then I realized I had to do things myself. The spot where I was sitting wasn't clean and I turned and said, "Water?" expecting someone to bring water. Then I realized I would have to do things myself.

❧ ❧ ❧

- Rendering intimate service for Prabhupāda -

I was doing personal, intimate service for Prabhupāda. I was in the hall talking to the temple president, Rādhā-Vallabha, and telling him that Prabhupāda just said that there were three important times while he's staying in this temple. One is when the devotees go to *gurukula* and there are two other times that he mentioned. I had been in with Prabhupāda in his room. He was lying in bed and the next thing was Bhāgavata dāsa was also lying there. It was very intimate. I was a little less intimate but sitting and watching Prabhupāda and he would sometimes speak. He was speaking about the *gopīs*. He said that it's not that you worship the *gopīs* by chanting by the clock, it something more devotional. I thought maybe I shouldn't be there although Bhāgavata dāsa didn't seem to me to be a confidential devotee. Yet who was I to judge if Prabhupāda was allowing his this special nectar. But he didn't tell me to stay so maybe I should leave. Eventually I let myself out of the room and stood right near the outside in case he wanted to call me. Then another man came and said he wanted to see Prabhupāda. I said, "You can't, you can't, he lying down." Then the temple president came and we had that conversation I just told you. It was really nice.

❧ ❧ ❧

– Crude punishment by authorities
for writing graffiti on the earth –

I was writing some kind of graffiti or comment on the ground, on the earth in some big public park. They weren't obscene comments, just thoughts that came to mind. I don't remember however, in the dream, that there was much explicit Hare Kṛṣṇa—perhaps not. But anyway, I was caught by the authorities and brought into custody while they decided my fate. It was like a big church, perhaps it was Christian oriented. They knew I was a Hare Kṛṣṇa devotee also. I was guessing at my punishment and one of my guesses was correct. They decided that they would write on my body until my body was completely covered with ink by their comments. There was enough ink but it took several airplanes full. In other words, it was enough if you had written on big airplanes, about five or six of them, and still they were writing. And they were monitoring my health that I was in good supply although I might be poisoned by the ink. That didn't seem to be a consideration of theirs because I'd done a great evil and they were all very eager to punish me. They wrote all kinds of moralistic sayings on me including Bible sayings and preaching against me. I said you could see my pictures in the journals of that time. When this was done, I said the worst looks were under my eyes. I looked liked a portrayal of the evil person they wanted me to be seen, as one who would desecrate the earth and the park by these statements of mine. I was thinking, "Maybe this will cure me of ever wanting to write again if that's what they want to do, and I'll get it out of my system. Maybe it's Kṛṣṇa that's doing this and through them Kṛṣṇa is working. I'll be rid of this desire to write." But I also resented the way they were treating me and the stuff they didn't understand properly. It was a very crude way to punish me.

Now that I'm awake, I don't exactly appreciate the dream or feel that I was enlightened by it or that I should quit writing. I should write in Kṛṣṇa consciousness, however, and not waste my ink. And if the nondevotees want to punish me, Kṛṣṇa will protect me.

Later in the night I dreamt more about this. After I was punished and the ink went off my body, I was able to speak on different occasions. Once there was a big line of children who were all going to write on my body more but there was some preaching going on that maybe they shouldn't do this and maybe I had a right too. In other words, a reaction was starting among these intellectuals against writing on my body, but still it was going on. At the very end, the simple moralistic school teacher found a reference and gave to me and it stated one of Hanumān's pastimes of jumping. He jumped into a vat that had been provided, a kind of drink for his spiritual master's "drunken bout." And for this the gods wanted to punish him and that somebody or other is an incarnation of a incarnation of a incarnation of that Hanumān. He said, "This is very, very confidential," and I thanked him for the reference. I then saw a dear friend of mine and I embraced him and cried and said, "Oh, it hurts my heart, it hurts my heart the way

people think of me. I can show this reference but even that does not satisfy me, the way people treat me."

§ § §

- Prabhupāda chants in main room of old house
at 125 Katon Avenue -

Prabhupāda was in the old house at 125 Katon Avenue where I grew up, and he wanted to chant. First we brought him into a small room and then realized that he should have the main room in the house. We went in there and the rug was covered by a sheet. It was all made out nice for him with a fire in the fireplace and he thought it was nice. He sat in the rocking chair and began to chant his rounds. The tape recorder suddenly started playing some music and I couldn't stop it from playing some silly music. I frantically tried to pull out all plugs and buttons, but the music continued. Prabhupāda and his entourage waited patiently as if aware that such things happen. It didn't mean that I used to like such music but this dream ended.

§ § §

- Crayons being used and used until they're finished -

At the end of a dream a box of crayons was the represented person and it was rubbed and rubbed and rubbed until everything disappeared. Then I said at the end, "So Kent ____ criticized your writing as being like that, eventually doomed for nothingness." I said to myself as the dream ended, "Yes, but if I am serving and glorifying Kṛṣṇa, then I will go to back to Godhead as a spirit soul. That's the real question whether I glorify Kṛṣṇa. Otherwise my writing is nothing." Crayons being used and used and used until they're finished.

§ § §

- Worshipping devotees in the Vatican -

Devotees of a select group were in the Vatican. In one scene, Hṛdayānanda Mahārāja poured water on all the devotees' feet. Later there was analysis whether he should have waited to see if the Pope would do that. But then it was analyzed that he did it himself taking advantage of being in the holy place. Someone said, "Yeah, but the Pope either would have done it himself or wouldn't want to do it, or there might have been an order in which the Pope should have had his own feet bathed with some kind of milk by his own men, but Hṛdayananda Mahārāja did it to his men being the devotees of Prabhupāda." In the final analysis, I approved, and Hṛdayānanda Mahārāja also liked the idea that he had gone ahead and

taken advantage of worshipping the devotees of Prabhupāda in the Vatican and that true devotees of Vṛndāvana would have appreciated the way he honored the devotees' feet in that holy place. It was a tricky place for protocol. There were photos taken of the Pope chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa with his aides, but ultimately it was seen as a kind of sectarian situation and I seemed to approve that.

§ § §

- Earnest conversation with Jayapataka Maharaja -

I was embracing Jayapataka Mahārāja and he was very earnestly regarding me. I was telling him how he should appreciate me and not think I'm a good for nothing just because I don't preach the way he does. I said that sometimes I do appreciate what a great preacher he is and how he doesn't get affected by anybody who's not Prabhupāda's follower. But sometimes my appreciation is obscured for him because of his attitudes towards me. We were both being very earnest and very open about it.

§ § §

- Talking with Tamal Krishna Maharaja about GBC resolution -

May 10, 1995

I was with Tamal Krishna Mahārāja at a temple way in the suburbs. We were talking about the GBC meetings that had taken place in which he and the other devotees had been heavy with resolutions about no more *rasika* visits. He told me his version of what happened. He said only one person on the GBC dared to actually argue against him because they all knew that they can't make a resolution because everyone is highly individualistic and if you make a resolution against them, then it could be applied to all people doing different things in temples. He said, "You know in some of temples there's even smooching going on?" Then I said, "You know I wasn't at those GBC meetings, but I know a lot of what happened just by reading the resolutions." After I said that I felt very puffed-up because I was assuming that I was so intelligent and I felt bad that I said that. Anyway, after we were talking, Tamal Krishna Mahārāja and I, I had to leave but I didn't know how to get way out of the suburbs down to where there was bus connections and get to where I wanted to go. He didn't give me any assistance I just had to wander in the streets and I was falling down and being ill treated. A lot of stories about that in the dream. But then finally he came and offered a car, smiled and said, "You didn't think I was going to help? Well, here here's some help." I accepted it.

§ § §

– Frank exchanges with Hṛdayānanda Mahārāja –

May 13, 1995

Here's a brief recap outline of a dream. I didn't record it at the time but I want to at least mention some of the fragments of it now. I was with Hṛdayānanda Mahārāja—he was a devotee and also a scholar. We spent some time together and had some kind of frank exchanges. I saw that he was scholarly but he was very loyal to the understanding of Prabhupāda's *sampradāya*. He said that some devotees were interested in Fredrick Nietzsche. He didn't pronounce Fredrick Nietzsche's name correctly and he didn't even know who he was, but he told me about this. There was like a hidden cult of devotees in ISKCON who were really taking Nietzsche seriously. I felt that I had been improved in my understanding and appreciation by talking with Hṛdayānanda Mahārāja. At the same time, I saw certain discrepancies in his appearance. I think he had a bald spot somewhere in the middle of his hair which otherwise was rather outgrown, but there was a bald spot awkwardly in the middle of it. Other things about his dress may have been awkward, although I realize my appearance was also awkward. At one point while talking in his room, he said, "Why don't we take a break now?" So I was willing to leave his company. There was something going on. I could see he had disciples. That's about all I can remember right now.

When I woke up I thought maybe this means that I should associate with Godbrothers and not think that I'm completely on my own. The reason I just dictated the brief outline is because I'm reading the Tenth Canto with purports by Hṛdayānanda Mahārāja and I'm appreciating them.

§ § §

– Harinama with many devotees –

May 14, 1995

There was a chance to have *harināma* preaching with many devotees in a temple like Vancouver. Bahudaka was there but they were going to do their *harināma* out in a field in front of many different farmers who were in different stalls doing their work. I thought that they would see us as just disturbances and not as workers. Bahudaka was considering this and in the dream there was a background understanding that Bahudaka was about to quit Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Also Bahudaka knew that I wasn't that excited to do this *harināma* at all. The devotees decided that they would participate in *harināma* but not just march in front of these unappreciative farmers, so they did other different things with a little *kīrtana* and preaching different ways—*prasādam* distribution. It turned out there was another kind of festival going on in the city and the devotees got involved in it in different ways, and I did also. My preaching wasn't so direct but at least I stayed out and was conversing with different devotees, and I did get some occasion to help spread Kṛṣṇa consciousness there. I also saw my ex-wife there and she

was just going from person to person in an audience that didn't have anything to do with spiritual life and she was still trying to distribute something to them. It was some nice recognition of devotees by some people there in the dream.

§ § §

- Meeting people and preaching and getting involved in things -

I was living in a motor home or van but it had to be taken in for service. Two disciples wrote me that it would take two days. I was surprised that I was on my own in some place where there weren't devotees, or at least I wasn't respected very much. I thought, "Oh well, what will I do?" I sat out front and then things started to happen. Some people came and they did some singing of prayers in the street and then they told me about their sympathy for Hare Kṛṣṇa. I said to them yes, if you chant Hare Kṛṣṇa, then this place here is just as good as India and if you go to India, it won't be harsh but you'll see it spiritually. Then more people came and I was listening to them sing and I was meeting different nice people and preaching and getting involved in things. It turned out to be all right after all. Maybe this means I shouldn't be afraid of exposing myself to preaching situations and with people.

§ § §

- A patient in a psychiatric place run by devotees -

I went and submitted myself as a patient in some psychiatric place which was run by a devotee. His assistants were there. It was late at night. They gave me a form to fill out. I couldn't understand it, it was confusing. I thought maybe it was meant to be confusing. Then finally the person came and Ravindra-svarūpa was with them. I bowed down to them as they passed by like the big leader. Then I was supposed to go in and see him but I didn't.

§ § §

- "Go to Chicago" -

I wound up in Boston in the subways. For a little while I was with Bhagavān and he was falling and trying to revive himself but he missed some opportunity and fell back. I was doing all right but then I separated from others and was lost and unshaven. I would ask different people for help but nobody could get me a connection to the south ferry to Staten Island. I started to cry at one point, I didn't have enough money. Some guys gave me the phone number of somebody who would drive people for twenty dollars. They said the best subway directions were to, "Go to Chicago," and then he explained that meant to go as far uptown as possible, and then you'd be likely to get a connection to the Staten Island ferry. I thought, "If I

could only get to Forty-second Street, that would be easy," but I couldn't. Anyway, I woke up. It was getting worse and worse. I woke up and I thought how I didn't chant Hare Kṛṣṇa in the dream and I didn't do whatever I need to do to become more Kṛṣṇa conscious and attached to the holy names. That's my real priority.

Note: After this dream (May 16) I did a writing session about it. I want to repeat some of the points here because I thought they were significant. I saw in my after-dream analysis that going home in this dream was symbolic. I think that the dream-self, in order to attract my attention, keeps making go home to Staten Island, finding the Staten Island Ferry. But actually there's no meaning for that in this life anymore for me. Even sometimes I dream that I reach Staten Island but there is no final shelter there. So therefore I think I'm meant to think more what it means for me to go home, and it means obviously to take shelter at Kṛṣṇa's lotus feet by taking shelter of Prabhupāda for going to the spiritual world. So it's a kind of alarming message because the dream is very frightening and I'm separated from devotees and I forget to chant Hare Kṛṣṇa. So naturally I wake from that dream and think of the importance of actually getting home and how to do it not in a dream way but in actual waking life. I see that the dream is like wanting to go home but it refers to the home of my spiritual father, Prabhupāda, and his ISKCON. I somehow become cut off from that and if I remain cut off it's going to get worse and worse as in the dream. So that's some analysis of that recurring dream.



– Woman gets health therapy by the ocean –

I was observing a dream from a distant, like you watch a movie or something. I wasn't involved in it personally. There was a woman in a bathing suit, and behind her a big muscular man was standing, he was also wearing a bathing suit. Her hand was touching him or he was touching her and he was speaking to her and giving her some kind of help-therapy, but I was afraid watching it that there was some cardinal desire on his part and he was out to seduce her or something. But the more I watched it, it didn't seem to be the case. He seemed to be a responsible doctor. He was muscular the way my father is and had a big tattoo on one arm. Then they were on the beach right by the ocean and this woman's children were there too, they were playing in the water. The doctor was giving this woman the last treatment in a series of treatments and was giving her some advice. He said, "One thing you should do is bathe in the ocean everyday just like your father did. He didn't do it for foolish reasons did he? He was a great one for that, so you should do that too. And when you're finish with those leadership meetings that you attend and when you finally get to Ireland, then you can relax. Then you can definitely relax and do this treatment that I've been giving you and bathe in the ocean." This woman

was apparently very active and he was advising her that maybe she overdid it.

Then the muscular health-treatment man indicated that he was now going to give treatment to one of her children and it wasn't going to be exactly the same that he had given to her. I became less suspicious that he was out to seduce her, but still some of the circumstantial evidence was a little scary, the way he was touching her and the way that were both dressed only in bathing suits. But then I cast glance toward her back and saw that she wasn't quite so young, so maybe that added to my feeling that he wasn't out to seduce and he was some kind of a New Age type doctor who just lived like that—dressing in a bathing suit and treating people like that. Although it seemed promiscuous, it wasn't. That's pretty much the dream. There are different hints, of course, as to what it might mean to me. It might be that I'm the woman being treated in the dream and there's some advice for me. But I'm suspicious about taking the advice, afraid maybe it's not Kṛṣṇa conscious. Because I want Kṛṣṇa consciousness, that's my chastity. Some of the hints would be obvious about the need of relaxing. Bathing in the ocean is a new one, take it easy and so on. I'll have to think about it some more. By the way, this last dream was at an unusual time for me. I've had a headache all night. I got up, chanted some rounds, then took some more rest, then had that dream in the morning about 5 A.M. During that time I had another dream.

§ § §

- Big rubber doll -

There was a big rubber doll and it had a mask over it. Under the mask, no facial features were painted. I thought of painting some facial features and putting it on my desk as like a little play thing or maybe some little inspirational object. I was thinking how to paint the face when I saw under the rubber mask it had a face like a smiling face. I thought maybe I 'd give it a face like that. But the whole thing seemed rather silly, to have a big rubber doll like that on your bed. During the same dream, I thought, "Yeah, I can have this rubber doll and I can also drink Coca-cola." It seemed like I was tending to indulge in frivolous silly things.

§ § §

- Bhakti-rasa dāsa offers donation to GNP to print a book -

I had this other dream during that same nap. It was during that nap from about 4:30-5:45 A.M. that I finally was able to subdue my headache somewhat. So these dreams may be involved with that; that's why I'm interested in them. In another short dream I was at a kitchen sink, a white, rather deep sink and my disciple Bhakti-rasa dāsa was in one of the basins

of the sink. He was in a shrunk up form. He was playful, jolly, and maybe a little bit frivolous. He was talking to me and he said he and another devotee, I think Manu dāsa, were thinking of making some gift to GN Press, perhaps a donation to help print a book. He was hinting that maybe I knew that I'd written something during the week when we were together during an increased *japa* quota and maybe he could pay for that book. Or something like that he was hinting, but whatever he was saying was sort of roundabout and not so clear. So I said to him, "You should be very straight forward about whatever it is you want to say." (I had a headache all night and so I'm out of touch with certain things.) Bhakti-rasa said that maybe I knew what he was talking about from the letter he had given me that morning. I said, "I had this headache all night. I haven't had time to read your letter, so I'm a little bit out of touch with things, but you should be very straight forward." Then he got a little more serious and then he made his proposal, whatever it was, some kind of a donation to help print a book.

That was the dream, but my after dream comment is that maybe in the dream state I was thinking how headaches make you more serious about life. Your time is limited and headaches affect your work, so in my relationships with my disciples I should be straightforward to them and they shouldn't be roundabout or frivolous with me. We have limited time and whatever it is they want to do good for me, they should just go ahead and do it right away and I should also function to keep them serious.



– Taking care of a wayward child –

I was taking care of a wayward child with intensity, playing games with him and lying down with him and bathing him. Then I realized I could only do it for a couple of days, so maybe it seemed like it was misplaced compassion. I was working with the Wicklow devotees to put on some program. I was out of the schedule and I didn't have enough rest and I couldn't keep up with it, but then I had to go and give the lecture anyway. I was with Hṛdayānanda Mahārāja and he also had to give a lecture that he wasn't fully prepared for. He said he didn't let his host and the other devotees control him so much because he knew the seriousness of going to give a lecture. He spoke a little proudly about how powerfully he could lecture. But he was dedicated to it. He went off to give the intellectual lecture and I had to give one to the devotees. He reminded me that one should lecture according to the audience. I finally went off. There was a *kīrtana* first and I lead that. People used a more accomplished *kīrtana* at this place and they were smiling at my simple *kīrtana* in a condescending way. I realized I wasn't among people who knew me very well. I still hadn't picked out a topic for the lecture.

Then we were somehow in a different place. I was leading this *kīrtana*. It was with doctors in a hospital and we went on the elevator with them. They

were all very serious. One was admonishing another doctor. They were very interested though in the *kīrtana*, especially the lady doctors. After I sang the *kīrtana* and the chorus began, I said to them quickly, "The world of medicine and people is very complicated, but the world of chanting is just the opposite." They all smiled and chanted Hare Kṛṣṇa. Then the alarms went off on my clock and I had to get up.

I think the dream may have to do something with my thinking so much about what is right to do and the difference between preaching and taking a retreat. In the dream I became more calm and didn't care so much what people thought. I met Girirāja in the hall. In fact, we all lived in a big building like a school. I couldn't understand what he was saying. I kept listening and still couldn't understand. Then I thought it doesn't matter what people think of me, I know what I should do and I'm calm.

In that same dream, Phil Backoff was going to become some kind of politician, gave up other activities. Was a disappointment in that regard.

§ § §

– In a motel next door to a lion and a buffalo –

I wanted to go on a retreat but I wound up at a motel. Next to us was a lion that could come into my room any time he wanted. Also a big buffalo. An old movie star like Douglas Fairbanks or somebody was also there. They were part of our entourage. There was Vegavati and Baladeva and me and Madhu. I said, "You all have to do something and get me out of this place." I thought that Baladeva would probably come to me and say they would take me to another motel. This was all in a motel and I waiting for that to happen. In the meantime, I knew that the lion could come in any time he wanted, it was just a matter of pushing a latch or undoing a lock, and he could come in.

After dream comment: I find that dream to be amusing, comical. Other details was that Vegavati was doing service of bathing the old lion and I thought that she probably wanted to write me a long letter about how she was doing and feeling in Kṛṣṇa consciousness and how she was sympathetic to our present situation although she knew that it would be very distracting to me. She wasn't writing the letter, but I knew that she wanted to write it. All these things were combined. Also the lion was not a ferocious killer but you could imagine what a potential disturbance it was. All the different parts of the building were connected with easy access to each other, so it was a far cry from any kind of place of solitude where I could work in a single-minded way. I have to ask myself, "What is this dream saying to me? That perhaps even if I do get a physical place which is in solitude, will my mind be such that it'll be overrun with all these different outer concerns?"

§ § §

– Demons with black magic –

The demons were able to make people disappear in space by some black magic. One of their secret agents would perform some horrible rite and then go before the chief by television and the chief would study their insides. Then like voodoo the person that they had cursed would disappear from earth. Having a dream like that makes you want to chant Hare Kṛṣṇa so that doesn't happen to you.



– The victim of two bullies –

I was the victim of two bullies. I was maybe a school boy and I had to pass through some area like a playground where there were many people. These two bullies—also kids not much older than me, or even younger than me—would come out and threaten me in different ways—violence. And they made fun of a old coat I was wearing like old Navy p-jacket. One day I called together two protector figures who I usually would reach after I went through the place with the bullies. They were Madhu and another person. I asked that the two bullies be called for. They were called for, and then these four people came together in a kind of conference with me. I said wanted to get together in a huddle. I said to the bullies, "One of the things you make fun of me is about this old coat, and even my friend Madhu also tells me to get a new coat. I'm willing to be corrected and I know I do foolish things, but the way you go about it is you threaten me, whereas these two protectors do it in a different way." And so I was causing this show-down and I knew it might make the bullies more angry with me later. But I at least had the courage to do that—to tell on them and to cause this meeting to be held.

That's all I remember of the dream. Afterwards I'm thinking maybe if I apply that rule that every person in the dream is a part of myself, then there is some bullying parts of myself and some other protector parts and I'm asking the bullies to lay off. And if I don't have the strength to do it myself, I'm calling on these others and I'm asking for justice and I'm willing to be corrected and change my behavior too. Maybe this has to do with something with headache therapy.



– A motorcyclist –

There was a man like me who was taught how to drive a big motorcycle. He didn't know much about it and he was eager to learn. His chief stopped at some place where a big army conference was being held and that man's

superior got involved in it. The man who was a motorcyclist who was actually me was waiting impatiently on the big motorcycle and wanted to get going. Finally he yelled out, "I hate it, I hate it, I want to get back to my work. When are you going to come out?" It appeared that now the man's superior had become one of these army men and had been given a higher post and he had no intention of coming out. If the motorcyclist kept protesting, he would be arrested. So in the dream he had enough cool to shut his mouth and just wait for further orders, but while no one was watching him for fifteen minutes he drove his motorcycle out of the gas station and the place where the military meeting was being held and he roared off headed South. He averaged a hundred miles on the gas tank and he kept going.

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- Catholic devotees -

My mother wanted me to go to church. I didn't want to go but I went anyway. Then Suhotra Swami met me somewhere near there just when I was serving my plate of church *prasādam*. So I put the plate down and went and talked with him and he said there were some devotees who are Catholics and they were all going to try to get together. He said Hṛdayānanda was one, and try to help each other in their faith, and this was an important thing. I was surprised at that Catholic faith ability. I said, "I received holy confirmation in this church and it's filled with hypocrisy just like an ISKCON temple." When I said that, somebody overheard me and they got embarrassed. So Suhotra was waiting to get a seat to sit down with me and talk as two fellow Catholics how we could save our souls. And that would be done not by discarding the roots that we had as Catholics but seeing how that was within actual Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

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- Singing and recording popular songs -

I was with a large group, I think they were mostly devotees. Somehow we were obliged to do a lot of recording of singing. They announced we had over three hours of recording to do. Sometimes it was a Catholic group that was in charge of us but we were still devotees. On my own I was not so into being in this group. I was singing different popular songs, American popular songs like Frank Signature songs. I even missed some of the recording, but then I arrived one morning and they asked me to do the test singing first while they tested the microphones. So I sang *namaḥ om viṣṇu padaya*, the first *praṇāma*. I sang it very clearly and purely with the microphone pushed in. I sang it my own way first and then Varuṇa dāsa who was watching the recording made me do it over again a special way. I resented

it a little but did it the way they wanted. I still did it nice. Then the whole group sang in response and they had to do it again and I sang that again and everyone appreciated it afterwards. That was just the beginning and then we had hours more of recording to do.

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– Śrīla Prabhupāda travels with devotees on a bus –

Śrīla Prabhupāda was with devotees traveling on a bus and he was encouraging them to read the *Bhāgavatam*, then going over it verse by verse. He was showing them how to analyze and appreciate. Then he was tired so he wanted to just rest and hoped that they would now go on doing it. But another boy took a verse and sat right next to Prabhupāda and handed the book over and asked him to read that. Then Prabhupāda wanted me to read that verse out loud, but I was looking at another part of the *Bhāgavatam* with a question that I wanted to ask Prabhupāda. It was nice he wanted me to read, but then the book I had, the pages were stuck together, and then a devotee started to read. Prabhupāda remained friendly, open and willing to explain the verses.

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– Back in Great Kills walking the streets –

I was back in Great Kills, Staten Island on my own walking the streets in leisure and nobody was bothering me. I should have just gone home but I was sort of pressing my luck walking back and forth surveying things. I went through a store that I thought might be a book store. I saw at the counter my old friend Tommy Oakland. He saw me and he ran up from behind me and said he would drop over to see me the next day. I actually had a vacation I was going to use as a kind of retreat but now he found me out. Then he came over and took a room in the house and it was hard for me to explain to him that I don't meet with people anymore. I was by myself, Madhu wasn't there. I started to explain to him that I don't meet with people anymore. He said, "Not at all?" I continued to explain how ISKCON was satisfied with me for doing this, but that was my policy because of headaches. Then the alarms went off and I woke up from the dream. You could take it as a test of my explaining my policy in a difficult situation.

Also while I was in Great Kills Village, I was looking at two bakery shops, right next to one another. I was thinking of going home, and then I thought my mother was going to serve me lunch. So I was thinking whether to buy something in the bakeries, maybe some cookies, but I thought it wouldn't be good for my diet. While I was looking in those bakeries, I noticed that an old woman, a worker in the pharmacy across the street who glanced at

me and seemed to notice perhaps that I was figure from the long ago past. I also recognized her as being there fifty years later since I had been there.

Another part in the dream is that Tommy Oakland said he didn't much appreciate some press release that Śaunaka Ṛṣi had made. I explained to him that Śaunaka Ṛṣi usually makes press releases of other people's work. This latest one was some chart about material progress, but it was done by a Hare Kṛṣṇa devotee and it was meant that we can help solve material problems. I said usually Śaunaka submits other people's work; in this case he submitted his own.

In general, the loitering in Greatkills may be a sign that I shouldn't loiter in the material world but should get out, not think I can enjoy any place even in my dreams. But I should always be busy serving Kṛṣṇa; then I won't get caught up and get entangled.

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– Watching a dream while sleeping about teenagers –

I watched a dream while I was sleeping. It was like a movie production about teenagers. They were real regular, straight Americans. One of them confessed to his friends that he was bisexual. This completely broke the heart of his friends. The movie showed how this boy tried to struggle with his claimed bisexuality.

Another part of the dream I was there with Prahādānanda and others and we exited from some big theater. It was the door where the homosexuals waited and attacked people, tried to seduce them. We had a real slug fist punching match. I did the best I could, but I needed Prahādānanda's help. He helped me to get out, and others also helped me. Later I thanked him. Prahādānanda said, "You had a pretty good left hook in the fighting."

After the dream, I'm thinking maybe this indicates that I do need help sometimes from my Godbrothers and that they can help me.

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– Two sides of a devotee—A frivolous and uninterested in devotional service side and a very serious studious side –

Prabhupāda was on one side of a wall. He was outside getting his massage and I could hear different snatches of his conversation. I felt a little envious that he was so happy in his Kṛṣṇa consciousness with his servant even when he wasn't talking about Kṛṣṇa. I knew that it was part of his Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Then he came back in and another disciple was going to give a lecture. He would lecture a little bit and then ask a question, "How do you attain Kṛṣṇa?" I answered, "In devotional service." Then he asked Prabhupāda if he wanted to give the answer. Prabhupāda said, "No, that isn't proper." This devotee was having a lot of problems getting into the

verse and being interested in it. Prabhupāda told him to practice something very simple and to use the synonyms and to keep practicing it. But the devotee was still joking and being sarcastic about it and he didn't want to do it anymore. But I was being very serious while I sat there.

After the dream I was thinking perhaps those two devotees are different sides of me. A frivolous, uninterested in devotional service side and a very serious studious side.

I'm putting an idea on this tape, not a dream: Two fine favorite quotes from Prabhupāda each month for "Among Friends."

§ § §

- Recognized by reporter from old days in ISKCON -

The end of one dream I was older and was buying an airplane ticket. There was a reporter who knew me from the old days in ISKCON when I was there with his son. He loved to tell people about it and he liked everything about the past. But it was a strange history he had which he told, about me writing and smoking marijuana or something which wasn't true. But with great affection he told the story to two people at his counter while they impatiently listened. Then he sold me the ticket to some place like Swansea, Florida.

§ § §

- Auditioning for part in a upcoming movie -

I wasn't so much involved as a main character. Many actors were auditioning for a part in an upcoming movie, and the character was a saintly yet clownish chaplain figure. At the night of the auditions, there had been people who went, Bhurijana was included and another devotee I knew. Many people and famous actors also tried and the director was there. Many people were killed and it showed that they were presumptuous to try for this part. But they weren't actually killed, it was part of the theater. They were brought to life and they were killed again. Finally they all did their audition. On leaving the theater, Bhurijana said he left us his forwarding address in case he got the part, some university in Florida. I said, "Well, you could have left the temple as your address."

As we were going out in the lobby, there was a sign that the problem in the slums was getting worst and the city was taking a slicker approach, like a stream-line approach and there was other news was being broadcast in the lobby. The dream deteriorated with my reading all these news items.

§ § §

– Different activities happening on a Navy ship –

A bad dream of being in the Navy on a big ship. Different things were going on in one scene. I went way down into the bowers of the ship and most of the GBC members did their activities down there. I lived more up in the ship. I met Harikeśa Mahārāja there. He said that people who wanted to keep things permanently had some items stored way deep in the bottom. I made light of what he said. He remained serious and gave some explanation that the only way to be saved is to have things at the bottom. Then I got up very early but somehow couldn't find the washing room. I took my clothes for changing and went with them on my arm into the dining hall. Some of the petty officers saw me there and punished me and told me that I had to leave immediately, go and wash up and then come back properly dressed. But then I would have leave and come back, twice I would have to come back before I could eat. So I took my clothes and I tried to find a place to wash, but that proved very difficult. Finally, a man told me I could go into Room 3. I knocked on the door and there were different lady secretaries in there, all military. They said there was one place that I could use there, did I have papers that said I could use it? I said no, he just told me I could use it. Then one of women looked at me, she was an astrologer or something, and she said, "You were spoiled in your youth." Then she scraped my face disgustedly and said, "You went through all kinds of corrupting crap as you grew up. You even had arthritis of bad breath. I never heard of a person with arthritic bad breath, but now I have met one."

Comment after the dream: I was surprised when I woke up to think that both the Navy and the ISKCON figures were mixed together in one ship. So it may be that in my mind I sometimes think of them both as institutions in which I live, in which I struggle, in which I suffer and mix the two.



– A big, black horse –

A big, black horse got loose. I was sitting down somewhere and saw him coming and got afraid. I thought I'd climb up a tree if he came too near but then I forgot and he came near. Then I ran up to the house and yelled, "Daddy, the horse is loose!" He called out from the house and said it was all right, we didn't tie him up. Then I began to understand the horse couldn't jump over the fences. There were flowers, it was a nice place to live, and the horse had a feed bag so he wouldn't run away. Anyway it's voluntary, you stay here voluntarily. If you want to leave you leave, but you won't get the feed bag.



– Ravindra-svarūpa quoted in the newspapers –

June 3, 1995

Ravindra-svarūpa was being quoted in the newspapers. He would say brilliant things. He would admit the faults of the Hare Kṛṣṇa movement, but then he would say something very strong. He gave the example of some person who was very discredited, people thought badly of him and yet time proved him to right. Now when you looked at his collection of writings and letters you thought that he was always right. He said that he loved the fact that he was so poorly regarded and yet he had a chance to speak the truth, and he hoped that people would try to appreciate the truth. Those who were very discerning could appreciate the truth despite his being in the discredited position of being a Hare Kṛṣṇa devotee in today's society.

I'm awake now and thinking that I would like to be able to be bold and write my truth despite any handicaps I impose upon myself or which people might put on me for various reasons. Rather than complain about it or be afraid to speak, why not love it? Time will prove you right.

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– Two agreements made with Baladeva –

There were two things that I agreed upon with Baladeva. One was that he would buy me a saxophone. The other was that tigers would be dangerous, especially to him. I just wanted to play the saxophone. He agreed that we would do it and he would get me one. Apparently I didn't know how hard it is to learn to play. The other thing is that for some reason, the tigers would particularly be likely to attack us. We went out on a bicycle ride, and I stopped and told Baladeva, "If we ever see a tiger in public, because sometimes you do, we shouldn't loiter in that place but we should remove ourselves at once." There was an example where we hadn't done this and it became dangerous. And far as the saxophone, I was thinking that I wanted to play. The best way to learn to play would be to play popular tunes, so he had to get me some records with Billie Holiday songs on them so I'd be able to play them.

I got back to the house I was staying in and a very low tough woman, a vagrant, came into the house. Baladeva threw her out, but she said she was going to get a knife. Then I went to my room and I thought that we might be killed and all these things would be stopped. Then I woke up and thought, "Why am I wasting time thinking I'm going to learn to play a saxophone? The time for life is short."

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– Taking care of kids –

June 4, 1995

I was doing some kind of family duty, taking care of kids who were crying and taking them through dangerous places in New York City. In the course of it I would write about what happened. I was saying, reminiscing, that actually it was very nice writing because it just was so itself. Then I thought about it and said, "Hey, I wrote quite a bit! How did you write so much?" Sometimes the kids would be riding on the swings and I would write like crazy. How many pages? Fifteen pages. Then again at the other place I wrote fourteen pages. It was pretty good stuff. I never thought about it much. I didn't know where it is. The more I talk about it, I realize that it was an optimum kind of writing stage of happiness and detachment. Maybe that's the secret of how to write.

Taking care of the kids was really wild and very demanding. Sometimes unsavory things happened to them. One kid was injected with nerve gas by some people and had an experience of being high on a drug at a very young age in New York City. We went to weird places where they bathed naked or didn't want to bathe naked. The kids were often crying, but I attempted my best. They were very bratty. I tried to entertain them and at the same time somehow, there was a little time in between this to write these pieces. As I remembered them, I became sad and nostalgic and amused and thought that this was really the soul of good writing which nowadays I'm not able to do because I'm too self-conscious and too fruitive.

Who knows, maybe this is a myth. We don't have that writing to look at and we do have our present time to write the best we can and to try to invest it with fresh energy.

§ § §

– Reminiscing –

I was remembering way into the past, like reminiscing. One memory was of myself and two others jumping down from a distance onto a crowd of people. For this we were beat up severely. I had written into my diary at the time that I was sore all over from the beating. And by remembering this, it was supposed to be concluded that yes, we deserved to be beaten because it was cruel of us. It must have hurt the people that we all jumped on. Somebody had asked me, "Do you actually remember that incident?" I said, "No, I don't remember it, but Jayādvaita Mahārāja said that it happened." Then I was showing Jayādvaita and others the grounds of the St. Claire's Church in Great Kills, how when I was there many years ago it hadn't even been started. I was showing them all the details of the ground, how things had changed over the years. It was considered very historical

that I lived so long ago to be able to point out these differences that had occurred over the years.

§ § §

– Working in a French house of prostitution–

Somebody like me was working in a French whorehouse. He and the women in charge of it were the cooks. The old prostitutes were really kind and polite to him. He didn't have any illicit sex connection with them; he just did his service and they were very lenient with him. But then he heard that some Navy people were in town and he wanted to go see them. It turned out that they were actually Hare Kṛṣṇa devotees. Somewhat earlier in the dream, I dreamt that these Navy men were on a very dangerous mission where they had jump to into the ocean and swim for themselves. I was one of them too. But then later I came in this scene with the French house of prostitution. Then I went to where the devotees were camped. Tamal Krishna Mahārāja was the *sannyāsī* in charge and I began to talk to him. It was like we pretended we didn't really know each other and played out the role that I was this cook and he spoke to me. I didn't know what it was going to lead to, would I leave my job or what.

In the war with the devil I wanted to be on God's side, Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Don't be afraid; trust in the Lord.

Later during that same sleep time the prostitute party was out to kill me. Later I saw TKG was involved in what seemed like too much emphasis on his being the guru of his group in like the old way we used to worship the guru, which kind of cut other people out who weren't his disciples. I used to be in on that scene, now I was an outsider to it. It seemed to me objectively that he was overdoing it, but there was no way that I could tell him. I saw that we were now in some kind of opposition. And while I thought he was overdoing it, I also could appreciate that he was doing very daring and extensive preaching with his men.

I think one lesson from this dream is that I have to be careful not to find fault with big leaders in ISKCON who may organize men and money that way for preaching sake. But also I should keep a distance from them without being envious and preserve what I think is my own integrity.

§ § §

– Working in welfare office –

I was working in the welfare office. On Monday there was no work; everybody knew it, but I went, I didn't get the word. The whole place was empty like a field and there was no food being served. I felt that it was all right. I didn't mind that I had come, and then I wanted to go back. A man was driving me in this big car and he didn't know whether he had enough

money in his pocket, enough gas in the tank. We got to some toll gate and we noticed that he didn't have eyeglasses. He just had one eye pane which he fastened in his eye. He said that was good enough. The man said, "Yes, it is." He gave his fee to go through the toll. They were holding him up deciding whether to let him go. He spoke strongly. I was going to back off and say, "All right, if they want us to go, we can't go." He said, "Don't worry. Is there any record of people who wear their eyeglass pane like this having any concussions or troubles?" The man said, "Yes, there are records of it happening. The other man said Well even if there are doctors, who can take care of it? Then he was going to drive on through.

I woke up and I was thinking this dream is going to go on and on, we'll going to be delayed and probably not going to be able to drive to our destination.

§ § §

- Rupanuga presents entertainment for the devotees -

June 6, 1995

In another dream Rūpānuga presented for the entertainment of a few devotees a little historical sketch of a time when some great Russian writers, including Dostoyevsky, had a meeting. Perhaps it was by a river and decided in a kind of writer's union that would not be a part of a certain group which they felt was not giving them any support, having to do with censors and response from the public and so on. In other words, Rūpānuga had done some historical research and told us the details of this incident that had happened over a hundred years ago. I was appreciating what Rūpānuga had done but at the same time I explained to him why as a young man I had first decided to study history but then decided to study English literature instead—because it seemed to tell more about human suffering and joy and experience than history could tell. I told this and he wasn't in agreement with it and we discussed some more and were walking along. Our conversation was happening at the same time that there was some kind of lack of food in society, but there were somethings like cookies that were stuck into the cement, so people were prying them out and eating them. I had taken one and put it in my pocket even though it was probably dirty by being on the road. But I was justifying it by saying that it wasn't dirty.

When I woke up I thought maybe I was dreaming about the cookies because we ate some last night and I had indigestion from it.

§ § §

- Devotees reliving an outing they went on with Prabhupada -

ISKCON devotees were reliving a time that we went on some outing with Prabhupāda in Māyāpur. I was pleased to note that a number of times I

was second as he went through a tunnel kind of thing. He leaned on me several times. Then we were all waiting for a car to get him and we realized that it was primitive in those days, we didn't have his own car. And devotees weren't so political either—sitting around talking appreciating Prabhupāda. We were also doing some hearing from some of his Godbrothers too.

There was also a movie or video footage and Prabhupāda was with his relatives in the old days. Then we were all crowded around him as he walked and we were listening and he was preaching the basic knowledge of the soul and how it continues life after life, body after body. When we were with one of his Godbrothers, it was vague who he was. I knew him from many years ago, so he was younger. But another Gauḍiṃya Math relative Godbrother of Prabhupāda was speaking more advanced philosophy of Gauḍiṃya Vaiṣṇavism with just a little snippet of it here and a snippet of it there, wasn't so developed. Prabhupāda gave even more overall education step by step.

§ § §

– Given advice by devotee on life in Puerto Rico –

Life in Puerto Rico. A person like Kuṇḍali was giving me advice after he lived there. He said when you bathe you go into the different places and how to deal with dogs and so on. He didn't like Puerto Rico so much though he learned how to live there. Then it was very dangerous. He went to bathe and the police were coming around picking up people. Somebody like me was trying. Then I met a person who lived there and he strongly contradicted all that Kuṇḍali had said, that you should fit into a place. He was preaching against appreciating Puerto Rico, the US government, learning the language, getting a job, what you could call more conventional values and said that this was necessary. I was thinking maybe I had been taught wrong by Kuṇḍali. Now that I'm awake I don't know what to make of it but I think that I should try to decide things on my own.

§ § §

– Medicine dropped from airplane –

Some kind of medicine powder was dropped from an airplane. It came from India and somehow Śamika Ṛṣi was further involved. When it dropped, it was sort of like being at Gītā-nāgarī, a kind of memory. A devotee came out to fight for it, but somebody from my group got it instead. It was some rare kind of powder medicine to take. It seemed to be almost like trying to find a drug. When I got the package and opened it up, there were some packages with it that were like simple messages from Śamika Ṛṣi's family and pictures of Rādhā-Dāmodara. But then finally I came to the medicine pack which was supposed to do something very big, some change to a person. Then Śamika Ṛṣi's son came in and explained to me that he

actually fetched it and when he got it he had to fight for it from this other devotee who was on a different side than us, some kind of French devotee. He was explaining these things and I went back to looking at it carefully.

On waking I think that there may be an exaggeration on our parts of the miraculous effects we think we'll get from different drugs and medicines. It's really not worth such mysticism and fighting for and expectation. If you do, it's like taking drugs in the old days, looking at a stack of marijuana and over-valuing its benefit.

This dream continue even though I woke up and went back to sleep. I went out for a jog around Great Kills and came back and read the letters that accompanied the powders. Then I went on a walk with another close friend devotee. He was explaining there are so many troubles. I said, "I think the answer may be in these powders." I had crayons in my pocket and was going to show him at the right moment. Drawing with crayons was important and connected to this. But I was making a preliminary point of who should use the powders. I was thinking that I could have them and he could have them and my sister could have them, and maybe if he wanted, Śamika Rṣi's older son, since he had actually rescued them when they came from sky.

Now that I'm awake I'm trying to understand what this is. It may have been Āyurvedic medicine or it may have been some kind of illicit drug. It may have been a symbol for something Kṛṣṇa conscious but if it's a symbol, it's not something directly Kṛṣṇa conscious that we could understand. I suspect it's not a very good thing.



- Trying to give a lecture on a city street -

I was in some wild situation trying to give a lecture that was being translated. It was out on the city streets. Mostly it was disciples of Romapāda Swami and he was being very sober, but his disciples were just like wild characters. One of them was supposedly translating my lecture, but I detected that he was making up whole phrases and introducing quotes, and I wanted to be very strict. I said out loud, "A translation should be very exact and there should be no change." And then again a translator did it. I said, "I quit," and walked off. Then in a very free way I was just walking through the city streets. I heard the heavenly operatic voice of a woman singing from a music store, some record or something. I walked in the store and Madhu came in and I said, "This is like the spiritual world, this singing." Later on I was looking in a room and I had false hands made out of plastic just like I have false teeth. I held my hand up in the mirror and then I had one finger only and it kept changing. I could change if I willed myself. I was looking at these false hands and then looking in the mirror and my face was very smooth and my complexion was very smooth like a perfect youthful complexion and I was looking at it. I was telling myself, "This isn't nar-

cissistic the way I'm looking." But now that I think of it, it seemed to be. And yet how could I be admiring beauty when I had false hands? That's a strange conglomeration of images in a dream on a full stomach after lunch.

§ § §

- Watching the life of baseball star Ted Williams -

I was closely watching the life of the baseball star Ted Williams. He went up to bat, hit a double, ran to first., slid into second base and was safe. But then he stayed there and he died. After the game, photos were being shown of a dead man. It was interesting and caused interest, like those of people who die in Bosnia. We began to see the misshapen people who suffered. I was reminded that this was not our cause. We would work from Prabhupāda to preach to everyone and save them. Then I began to feel unsafe without Prabhupāda to talk about him. Then finally . . . and then different devotees helping.

§ § §

- Talking with Mandalesvara about love -

June 10, 1995

I was talking to Maṇḍaleśvara by the shore of the ocean and reminding him of a previous time we had gotten sick from ingesting bad and good things. We had discussed about love. One idea was that if people loved each other, then a person could feel validated and maybe wouldn't get sick, wouldn't get headaches. Then suddenly we noticed Ravindra-svarūpa, I think he was lying on his back just at the edge of the waves looking up at the sky. He said, "If you look up, there you'll see the moon. It's a different moon in the sky and within it there's a star moving and this is the last time you'll ever see this in the history of the universe, so try to see it." I tried to but I couldn't see it. Then he told me that my ex-disciple Steve V. was about to die. He had a car accident. The car went over a cliff. Some people said he only had two hours to live and I should go see him. I said, "But I get headaches. It causes me days if I go to see him." Then I decided all right, I'll try for it because it's his eternal soul. I said maybe if I go, he'll just curse at me. But then we all decided—Ravindra, me, and Maṇḍaleśvara, that whether Steve V. was affectionate or cursed me I could still leave within a few minutes, just go there anyway. I started to get ready to go looking for *tilaka*, I couldn't find any.

§ § §

– Biggest fear about living alone–

Several devotees had pieces of land in the wilderness, very small pieces, and they were going to go and live there all alone and chant Hare Kṛṣṇa. I wanted to speak to one of them and tell that my biggest fear was that if I lived all alone, somebody might come, some demon, and attack me. But I didn't get a chance to express this to my friend. I also wondered whether Prabhupāda the spiritual master would approve when you reached a point where you decided that whatever you offered wholeheartedly would be approved by him. So the other thing was just that fear and then thinking if I live alone and grow a bread, people might come and see me, or I'd continue your activity where chanting would be most important activity in the day.



– Review of a film of Lord Nṛsimhadeva –

A review was being made of a film of Lord Nṛsimhadeva or a spiritual master and different devotees who associated with him. I was in some of the shots and they were favorable to me. When I watched them, I watched myself, I was running up hill with him and he was pleased with me. With other devotees, once he pushed one down and one was admitting that I was misled by my previous authority, Giridhari. He told me not to follow you. Then Nṛsimhadeva or the spiritual master, Prabhupāda, became angry and yelled at the devotee, "Why did you reject me?" And then he pushed that devotee down. As I say I was doing all right in this dream but the figure of Lord Nṛsinha or Prabhupāda was going _____ and I wasn't shown by him that side. In the film when he pushed that devotee down I was surprised and looked at it and wondered why he hadn't told me about that. Anyway, it was a long dream and it wasn't so clear.



– Typing for Prabhupada –

I was typing for Prabhupāda, like part of his entourage. He called me up and said he had some bills to answer. I said I'd love to do it. As I worked with him, I realized the particular life he led and the work he let me share, his perfection. I wished I could appreciate him more but now I just wanted to accept it and be his menial worker. He had some bills and asked me if I wanted to save them. I thought yes, anything he does is worth saving, anything in connection with him. And so he had other typing done by other typists and I was happy just to get whatever I could get. It seemed right that I was to go over some mail with him and he would dictate answers. I was into his bills, etc.



– Boy runs away into a monastery –

A boy was a strange observer of the activities of others and nobody noticed him. But then gradually they began to notice and they involved him in a fight. So he ran away from them. He was even happy that he ran into a monastery. I was rooting for him to do so and was glad that he did in the dream. Right away he saw that it was more gentle there, it was more holy. And even though there were faults and things could happen there, like a fire, the people were more gentle and he asked them to take him to the dom, the head person. He wanted to surrender there.

Note after dream: That was nice to be serving Prabhupāda although it wasn't so clear in some ways. But there was a drive to serve him and some intimate exchanges which I always hanker for. So I ask the dream-self to please send me more dreams like that where I can be with Prabhupāda and gain my faith to be with him in the next life and my taste and desire to be his menial servant and to give up all other fancies and egotism and do what he wants. And in the meantime, I'm trying to serve him although I pick up so many of my own attitudes.



– A power struggle –

Mid June 1995

I was escaping from the police and trying to run away from a big brawl, a big fight that happened in the Baltimore temple. A power struggle, and the police were involved. There were different sides. I was on the side of the GBC and Ravindra Svarūpa, I was even one of his assistants. There was a goo (?) for power. It was a horrible scene. In the end we tried to escape and everybody said the police might be after me, I'd have to travel far away, and they might catch me anyway. It was a power struggle.



– Prisoner and Prabhupada televised –

Prabhupāda was being televised. It was private, just for his disciples that were in different places. He was up all night just in his *gamchā*. He would lie back and sit relaxedly, and at one point it began to rain outside and Prabhupāda noticed the rain, then kept on lecturing. We tried to pay attention. Then it was pointed out that there was a prisoner up on the second floor connected to where Prabhupāda was and where other disciples sat by their beds awake listening to him. Then this prisoner came down and he threatened, and he wrote on the blackboard. The first word was "fuck." He began speaking insultingly. Then a big, strong devotee who later turned out

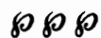
to be Kevin ____ (?) came down and was prepared to beat this prisoner up, but he couldn't do it at first, and the prisoner was laughing. Finally he grabbed the prisoner the way Kṛṣṇa grabbed the Dhenukāsura demon and threw him around and around, smashing him each time against the wall. The devotees were pleased with that.



– Money turns into worthless currency –

I was having the usual dreams where the money that I had turned into worthless currency. I wanted to go from one room across the street to another room which was a good room. It was a room I think where you could study Prabhupāda's books but you had to have a coin of a certain currency. Sometimes I had the coin but then it was no longer good. There were special Harry Truman coins that were good. Then I was told that if I had anything of value, that would be accepted. I tried to give off a lot of notebooks I'd written in and used earplugs. Then I was told by somebody in the room—maybe it was Harry Truman's wife—"You should be able to find a coin." I said, "Well, you can say that 'you should be,' but that may not be possible." Then she said, "If you think that anything is possible, then it will be possible, and anytime you want, you can find the coin and just come over again." I thought to myself yes, this is the philosophy that I've always agreed with—that anything in the world is possible and if you think like that then it will come true. You just have to be very confident that anytime you wanted it, you could find the right coin.

Now that I'm awake, I think that's a nice philosophy and it's good for Kṛṣṇa consciousness to be very positive and think that anytime you want to you can become Kṛṣṇa conscious.



– Prabhupada and devotees decides not to worship cow –

There was a *vrata*, maybe a month long, and each day you were supposed to do some kind of different worship. I had a headache and was sick on the day that we were supposed to do some worship with a small cow. Prabhupāda and all the devotees decided that they wouldn't worship the cow at all. So I went to Prabhupāda, he was in a room standing, and said, "Prabhupāda." He said, "Yes." I saw him and I bowed down. I said, "If I'm sick, why do we have to stop the worship of the cow? Can't everybody else worship and I just stay back?" But he said, "No," and that was it. Then there were other activities having to do with that, but I couldn't convince him to stop.

There was a similar situation, that worship of a *tulasī* couldn't be done because somebody forgot to water her. So Prabhupāda consulted with dif-

ferent *paṇḍitas* who said that *tulasī* was dead. I said, "Prabhupāda, I don't she's dead; we can just water her later." It seemed to me that I was right, but they decided no, for the *tulasī* was dead and couldn't be worship.

These dreams seem to indicate that I first of all don't understand certain things in Vedic ceremonies and that they still don't make sense; I'm not convinced. But it was nice that I was able to approach Prabhupāda and discuss and give my opinion and wasn't condemned for it. He considered it, but maybe he also went on the fact that they had to go by the ceremony as decided by some of the other Indian *brāhmaṇas* and didn't want to go against them in their decision, and my decision might have been right. At least they didn't understand it.

§ § §

– Fighting with a fat red headed woman –

Finally falling asleep during a severe headache for the second night in a row, I dreamt that there was a fat red headed woman and I was fighting her. I would throw things at her and hit her with a rubber hose. But every time I missed the target, whereas every time she hit me—it hurt! I called her a whore and other bad names, and she got angry and then hit me back. It was very humiliating that I couldn't defeat her. Finally I threw something around her neck and was pulling her down so I was finally being effective. Before that, I said something to her in a little rhyme that everything I do is no good. I think my name was Rick or Rich, and I said something that rhymed, to the effect of, "I can't hurt you but I'm just Rick." Finally I had a rope around her neck and was pulling down. I said, "Are you perfect?" Then the dream flashed ahead to her admitting that at that moment I had exposed her hypocritical life because she was doing two contradictory things and thought that she was leading two pure lives and had to admit it. In the long run, I was triumphant in exposing her, whereas my life was relatively pure compared to hers, even though I was in effective in trying to beat her up.

§ § §

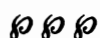
– Sold out to killer demons –

Demons had great power. These demons were young guys my own age. Guru-kṛpā was one of them and they were killing off police or anyone just with a flick of the wrist. They spared me because Guru-kṛpā had some good memory of me. So I became one of them and I was very laughable for them. They were going to give me the powers. They went off and had sex with their girls and it was understood that I would do that later. Then they asked me to give out some goods and I did. I was going to ask them how I could bake myself. Then they were killing off more people, devotees

and other people. I was completely sold out to these demons because my thinking was, "Well, it's better to live than to die." They said, "Oh, now we're going to kill off Viṣṇujana." I thought I might have to kill him, they might ask me, and I thought, "Well, sure, I'll do it." I realized he might look at me and say, "Well, it's better to die." I thought, "No, it's better to live and I'll kill you," but I didn't get to see him face to face. The dream ended and I was a little doubtful, wondering why I was so willing to live and be a demon because there's a next life. It's not that because these demons have power now that they are eternally right. What about God? They also said they had no Bibles and no books because reading changes so you have to be flexible. I went along with that too because I just wanted to live. What a weird philosophy. Why did I just sell out so quickly? What did I think about God in the next life?

Comment on the dream when awake:

In the dream itself, I didn't have any twinge of conscience. I immediately accepted the chance to become one of the muscular, youthful demons and not be annihilated by their powerful weapons. I accepted survival without a second thought of the repercussions. But now awake, it occurs to me that this dream suggests that I may have to decide whether it's better to live ready to die for the truth. In *Bhagavad-gītā*, Kṛṣṇa tells Arjuna it's better that he die than be a coward.



- Watching movies with surrealistic imagery -

I was seeing these very avant-garde movies one after another where the imagery was completely surrealistic—no plot, no nothing, just strange images always changing. Dreams like itself, these films were. I went to this place and I saw some of them and I knew that I had made a film with Lord Caitanya themes in that very same surrealistic way. I asked some people about it and they didn't know much about it. Then they said actually it was a very offensive movie and people didn't like it. I asked them to show it to me. They found out that it was actually Hare Kṛṣṇa and got angry with me and were going to throw me out. I couldn't stop dreaming, more and more these kinds of films kept coming up. I couldn't stop it.

Anyway, now I'm awake, and what does this mean? Does this mean that my free-writing and my painting and these like that, these kind of experimentations are blasphemy? That I'm actually unbeddingly mixing Lord Caitanya and Kṛṣṇa images in a bad way? I don't think it means that, but I guess there is a danger of that, so don't get too mixed up in avant-garde imagery that the nondevotees use or you'll blaspheme the Lord and the message of honest devotees will be completely lost. Make an artistic presentation, but it's got to be careful Prabhu. I don't mean you can't use free imagery and this dream imagery and so on, but you just have to be careful.

A few minutes after that dream I wrote down these notes:

Pray to Lord Kṛṣṇa and Śrīla Prabhupāda to guide me in art so I can sometimes use surreal techniques, but never blaspheme forms of the Lord and devotees. Make it recognizable devotional art and pure.

Not crazy so that devotional images are used only for design or dream effects.

Read *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* and *Bhagavad-gītā* a lot and chant and pray to make pure works of art and religious writing although it may be in your own tongue.

Be careful of influence of moderns. How to know about this?

I think I don't have to worry much. Conservative ISKCON persons would not like all I do, but some will. That's not the criteria—but your motive and pure execution—and preaching effect (sooner or later).

The important thing is whether the Supreme Lord and Śrīla Prabhupāda are pleased.

§ § §

– When the knife is put in the back of head –

Hare Kṛṣṇa devotees and lots of other people were being held and there was going to be interrogations. During the interrogations, they held a sharp blade at the back of your head—or scissors maybe—and asked different questions. I was concerned about what I might confess. I was knowing that Jayādvaita Mahārāja and others expected us not to say anything and I didn't want to be told by him what I had to say and what I couldn't say. I thought it was up to each person to withhold whatever he could, but then you couldn't demand that he not tell secrets or you couldn't demand that he would hold them in a standard way. It was up to him, and whatever courage and intelligence he had had to be with the military demons in that way. I wasn't saying that I was going to confess everything. I needed some freedom to use my intelligence in my own way.

Then I kind of drifted away from the place where I was being kept and wandered around. I heard somebody saying that when they put the knife there, you confess everything, and others were saying that they really don't find out so much. I wasn't sure even what I knew. I didn't seem to know very much. So I was waiting to being called by the man who was going to interrogate me but there was a delay and I got kind of lost in the shuffle asking where the elevator doors were and mixing with people in the lobby. My identity was as a Hare Kṛṣṇa devotee. I met some military officers who saw me as strange, but one was very friendly with me and said he realized some Hare Kṛṣṇas are different than others. I was saying yes, some of us have college educations, just as some soldiers are very blunt and not like officers. I was delaying the time when I going to be interrogated. I wasn't sure how I was going to come out and I was trying to broaden my perspective of things. Of course, I was hoping that I wouldn't be cowardly and re-

veal secrets but I didn't want to be told ahead of time what I had to say by either side.

The issue was something about Hṛdayānanda Mahārāja's having some manuscript that he wanted to have printed very quickly, and he was willing to go to any length to have it printed. I thought we didn't have to die just to defend that right of his, it wasn't such a crucial point. So I didn't want to think I had to be judged on whether I fully cooperated with Hṛdayānanda's plan that all sacrifice should be made to publish his manuscript as soon as possible. That didn't seem to me to be a do or die issue but I knew there were very important issues and I didn't know how I would stand up to the test when the knife was put in the back of my head.

§ § §

– Back in the Navy –

I was back in the Navy in the Public Information Office where the journalists were. A journalist who was like a second-class journalist was in charge and he told me I could take care of the piles. I discovered my hair was long so I tried to go out and get a hair cut on the ship. I finally got one but they made me look like Elvis Presly, so I needed to get another one. We were wandering around having many unhappy adventures on the Navy ship.

§ § §

– Government assembly of representatives –

June 22, 1995

Fragments of dreams: In Pennsylvania, some government assembly of representatives was taking place and the leader was a extremely conservative politician. He was ranting on and sensitive people didn't attend but they were hurt by it. Nearby I went on a tour of some government places like a tour of the supreme court and I found out it was very expensive and I had recently been there so I didn't know why Madhu had put out so much money just for this.

Some military leader was called over the public address system while many people were publicly assembled and he was chastised for not attending some important matter. When he heard this, he went and put out his eyes, but then later he had some more menial duties polishing paraphernalia as part of the fire department. Some of the paraphernalia was Lord Nṛsimhadeva and I wanted to help me and learn from him.

§ § §

- Throwing fight of throwing bags of colored dye -

Post-breakfast morning nap: Long dream about having fight of throwing little bags of colored dye with water in them at each other. They would explode on a person's body and colors would get all on his body. There was a lot of anticipation about the starting. I wanted to save my sweater, I was trying to give it to someone. So clothes that would get dyed wouldn't be as valuable. It was some Japanese ritual and if anybody asked me the meaning of it, I didn't know.

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- Unable to get work in PIO office -

I was in the Navy again and this time it was not easy to get into the Public Information Office. The ship was very, very large and I just wandered around. It was full of sense gratification, all kinds of clubs and coats, even a woman guru, shops, malls, women and men. And there was also hard core Navy stuff, but I wasn't even asked to work. I just wandered around but I was so lost and unhappy. It was also difficult to find anything. Finally I found the PIO, but I didn't like the person in charge. He wouldn't give me any work to do so I walked out. Some people came after me and said, "If you really want to be part of this, you have to stay and just be patient and eventually he may give you something to do." But I couldn't understand their philosophy or what the hell it was that they wanted me to do. But I was lost, I had no identity of my own, just that I didn't like what they were doing. I knew way inside that I was Bhaktivedanta Swami's disciple of Hare Kṛṣṇa, but I knew that they didn't like that so I couldn't say that I was that. I wasn't chanting in the dream either.

It was a gripping dream, it leaves me kind of dizzy afterwards with all the things on that huge ship and how I wandered and wandered. So different from when I'm awake and see I'm a devotee in a devotee world and I have a little sense of myself and work to do. I'm very grateful that I'm able to express myself so fully, but I'm afraid I may have to take another birth and come back in some kind of world life and start from the beginning not knowing who I am and not being part of what I want to be part of, not being recognized, having no position. Let me chant Hare Kṛṣṇa, pray to Kṛṣṇa and look for the devotees.

Of course, I also started to think to myself that maybe I won't be in the PIO if it's so unattainable and I don't like it, and if the Navy is so loose I can just drift around and not do anything particularly for the time I have to stay in. That's was one of the first times I ever thought that in one of my dreams of going back. I always thought I had to be in the PIO again. Maybe it would be better to keep an inner life without being in with the so-called writers.

Here's some more on that dream: There were different aspects of the big ship. I was used to going to certain passages, but they blocked them off and I couldn't go those ways and I was more and more restricted. That was in the lower regions of the ship where it was rough. Wherever I went, there was always plenty of activity like the setting out of food where people were going to eat, or people who were really used to that scene, some little cubby-hole they were living in and they were all satisfied. They all had their niche, at least. And I didn't belong anywhere. Mostly I was just ignored. In the back of my mind I thought that I was expected to approach somebody, some authority, and say, "I'm lost, I don't have any place, what am I supposed to do?" But that authority was not like some overall authority, it would just be anyone's opinion and he might be very righteous and tell me what to do and where to fit in in that ship-city. So I didn't do that and neither was I stopped by anyone. The time of dream couldn't have been more than a total hour when I was resting, but within it I sensed time intensely like a long period of time it seemed, and minute by minute I was wandering and lost.

And then as I've already said, I was looking to get into the Public Information Office but couldn't find the place. There were all kinds of extravagant rooms and cubby-holes where bizarre things were going on. I am somehow reminded of a mall or something like that. Finally I did locate the PIO office and I went in there and sat and was mostly ignored. Finally I met the man who was the boss and he wasn't even a high rank in the Navy than I was when I was a journalist, but now he was in charge and I was a newcomer. He gave me something that he had done, a book, and I read it, and it showed him to be some kind of revolutionary publisher like a left-wing protester. He was more interested in publishing than in writing or anything like that. I could see that they weren't eager to have me come in and they were just going on with activities so I got up and left. Then about three people came after me somewhat sympathetic and said, "Why did you leave?" They noted that I had been abrupt, and one of them said something like, "You seem to be soft and it wasn't good that you left that. If you want to be part of the PIO, you have to come around and associate, and gradually, gradually you may be given some work to do, but don't just leave abruptly." They were sympathetic to me, and perhaps they thought that I was somehow valuable but that I should be patient and eventually I might get a post in there.

I can't remember much more except that afterwards, I thought, "What's the need for me to go back into the PIO if I do have to go in the Navy? I can always wander around and think other thoughts." Now in post-post dream analysis, I say, "Yeah, I could keep myself occupied; I could write and draw and it might be even better for me not to be PIO. Because PIO is related to writing, better to be free of hack-writing and you can just write on your own even if you were in some rough quarters." This may relieve my anxiety about always having this dream that I have to go back into that

same office. Also in the dream I knew that I was a Hare Kṛṣṇa devotee and was a little afraid to admit it to them.

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– Levitating –

My disciple Śyāmānanda was holding up my feet while I was levitating so that people would think that he was holding me up. I told him not to do that; if he continued to do it I'd punish him. There were other references in the dream to levitating. I wanted people to see now that I could levitate.

ॐ ॐ ॐ

– Getting to know people in an elite group –

There was some elite group of young people, maybe in their early twenties, and they were like the official group for the United States. It was like the President's cabinet in the Supreme Court, but this was a little known group and they were being interviewed in my dream or seen as a group. They were all very nice people and I was getting to know them just by seeing them speak about themselves. That's all the dream was about. It wasn't very Kṛṣṇa conscious, but when I woke up, I thought it was good that I was at least getting to know these people and maybe they could buy my books or something. They could be approached in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. They seemed very open-minded and agreeable people.

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– Prabhupāda and maternal father –

Prabhupāda was there and we were out on the bad city streets. One of the devotees wanted us to listen to some book which he said was Vaiṣṇava literature, but it was just concoction. We were on chairs and were sitting around the city street, but Prabhupāda wasn't, he was standing by the door. I looked over and people were coming in and out and I realized that I was supposed to take care of him. I got up and asked him what he wanted. He sarcastically said that whenever these devotees went out, he observed we just stayed by ourselves and we didn't preach. And he was also saying that my father was talking and he was saying that Scandinavian people could stay in Scandinavia and not come to America. So I said he could give his opinion but he didn't want to be part of the movement. Prabhupāda said that it might be dangerous if anybody went out to preach by themselves at night.

Other notes on that dream: When my father advised that Scandinavians should stay in Scandinavia, he was getting involved in ISKCON controversies and I noted that Prabhupāda himself had not said anything about that. Prabhupāda had remained aloof. In other words, it was like ISKCON Scandinavia was sending devotees to this other place to do *saṅkīrtana* or something, and so my father was getting involved and said they should stay in their own country. But Prabhupāda didn't get involved in that controversy. So my father's input was premature and passionate but at least he was getting involved in ISKCON. And the other point was that it was nice that Prabhupāda was considerate. On the one hand he was pushing us not to just fraternize among ourselves but that we should take on individual responsibility for preaching, we should preach. But when he saw devotees were going alone preaching in the city, he was concerned about that.

Further remark: Another way that I might interpret this is two ways: 1) I may feel guilty that I'm not preaching and so Prabhupāda came to me in a dream and said you're doing something wrong; 2) it could be that Prabhupāda is approving the fact that I don't socialize, don't fraternize, and if I did, it would just lead to his disapproval. I often think that in the name of what's called preaching in ISKCON, there's a lot of just meetings and management and socializing and going to festivals and so on, so that could be the state that we were in in the dream that Prabhupāda said was not good. And that my tendency to go alone is what he was saying to do in the dream, but be careful about it. Because now that Prabhupāda has disappeared from the planet if I get in anxiety and think that I ought to preach more, does that mean that I should run to my Godbrothers to attend the next Centennial meeting and this meeting and that meeting and take some assignment and be together with them in big parties of preachers and so on? That could be actually not the best way to preach for me.

§ § §

– Intimate exchange between Prabhupada and Tamal Kṛṣṇa –

&

– Girls hit in the back of the neck –

Some devotees were doing intimate service to Prabhupāda. Tamal Kṛṣṇa and Prabhupāda were very intimate. Tamal Kṛṣṇa kissed him on the cheek and Prabhupāda kissed him back.

I tried not to get too envious about seeing that and was somewhat detached. When I woke up, I thought there are different ways to please Prabhupāda.

Also during the same nap I dreamt one after another that four different girls, some of whom I knew early in my life, were all hit at different times in the back of their neck. They were hit from some projectile that was flying. Some were hurt worst than others. I didn't know the significance or exactly why it was happening. One after another they all were hit in the same place

and they all were girls. The last one in the dream was Erna Fritsch and she wasn't hurt as bad as some of the others who were actually fractured. So when I was parting from her, there was a moment where she was no longer attentive to me while I was still trying to be attentive to her, but then I broke off without trying to beg her attention and so I felt my ability to be detached from her.

When I woke I noted that in both dreams—the one about Tamal Kṛṣṇa and Prabhupāda kissing each other on the cheek, and this one about the girls—they had been moments when I showed my detachment in a good sense. But otherwise I can't figure out about the girls being hit in the back of the neck and what it means.

§ § §

– Young boy imprisoned –

A young boy was imprisoned at only about six or seven years old. He was imprisoned in his house but he wanted to join another boy who was aging and kind of suffering a marathon of his own. The T.V. and the press gave a lot of coverage to this. The young boy kept trying to join the other boy but he was not allowed. Then finally after so many days, the boy who was staging a suffering marathon spoke and it was all over television. At first I thought his speech was prepared by an adult, but then I forgot that and listened to him. He was saying that he was suffering on behalf of everyone that was suffering in the world and that he hoped by his suffering that New York City would now spend a lot a money to help the suffering conditions of people. So this was very moving and very interesting to the people of the city.

Later in the dream it was a different scene. I was heating my house, my childhood house, and across the street there was a little group and they were sitting by the fire, and I think books of mine were being given to them as fuel and they were burning them. Not books I'd written, but nondevotee books. One of them made a speech and it was like a follow-up of the previous dream where the boy made the suffering speech, but this boy was less pure and he was really pushy that people should join them in their movement of going aside and suffering. He was making all claims that if you went with them, Prabhupāda personally appeared before them. He was a crude version of the first suffering person and I was not attracted to him.

§ § §

– Airplane crashes with devotees on it –

June 27, 1995

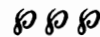
A small airplane crashed and various persons I know, devotees, were on it. None of them died, and one by one, we (myself included) showed up at

the local hospital nearby where we crashed. The people were surprised that we weren't so bad off and they remarked to us that we were lucky. Then Bhurijana came, he was another one of the survivals, and he didn't look so bad, but on close examination we saw on his body there were some severe abrasions and unusual markings, so he was injured. When I woke up I thought how in his last letter to me, Bhurijana had written how the GBC had dealt heavily with himself and others in regard to their cultivation of *rasika-bhakti* and Bhurijana had used the phrased that he had been wounded. Perhaps the dream is related to my concern for him in regard to that.



– Madhu amused by the American expression “Around Kids” –

A dream fragment: Sitting around in a circle with devotees. The word *ratattvajah* came up and the word “around kids.” I knew what *ratatvajah* meant, but Hṛdayānanda Mahārāja thought that he should discuss it so he took over and discussed in a more technical way. Then they were talking in Spanish and Girirāja Swami was speaking with them. I didn't know either Sanskrit or Spanish, so I thought, “Well, it's a fact I know less than these other devotees,” but I didn't feel inferior about it. It didn't seem like such a vital conversation, more academic. Then Madhumāṅgala said he was amused by what he thought was an American expression, “around kids,” and he wasn't familiar with that in his British upbringing. So these are some fragments of a dream. I wonder if there's any meaning in the *ratatvajah* and the “around kids” and the very mood I was in.



– Permission from Prabhupāda to change *asrama* –

Prabhupāda was lecturing and referring to different devotees and how they could be happy in a different *āśrama*. He said although I was a *sannyāsī*, I could change my color and I'd be happy. Before that, a lady raised her hand and asked another devotee in the audience something about his householder status, whether he'd become a householder. Prabhupāda said whether he became a householder is not the important thing—even more important is how you say he will be happy in householder life. Then when he came to me, he said very kindly that I should give it up. I said, “How can it be given up?” He said, “Just like I said about that other person, you also will be happy in household life.” Then he put his arms around another devotee who was in front of him, who was a humble devotee, not as prominent as I, and also a *sannyāsī*, and said, “For you, you forget this material world.” The devotee said thank you, meaning he would not change his cloth, and you forget this sweetie, and Prabhupāda went on to describe sex life. That other devotee said that he also thought I should give up the cloth

and be happy—the devotee said that kindly. Prabhupāda said, “There, Narottama dāsa has spoken, so how can I be opposed to it?” But I thought to myself this is a test, I won’t give it up.

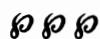
When I woke, I thought that this dream could not possibly be meant to be taken literally. Then I thought it may mean that Prabhupāda was saying I won’t go back to Godhead in this life and in my next life I may be a householder. He may have been lenient toward me seeing that I don’t really have the full spirit of renunciation. I want to think some more about this dream. I also resolved that I would give up eating sweets for a few months starting the month of Kārttika and the month after that.



– Dragged down by bad association –

I had two dreams in which there was very bad association dragging people down. In one dream the person dragged down was me and there was a kid from my high school days. Svensen was his name. Ralph and Thor would come into my room and make it all dirty and break the door and break everything. It was raining and muddy out, so everything became filthy and nothing could be cleaned. He just made my life completely impossible. He was envious of me in this dream. But I couldn’t keep clean and I couldn’t practice Kṛṣṇa consciousness because he lived right down the hall and kept coming and terrorizing me.

During the same nap, there was a man who was like a crook, a drug pusher. He came up to a car where Mahākrama and I were staying and he was violent and threatened Mahākrama. He forced some oil onto Mahākrama’s hands. It was an intoxicating drug when you smelled it. Mahākrama got affected by it and wanted more of it so he bought some. But the man gave it to him and then stole it back and he was intending to just stay around too and not leave Mahākrama. I got out of the car and didn’t want to be part of it. I had nowhere to sleep but I thought I would find any place and not be part of that scene where this man was going to destroy Mahākrama with the drugs and the violence. In both these dreams I could see how bad association can completely destroy somebody.



– Captured by Japanese –

US/Japanese relations got poorer and poorer and then finally in an international incident I was picked up by a helicopter and captured by Japanese and Girirāja was also. I remember that they thrust their claws into my breast and was drawing blood and I felt I couldn’t do anything because of that. Later I was rescued. I asked my mother, “What happened?” She said, “When they picked you up, you were clinging to your American partner,

Girirāja. So Girirāja lost instead of two Americans resisting them because you were just clinging to him." I was shocked. I had amnesia of the details of the whole thing and was disappointed that I didn't act more strongly. Then the rest of the dream is just about the worsening of the international relationships, how little kids were imitating that they're shooting Japanese with machine-guns and they're doing the same in Japan. But the main thrust of the dream is my disappointment that I didn't act more bravely. Girirāja would have acted more bravely and I was ashamed to meet with Girirāja again and hear about my behavior. I wonder what it all means.

The dream continued. Perhaps I went back to sleep and dreamt more that there was a feeling that there might be international war between Japan and America. The FBI asked me to write a ___ or I myself wrote a letter briefly explaining my situation. The FBI representative came and said that they might interview me further on it, and I was feeling a little puffed-up that they might call me and I forgot the previous dream in which I behaved in a not good way when I was actually arrested. I also thought that maybe that report wasn't accurate.

§ § §

- Students invest money in marijuana and get ripped off -
- &
- Kṛṣṇa conscious people visit a mosque -

A number of students who were like all-star athletes in a college invested money in marijuana and the result is that they got ripped off and lost all their money, and some newer students also got ripped off. Then the dream drifted into Kṛṣṇa conscious people who were in a mosque. It was a modern mosque and we were in a line, we were visiting. We were nervous that we might get in trouble. There were Indian Hindus with us and they were preaching a little bit to the people in the mosque. That made us more nervous. We finally left that place. Then I was wandering in it later and looking for the exit and eager to get out.

§ § §

- Anticipating going on art retreat with Father -

I was anticipating that the next day I was going to go with my father and we were going to have an art retreat for one day. I was waiting for him to get ready so that we could go to this place where we were going to stay overnight. In the meantime, he was at the table talking to my sister. I asked him, "Where will we go?" He said, "We may just stay here." I thought, "All right, we can still do the art retreat in the morning."

Later on during the same rest I dreamt that somebody was waiting for me to show up for some lecture program. I didn't come so they threw something at a picture of me, like liquid. I thought okay, at least I know how they feel about me and I can reciprocate accordingly.

§ § §

- Playing the saxophone -

I was playing the saxophone. I really very much wanted to be a great saxophone player like John Coltrane. I had a saxophone and didn't know whether it was a plastic toy or a real one. I was playing and was afraid it really didn't sound good, but Madhu said, "I heard it and the first notes were frustrated. They were also good but it definitely sounds like a saxophone." I played and kept playing. Different ISKCON leaders were also getting instruments. Mukunda Mahārāja had a trombone and others had different ones and we were playing them separately and had our different following. Then I had a girlfriend and I was playing the saxophone for her. She was angry that she was actually a disciple. Actually, the big authorities came in ISKCON and were disturbed, they said, "This devotee sees everyone she wants to see, but she didn't get to see you. You're her guru and she wants to hear you play the saxophone." I said, "All right, let her come." I was playing the saxophone for her. She said, "Oh, you're playing according to some record?" I said, "No, I'm going beyond that. Hear the compassionate notes I'm able to play," and I played for her. But the dream is strange that I had such a desire to play the saxophone. It is like writing or how can it be Kṛṣṇa conscious, but it was, and the different leaders also their instruments and we played for Kṛṣṇa. Although the music wasn't traditional *kīrtanas* and it didn't have the words for Hare Kṛṣṇa, we were devotees and it was all for Kṛṣṇa.

Now that I think about it, it's obvious that the dream can't be taken literally. Is that what you want? Can you expect at fifty-six years old to be playing a saxophone? Of course not, but it means something—that you do this for Kṛṣṇa, that's your own thing, and you do it for Kṛṣṇa. Which in my case will obviously be practices of writing and reading and lecturing, that's your horn. It's not that you have to listen to jazz tapes and play a saxophone, but the different members of ISKCON doing their thing means they're trying to make themselves be preachers and play in a pleasing way for the Lord that's symbolized by saxophone playing or other instrument playing.

§ § §

- Offense to give things that have already been used
to the spiritual master -

I gave Prabhupāda one or two used baseball gloves or one had my name written on it. He considered it an offense or insult to give something to him that had already been used by me with my name on it. I realized that it hadn't been my idea but somebody said we should give it to Prabhupāda and he could use it in the movement.

§ § §

- Woman that didn't have a seat -

We were sitting down in an assembly or a temple and there was a woman standing apart. She had no seat. Someone said she was Kīrtanānanda's sister and they wanted to give her a seat, but there was such a bad feeling about Kīrtanānanda that some people protested. I also didn't like it. Some of us said, "Sit down everybody," because then that lady said that she lost a piece of jewelry and some devotees were standing up creating a fuss trying to look for it. I said, "Look, if she's going to stay, she can stay, but we're not going to be disrupted and look for her missing diamond."

§ § §

- *Darsana* of a big bull

I was at New Vrindaban and there were many people there. One event was to have a *darsana* of some big bull that they had. So I went there and the bull got loose and was chasing me. Me and Kuladri was running and running from him. I put this piece of metal between myself and the bull as I was running. They call it a Russian stitch ditcher. Apparently it had been used before as a means to keep away from the bull, and it was amusing to some people that I resorted to that device. I kept running and the idea was somehow that he would reach the end of his rope or some way that he couldn't go any further. But still he kept coming and finally got to the end of some designated place and I ran up a tree. I was shooting at him, the idea is that I would have kill him. I ran up the tree and he came up behind me. I fired all my shots one after another at him, and Kuladri also fired shots from his rifle at him. Finally the beast died. People weren't upset with me for killing him although he was supposed to be one of their animals.

After the bull was dead, Kuladri put his arm around me in an embrace.

§ § §

- Phone call from devotees in Guyana -

Some devotees called from Guyana and Madhu wasn't around, so I said, "I refuse to answer. I don't want to start a precedence." My father was there, and my mother and sister perhaps. My father said, "Well, I don't want to say I won't do it," and he agreed to do it and I coached him and said, "They may have some problem, but whatever it is, they exaggerate it and they just have to get along with each other."

§ § §

- Airplane very slow to loading up -

I was getting on a plane with Madhu and we were working out the seats. One lady wanted to take up a total of four seats and the stewardess was making us move around. But the thing is, the plane was very slow to load up. Some people came on the plane then they left. The whole thing was just sitting around waiting. So I got impatient and I left the plane. I think Madhu and Baladeva were involved and neither of them paid any attention to me, so I began to walk away. I was thinking of the next book I might write as I walked. But I walked too far away, I walked very far away. When I started to come back, I was running, but I realized I had wandered off the lot. I was going to come back and it would like an hour and a half after the plane was supposed to leave. I was afraid the plane would have already left and they would be looking for me. But I wasn't sure, maybe the plane would still be waiting, and that was how I woke up.

§ § §

- Talking to Prabhupada about reading books-

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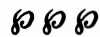
- On separation from Prabhupada -

We were sitting around Prabhupāda. I said, "There is this big book by Allen Ginsberg in which he frequently favorably mentions you, but the trouble is there is a lot of horrible things in it. Can we read it?" He said, "No, don't read it." I said, "Prabhupāda, I could go over the book and take out the favorable things and reread that later." He said, "Yes, that's good." Then I was going to tell him I had read, but I couldn't remember who the source was, that Lord Caitanya ordered Svarūpa Dāmodara to have some dreams. So a disciple and have dreams on behalf of the spiritual master.

Then Prabhupāda was asking us what is some example of mercy. I said the spiritual master is trying to preach Kṛṣṇa consciousness; when people stop him, then he displays the mercy. Prabhupāda became very enlivened and in a joking way he said, "I feel now so much I want to give the mercy

that I feel your present is slight," and he got up, and it was if he were going to immediately leave us and walk away. We were all glad to see him so youthful and how that was in comparison to when he was very ill looking and old. Then one of the devotees said, "I have a car ready, I can take you away." I thought, "Maybe I'm going to get a lot of mercy now. Prabhupāda is going to stay with me." I thought that this was due to my being faithful to him. I wasn't so perfect but at least I was faithful and now he was going to stay with us. But then I thought, "No, he's not going to stay with us, it's just for a little while, but he's being very kind to us."

After that dream, I had another dream about separation from Prabhupāda and I was writing about it. I could go into a store and think that Prabhupāda was in there but people didn't know it and I would meditate upon him while in the place.



- About two sailors -

Two sailors finished their first term of service. They were about to return for another one, so without asking any advice from the Navy, they somehow came together and wanted to open up a center in an impossible situation for them far beyond their abilities. One of them in fact owed a huge amount of money to the Navy, and the other was physically cripple. But they got flowers and tried to open the center and were encouraged to do so. But when they phoned the Navy and asked permission, they were both apprehended, and one would be punished for his legal crimes and the other was put into psychiatric situation without much sympathy for his so-called attempts.