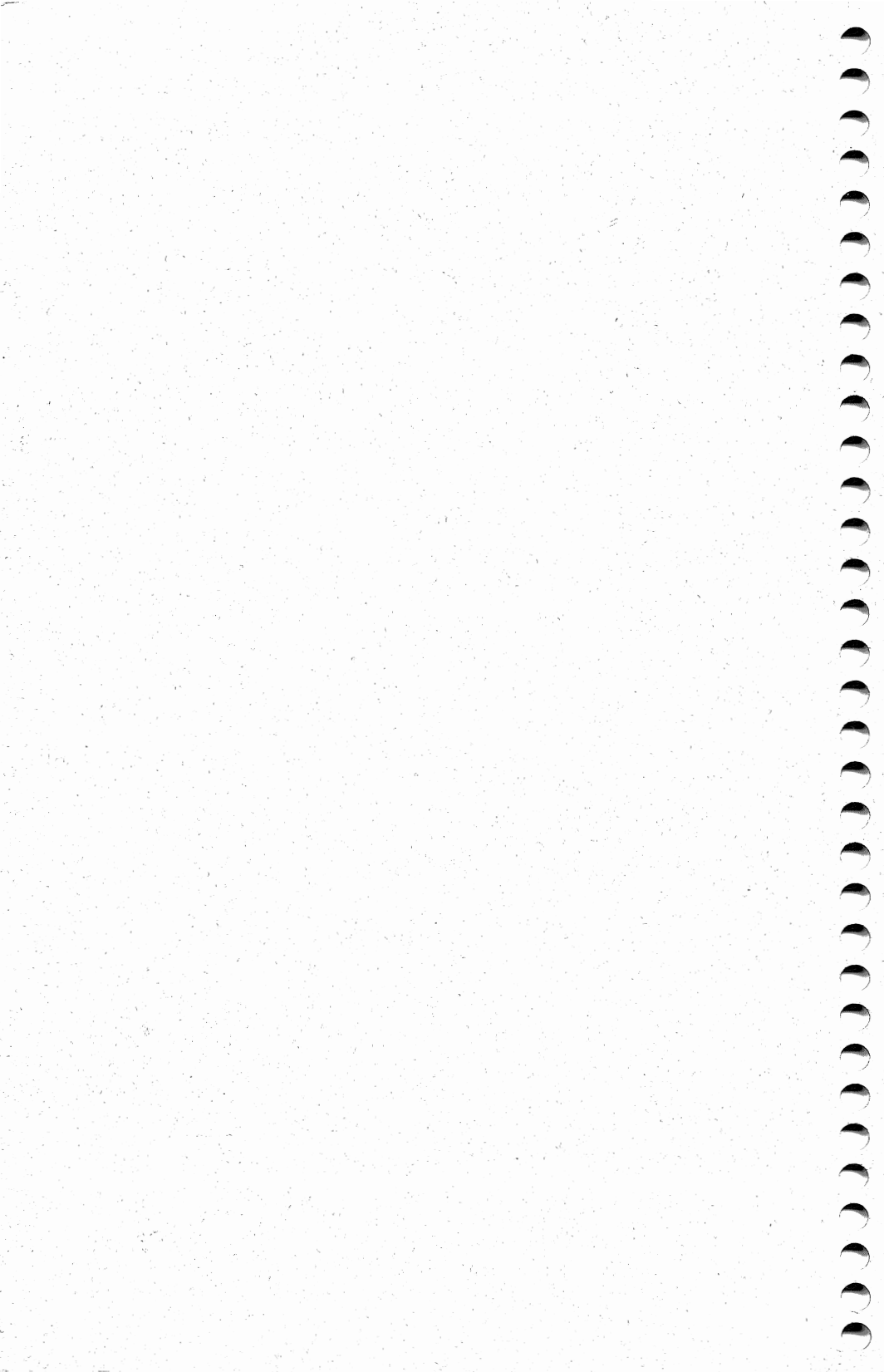


WRITING SESSIONS

(JULY 27 - AUGUST 5, 1996)

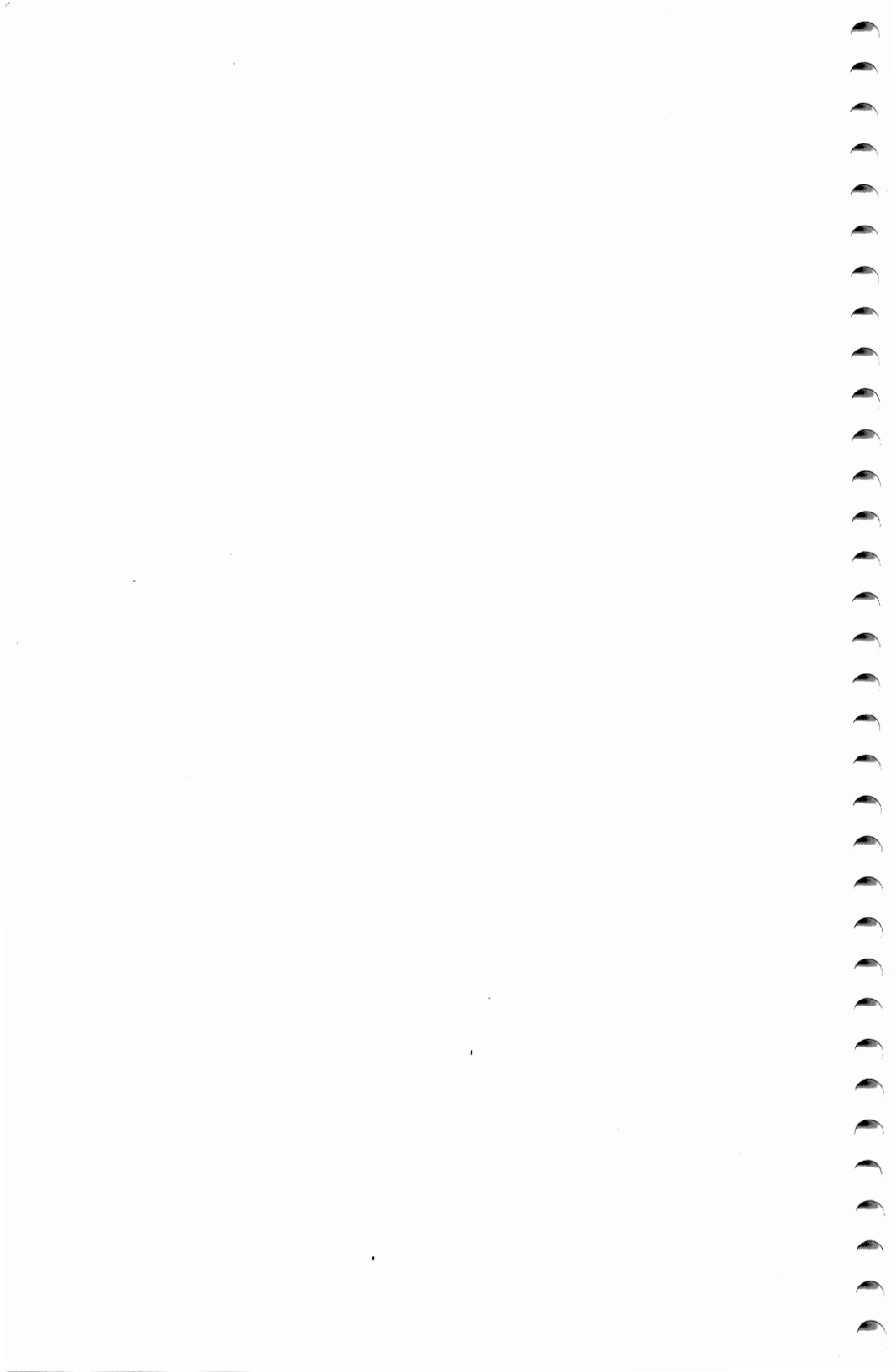


SATSVARUPA DASA GOSWAMI



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Session #1

12:17 midnight, July 27, 1996

Why I left pada-yātrā, what I hope to achieve in Writing Sessions.

Conceive the world. Hold on before you write (you were going to write the words: “as a doughnut”). Consider the gravity of the situation. You are a soul in a body. Do you not accept that? Everyone has some religion. This is yours. Religion is not entirely based on experience. It is the other world, power beyond you—divine. Okay, many religions exist and some have none of the features of the standard religion—no God, no soul, no scripture. But SP says that’s no religion, bogus. I follow the *sanātana dharma* and for us we don’t depend merely on the experience of our senses and mind.

Live with that. Know that you don’t know, you don’t experience it readily. But you can open the doors of your perception by reading, hearing *śāstra*. (Yes Huxley, the doors are opened not by mescaline—as your experience well tells us!)

Kṛṣṇa consciousness and me

my stomach in indigestive state from the 5 P.M. snack of *sandeśa* and just-picked raspberries and a half of a banana. Something didn’t go right. Still struggling with it. Poor intestine and stomach.

This is the nonperformance school if I can attain it, where you don't worry how it comes out. You have confidence that writing is good for you. Confidence that a by-product is natural, but you are not primarily concerned with it. "Books are the obvious fruit of your writing, but the heartbeat is generated by the moving pen."

Some friends are with me, wish me well. A box of typewriter cartridges left at the door by a delivery person. This one is by pen.

I want to tell you where I am and what I am doing. I could have a "too private" or "forbidden" notebook if it should come to that. Or put it right here and not record it later. Pages get put into the fire. The whole question of what gets edited, gets published, which I often talk of with Kdd and Madhu. He says he has his opinion, wants me to be the final one to decide and to feel strongly, "This is what I want to say" before I actually publish.

This is my message for the world, I should feel strongly. Otherwise, just because I wrote it isn't enough reason to share it, he says. But I say anything you write has some right to live.

Who likes to kill off his sentences because, "It's not my message."

Message is *śāstra*. The guru is one.

As you grow old try to give up finding fault. And pride. The weeds are always growing. I am tending my garden.

I lower the shade before 7 P.M. so I can rest and rise by midnight.

Hare Kṛṣṇa mantras.

I left the *pada-yātrā* so I could come here to write. I thought I could—write better? I left the PY and came to write what comes, hope to drift to some important concerns. Invite yourself to do so.

Your body concerns of the moment, that indigestion. One doesn't want to take strong medicines to remove symptoms (Tums) yet one has a strong desire to be free from discomfort.

I started to say something but lost the track. That's proof of what I seek to do in writing sessions. Pursue tracks of concern. If they slip away, return to them when they open again. We used to say, when forgetting something, "If it's important it will come back to me." Then a few moments later, "Oh! now I remember what I wanted to say."

Faulty memory

limited self

mistaken senses

proud false mental speculation

repeated *śabda*

but need convictions of heart, a way to express oneself.

Feeling that you are doing something to help yourself improve in KC.

I left the PY to come and write. PY occupies us with chanting and walking and this is a group, with socializing, exchanging, with other people, realities of preaching, the world we walk through, etc. And

literary PY means performance concerns. So I left the PY to spend time in writing. It's not that I'm unemployed or "just practicing" in the sense of doing something unimportant.

Oh, it's important

because I'm a big man?

An author of secret way?

No no

you tease me, okay but

you know what I mean

Don't work against me to destroy this purpose and intention.

I left PY (or I'm still on it in a different way)

to enhance the writing. PY was writing certainly. And I left for writing.

By the discipline of the writing schedule I entered PY. Now the discipline is underway thirteen days. I can keep to it four times daily. So use it in this way. Better than PY? More Personal? Maybe, maybe not, but it's the way I've chosen to continue.

Śrī Kṛṣṇa *seranam*, they repeat in their mantra, they surrender to Kṛṣṇa. The sentiment is good. We chant thirty-two syllables of HKM. That's what our *ācāryas* gave us, BVT, BSS, SP and it's in the scriptures that should be good enough for you. .

You look at the clock perhaps too much. Writing under discipline, as with your *japa*. To fulfill the quota. There, I did it.

That's only the surface.

Concern to write what comes. If it's a deep *śāstric* or person concern, you think: "That's good writing." But any step is a bridge and is good.

Bridge—a walking metaphor.

I'm here alone under the desk lamp rays. The good lamp he gave me in South Italy some years ago. How long will the bulb last? Can we get another? Write despite discomforts (indigestion and runny nose). Despite limited time.

Limited access, Limited brain.

Kṛṣṇa. What would you write if you could? Oh, I guess I'd feel Kṛṣṇa coming through me and write ecstatically and it would be immediately useful and astounding to devotees. They would say, "This is better quality than anything you have written before." Everyone would be impressed with the KC and in a personal way. I'd be exonerated. Give him full-time to write this way, the directors would say.

I'd make a million dollars. The nondevotee world would take note—"Another Thomas Merton" and buy my books. Fame. Influence. Used to further the KC movement.

Is that what you'd want?

I think it's something closer to home. Results such as those you mentioned would be up to Kṛṣṇa, recognition of how you wrote.

I pray to Him not, "Please empower me to write influentially and knock people over," but please let me serve You by writing.

It's in the words or the act of writing.

Lord Caitanya is teaching Sanātana about God. His many expansions. He appears as Brahman, Paramātmā and originally as Bhagavān. Now LC will teach the *tad-ātmā*, *tad ekātmā* and *evesa*—I never managed to memorize this section and lately I don't even bother about that. But I read it as important, more proof that SP is substantial and covers all the ground of Gauḍīya Vaiṣṇava philosophy.

M. went all day to Belfast. I suppose he returned after I took rest, but so far I haven't heard any sound of his presence downstairs, such as coughing or clearing his throat. All day yesterday the fax machine was turned off. You get used to receiving messages that way and when it's turned off you think, "Oh, I'm cut off." As if you need such a thing.

They used to write a letter and if they were lucky (in China) it might get delivered in seven months.

This opening WS has not been for word play. The pens are getting stuck. I write the WS of the day in pen and then three with typewriter. This one comes more from the arm, body.

Mozart, people of the world,
scratch scratch

Hesse spoke of little else,
this one and that. The goal is KC among us. LC and LK.

The pastimes of Lord Caitanya are like condensed milk and the pastimes of Lord Kṛṣṇa are like camphor

added. Mix them and you get a great preparation, as given in Cc.

Take it and be happy and wise. You'll get dizzy, it's so nice.

The fruits of love of God intoxicate. LC invites us to pick and eat and distribute.

Chant and dance and feel happy. Tell others about this happiness. That used to be the mood of the young Hare Kṛṣṇa movement. It was ecstatic. Now it is less so? Not in the same way, naive, smaller family, no bitter schisms and SP with us.

Dance and chant and take *prasādam*, he'd say.

Then came, "Distribute books." We went less out for *hari-nāma*. The summer in Boston on the Commons. Being a devotee under stress because of the non-devotee world. But you were serving SP and you felt the sacrifice as meaningful and complete.

Your persona was to be a devotee, disciple and please him. Report to him. No other guru was required.

What is the situation now?

Jadurāṇī left for NM.

I stay.

ISKCON stays. GBC supervises and controls our activities, in this case says: NM territory is forbidden and he ought to stay off our turf. SP didn't teach like that.

Yes, writing by the clock it's soon 1 A.M. which means I better stop. The Shaeffer pens are really failing me. There is no ideal pen it seems. They skip.

The customer is not satisfied. All three pens are failing when I reach the bottom of the page. Maybe it's only the angle or the cheap paper. I don't know. I wish it was better.

Hare Kṛṣṇa, this is the first WS. We are underway. I will have to repeat myself. But don't feel frustrated that it doesn't turn out a certain way. Don't merely go through motions. Try also just to write. Your prayer, even when not writing, will help.

It's a wish to express yourself totally in the writing act and discover new areas of KC

and serve and please

and serve and be in touch with the Lord

not that I drift away from guru and Kṛṣṇa by writing. But come closer through this act. See you later. One more minute to say I love you.

Snow White bids good-bye as the dwarfs exit and Dopey comes back in through the window to say good-bye to her a second time. They all love her and they are like her children in the myth. I have real life. Leave door under guru's care.

[45 minutes, Wicklow, approximately 10 handwritten pages]



Session #2

2:49 P.M. Hut

Happy to be sailing after headache-caused delays; discussion of the nature of writing (what else?)—Manu liked the Examen in a former Diary. Do I have to do a WS nonstop or take a break? Writing—nothing—is so easy. Good writing comes from a good life.

I almost forget how to write because I have not done it all day due to headache. Do you try to say something that will be heard, that is pretty? Do you say, “O Kṛṣṇa, O Kṛṣṇa” with your mouth open wide in a big O? Do you think of your friends routing for you from the bleachers and box seats? Do you try to remember the times you Ebbets Field? Do you remind yourself, “I am not this body” so whatever you recall of life in this Guarino lifetime is of no account except after you met the Swami and then it accounts only if you tell it as a pleasing anecdote fit for a lecture from the *vyāsāsana*? Do you, do you want to join the dance?

Are nondevotee authors allowed? What about women and what about encounters with women and sex with the genitals or sex in the mind? What about the shocked faces and minds of the readers and the fear-some literary board who may one day decide on your fate?

Yes, I forget how to write. I thought it was for your own good. And that if you make an effort to make it come out good then it definitely ought to be with a

view for publishing as soon as possible. You are made to be useful to the KC movement and at the same time flatter and improve the person who you are. Now when I consider my friends, I mean to say my rivals and brothers, neutral and inimical, I think they must be as imperfect as I am. They must have mixed motives. When they do something for Kṛṣṇa, some preaching exploit, they must do it partly out of a desire to be promoted, to make various gains. Oh, we may say they do it innocently enough that when opportunities come for sense grat, they fall prey to that. Some admit it readily and say, "There's nothing we can do about that right now so just pray for eventual purification." And they go on sweating and climbing to the top. But we would like to warn them maybe we could go about it in a way that may prevent our falldown and the disappointment of those who have faith in us.

Yes, what is that important meaning? Do you think you have a right to speak to the whole society as you did when you wrote your *Guru Reform Notebook* and mailed it to every ISKCON center? No, I am not so foolish, or let us say not so arrogant, not so presumptuous. I don't think what I write should be thrust in front of people's eyes whether they care to read it or not. Rather it is a secret sort of doctrine or free prose. Like Allen Ginsberg? No, no.

Like Rūpa Gosvāmī? Oh, I dare not say so great.

Then like who?

I mean in the earliest days of BGT I wanted to be published, my poems and "*Karma-yoga*" essays, and tried to be modest and not care about when Rayrama

didn't put me in the very first issue. I thought, "Oh, all right" but I wanted it. And then he gave me cover billing as "Steven Guarino" in the second issue and that pleased me very much. We distributed the society's magazine and there I was on the cover as befitting a NYC author who wanted to be published. And it was the Swami who gave us shelter and who authorized us.

And here we are cruising along like a sailboat in fair weather. I thought I'd never get out today, it was such a slow start. We missed two of the usual opportunities. But here we are on a lough, the Irish lake. Here we are sailing to no where, sailing under a KC banner, the sails big and clean and my thoughts not perfect. Will we stop for tea or for a special reading? I don't think so. We'll just have to keep going for whatever we are already, and stop to read later.

Oh, sing that Kṛṣṇa is the *paratattva* and the expansions all come from Him. He asks us to surrender to Him, not just the people of India but the whole world. Then He gave us a second chance in Kali-yuga appearing in His devotional form as Śrī Caitanya Mahāprabhu along with Nityānanda and all the other stalwarts. And He said the same thing He'd said in His original appearance, "Surrender to Kṛṣṇa, praise Kṛṣṇa, serve Kṛṣṇa, read Kṛṣṇa." And now it's up to us to take it up. He appears to eradicate the darkness, Rūpa Gosvāmī has written. And Śrīla Prabhupāda said he came to speak the same thing, old wine in new bottles. And you boys and girls have taken to it because it is presented not with concocted imagination, but the

original, appealing truth: chant Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa. Of course it is not possible to know Kṛṣṇa in full but at least accept that He is the Supreme Personality of Godhead. Accept it from the scripture and from the soliciting of His pure devotee.

Clear day sailing, clear head at last. The promise of the WS is that you don't worry how it comes out. The toughness of it is the detachment, just writing along and not being concerned how it is made or if it's using your time well, is it publishable in full or in part, what will my editor and publisher do with this?

You have to believe in the act of writing. The process which may bring either immediate result or may lead to a book like *Photo Preaching* or *My Relationship With Lord Kṛṣṇa* which came at the end of a retreat in the last five days. One thing leads to another provided you follow them religiously and carefully and write at each step wholeheartedly. But wholeheartedly also means don't hold the clutch too hard. That is, just let it flow as did (Manu dāsa said, who read it) the Loughdoug diaries, just floating along, saying what comes to your mind in a relaxed way so that it becomes a mirror of your mind. What he seemed to like was the things I was doing, just as the daily Examen. At first I thought, "He's appreciating something I did, not something I wrote." But then I thought, "Let him like whatever he does." They go together, what I do and what I write. The Examen produced an ability to look at little states during the day, admit what was the high point and low point. It helped you develop a

conscience for particularity and to catch it and frame it in words. For a writer that means you keep a record. So if the reader liked the daily Examen don't complain. I want most of all to produce something that they liked?

No, no. Let them like or dislike. He also made a comparative study of two different books of mine. I thought that was his doing. It may or may not be true. I myself didn't see much difference between them. In the writer's meditations *Alligators*, we're told something similar. That you write and a reader picks us an image of who you are as a person. but this is not actual you. It is the image found in your writing. Your job it to go on writing. So Manu found not so much a person but a kind of book and he liked one better than the other. And I am not responsible for that. That is the way he read the trail and the signals and the words. I'm glad it absorbed him in a story of my "literature" but I actually wrote, and who I am as a writer, that I need not know. I owe anything to that image, or I don't need to make a judgment on it.

When I was doing PY I would stop and take a break to read and then write some more. Do you want to be more strict here and not stop? You've been going only twenty minutes. Of course I don't want to do anything that produces headaches. You don't have a stopwatch or a whip or a timed clock that records mercilessly. "You wrote only such and such hours." Mainly just number the WS and then at the end you can tell the whole story. You can say, "I wrote for twenty minutes

or for an unrecorded amount of time then took a break and then wrote some more. Don't feel obliged to give an exact account."

After a small break, having read two Jane Kenyon poems.

You can't expect much help there. Better write while you can. You could have spent the time in the necklace of Vaiṣṇava verses. You are on the section of *guru-tattva*, the qualification of a guru and so on. You can savor them a little at a time. They mean something to you. It is not easy. Nothing is as easy as falling off the log. Chanting, etc. Even eating. You may think it's easy but yesterday I prepared an Ekādaśī snack at 5 P.M., just three small slices of *sandeśa* (did I already tell this?) and ten raspberries and a small piece of a slightly moldy banana and a sip or two of water. Somehow this combination revolted in my stomach and I've had indigestion ever since. Twice I took Tums, took soda bicarbonate with lemon, took quite a few Hagemol's to battle it. Maybe you should observe Ekādaśīs with very light food and you won't have these frequent indigestion troubles. That's another example how things are not easy and also my stool comes out nowadays in very small hard pellets.

I'd like to write something nice, I'd like to be able to write a lot like Merton, only more interesting and have avid followers like Henry Miller's, yet write in my inimitable way.

Oh, hey, a Godsister liked (I heard) my just-published *Photo Preaching*. She thought I was in a great

mood and shape in that book. I'm glad to hear it but I also think that it was a special inspiration, the fictional character of a man lam who writes a make-believe diary and has make-believe "photo assignments." When I heard the praise of it I thought, "Why not write a sequel? Get some more photos and go for it." But it's not that easy. Even after I did the first hundred or so pages of *Photo Preaching*, the photographer sent me more pictures, of the zoo in Washington D.C. But it was already too late, the inspiration had passed. I was already into and out of the *Hideout Diary* and *A Litany for The Gone*. So it goes and you are led into and out of adventures. Now sailing in the effortless (not quite) calm lake like Loughderg, and whatever comes is not my doing entirely. Kṛṣṇa is in control.

Ldd thought that when she couldn't rent a house it must be Kṛṣṇa doing it. I told her I smiled to hear it. Didn't mean I was condescending but I just don't think that way, that He is so close in my life indicating through the movements and turns, "No, don't try here, I'm making this hard so you'll give it up and try over there," the way you might signal to a dumb animal who can't take a straight forward command. Well, why not? He doesn't convey any other way to me. I can't get it straight from scripture. Why not through the actions of our lives?

Mean to talk with M. about why we stop the Examen and if we want to resume it. I think we stopped because our lives were mingling too much and maybe we lost some kind of privacy that we wanted. He told

me that he didn't approve of certain forms of eating which I was following, and I didn't care to hear it. Then he got very sick and we had a parting of the ways. I thought he was influencing my life too much. Give ourselves a little more space. I confessed to him he should back off a little.

So if Manu sees in my writing something in my life that he likes that's okay. Gensei, the Japanese poet, said that too—morality is the tree of writing and the literary expression is only the branches. Life comes first and then writing. If you're a bum you can't write virtuously. Śrīla Prabhupāda says that the basic sins are the tree so when you stop the four sinful activities all the branches of sin will fall down.

A Kṛṣṇa conscious aspiring writer must do that first. Then his writings can be regularly read by others who are practicing KC. In some instance we might want to hear the confession of one who had fallen below that standard. But I think only if he is sorry and is trying to climb up again. We'd want to hear that he took hope and got himself back on the road of recovery. That would be an interesting story.

Sail on the lake. Now you've done five pages. Take another break and see if you have anything left to say. Then later in the day, think of reading more *sāstra* or books related to that, books that impel you directly to KC, like the story of Sanātana and his Deity or some verses from *The Vaiṣṇava Necklace*. But for now pause and take another breath.

Okay, I guess that's it. Bring it in, bring the boat in, you know how to bring it in with the sails? Yes. You are a devotee and you wish to be. Your brothers will accept you or not. You can finish this writing and look at it later.

Today is Ratha-yātrā at Gītā-nāgarī and they are selling my books. I sent sometimes two faxes a day, hooked on this rapid communication but I'm doing it privately, and only with my little news. Keep me out of the national counsels and political deals . . . keep me out. He's at a writing retreat and still gets headaches. You mean after all that fight to get your indigestion in order you are still thinking of a five o'clock snack? Sure why not? It was a nice, innocent cake. Oh, you're incorrigible; you're not austere. You'll have to suffer more. You're not like the Gosvāmīs. Your Prabhupāda *mūrti* is kind to keep a guy like you. Oh, maybe I will refrain from eating and just sip some water. I can do it. And plan to take rest and get up. Tomorrow more writing than today.

[Writing with a few brakes, for about an hour, on a warm summer day in the hut in Uddhava's backyard, after struggling with indigestion and headaches earlier in the day, Saturday July 27, 1996]



Session #3

12:05 A.M., July 28, 1996

Why write of self and Kṛṣṇa?; Hand writ, list; Discussing some writing (and publishing) options; I think it's right to write and hope good in KC comes from it; September project, "Life in the Van, At Last"—But Usually Writing With no Theme; Serious purpose of KC in life and writing.

Now we know the blessed speed of this sort of writing and have some faith in it. Didn't want to rise at midnight, didn't. So the need or discipline to do it is deeply ingrained.

One does want to prove oneself a good man, writer, devotee, etc. Rousseau says that when he wrote his *Confessions*, he tried to be as honest as possible and erred on the side of presenting his faults and not his good points.

Why be so concerned to present the self good or bad? Yes, we should present Kṛṣṇa as we've heard about Him from Vedic lit. He will help us do so.

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa he.

Free writ—the perpetrator
the traitor

List

Fire house, fire hose, captain is dead. Bala went to Great Kills firehouse and no one had heard of Steve Guarino decades later. They said f— this f— that. The word shocks your ears but that's how firemen and

Navy men talk. They are no f— ing good. This is resolved—the picnic should be called off if it rains. Manu dāsa cheers on writing that doesn't accommodate the reader. "All it'll be nice," he said

if in a trice

my mommy and I

repair to the house . . .

so many songs lead to the sexual conclusion in innuendo. Spell right. Vedic lit tells us a Vaiṣṇava should avoid ordinary lit of men and women. Clear the decks for action.

Hold up the presses. The man has gone astray.

List words:

antidisestablishmentarinism (longest word).

Then a dream I told on the record. Much to learn. Long poles put into van. Some didn't know where we were going. It was like a trip into the next world and I was lucky to be included. We'd have to hide in the van and endure each others company crowded together, no seats, but on the floor of van. I heard Harikeśa Swami saying to himself something about private prayers in which he humbled himself. I was curious to see his habits like that and struck up a conversation.

Oh, listen. Oh, listen,

you'd like to have friends? You could write to someone like Prabhupāda dāsa in Colombia but we all don't have time. Some are bashful to do it. You could instigate something like that with someone who would appreciate. Go over a list.

In this way build up allies for your case or for your ego, "See, I've got friends." No, for a better reason.

The critic is active and we thank him.

But it's better to just hear of great Vaiṣṇavas and what they do. Hare Kṛṣṇa comes straight from Kṛṣṇa-loka

and with chanting you ought to improve. I'd like to but how? You put it this way. Just chant but avoid deliberate inattention.

A favorite topic with devotees—*pramādaḥ* is like quicksand.

Praghoṣa will say (after my lecture), "How is it possible? Is it not dangerous what you propose." Point out danger of extremism and what I presented. Yes, that's always possible. His mind works in that way but I didn't presented it in extreme.

Just take what I said. You may say: How is it possible for a fallen householder to be like the saints you describe who are so introspective? We do admire them but—

the ladies won't raise a hand because that's their code.

Oh, gorse bushes. Another bush stung me. M. went out and picked a rose for me to offer to SP.

Only the gardener can fully comprehend how the garden is an offering to God. Remember Prahlādānanda saying, "Think of Kṛṣṇa with every bite." Reach out to friends, amends. Ammanda, Armada, French Revolution. The truth is we had better get . . .

This is light. The hand is moving like a typist's. Belie. I'm trying not to get a headache so I can give a lecture

today, and not be a wise-guy, be Vaiṣṇava-like in KC.
Not a notch down.

You may lead from WS into another type of writing
but has to be by writing this out full,

the horse runs in the summer field.

Stay here another week? We are invited. I would do
something like camp somewhere in Ireland in the van?
No, it's too small in there.

Get used to staying here but try to accomplish
something as your life runs out. Try to write a better
book.

Publishing plans—make a book of selections from
your writing, an SDG Reader, volume two, three, four,
five. Selections based on what is the best, paragraphs
and sections of the best promise.

Good we took from it while we could, those *rasika*
books otherwise forbidden and lost. I did put my heart
into them and they had an interesting theme. *Before It's*
Too Late—theme was that I wanted to write but people
were interrupting me from it, etc.

And M. says he liked J&P for the way you get a poem
after reading some journal. I can still do that.

Go, O merry days

and hair days

the palavar crept up.

The hairy stem did

make a rod, his sticky feelers

trod upon

no bats. I saw a badger

run, and a deer and child

who bounded away hard hoofs

when I went to pee in
the woods.
This is the story of a man
who writes.

You are “seizing” this summer in a writing life by
writing as much as possible. A preacher, a preacher.

Sanātana Gosvāmī lost in service to Rādhā-Gopal,
Madana-Gopal I mean. Then (the author OBL Kapoor
says) he was reminded by LC that he had duties to do
and so he prayed to the Deity to relieve him of Deity
worship. He was in *līlā-smaraṇam* so much but he had
work to do in this world. OBL quotes some authorities
and tells stories but I’m not always sure they are
authorities that SP or BSS would accept. He’s a
scholar and draws from the story sources. But who you
draw from is of utmost importance so it not be *sahajiyā*
or made up, etc.

Anyway, we are reading him.

I’m sailing along as the clock moves. Will this take
you somewhere worthy? You question the process. You
limber up.

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, I seek to know

what You want of me. I’m not like Sanātana was,
deep in *līlā-smaraṇam* in Vṛndāvana and have to be
called from it by SCM. But I am into this writing now
f.w. writing practice. So if you want me to “come out”
from this you’d have to let me know. I hear or see or
dream of duties my brothers are doing and it

convinces me I'm doing what I want and is best for me.
There's a place for me.

You could write a book but what's the use if it
wasn't you entirely. Editing my poems (now third
draft) gives me pleasure—to see them improve. Hare
Kṛṣṇa, Hare Kṛṣṇa; that's their nature. Gems they
become. So please write more "rough drafts" including
some of a private nature with criticisms, controversies,
etc.

Write in any circumstance. NYC poems and South
Street look good now. Extend yourself to do them
whenever you can.

Maybe a 6:30 P.M. shot.

HK comes straight from Kṛṣṇa-loka
you chant nowadays with no lamp.

Hark go deep. I have no theme like a firefly little
lights come

frights

bouts

beers, fears, he will write in prison.

Now here tiny drops to comfort you, you write
down asserting I'm the best. I have the wear with all.
Kṛṣṇa doesn't desert me as long as I can send my
message,

underwear

out to the world—who will edit it. Mattheisen got
back alive from Himalayas to tell his story which will

out live him but he delivers nothingness and I have more than that.

Conception of college exam written in exercise book. Dig? Yeah, you get an exam question: "Explain Voltaire's attack on the philosophy of leibcig in *Candide*, etc." And you have to get it right, say what the teach wants, don't sympathize with the Church. Regurgitate and write creatively best in last minutes, the budding intellectual in search of an "A" and academic career.

Ear of corn
ear for poem, pain
no more
saint lies prostrate
book on virginity for sake of
God's Kingdom. Amen
stuff it in.

Well, I am not about to write a thematic book on virginity or a parody of the college exam books. It's lucky if I do hit a theme but I want to continue for awhile, just room to keep it in.

The September travels of Satsva—I'm thinking of that one. It may be good. *Life In The Van, At Last* (1996).

He he

There is no time for drawings. I will end this short of an hour so I have time to chant *japa*.

You write while you can and the money will follow. Seven habits of industrious ants. Six follies of gartered

women. Two outmoded deeds. Three *sandēśa* that caused me indigestion lasting two days. Five careers gone down the drain. Dictators who killed millions of people and I think I escaped to live in the moneyed West but SP points out (*Bhagavad-gītā* too) that if you enjoy now past pious credits and spend it on sense grat, you waste your life. Use it to become KC—while you can and tell others.

The West will fail
world plunged down
write this morning seriously as befits the duty of a SP disciple but you can remain a person as Anne Frank did and be a witness in writing for future people.

Take to KC, I did,
is your theme.

Be aware. Now it's time to stop this. We were going forty-five minutes and could go longer but need to follow the schedule.

Last word: Put KC in writing. After pleasure and duty. Remind them there is a next life. Plan for it. Don't forget it by your absorption in present duties. *Śravaṇam kīrtanam*.

Creeper grows
even in this world it reaches Goloka
for saints
ordinary people weed out *anarthas*
amen. Do it.

[45 minutes in pleasant slavery to WS; I had no theme, Wicklow on Sunday, hope I don't get headache—have to give lecture at 9:30 in school house.]

Session #4

3:02 P.M. (Uddhava's hut)

Trying to go for a whole hour; Start each page like a new round of japa; Want to flow and not dynamite rocks; Go on without interruption; Repeat Prabhupāda as you recall; The psychic who saw the energy of GNP.

I'm in the hut and it's raining. I gave a lecture this morning on *bhakti-latā bija*. It was a satisfactory *yajña* and I don't have to do any other group function for a whole week, now please take to the WS. Sir, I allow you. I want it to be meaningful for you. I decided to adjust my schedule so the writing can be increased. Schedule a half-hour reading and Cc. aside from the WS time. But then try for clear one-hour sessions in which you don't stop for reading. And don't be ashamed that it is not repeating *śāstra*. It is what it is.

Kdd told me a psychic healer went to GN and met with the leader BT Swami. He told him she envisioned the trailer of Kdd and saw that from there (she was impressed how much writing was coming forth) ancient knowledge is turned into an accessible form for the people of this age and especially for the future. She dwelt on this and wanted to impress upon BT Swami the importance of this. Far out. Kdd writes that she doesn't know what BT Swami actually thought when he heard this but he acted graciously

I might like to settle there some day in a corner without much attention and just be allowed to write?

Not possible. You would be bothered. Hideout elsewhere on the move, but write, write. And here is a very good place for now. So relax as you limber out like a horse that can run a long distance and who likes to run and who has on his back a man he loves who doesn't abuse him.

Therefore you can schedule the increase hour long. But let's see how you can actually take it with your health limits, and so on. Potentially is can be done. You move along with the rhythm of it, not afraid of what comes. So at other times you may read in Prabhupāda and also books you might want to look at like NG on writing. You can put hints on index cards to keep you going.

You had a steady partner along with you in the PY, the critical voice. He makes pithy remarks, he creates attention that makes you never take yourself too seriously. And that is good. He make us laugh. He points to others indirectly and makes his parody and songs. I don't say I can get rid of him. I do say he may not be so necessary in the f.w. We shouldn't feel that unless we're always carping, especially at ourselves, that it's not honest and down to earth. After all, the psychic said . . .

There you go again.

Well, what do you expect?

Minuscule drops of water, drops of water coming down. So I spoke on the metaphor of the *bhakti-latā* and gave enough instructions for six essays if one someone wanted to follow it up. The weeds look just

like the plant. The weeds are watered when you chant and hear. How is that? The main danger is mad-elephant, not obeying the orders of the spiritual master. I make clear the tenets of that section of Cc., having gone over it a number of times before. The talk was in SB *sampradāya*. Oh, I do like to speak in his line. I heard him say, "Don't be like a *sahajiyā* and speak of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa as if it were mundane sex affairs. Lord Caitanya didn't speak of these things except with His confidential followers." So we must be very careful about this. Later we thought, "Yes, Prabhupāda said that to us then, but now maybe under the right circumstances and with the right guru, we can hear about Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa and it is not abused by us." Śrīla Prabhupāda says if by hearing it increases your lust then stop it. It does not increase my lust but my lust still remains when applied to ordinary women in the world. Then you'd better do the needful and follow your guru to remove that lust.

But I heard that if you hear about Kṛṣṇa and *gopis* that will remove lust. Yes, so it is said.

But hear from him, your chosen doctor, the expert. He tells you about it bit by bit. H knows how.

Cows out in all weather. Writing not for affect, drifting off. I look down and see the light on the typewriter keys. I hope they don't wear out. I hope it lasts, the body, the body feels okay when you walk but there are so many things that can go wrong. Paul Blackburn wrote a list of countries that he could not visit now that he had cancer and then he added

jokingly that he gave a reading in Shippingberg, Pennsylvania and they loved him. Clever poet, dying man facing "the inevitable." I have cancer, he said it matter of fact in his poem where he made expression and dedication to the modern art of poems.

Man, what if I get tired and thirsty? Do I have to keep writing? You can stop for a drink of water. When I go to write I turn to the most recently lectures of his Divine Grace and put down what I recall, just as I did with my typewriter in 1966 in the First Street apartment. Now it's raining harder, it rained hard then too (rains, rains, I'm not afraid of you.)

M. and I don't speak of Steve V more than is necessary. I want to flow in the time that is left and we will churn out the books in BAF and GNP. The more the better, Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare.

The Divine Light Guyana Society for Hindus. I can hardly hear the typewriter under the louder sound of rain beating on this flimsy wooden hut. At least it is dry in here so far but I wouldn't trust it after prolonged downpour. Therefore, after an hour we will retreat to the stone house, Hare Kṛṣṇa, the sound of the machine can become hypnotic and you allow it to carry you somewhere.

I've been a little bashful to say I am typing, as if it's better to be wielding the pen. With the pen you are more of a writer? Either way. You dictate onto the machine and it gets typed.

Why not put up some of your pictures on the wall here? Yes, I could do that. But I won't take time to do it now. I have been doing many things instead of writing and now I want to write instead. Hare Kṛṣṇa. There was once a man from Quince. He attempted suicide in Pence. These are ordinary sentences of no meaning.

I wrote a letter to M. Mahārāja saying that he can deal the man, my disciple, who wants to marry his disciple. I've washed my hands of it. When Nārāyaṇa-jvara said that even a guru should not become a man and his woman, I backed off and don't want to interfere. I hope I don't disappoint you, I said to M. Mahārāja. If he wants to take a stronger stand and interfere he may do so. I wish to be more peaceful and leave that behind so I can write. Men and women will come together and you can't separate them. They will separate themselves or that will be done by time and the modes. Why should a *sādhū* bother himself trying to control them or be a caretaker for them? Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare. He should be writing his way, his sylvan way.

Rain pouring down, the clouds present an all white sky. It is good to rain in Ireland. You don't think however that it's good for the crops. Rather it is raining more than needed. I guess they could use more sunshine. I'm not interested in the form of this writing but in expressing in writing.

Sir, can we take a deep breath?

You may.

Can we take a giant step?

You may and you may also take a little step backward.

You may breathe and sigh out. You may make a poem line and adore

Śrī Kṛṣṇa and Rādhā by saying Their names

in Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra and in the morning say,

O Lord, O Energy, of the Lord in the Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra

in the dark. I asked for a little lamp if one could be found, that would shed just enough light on my altar, like the lights you see in Catholic homes where they have one under the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The heart of Prabhupāda who worked for the deliverance of the whole world. He said, "Don't keep Lord Caitanya locked up within a room but let the Caitanya moon spread out to all." Find that excerpt and put it with the others. He wanted a temple of Caitanya-candrodaya to cast light all over the world. That also means the preachers should speak the message by chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare. This is the truth.

The psychic saw the energy like an aura or something or it relocated in her radar scene where the manuscripts are arriving and being edited and being given to the world. All glories to the Lord of the universe. It is being noticed not by obvious forces of the world but on a subtle plane, by people who see inner workings, see it and want to help it. Don't get in

the way of this writing which is working to deliver the world. It is all right. O Swami brother, maybe you could even welcome me to come there and live and work in peace by the creek. Let no one disturb me. Let an old man churn out his free-write. Or I can do it my own way as is happening now and nicely.

Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya Prabhu Nityānanda. There is no way to fight the thieves but to run from them. Or get your gun and fire back into the night. Protect your money and passport. Protect your heart. Then you die and you have to take a next life. Ask a man where does he go in his next life and he replies, "Rawl! Rawl!" barks like a dog or says, "Don't bother about that."

Start of a new page.

You could make a quota of one-hour or maybe eight pages which is a little short of that. We used to write timed books in that way. Often they were striving to breakthrough manfully. As in the George Harrison song

*Got a lot of work to do
got to get a message through
and get back into that material world.*

Now I am more looking to just flow along and let the process take me, not dynamiting the mountain. I want to flow with the creeks, come down like the rain here. Let me work through.

Get some air in this place, open the window. The buttercups are drinking in the rain and surviving somehow. Battered flowers by the rains. I have no

qualms about that, being a human and I can get shelter. But there are 8,400,000 species and we wander from one to other. It is very rare and fortunate that one comes to the human form. It was a relief to talk about the philosophy in a strong manner. Not cozy jokes about the community or about myself and my travels, but I gave examples to illustrate the philosophy. I turned to the *gurukula* teacher Prabhupāda dāsa and said, "You encourage students and show them that you love them sometimes by touching them but if you are displeased you don't hit them." So God shows us that He loves us and we need those signs. It is very encouraging. But in the advanced state one is so attracted by the Lord that he just loves Him and doesn't ask that Kṛṣṇa show He love us. I don't want to sound condescending toward the natural desire to have Kṛṣṇa be affectionate and reveal it to us. It is very nice and we should yearn for it. Kṛṣṇa is our beloved, best Friend. I was actually thinking of the Thereses of the Carmelite sainthood and how they emphasize love. Love is what encourages them, not duty or fear. Show me love and I race to you, teach me duty and I drag my heels, she said. And she asked Him to drag her to Him by love. I am influenced by that but didn't bring it up, not wanting the Christian example to enter the room at that particular time. Yes, love love and even if you make be broken hearted I will still love you, I'm attracted by you. I love you. You have captured me and I have captured you. You cannot remove yourself from my heart even if you tried. My love for you is so strong.

Start of a new page

A typed page is something like a chanted round of *japa*. It may take about the same length of time or a little longer. And in your mind you go through various words but always you want to be engaged in KC and thinking of the Lord. You are attracted to nice things for the taste of the tongue and so you want a snack at 5 P.M. even if your belly and body really doesn't need it. And other thoughts come and go that are not pure devotional service. Anyone can love the Lord. It doesn't matter what rank of social standing or intellect one is. The thing the Lord wants is our love for Him. It is not fixed up in a certain kind of service, but anyone can please Him. Prabhupāda said that and I recently read it. Kṛṣṇa wants to see your love. So be encouraged and go on writing, seeking that inner circle where you feel release. That means detached from trying to create an effect as a writer, like a novelist or essayist. Let the effect take care of itself. Yet he is churning out literature for the future. Take note of it and help him.

But sometimes he just chants and chants . . . Don't keep Lord Caitanya for yourself in a room. Allow the rays of His light to go all over the world.

Does he write personal books other than the ones that we use in the *bhakta* program about chanting the holy names?

Yes, he does. He wrote in *Shack Notes*, a book about writing to be yourself. At the same time you approach the Lord. There is nothing like it in ISKCON but there will be. He tells of some poems by G. Synder called

“Robin” and tells of his attachment for T. Monk and his childhood and he sits with his friends and discusses the *Kṛṣṇa* book. That was just the beginning. He then went on to other and better things as in *The Wild Garden*. The truth, man, is in the fiction of the fat man, the thin and the third man. Oh, I liked it when I didn’t accommodate for the reader but wrote what you had to.

We are already passed the half-way mark on the beads on his order. Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa. The actual words need to rescue the page from . . . and please Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī. Hare Rāma Hare Rāma, Rāma Rāma Hare Hare, means Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa when we say it. That’s why this mantra is better than others. It is given by our *ācāryas* and we are told by them, BBT, BSS and Śrīla Prabhupāda, to chant this Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra and your desires will be fulfilled. At the same time, prosecute other duties in the *saṅkīrtana* movement as we did on *pada-yātrā*. Now we are actually filling a page and it is another way. I hope you will consider it that way *śrī kṛṣṇa śreyanam, śrī caitanya*.

Here starts a new page

Ireland is that way, rain and then sun and then rain. The cows stay out. Listen to it, listen to your hours go by. Then man, what are you doing for serving in the preaching capacity?

That’s a fair question. I don’t have an answer. How about saying that it’s like chanting *japa* and so I am learning to express myself in a way that will lead to books? This writing here may not be the book you

want to read to help yourself. But this is leading me to it.

I don't claim that a higher being on another planet is writing this for me. I am pressing the keys in a KC direction. But this is within a process to try to flow and it will help you to write a book.

But what about a more structured book? Shouldn't you have decided beforehand on a form and a topic and executed it?

No, I have trusted in the process and will continue it this way. The trust increases. The result has come many times. Give us a hundred pages and we will see what comes out of the process to select the best and share it. Even if this writing is an admission of not being able to write, that is also a feeling worth sharing. Other devotees may also think, "I am not able to mother, I am not able to teach, I cannot work with the oxen well or distribute books, I am helpless." When you feel like that yet you want to serve Kṛṣṇa, then you can advance to love of Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa.

Śrīla Prabhupāda said that first you actually have to know who Kṛṣṇa is. He reveals Himself in the *Bhagavad-gītā*. Then you can know of His intimate family dealings. I don't claim to know Kṛṣṇa so well. I'm saying I want to be His devotee. All glories to the Lord of the universe.

They didn't sell many books at the Ratha-yātrā. They didn't have a good location. People had to walk over there to see them. They weren't right in the path. Anyway they sold some books. Now let's hear what's happening over at ranch XYZ. They are just about to

free the cows. In the mind we are studying the Cc. so that next week we may give another presentation of the teachings of the Lord with His devotees. How He tends the plant and it goes to Goloka Vṛndāvana and there it fructifies in love of God. We want to end this page chanting until the end, praising God: please let us gain the basic information of Kṛṣṇa that comes by repeating *Bhagavad-gītā* and chanting its meaning.

A new page begins

Breakdown. Kṛṣṇa is bluish. He is the Lord we want to talk of but we say we know ourselves better than we know Him. But you should know Him too. Kṛṣṇa, please be kind to me. Reveal Yourself. They say I see Christ in some bum. He said, feed my sheep and then you will know me. But we have to know Kṛṣṇa the way He teaches His followers. Arjuna knew the way. Listen to Him and Vaiṣṇavas like Vyāsa and Nārada and of course the Vrajavāsīs. They are the very best devotees. Try to hear what they say. They say love Kṛṣṇa, serve Kṛṣṇa by serving the bona fide spiritual master. And he says it must be done by going through Lord Caitanya Mahāprabhu. And that also is done by going through the Six Gosvāmīs. That is the way. Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa. The Lord is telling us how to do it.

Now we are reforming and tightening our schedule so that there will be three full one-hour writing sessions in the day and perhaps another shorter one. Keep at it safely. Keep yourself in shape so you can do that. There is no force in terms of justifying the action but

preach and serve and worship. I like the image of one page being a round and at the top of the page you can signal, "Here is the start of another page." It is like a string of beads. The *mala*, the fingering of the beads, is like the fingering of the keys, the writing of the words . . . One might say, "But the Hare Kṛṣṇa *mantra* is only eight words over and over and you are using many words." But actually when we chant Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra our minds go through many words, right? So this page is like that. It captures only a small amount of the words that pass through the mind so it is less wordy than the *japa* rounds in which the mind is more uncontrolled. The writing controls the mind perhaps better than the chanting does. But true, it doesn't vibrate out loud Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare. So in that sense the *japa* does have the absolute edge over the writing. I do both and hope to reach a synthesis so that writing will help me to chant and the chanting will be something I can write about. I can say I chanted and experienced the Lord in my chanting. It was nice chanting, looking up at the skylight at 2 A.M. Thus the chanting writing page is a direction through the page or *japa mala* round. You can say you finished it and that means you stayed in KC for ten minutes. We are forcing ourselves to do it and it is good for us. An effort to be a devotee that ends this way, Hare Kṛṣṇa. The Lord is the shepherd, Govinda playing the flute attracting the *gopīs*.

Top of last page

Give me eight minutes about to do this one.

O Lord, we play the flute
and we are the boot of the heel
we are the happy fool, play with us please
and deliver us from sin and errant thoughts.
Please give us the key to enter Your abode
we are Kṛṣṇaites and want to be.
Give us home shelter at Your feet.
Let us read and walk again with our guru
as in early days when we were young
and he was traveling to spread the Hare Kṛṣṇa
movement.

Let us share the history of it with him again.

Do you remember those days?

Yes, I do. I remember we would go walking in Hyderabad and it was very hot, I was skinny and his servant. Can't recall now how I grew so restless then. Couldn't control the mind, that's all I could say. Regret it. I don't have to go back to that now. Just try to do the right thing and make the best of each situation. You may not be doing as well as you think you are. You may have to go back and work on chanting the mantra in the proper way. You will be humbled to do it over again, things you thought you had mastered. I answered the question to the best of my ability and then let it go.

Then I gave out little carob balls and now it is over. The ladies and kiddies have returned. I said now you have a new generation of *bhakti-latās* to raise. The dad

says, "We sometimes think of them as weeds." "No," I said, "they are gems in the rough." The children sat quietly while I talked, they behaved well although I doubt my talk held any interest for them because of its intellectual, non-kiddy nature. But we did hear Śrīla Prabhupāda say several times, "Bow wow, bow wow" imitating the materialist when he's asked, "What is your next life?" Maybe the kids liked the bow wow. I did. I didn't like the carob so much nor the rhubarb sweet, ugh.

So some books were sold at Gītā-nāgarī but not so many as last year. That's all right. We will get there chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa. These writing sessions will help us. They can be folded up like newspapers and thrown at cottages in the suburb. He's doing something and the future will see. The Lord's names will be chanted in every town and village. You are not a nonentity. You would be bashful if you could see the good you are doing. I would just as soon not see it. Here it is, amen the finish.

[58 minutes, 9 typed pages, backyard hut Sunday afternoon.]



Session #5

12:10 midnight, July 29, 1996

You do what comes, humble soldier, a record of your times. It can come out in twenty installments. The hand flies off more than the thoughts. Are you not then “responsible” for what you write?

Are you responsible if you eat a snack when you are not hungry and wake at 8:30 P.M. in the middle of a dream where you are seeking for a digestive product? Karma says you are responsible. If not, who is?

Oh, it's too late, let it go to the printer. No, let it go to the Merton legacy and Kdd and co. to decide. The guru has a right to print what he chooses.

It takes a long time in India to become accustomed to the slowness of the printer and all other things. The India factor.

I'm writing this to let you know how we feel. We feel we have been cheated. We want to let you know that. Hare Kṛṣṇa. I used up material but it generates more material when I lecture on what I have read. A classic presentation, he said, of the best things I have written.

He developed a critical eye and could stand down the fears in his poems. Did she want to become a critic? Fault-finding in a respectable pose. Better to love what you write. Tell us one more time. Tell him to love as he read. I read like that. It's noncritical. But on the other hand, I've been editing poems with the critical eye and improving them.

Love love love.

Maybe I should disperse with the little sub-headlines to the WS. It's just another thing to worry about and tends to shape what we write. Drop it and go for the real thing. I don't need markers to induce me to read number five. I read and I swim out. Past the barrels and the rope my father used to go. We worried about him. Why did he go so far out? What was he trying to prove? Something about life or death. He went beyond us at times like that. And then came back and we were awed at what he'd done. Maybe it was a way to keep in physical shape. Each has his own heroes. Probably in my kid's eyes it seemed a greater feat than it actually was. It was as if he was *leaving* his wife and family. She sat worried under the beach umbrella with us and the sandwiches wrapped in cellophane and the cooler with the juice drink or was it iced tea? If he didn't come back, how could we function or live? We couldn't even drive the car. Car keys. The house. It would all have no meaning. I "should" be grateful (they often told me) that our family was so steady with such a strong head as father, Steve, to give it meaning. He was better than others, stronger, more moral yet a down-to-earth fireman, son of Italian immigrants.

Better your father is better.

You are fortunate, not like starving people or minority races. We are accepted in Great Kills community. Have our own house. He fought in W.W. II and came home alive. Now we have our own house. Mother brings us to church. *I don't know what's happening except what they tell me.*

What does that add up to, Mr. and Mrs. Psychiatrist?
Well, it's obvious you are case of . . .

Mc Storkle took a last look
at the galley proofs before it
went to the printer,

Cost them an extra 100 bucks but it was worth it to
satisfy his mind and catch last errors.

O Smith and Wesson

Dekker and Black

and dream of a digestive product, was it painted on
the side of a boat and you were looking for it in reality
to put into your stomach? And then more serious
dreams which just now I don't remember but I put on
tape.

Kṛṣṇa worship. Defend the faith. Hear about
Sanātana. Stories of the miraculous. Latter day saints
of ISKCON, stories told by disciples of a guru. He did
this, he intimated that . . . he knew when he would die .
. . . he saw the future of the human race . . . he returned
to Goloka for sure. He left us with all this work to do.
The young man writes to me no more. He was a pain
in the ass, I thought, and so he went to other
counselors. Come to me for spiritual advice. Burned
him out and he burned me out. Found his niche in
ISKCON. Got too familiar with me.

Oh, I'm god-like (here we go, parody again, that's
okay).

I'm god-like so be careful
how you approach me.

Got solvents and purgents in your pockets and
radioactive gear for your soul before you get near to

me. I'm dear to Kṛṣṇa so be careful how you mess with me. Every living entity could say that, not just a guru-Vaiṣṇava in saffron. And not just a husband to his wife. Each is dear so watch out.

But we see it from our point of view.

Why are you writing? To workout kinks. To get my rounds done. I write to reach apex and down again.

Because the alarm went off and I had to get up and do this.

But why write this way?

Because I promised Romāpada.

Because I dimly see in prophetic trance the smell of an old (bad odor) granny hangs on my clothes.

I see in haze of future, the fog lifting on ordinary sacred life in Irish countryside.

Why not write an essay with sticks and stones and polish it?

Someone else can do it.

Why do you want so many pages and books? Aren't you trying to write of life and why not? Because because because because.

The wren, the tanager, the speckled deep brown indistinguishable colored bird looks out at the world this summer. And next winter he has plans he is not yet aware of, probably fly South to Spain and return via animal intuition next spring. Bird-watchers have it all figured out where they go and when they come out. Maybe they just hideout somewhere like I do in a rented house and they write at that time.

An art retreat away
from police and terrorists
another chance to get out pictures
before you leave the world.

Your funny pictures. Improve the camera so we can take pictures I can live with. You paste a page of newsprint on the board and then smear it with paint and be happy with the result. A. Miller let her childhood come through, painted rapidly. I did that too. Quotes on the life I'm leading as expressed by others.

Express train. Slow down and live. God allows all. Our scriptures give more answers. All answers. We give you references to them rather than speculate. Don't believe it because I say so but because it's in scripture.

Yeah, yeah, that's enough. I will respect your right to be a prig he said.

Read Merton at your own risk. You'll start imitating. H. Miller too. So then what must I be, lonely and have no writers in my life? Oh, you can look at them from time to time. Merton wrote observations of life, didn't seem to play with words or allow them to flow as far as we can beyond the control of intellect. The intellect was always marshaling the thoughts and words and putting them in order, even if for a little moral observation.

His secret dialogue or line of thoughts which is the diary.

This is more than that. Immediate print down on paper of ink allowing it to come.

Not only me. God God God, the word Bhagavān is more common in India. No one is God.

I'm convinced the Māyāvādī and *nirviśeṣa* doctrines don't hold up. We read *śāstra*. Thank you for this, SP. And the best *śāstras* are *Vedas* and in *Vedas* it's SB, BG and Cc. Read 'em. I do each day a little and prepare lectures to the faithful who are often too busy to read them. I read a little at least and say here we have another example of the syndrome of Rāmacandra. There's a limited amount of material and you can rework it, keep hearing it through your last days. I don't need more new stuff but to stay fresh with what we've got.

Then let me look one more time at poems—*Gentle Power*.

I could use another look through to satisfy myself that these are the words and not an embarrassment. Of course, you can overdo it. But I haven't looked that much. You wrote them that way and it's okay.

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, when you write and select quickly it's mostly right. You see though, I've been reading my poems and my sense of what I want is heightened. You could say the critical faculty. So give me that satisfaction. One more time. Fax or mail, which? Talk it over.

Now give this fifteen more minutes. Childhood memory of father on beach. Don't recall what else I

wrote here. Practical life. Said I lecture. Best scriptures.

Sanātana Gosvāmī lived in cave, in a *kuti* in Govardhana in Śyāma-kunda. The Vraja Mandala Pari-krama started by him. He was the most respected leader of the Gauḍīya Vaiṣṇavas. Today we recall him. You will go to Vṛndāvana and see his Madana-mohana temple again? Yes, if I can live so long. Plan to see those places when possible. But it's hard to get around. And when you do it's often lacking. But you could try. Bundle up warm and go out once a day to some place and see it by foot or by car. Choose the best places. Kamyavan is a two-hour car ride. And Nityānanda's birth place, Ekacakra, takes a whole day, two days.

I'm not up to it, bouncing around in a car, taking a headache pills . . . give me an easy life. Something more sedentary but at least get out to some basic places.

Find yourself making practical plans in this writing. That's all right too. You desire to write and if you keep at it some days will be "better" than others. You are not able (I observe) to stick to any topic for long.

You lose interest
your restless pen

wants to move on to another topic. Poets write like that and R. Hugo says it's good so it doesn't bore readers. But in extreme it's like a darning needle flying over the water, alighting here and there.

The mind gets no rest
never does anyway.

Kṛṣṇa's lotus feet. Dictate this and then got to
chant.

Practical mgt. I don't do.

Do do do
I'm in love with
you you you.

If I could write in black ink I'd stop and give you a
doodle but it would have to be done very fast. The
man with a beak is replaced with a more normal man,
a revision? No, it's working out the full story you
wanted to tell. It doesn't appear right away. More lines
and it starts to come out. Give myself a little time and
be patient, with words and drawings we may tell our
story

of surrender to guru and Kṛṣṇa.

SP was saying at least get to know Kṛṣṇa first in an
official way, as God in *Bhagavad-gītā*, before you go to
Kṛṣṇa in intimate family relations.

The reality of Kṛṣṇa is Janmāṣṭami
in Mathurā jail of Kamsa
transferred to Gokula

read it again. In a month or more it will be
Janmāṣṭami and the next day you each get a chance to
praise SP but you are expected to say something
special. At last the Centennial is over and we can be
normal? I'll say he was born and then I get exhausted.
Prepare some talk in advance and the whole month of
September I'll track in my writing in the van at last a

European travel book of adventure. You'll write it diary-like, a very honest, as best you can, saying Trivikrama Swami by name and later it could be changed.

Okay, don't be sorry this one is over and we'll see you again for a short one soon.

Yes, this one is over and now dictate it. You didn't run wild but more smoothly at an ordinary level and bring it down to ground. Safe landing, not a madman or desperate.

[45 minutes, 11 handwritten pages, quiet midnight at black-stained desk, good lamp, Wicklow attic, July 29, 1996]



Session #6

Not sure what this is. What do you want to do? You could read more. But at this hour I was falling asleep. I got in some fifteen minutes of alert reading. LC was teaching Sanātana about the creation, how the SL impregnates the living entities into matter and then He expands as the *puruṣa-avatāras*. Now He teaches about *līlā-avatāras*. It's important to keep reading, and speaking helps also. I'm asking the Lord in my heart to please tell me what is best for me.

The critical voice is still in me asking, "Is this best or should you be traveling and seeing people and speaking and trying to encourage people to join and become devotees? Speaking makes disciples."

No, that doesn't seem my style or proclivity. Besides, I do get the headaches still. And if I can write is that not the best way? A psychic saw in her mind the trailer where my manuscripts are sent for editing. She said the ancient knowledge is being produced for people in the future in a suitable form and this is important work.

Should I try more to make some form, make another story like *Photo Preaching*? Some fiction, at least some artistic form. Think more of the people I am writing form. But this is the writing session. It centers on doing it for myself and not the audience. Manu dāsa said when he read my Lougderg Diary he felt it was exciting, even more so than the *Metaphor* book. Then let me write and let me endure the pain.

What pain? The pain of not creating a structure, of writing my own way, of not being certain, not having the security of always staying close to the *śāstras* and quoting it. Those pains.

The pain of not being a lover of my s.m. to the degree I'd like it. We lived through the years with him in his manifested state. And now we need to pray to him. It's somewhat different. It's done not only by remembering him in the way he was but also to be in contact with him now. You have to pray for it. We read how Sanātana cried to get the *darśana* of Rādhā. So we may cry to know Gurudeva in his original form or something like that?

The pain of uncertainty. Go on writing. There was once a man who ate five bananas and said, "Now I am Hanumān." He woke up and it was the year 1966 and he was going to the ISKCON temple for the first time to see the Swami. On the way he got hit on the head and woke up in the year 2078. I heard a brother was writing a fantasy novel like that. Perhaps out of his own desire to imagine he was meeting with Swamiji in 1966. He had not done it in actual life and now is doing it through fantasy.

But the truth is I am not a *sādhū* of either kind.
Don't live in Vṛndāvana doing *bhajana*,
don't live in the city preaching vigorously to people,
don't be a author of those sort of books,
don't be a Merton writing mostly of what it's like to
form yourself as a devotee of God in the monastery.
Then what are you?

I'm a person of my own who gives and receives faxes, publishes books, writes poems and does read some of the Cc. and tells you about that.

The ISKCON movement revives. The guru is eternal. You do like to think of him and go back in memory for that. But right now he is present in your heart and so is the Supreme Lord. You have to pray, Please reveal Yourself to me. SP says the method of attaining Vaikuṇṭha is very simple. It's Hare Kṛṣṇa. He wanted us to increase the number of Hare Kṛṣṇa people. That was his desire. He saw it increased in his lifetime and wanted it more and more. The potential was there and yet it was not as big as he wanted it to be. He enjoyed both the fabulous growth of ISKCON but also saw it rejected by the masses. He got a handful and then couldn't go further, it seemed. Just a few hundred, or a few thousand. He was greedy for Kṛṣṇa. To have any start in the West is hardly imaginable. But when he saw the masses not taking it, he saw that he had a small cult of interested persons. It wasn't as popular as other movements. And he also began to see that some devotees took to it and then later gave it up.

I'm getting insights one at time and putting them down here. One thing leads to another. But you are left begging. I have to accept this kind of life, doing these WS with no accumulation. There is an accumulation, but it's not much under one theme as could be published in a book. Hare Kṛṣṇa. And you shall receive . . . I am trying to do the best thing.

Create something new but it's the old teachings. We don't concoct. The Lord rides on our wing. You have to say what's in the books. Don't make up anything about the Lord. It is better than the *Bible*. I'm becoming convinced of that. The science of God in India was long before the appearance of Christ. The Christian followers try to make Christ unique. They write that he was the first person to practice celibacy for the purpose of attaining the Kingdom of God. But that was shown by devotees in India long before. Christ's role is not diminished by pointing this out, but we should be aware the Christians went overboard with it. Aelred now declaring himself a homosexual. He's got quotes from books by the liberal or even gay branch of his church to support himself. I'm disappointed that He is giving up the role of the monk. His position isn't clear. Is he saying I'm a homosexual but I won't be active because that will not be a good example to the "weaker brothers" and I want to be a counselor? Or is he saying he will be active as a way to feel what he feels is his love for a man? Either way it is a disappointment and my relationship with him cannot be to encourage him as I used to when he was trying to bring Christ into ISKCON.

Your news. The news of the day. It's a full moon. You felt sad when you saw it because you were only able to gaze at a little bit of it in one corner of the skylight window. But the room had more light in it at 2

A.M. I can't write poems on it. It is the full moon.
Mention it and move on.

This is the shorter WS in the day. Others are for one-hour. Hericlitus, Goofy the Disney character, the goofy man who painted Goofy on a marijuana high. You are sure hip man, I said, you are painting Goofy and that is a good thing. You yourself are like Goofy and that's why you do it. But I was a different sort of person writing a sad prose ode to the life . . . as I knew it.

The elastic bands on my socks dig into the leg. It is ugly, it is not nice. It harms you. Why should the leg have to derive such an impression?

And how is Bhurijana doing in Perth? Why don't you write to him? You could, you know, reach out to him. But you don't mostly. You go on writing in your own world. The outpouring of another person . . . you could try, you could try.

Say, "How are you, man? I am a living person, warm, and therefore I say how are you? You seem so far away. I can't think of something jolly and personal and artistic and KC enough to say, therefore I don't speak at all. No, it's better to speak even if it's halting, not so deep, it's at least a reaching out. So do it. Yes, I'll do it.

Another example of this WS drifting to private and personal concerns. Why not? They don't have to be only in the philosophical world or some writer's existence, abstract, observing. You can just write and

think why not write a letter to my brother? That's a kind of service also.

Like a note left by someone before they got buried by the volcano at Vesuvius. It can live forever if it's something real and earnestly felt. The devotee is part of ISKCON. He hears how many books were sold, not so many this year because the book table wasn't in the best location. They made seven hundred bucks and sold some. A man riding a white horse arrived and delivered a hundred pound bag of white rice and said, "Don't mention it please, don't mention it."

Now this is the last page, the fifth. I'm on a new schedule where I go out at 5:15 A.M. and walk for a half-hour, then come back and try a poem. Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa is in His names. You said you wanted to be with Śrīla Prabhupāda. Now this is in separation. Do it by service. But your service is not the same as Bhaktivikasa Swami, or the Nāma Haṭṭa cell leader or the man teaching to educate devotees in Russia, or the worker who is trying to remove the government ruling against us in Germany, or the press men who are trying to make everything just right as they print it in the BBT, or trying to develop a community, a real vibrant community which is self-sufficient and is ready to face the collapse of the technological society. You're not doing that. Neither are you in the *kuñja* chanting a hundred rounds a day. That person in the *kuñja* will also be in doubt whether he can offer this to Prabhupāda. What are Prabhupāda's instructions?

The GBC chairman for this year is spending most of his time at the computer, batting out articles like a general protecting ISKCON. All the problems are coming to him. He feels certainly that he is serving the movement that Prabhupāda worked hard for and wanted maintained.

Yes, each one is doing what he can. I often sound this note and must do it again. But ask yourself, "Is this my service?" If you decide it is, then work for it for all your worth. A *gr̥has̥tha* cannot yearn to be a *brahmacārī* again. He has to do the *gr̥has̥tha yajña* although later he can return to renunciation. Now this writing time is here for me. I prayed for it and now I have it and they're not taking it away or saying it's wrong. So make the best of it. And it's not done by writing a structured book now but by the WS. At least these days. O Lord, I'm flowing on that trail. You are the trail blazer. You glance on the material nature and it gets agitated and then You impregnate through the agency of Lord Śiva. It's hard to understand all that. But you do it. So You may also move an insignificant creature like me who is working up a storm and something is coming worthwhile.

[Half-hour, 5 typed pages, Wicklow]



Session #7

8:55 A.M., July 29, 1996

Confessions and feelings of shortcomings about ISKCON and myself.

Comforting rain, in the hut. Look at a verse on *bhagavata-tattva*, *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* 1.1.2. *Dharmaḥ projjhita-kaitavo*. It reminded me of when I was writing the PMRB. So I asked myself, "Why aren't you doing that now? It enabled you to be close to the scripture." The answer is something about it being too confining. All right, then are you enjoying the benefits of freer writing? Are you accomplishing what you wanted by writing without a restriction? Do you feel a little something missing without being tied so close to the *sāstra*?

Yes, but the *sāstra* was handled more as duty. I save that for when I lecture. You know all this, the reasons. Rain, rain. Madhu is going off to the school house to work on the van for three hours. I am here in the peace of this setting. Dreamt but didn't record it. Wandering in a section of town where many street people hung out. I didn't have friends among any of them but for time being I was there too. Behind me a man was singing his blues in what they call nowadays rap music and was accompanying himself on drums. But not far away in the same park another man was playing and a group was singing with him. All the street

people were of course low down on the social rung and I was with them.

The next thing I recall in the dream is a series of interactions between someone like myself and a father figure. I gave some food to the father with the intention that he should distribute it to others in this group but he brazenly said he would eat it all himself. I didn't like this cheating. I said I wouldn't give him food anymore. Then he cut me on the back and although it wasn't a fatal wound I pretended that it was and asked him to call the hospital. He became worried and I took pleasure in seeing him like that, concerned that I might die. And maybe I would die. I woke thinking that this was some kind of father and son imagery. Then I thought of James Joyce's *Ulysses* where the theme is that young Stephen is searching for his father. In my dream the father disappointed the son and the son disappointed the father in all their exchanges.

But you will leave that behind. You have no other choice—and enter KC life coming out here to type and write. Are we satisfied in our relationship with SP as spiritual father? He has to be the father for all of us, for thousands. Is something lacking there? If so, do we address it? Could you discuss this with a brother? Or are we so much in awe and reverence of SP that we can't? Are we so much bound in an institutional relationship that we can't have actual brotherly or confessional relationships? I think some of the devotees seeking the more personal relationship (as in Villa Vṛndāvana) with western psychological ideas inserted, maybe feeling this lack and trying to make up

for it. I tend to look down on those efforts as deviations and lack of faith in the absolute authority of *guru*, *śāstra* and *sādhū*. But there's also courage in what they are doing. They say they need something that's not provided in ISKCON and they're trying to find it, not by leaving ISKCON. But the problem is they may want to bring something into ISKCON which ISKCON will decide cannot be introduced. When that happens eventually the GBC draws the line and those persons have to decide to step either in or out. If they step out it's assumed by those inside ISKCON that those outsiders are not faithful to Śrīla Prabhupāda and what he wanted us to do in ISKCON. But when again and again that line is drawn, I don't know . . . you begin to feel that something isn't going right with so many different groups not satisfied with the simple presentation of life in ISKCON. We're encouraged to believe that we should follow our authorities. The conservative ISKCON leaders say, "Yes, there is nothing wrong with the society, or whatever it lacks can be redeemed by all of us leaders. So just be patient and don't make waves. Okay, okay."

You talk of this for awhile and then you leave it. I said I wasn't interested in that sort of thing. But to myself I may say it. The dream of the father who was not satisfied with me and whom I did not satisfy. The fear is that my guru or Kṛṣṇa Himself may not be satisfied with me. I want the assurance that he does love me, gives us a sign. Be our friend, we know you are, O Lord Kṛṣṇa, give us the sign.

And we have to seek it and call for it in the lonely night and work for it in the days side-by-side with his other followers. Your love for me will be shown in how you work together to maintain this institution. Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa. Is it a loving family? We are moving along in this WS and what is coming next?

O Kṛṣṇa, You are the best friend of the homeless, the wanderers who go from body to body in the universe. If I am put in that situation in a rough way, as F.D. when he went to prison and had to sit to pass stool in a row with other prisoners under surveillance of the guards, you have no choice but to find whatever shelter exists within yourself. You pray to your God. O Lord. Cizek in Russia tells us his story, how he prayed to God while a prisoner and while being interrogated. He felt he failed God sometimes. But the Lord was with him. I have it easy so far. Time to think over who I am and to express it in quiet surroundings. I do appreciate that. I do not wish to make fun of any sacred thing. I wish to enter sturdy and right consciousness and make the contribution that I am fit for.

Now we are starting to slide into words that may not make sense. Don't worry about that. It is okay. The brand is loose. The brand is hot on the skin of the cows. Brand XXX, the lazy B ranch. The faces of the brothers, Brahmānanda and Pṛthu and so many will come to you at the end and the woman you have loved or refrained from loving. And the dogs you hid, the cats you despise, the mice you were afraid of and the

secrets you bluffed, the . . . lost the words that slide out from under you and finally you are rising up and it is all below you and seems pretty petty—no big attachment for sins and not much virtues either. Just memories all around but then some hopes and gaps appear. You are shown the big shortcomings and you have to go back for them.

O Kṛṣṇa, O Kṛṣṇa, it is all totaled then. How do you feel then? About all this rising? Surely to some degree you will feel that you didn't do right, deserted the post, didn't stay on the track. To what degree, to what extent will He show you the clear truth? Or will you remain deceived and not knowing up until the end? And then just shuffled off to the next life like in the Navy they decided what ship you had to go on and you were grateful somehow that it was the Saratoga because it's big and not so subject to storms, a famous ship and will go to the Med. and maybe you can work in a clerical capacity. O Kṛṣṇa, I do want to say that whatever You want me to do, wherever You send me, will be for my further purification.

What is the big lacking? Something about not going out on book distribution or *harināma*? Or the assumption of guruship which made you no longer humble? The being misled by other mundane authors? The loss of doing nitty-gritty GBC management that he gave you to do? What is the big wrong or accumulation of little wrongs? And what do I have to do to come back to do it right? How does it work? It is beyond me.

Another wrong is to have basic doubts, like Therese said, in the existence of God. And the lack of taste. It is an offense that I never attained the taste for chanting.

I did what I wanted to do. I took to the writer's career. I carved out a niche and whether it is the best I can't say. Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa. We say, "Oh well, at least I didn't desert the ranks but stayed." . . . Boy, I have been writing only twenty minutes. That's not very long. It's a long haul to keep going at this for the whole hour. But I will attempt it.

Write easy, it doesn't have to be always the hardest thing to say. But there you did say something confessional. It seemed good to talk of what seems shortcomings of ISKCON and your own shortcomings. This is your real life, not the pre-ISKCON life. You have gone through the religious history. I don't think of someone helping me go through it. Who could it be? Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa. Who could it be? Not a doctor? They would reassure you. Maybe a Godbrother. He'd help you see you did real wrong and help you to admit at the same time not feeling guilty about it. Admit more wrongs and yet feel I did what I could. Or if there is more that I have to do then do it. But I don't want a brother to tell me what he thinks I have to do to rectify.

It would be easier to brush aside the letter by Kṛṣṇa-laulyam and say she was just a trouble-maker. I know I did wrong and that people were hurt by my rule, by those under me who were in charge of them. The devotees who didn't collect money or do something

useful, who caused trouble, who didn't fit into the managerial scheme of things, got ostracized and felt driven away, manipulated, not loved, cheated. And there I was, the authority at the top to permit these things, to allow miscarriages of justice, not like the kings of old who righted all wrongs and felt responsible for them. Yes, I was in the role like a king. Not with just spiritual authority but material as well. Directed people's lives and used the scriptures in quoting SP as the authority. If you want to please God and be rightly situated for eternal life you should do what I say in the here and now and tolerate the boss we have put over you and the room we give you to live in and the daily duty and the standard we expect you to operate on. It wasn't so terrible, but I can't even remember clearly. I can't remember. That's a convenient kind of amnesia.

Half through this session.

It's quite personal. You are not worthy to be so considered as a *mahā-bhagavata* and the only choice for a guru. When they introduced Bhavānanda Mahārāja as a second choice in NYC and people immediately were attracted to his charisma, I felt hurt and envious. That means it was a trap and I had fallen into it. Fallen into the trap of being the one and only. Those were the conditions by which I was invited to initiate in New York. I was double-talked into it and got cheated. I should have stayed down and humble in Dallas or imagine, being so extraordinarily humble and decisive as to say, "I need time. I need five years. I can't initiate right now." You were so prone to go alone with

what your brothers said was the right thing to do. If the majority of the GBC agrees then you have to do it. But that was never the case. You have your free-will in a matter like not initiating.. But you couldn't refrain. You went ahead. That was a mistake. I say it now.

Now I have to live with it. You can't go back and undo it. I don't mean to say the mistake was to act as guru but that personally it would have better for me not to. Then I wouldn't have had to go through the elevator ride all the way up and then down. I would not have been so implicated in a mistake. But who knows? If I had abstained from being guru then I might have succumbed to a *bābājī* life, or becoming a Christian or whatever. I did stay in the mainstream of ISKCON and made all the mistakes that ISKCON made. And here I am now, leery of being led and using my own free-will and coerced. But unsure.

When you don't write of yourself you look up and see the cows. They're all sitting in the wet grass except one that is standing. They are soaked. Can you say they don't look happy? Would ISKCON cows necessarily look happy? They might be equally muddy and wet in this weather but at least you would know while looking at them they were not going to be slaughtered.

On the outskirts you sit and flatter (words start to associate freer), go ahead, words come, the mud comes, the scrotum comes, the smell comes, the stick-shift, old man Gandhi glad he could still get it up at sixty and was ashamed and confessed it in his

autobiography. But SP did criticize him for his so-called experiments with truth or confessions. Yes, that's what Pṛthu says, we don't go in for confessions. Yes, I confess it.

I'm doing it in a new ground step. It will be accessible to people of the future. Especially to go over truthfully those years of mistakes. Better to confess it than try to hide it and to go on acting righteously in a leadership position as some do, never admitting any wrongs. And they keep doing the same things. Thus I justify my form of writing. But you don't have to. Just do it. It's for your private use.

SK was a passionate author and looked forward to his books being published and how they would be received by readers. But the Rabbi Kotzger did not write at all or if he did he burnt them in the fire. Different attitudes. One could say that SK was materially ambitious for printing his works. But mankind benefits if you have something to say. Hare Kṛṣṇa comes straight from Kṛṣṇa-loka. We have something to give solace to people more than anyone else because we are carrying the *Vedas*. They are self-evident. All the truths are there. So much truth that people don't want to take it because we live in an age where doubt is considered more intelligent. They can't believe in a personal God who could allow the killing of so many Jews in the twentieth century. They don't take the blame themselves or accept karma. But when they do, then my writings may help to show how westerners take to this and accept *brahma-śabdaḥ* and

try to fit it into their life and to live with one another, and to reach love, but who cannot find it and yet do not give up.

Gray sky and so cool that I wish I had slippers in here. I'll bring the heavy socks out next time if I can remember. Remember to write Bhurijana and bring out slippers and write Joe and Moe. Remember Moe who ran the stationary store and the first itchiness of sex. The poet always want to tell us each stage they went through in the human passage and make a poem out of it and we say, yeah, it's true, it was like that. Or I see how it was like that for you and you have made it into a poem and we are thankful for the real life. The real life. Sharon Olds seeing her newborn babies and seeing them grow up. She considered that this is certainly a fit subject for a poem and I agree. So then should I write that I am out of harm's way in ISKCON and that's one reason we stay in this institution—so we don't have to work and mingle with the ungentle?

The devotees are relatively gentle. They are well-informed. They all agree on what is God and it is a very good conclusion from BG and SB. And the leader has gone back to Godhead. I could have worked in the "real" world but I dropped out at twenty-six years old and didn't have to face the fact that I might have gone as far I wanted as a writer and man. Would I have compromised and become a college teacher or ordinary married man? I was burning bright on marijuana and idealism (of a negative sort and artistic sort). Would I have grown out of that or died young?

Hard to say. But once I joined ISKCON, then I was gone forever from that world and my success was determined by success in becoming a disciple. In this line I did very well. But now I will never know what I could have done in the material world. I can't go back to it. I can't possibly go back and get a job in this lifetime as a *karmī*. I would have to beg and live on somehow as some kind of *sādhū*.

Well, you don't know what options you might have to face as you grow older. But it looks like, by Kṛṣṇa's grace, there will be people to take care of you at least in a minimum way. So you better give them back something for their feeding of the *brāhmaṇa*. What is your point here? That I stay in ISKCON for shelter from the material world. Okay, that's not such a terrible thing. But you must find truth here and not accept falsity out of the fear that you will lose your meal-ticket and your bed. Right? Right.

You sometimes dream you are a bum on the streets wandering. The implication is that you could become that way. You could be thrown into the Navy or into jail. And how would that happen? By the GBC deciding that you had done something wrong and so you were excommunicated. Highly unlikely. I could recant and beg for scraps of mercy or even if they put me off I could claim honorable behavior and live by truth and find someone to give me a room to stay in. Then you would lead a life in your remaining days of frustrated sentiment, maybe giving lectures now and then and not spending so much money such as

traveling to India every year and taking art retreats and not having your books distributed. Yeah, yeah.

All this is coming out on a rainy morning. You are not bitter or very discontent with either ISKCON management or with your own self. But you express these things. Maybe it will help you to preach to people who are more bitter than you, who have been treated worse. You can say to some extent that you share their fears and misgivings. You sympathize with them and ask them to find a place in the institution to live and be comforted.

This session has about ten minutes left. You didn't let your mind go into more of the unconsciousness. But mostly you kept finding the words to write sensibly.

But another way is the miracle of fatima and the ring of cock and bull story, the Inn of the denenger, the bull dare ring, hemorrhoids, the bloody carp, the fear of angels and duty storms, the snake in the attic . . . as you say each phrase a whole "purport" of further association swings to mind but there is no time or inclination to spell it all out. If you speak in your voice you might capture a little more. There are almost six hundred pages of *Radio Shows* already typed so you could add more to it and give that rap. But here the beer is on hand and the *fraulen* and the Kafka book. Until you die walking with that book and wanting to be thought of as a college intellectual carrying Kafka on your way to the dentist in Annadale and he (Dr. Crews) asks, "What is that book?" He never heard of Kafka. The cover shows the castle in snow. You're

happy and proud to have such a handsome book. And he operates on your mouth of cavities, perhaps the last time you see him.

Make this the last page. O my father, it has been thirty-nine years since my last confession.

Where the hell have you been?

The last time I came I confessed to Father Hicks.

Father Hicks has long died.

Yes, I confessed to him that I didn't believe in confession and after that we had a talk that wasn't satisfactory.

So what are you now?

I'm a Hare Kṛṣṇa. At mere mention of it my mother doesn't want to talk with me. They think of it as a cult and don't know the whole human and spiritual history of my life in this movement. And I don't know their lives also. And that's just as well. It is definitely the Lord's mercy on me, like the mercy that Nārada received. I have become free. But I still could not reach Mathurā. Could not attain *bhāva-bhakti*. Lord, I am at least trying to serve Śrīla Prabhupāda. Doing the best service you can.

I read in the verses composed by Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī, at the end of his song listing the members of the *paramparā*—he says of himself:

All these pure devotees of the Lord represent the dynasty of Śrī Gaurāṅga, the Gauravaṁśa. Their holy feet are my only refuge. I am devoid of any real service to them, but hope that one day their service may be mine. I am only a fallen *tridaṇḍi sannyāsī* by the name of Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī.

That is his humility thinking that he didn't serve well. But certainly he did serve them well. In my case it will be true that I did not do something wonderful like BSS or SP. So how much more I should consider myself unworthy and fallen. But that means you have to pray and repent. But don't allow yourself to become too depressed. That's also artificial. Think that your Prabhupāda wants you to be happy and not mope. He allows you to write.

So go on confessing and singing and playing the blues on your typewriter horn.

The time is running out. We will ask you to recite all the *śloka*s you know and speak in *paramparā* and do more work. This is the writing period where all your karma of being a writer is allowed to you. So make the best of it and may it help someone like me. May we join together and help others come to KC and not be afraid of the demons but know that Kṛṣṇa will protect us. Yes, when the demons of our own nasty thoughts come down on us we can call on Balarāma with His plow to grab the demon down and then smash its head with the club and finish him. Pray to Lord Nṛsiṃhadeva to clean out the dirty things in your heart so you can worship Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa. And work ourselves in the garden, pulling weeds and cleaning the temple of the heart. That is the way. Herman Hesse doesn't know it and SP does know it. And we are following the right path. You are very fortunate so be grateful and go on publishing, but add a little more KC, a little more surrender please, more advancement to be a better devotee, by the mercy of guru and

Kṛṣṇa. And you tell others if you succeed, "I began to feel a taste for the holy names."

[1 hour, 9 typed pages, in the hut in Uddhava's backyard, July 29, 1996]



Session #8

2:50 P.M., July 29, 1996

Justifications for writing in this way as a form of devotional service; Lots of use of the word Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa; Breaking through; Writing freely in devotional service even though it's not always explicit.

They advise you to sit down for your writing time even if you face a writing-block. I like to think I don't have what amounts to a block (and William Stafford agrees) because I subscribe to the write-what-comes school. There is always something to say. Be willing to sit even though your back of neck gets stiff from the long time you put in and you might incur a headache. You want to do this work. A flash of optimism, that all things are good. At least I'm doing my work. I was about to say I am finishing my work. But maybe that's too bold a claim. Whether I finish or how much I do depends on how much I please Kṛṣṇa and guru.

I sometimes use the word "guru" lately instead of always saying Śrīla Prabhupāda. Prabhupāda didn't like it when they say, "Jaya Gurudeva." He said, "Who do you mean by Gurudeva?" I mean him. When I say guru, I mean him. He often said with affection, "My Guru Mahārāja" and not the full title name of his spiritual master. It is perhaps more honorific to say to Guru or Gurudeva. But of course Śrīla Prabhupāda is the name of honor and love we all use. I'm sometimes saving it because it almost gets over used, "Prabhupāda

says on . . . ” “Do you want to please Prabhupāda?” “Prabhupāda Centennial,” etc. I hope he knows what I mean and honors my ever new attempts to approach him and please him, my own spiritual master.

I just heard Prabhupāda with myself also present on a walk in Māyāpura, 1975. I was raising quite a few comments along with others. He said at one point to me, “Your question is answered?”

“Yes,” I said but then raised yet another objection from the objectors. He said that you don’t have a brain to understand. I had said that “they” say the Vedic evidence of a logical explanation that there must be a father of all fathers, that example by itself doesn’t prove it. He said that I didn’t have a brain to understand. He didn’t mean me exactly but “me” if I wish to actually identify with the aggressive agnostic. No, no, I backed off it. Later on that same walk I said in support of what was saying, “They want God under their own jurisdiction.” I had been subdued. I didn’t want to stay in the camp of being against Śrīla Prabhupāda even for the sake of an argument on a walk.

Hare Kṛṣṇa comes straight from Kṛṣṇa-loka but with chanting I do have a connection, and optimism that the holy name is always doing wonders in my mouth and life as when I chant early in the morning. O holy name! You hope it is effective in others’ lives and in your life it is the cornerstone of the day. But so much time is spent in this writing.

Kṛṣṇa is the reservoir of all pleasure. He is teaching Sanātana Gosvāmī about the expansions of God, the

Viṣṇus and the pastimes incarnations. They all come from Kṛṣṇa. Even if you study how the universes come about by the glance of the original Viṣṇu, the purpose is to finally conclude that Kṛṣṇa is the source of all. He works through the material nature. He throws the *jīvas* into matter and they have to cycle life after life. Who knows these things? It is beyond our tiny capabilities. We become puffed-up with science and manufacture of tires and tubes and steel machinations and abilities to bluff and put men in prison and tortured . . . “We don’t wish to discuss,” Śrīla Prabhupāda used to say.

Let’s us talk of Kṛṣṇa the Supreme. It is better that way.

Yes, no block, keep flowing. I said to M., “Please get the van ready by September.” I will write another book of our activities in the temples. But will you be in the temples? Yes, I will starting with Inis Ratha and then Belfast. The first week is taken up that way and then you move down to the continent. It is another story. Oh, similar to last years and the year before? Yes, but always different. You please trying to write better sentences or sentences anyway in which you capture the action of KC in this time. Express it better, say what’s on your mind, what’s in the scriptures, what the devotees are experiencing, write it in poems and songs.

Can you prepare for it? You thought quite a bit today whether to order a recording of the “September Son” by Johnnie Hartman with John Coltrane quartet backing him up. Then I could have my theme song for the month. But that’s just a romantic pop song, “These

few precious days I'll spend with you" doesn't really apply does it? It's not that you feel the dwindling down and the soft and yet faint-bittersweet feeling of September, the summer is over, the year is being spent with the beloved before the rapid advance of winter and the rapid advance of old age. Maybe I felt like that more last year when I did use the lines from that song again and again in *September Catchall*. This is a different year. I may not want to . . .

See what happens. For now we are in this little garden house. It's one room, very plain, just a roll of linoleum on the floor, small area, looks like a prefab house with one desk, one lamp that's all. The garden outside is quite luxurious but you don't walk among it so much, mostly in here and back to the house. But this is your time to write of the inner life without bouncing off temple reports, travels, the temple programs and even what you are preparing for the lectures. Take the time to go within yourself and write the song of July and into August from the point of view of a free-writing . . .

Free-writing impoverished beggar, things you don't mean but say anyway. What is that? We brought a typewriter ribbon thinking it was multi-use but it turns out to be one that goes through only once. It doesn't last more than twenty pages. Does this mean we were gypped? The customer is pee'd off. Wants some explanation. Wants a repair or fix. Send something in the mail.

Sorry about that. Make our mistakes. Rousseau said they're all against me. I tried my best to present an ideal state of love and I wanted to educate the world but they rejected me and buried me alive. But he is only an imperfect man. His ideas were concocted, about solitude, society, education, religion—all concocted. No wonder the fickle people rejected. It's the nature of people and of his offering. Śrīla Prabhupāda speaks of Gandhijī who dedicated his life to his country and one of his countrymen shot him. But if you serve Kṛṣṇa He will never be ungrateful. He is grateful for whatever you do and it never suffers loss or diminution. Please have faith in that character of these dealings.

And I ask you, writer, please make praises of your creator, your Lord and hear from great devotees how they worship Him in Vṛndāvana, they're the topmost, the Gosvāmīs, yes and my master and my brothers also. No Kṛṣṇa at least "officially" as the Supreme Person, the cause of all causes. Then surrender to Him. Only when you do this first can you even consider being privy to the facts of His intimate dealings with the *gopīs*. That means you also have to finish up your own foolish attempt to enjoy *gopīs* from the position of the enjoyer.

I am renounced from that sort of sex. But I do seek other enjoyments, not contented to serving Kṛṣṇa. Please accept this curved or maybe crooked offering. See that I'm trying my best to overcome the horny nature that lives in me still. I wish to be. But I can't do it overnight. I'm speaking to you as I am a member of the *sabara* race (pig race), the *mleccha* race in me, the

stuff that clings to me, my misconceptions and so on. Still, the words Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa come from my pen and that is a great wonder. I will go to Vṛndāvana, I plan to go to Purī and see the holy place. Plan a wonderful year of serving Kṛṣṇa and writing in each place.

The ocean of mercy appeared in this world as Caitanya Mahāprabhu. Lord Nityānanda cut a channel to deliver that ocean to each door. By book distribution devotees of Śrīla Prabhupāda carry on that great tradition. My own books selling on book tables and in the mail. Did you get the latest? Yes, you can write it. You can listen to a Johnnie Hartman at your own risk but your September song is Kṛṣṇa. Let me serve to my heart's content in this lifetime. I am not blocked in being able to put words on the page. That the Lord is allowing me to do. But my heart is blocked from being able to surrender pure loving service. Even then I feel the ability to say Kṛṣṇa and that is a blessing on me. Don't forget to say His name more and more in between breaths, in between bites and with each bite, thinking of Him.

Everything was made by the Lord. Kṛṣṇa teaches in the *Bhagavad-gītā*. He says He is the highest truth. He blows the flute. His name in Hare Kṛṣṇa is all we need to know. But for preaching purposes there's a lot more, the science of God to confront the many objections raised by the futile brains of nondevotees. I also don't want to be confused by sectarian religionists. I will be firm and fixed, *śraddhā* and *niṣṭhā* in the service of Lord Kṛṣṇa as taught by His Divine

Grace. Know him officially as He speaks in *Bhagavad-gītā*.

Lord Caitanya taught the philosophy based on Vedanta to Sārvabhauma Bhaṭṭācārya and Prākāśānanda. But to Rāmānanda Rāya He spoke the highest teachings about Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa. This is in Prabhupāda's own writings. Think of him writing his books in Vṛndāvana. Think of him molding his life according to the instructions of his guru. I truly like the "romance" of his writing in pen on page in places like Jhansi and of course in Vṛndāvana, and using that manual typewriter in Chippiwada. Abhaya, the writer, I am with him, I can tell others about it. I think about it myself. I'm like a child imitating my father. I get up to write and write in the afternoon again. But whereas he writes sensible logical essays convincing in the way of Kṛṣṇa and the need to follow the Vedic conclusions, I write as his śiṣya but in this personal way, this free-write—don't say "nonsense"—but you know what I mean.

There are people like me unhinged and this is speaking to them. Śrī Kṛṣṇa. It is speaking to my own need first of all to let unhampered words of the self come out. You don't know what you are doing but Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa is coming sincerely out of your fingers and pulse, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa is coming in waves that can be traced on hospital machines and this is one—it's coming out in waves of self, words of Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, the waves of relax and tense and the rhythm of ebb and flow and of literature we found and read all those years, looking for good prose and poems.

More than half-way through. Feel the peace of this house, rhythm. The shelter that this community is giving me. They may not know exactly how I am writing but they trust me. I will reward that trust. I have already done a book called *Pada-yātrā* and it is wild but on the theme that can be called a book. This is a collection of "essays." How can you call them that? They are personal out-pouring. Don't pretend they are something else.

The suspenders of uncle or cousin Ray. He was old enough to be an uncle. You were a mere child. His nifty wife was Fay. Fay and Ray. How was it he didn't go to the war when all the other eligible men were there? Nevermind. At least you need a few good men around, huh? But Steve (father) was overseas and so was uncle Sal. That much we know. Don't know much about Irv Doty, probably faking it. I seem to recall he was an Army man. They all went off to war. Saw a photo of uncle Sal, in his sailor uniform in Forest Hill park, young Italian American, and my old man a petty officer;

Look up and see some sunlight glancing through the clouds. The cows are busy now, very busy eating in the same place where they sat earlier in the rain. Their tails are swishing away the flies. They are munching and munching at the freshly rain-on grass. Poor creatures.

Use your human life to serve Govinda. You walked with His Divine Grace over the field in Māyāpura and heard him argue against the speculation that there is no need for God. He defeated them. He gave the conclusion. We accepted it and still do. In many ways

the army he spoke to has now broken up and many generals dispersed from the fields. But some are still there. And what are you doing? In the lectures that he gave during that year he asked us all to spread the rays of the Lord's rising moon. He said we were Hare Kṛṣṇa people. He told us not to listen to the scientists, *sahajīyas* and Māyāvādīs. We cheered, "Jaya Prabhupāda!" but then many deserted the fields after he left. I say I didn't desert it. I am here by his grace. Yeah, but what are you doing?

I recall Bhavananda saying about those who criticized the eleven gurus, "What have they done for Prabhupāda?" He asserted too boldly that he had done so much and was dear to His Divine Grace for the sacrifice he made. It was true of course; he was dear to his master. But then he abused that intimacy. He couldn't give up the lust in his heart. That lust was very, very deep, eh? And it is in me too. So be careful what you do. Better to write the simple "September song" of life in ISKCON on the road as it actually occurs and don't need to spice it with the material world songs. I went to the temple, I saw the *abhiṣeka*, I poured water on my own Prabhupāda *mūrti*. Tell what happens and as much of it as you can and also here.

I go in and out to the house. I am building momentum, able to sit at the desk and write for an hour. That is the big achievement for now. You are like an office temporary worker. You put in your time. Three one-hour sessions and then a half-hour one and then in the morning you write out first-drafts of a couple of poems

and that's it, that's it, Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa. I can't seem to do more than that, but feeling good will come of this momentum

I am like Bud Powell playing fast on piano with both my hands and all fingers. I make tons of mistakes each line, my miserable typing and dictated for Ldd to type right. Mistakes, mistakes there is no end of it in this world.

Yesterday I told how the plant of devotion grows in this world and yet it reaches all the way to Goloka. That's the teachings of Lord Caitanya. A neophyte doesn't know how this is so. But the pure devotee thinks of Govinda while he seems to be rooted here in the mortal body. We too are both in this world and that world. We are in that world when we say Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa and give up concoctions of materialism. Give it up and take out the weeds. Build a wish to serve the Lord and ask Him to please accept me although I am inferior in so many ways. You are kind and I say Your name and hear of Your pastimes. I joke how I don't love You. It's a joke what a midget I am and how You don't let me advance. I have to laugh at it and see that I'm half an atheist. I laugh rather than cry. I don't accept seriously all the negativity I feel in myself. I don't really believe, I also know however that I'm not a real or great devotee. So it's these mixed truths that I'm uttering. Is it the expression of a passionate creature? Do I love more than anything the ability to express? Am I like a mother who loves her child first and Kṛṣṇa only a poor second? Am I like a businessman whose passion is first for work and then

with a good heart he wants to give money to Kṛṣṇa? (The merchant gave his one-year's earnings to Sanātana for a temple of Madana-mohana. But the impression that we get is that in the next year he kept the profits for himself.) Am I like that, writing comes first and praise of Kṛṣṇa, service to Kṛṣṇa and Prabhupāda comes second?

If so I know it is not right. I wish to put Kṛṣṇa first in my life. He tells us the way is to purify our activities. Don't try to stop my desires, which is not possible, but purify them.

This session seems like I am writing faster more pages. I still have twenty minutes to go. Well, let's say something in our mixed expression. Now I am feeling tired and I will have to open the door.

Don't get puffed-up. You're not so much ahead of schedule but on schedule. You said things this morning that each page is like a *japa* round. You can spend the time with the Lord by serving His names or considering with your intelligence a verse of *śloka*.

The cows' tails are now wagging and they're all facing with their rear ends toward me. Odd, the ways of their grazing. They know what they're doing. When the men come and shout and chase them it is not pleasant. Look down and do my own work.

I may be like Lord Brahma in the mode of *rāja-guna*. But I wish to be better. Is this the modern way of writing? I don't think of it that way so much. True, I got initial ideas from the writing teachers in America, but I'm using it in my own way in KC. Call it just writing

practice in between more ordered assignments. It is important. I just write what comes. Jagadananda Paṇḍita did that too, just wrote spontaneously his memories of Kṛṣṇa.

OBL Kapoor was figuring out how long Sanātana and Rūpa Gosvāmī lived. One scholar said they lived until 1574. But that would mean that in the last thirty-seven years of their life they didn't write because their last book was written in 1554. (So OBL says how is it possible that these persons who dedicated their whole lives to writing *bhakti-śāstras* would spend the last thirty years or so of their lives not writing at all?) I really like that when I heard it because I think I'm supposed to give up this writing when I get mature. Or maybe it will come out differently then. This process which leads to a more ordered type of writing but now

Oh, boy

you write what comes

the happy sort of romps in Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa
melodies eschewing the false prophets and
anything that's not Kṛṣṇa

not even worrying right now about my exact
relationship with ISKCON or what people may think
of me, to hell with so much consideration,
fears of my enemies or fear my authorities.

Just write with clean and happy help in this
boxed garden house, given for your use,
break free happy words Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa
I too can utter them from broken mind and
spirit, confused I who so often doubt my

own abilities and intentions, partly out of fear I may go wrong but partly in crippled sense of self and too sensitive notion of my intentions. Kṛṣṇa, I love You.

I am made to love You. If I say I love You it is the *sāstric* truth, the constitutional position. I love You but forget it. I love You but am covered over. I love you but my words get in the way.

And You love me as You love all living beings. You seem far away and I seem to not know You because of the abuse of my carping doubts in God and the sins I have committed. Yes, I have to go back and remove the sins, I'll be sorry for them. Do all you can to remove the wrongs. I am sorry, Lord. I confess all I have done and will commit no fresh sins, please, please I am sorry.

You guys have to do your thing for Kṛṣṇa and I am doing mine. Be strong in that assertion.

Ten more minutes on page

When people say this is what they are doing to serve Kṛṣṇa, you reply yes and this is what I am doing. Oh, what is that?

I am writing from my heart. I am writing from my heart. I let the words come out. What I have learned. Come along in the garden house and sing with me. Forget all else and say now what you love in the words of your own.

I'm the servant of the servant of the servant a thousand times removed. We swim in the current of LCM. We are swimming in the current of the Lord.

A box in a box. I can go on collecting Swamiji references. It is accumulating, the good credits and I can choose this rather than the bad memories. In the class I told them about the weeds and how to water the plant with good care of *śravaṇam-kīrtanam*.

This is the way to write, say Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa. Please protect me.

I used to be many things but now it has been thirty years that I have been your devotee in this lifetime. I am blessed by him who came to allow us to serve him. I don't want my relationship with him to become fossilized or to be just something by habit or stiff tradition. It is love fresh and daily renewed. You have to fight for it.

This kind of writing helps me to do that, facing my actual self and forced to be his devotee and to be my own self in his service. You don't want to get a million pats on the back for it. Just do it and acknowledge the good of the others. Don't put them down as a means to absolve yourself. They're doing as much or more than you. But you are doing your own.

Hare Kṛṣṇa dāśī said that gardening is such a wonderful activity that she sometimes thinks everyone

should garden. They would see the inherent symbolism in it. But then she realizes this is her service not everyone's. It seems amusing that she could think that everyone's service was to garden. I also don't think that writing this is the best service. But I am doing it and offering it. I assert my offering. I place it along with many others on a crowded altar on the evening of Janmāṣṭami. I work my way forward through the crowd and place this writing at the feet of my spiritual master who knows me and expects me to give my ten pages from this session, filled with the words Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa. It's okay, lots of Kṛṣṇa in the attempts.

You can stop now, just a few short of the quota. I allow you because you moved fast enough.

Blessed be the spiritual master who teaches us and allows even eccentricities to be worked out in his service. The *purīs* that you make will do. You get better at it. We will see. This is the way to make hay in Wicklow when you have the time given to you by Him. Don't forget it. It is rare to be given this precious free time and be supported by friends who say, "Go ahead" and so you run and workout in free-form which is actually just running at the end of a not-so-long rope and crying Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa. You are in the service you want to be. Did you want to be another beat poet or a clean one? He gives it to you. And saves you from hell. Go back to Godhead, not back to hell.

[One-hour, 10 1/2 typed pages, garden house Uddhava's backyard, Monday July 29, 1996]



Session #9

12:06 A.M., July 30, 1996

I go by flow not trying to achieve or shape; Be kind when you read this later; Acknowledge changing and mistakes in your life, such as a rasika episode, Quiet time to produce.

You were the landlord of a big apartment building and had to allow the tenants to keep two bulls or sheep downstairs in a parking lot although they were cruel, keeping them under tight control by pulling at them. Intrigues of fear . . . come away from those dreams to this lamp light and duty. It may be that f.w. this way is digging into the psyche and things are coming up now more in dreams and from unconscious. That's not bad if it works for the betterment of one's KC.

Speak truth, the "heavy" KC conclusions, that we must tend to our devotional creeper. Oh, he said, the guru spoke heavy.

The guru went to Goloka. We heard of the last days and passing away of Sanātana Gosvāmī. It happens to everyone.

Mahātmās and sages came to attend to his disappearance. The rounding out of each day with a little editing of your poems, bringing them down to terse statements, reducing the stanzas from wordy to essential. You are getting more a feel for what poetry is.

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, you kept writing yesterday the holy words and trying to drift toward Him by words. He appears in every age in incarnations so numerous they're uncountable like the waves in the river, all over the universes. In Kali-yuga, however, He appears only as LCM, *kṛṣṇa-varṇam tviṣakṛṣṇam*. One knows the symptoms from the *sāstra*. An ordinary man can't claim to be incarnation. Sanātana asked, "Who is the Kali *avatāra*?" "Give up your tricks," said Lord Caitanya.

Trivikrama Swami in Crakow, Poland. I plan to go there if he's there. Plan our tour of September and October too. You just write all the time but sometimes it's a timed book and sometimes it's WS. The flow or process determines itself. You write along in it. It's bigger than my own self. When you describe it that way it sounds as if there is a shaping in your work but you see it as somewhat mystical. You don't want to step in and make a shaping of it yourself. You wait for a sign as to what comes next, when you should start a *Pada-yātrā* and when you leave it. When you want to workout in the detached, nonshaping, nonbook of WS and when it's time to submit to another more shaped or thematic activity.

Yes, we listen closely to inner urges. We'd like to write what is most pleasing and useful for Kṛṣṇa and His devotees.

Flatter me and I'll flatter you. That's limited stuff. A deeper respect occurs less usually. One wants recognition for big preaching. A rock opera, a filmed biography of SP in which many people participate and

spend money. You hustle to try to organize them. Work at something even if few respond, like Caraṇāravinda dāśī and her children's magazine. And who responds to HK dāśī's garden? They work silently. I should learn from their example, the joy of creating something nice for Kṛṣṇa. Express your own appreciation but how deep can you like another's effort? It's the Lord who notices what they do and sees into the hearts.

These days are peaceful but I'm keeping up a momentum of extensive writing sessions. It is work. You have some expectation that it will be good. But you can't demand of process like this—"Am I going to go deeper? Is this session going to catch fire and reveal and confess? Where is the good poem I could take out of this for publishing?" No motives, but writing. And devotional service is the assumed purpose of it all even though not always explicit.

Kṛṣṇa on the ranch, in the sky, even in hellish planets. In hearts of worms, He's transcendental.

In Kali-yuga what was attained in former *yugas* by meditation or sacrifice, is attained simply by chanting the holy names of God. *Mukta-saṅgaḥ param vrajet. Kīrtana*. Chant. Chant on your beads.

This is the *purnima*. Look up through skylight and you will see a brighter sky than usual. The rays will fill the room enough to see objects faintly. As you chant. No disturbing sights. Just chant in the rays of LC's moon and beg to be able to hear those names and ask the Supreme Lord who's in your heart to keep you

always faithful and affectionate to your spiritual master. One isn't supposed to pray always with petitions. But yes, you ask for strength to serve. And you try to listen, *just hear*, what Kṛṣṇa wants you to do.

Pray, recite and savor verses, strive to be a devotee. A lowly *sādhaka* practices his *bhajana*. I don't try to think of Kṛṣṇa's activities in Vraja and myself a *mañjarī*. I just chant and try to hear.

The cars don't go by here. When I walk at 5 A.M. I usually see deer or yesterday foxes.

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa. You could draw a picture, and as artist show you what words are not showing. How to serve Kṛṣṇa in the best way.

Thank you, brother and sister. We live in a community and they help us to love and serve one another. Things come in the mail.

Kṛṣṇa is

Kṛṣṇa is.

Is he an ordinary person, a nice person, is he a neighbor person? Kṛṣṇa is the only reality and He is revealed in *śāstra*. One verse I saw asserted that everything is revealed in *śāstra* and there is no other way. SB is best for revealing the truth of Kṛṣṇa and His incarnations and the superiority of devotional service. Lord Caitanya praised SB as the spotless *Purāṇa*. And Cc. is full of instructions and the life of LC among His devotees, beautifully composed by KDK in his Bengali, native tongue.

Rendered into English by His Divine Grace, who translated and his disciples helped him. Translated

from Bengali. The purports, and now my own book of some favorite selections. When will it be published?

Oh, it's nothing new

he told Svarūpa Dāmodara, expose the rascal scientists. I am exposing the rascal self of me. Expose the scientists and toads.

You are not in a mood to

trip light fantastic

it seems what? Frivolous

or too much effort of your

own there's a trail or flow

stream and you watch it and write it

down. That's better for now but

I'm not forbidding you

mouth truths

of Veda base.

I warned M., get the van ready on time but he's doing his best. He's getting the thing ready before Janmāṣṭami. Roadworthy. And then we leave it behind in December.

Not a good year for van travel but don't complain. You're getting all this writing time.

Someone has little awareness what we are doing because he's so busy. Hare Kṛṣṇa comes straight from Kṛṣṇa-loka.

I'd say it's rough or nothing is coming if I were in that expectant mood. But better to just accept it. Editors must too. If you scan this later, be kind. At least it's not offensive.

Eggs and meat and wine and such enjoyment.
Abstain from that so you can devote yourself to full
service and pleasing Kṛṣṇa. Food and acts must be
yajña to please Him. And violence to others He
doesn't like. He wants service. Sometimes a warrior
devotee is violent to the violent demon.

For me I need to be kind,
brahminical, study his words,
teachings of the Lord
composed odes
be friendly
and tolerate what comes and
when you get a chance, paint
a picture in colors.

There are too many demands on me when I go to
Vṛndāvana to do it then.

"Why do you keep your whereabouts a secret?" she
asked. That's my business.

Where are you going and when will you be back?

Where are the sheep?

Sherpas they call them. Lamas. Dhamas. Voidists on
the ridge (*Snow Leopard*).

Creative greeting cards. Avoid the billboards in Italy
or any city. You'll have to enter cities but beware.

He prefers to sandwich his own? Make sense not
always.

It's the unconscious make sense too, he says.

The chance encounter is better than a plan. They
have no faith in reason or institutions. Play surreal
games. But I'm more earnest and seeking shelter in

śāstra and these things. You can draw a face, a walker, a talker. But even that isn't coming.

Face mirror of self.

Hello. What do you want?

To say hello. And to state I am here, dear Lord Kṛṣṇa. I am Your servant (a thousand times removed) practicing my penmanship.. You may see I'm working in that way. Be a devotee, color and serve and walk and look forward to ending this and chanting *japa*—but in other activities there's always something to be desired. Be patient then, be present in the act.

This is the same body with freckle or little brown mole on back of left hand. That's you with the nose and ears. Accept who you are. Move along. There is no way out. But human passages

are not so long

say farewell and do your work before your allotted time runs out.

What are you trying to achieve today?

Oh, it's clear. He doesn't know. Send us the manual (to run the machines) and Madhu will figure it out for himself.

Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya Prabhu Nityānanda.

I'll stay out of that world.

Come here to be with you. The stories of Sanātana Gosvāmī still on my mind. Let it inspire you to visit Vṛndāvana and to be a better devotee, to increase your taste for chanting and hearing in devotional service.

Give them enough to chew on, to live on. There's the mantra, Hare Kṛṣṇa prayers given to us by His

Divine Grace who was here recently enough so that we don't have to make big changes in what he taught. He said it's all right. He said, please work, my children.

Others may deviate so I need to be careful. I don't know what happened to my brothers who scattered when the *rasika* ring was broken up and they also apparently realized (when forced) that it was wrong. That it would too much change the nature of Prabhupāda's ISKCON. It would cause a split. The whole institution could be lost. So the GBC did a right act in not allowing it. We didn't know what we were getting into. I got out in 1993, already lost taste to be with NM, wanted to return to the safety of SP's lotus feet.

Embarrassed at my wrongs in many respects. I tried to recover self-respect and confidence. I was led into it, I claimed. Now stay more on your own. You would like to meet brothers, though, like Girirāja Swami and Śivarāma Swami and ask, "What happened?" It helps you in your own integrity to *acknowledge* things that happened and not try to sweep them under the rug. The acknowledgment sometimes has to be done publicly but even more important is when it's done within, whether it's by a regret, or a "Yeah, I blew it" or sometimes a plan of action you still need to do to rectify.

Your own life more than
others.

And more than telling others what they should do.

One might say I am going through a phase now of keeping to myself, self-cultivation, solitude, and certainly keeping away from most temples and institutional affairs. Yet I keep showing up and participating to assure them I'm still alive and contributing. This is an age of rapid communication and also by regular letters and by book publication especially, I remain on the scene. It's a bit of an illusion—I'm actually on my own in the countryside but appear to be in the thick of things. Show up a European "festival" and see Jayapatāka Swami. That was a coup for me. I appeared in his life and he could see I'm still alive and he seemed to wish me well.

I'm just a wanderer
a philanderer not
don't pull wool over their eyes
and function for disciples.

You'll write a little more and then finish this one out. It's in peacock blue ink again. Mild, mild. I can't stand strong loud music or fast changes, or violence, pungent food, keep this pace at which I can do my own work.

Deliver us
the way is paved. The garden roses mostly smashed. Raspberries on just one small wall producing enough each day. I've been picking but it won't last forever. Greens too. Father and their children. The tots like angels. Our way is best for me and you don't want to get confused by hearing from another, such as virginity

(celibacy) as described by the Christians. We sow it our way. It's natural.

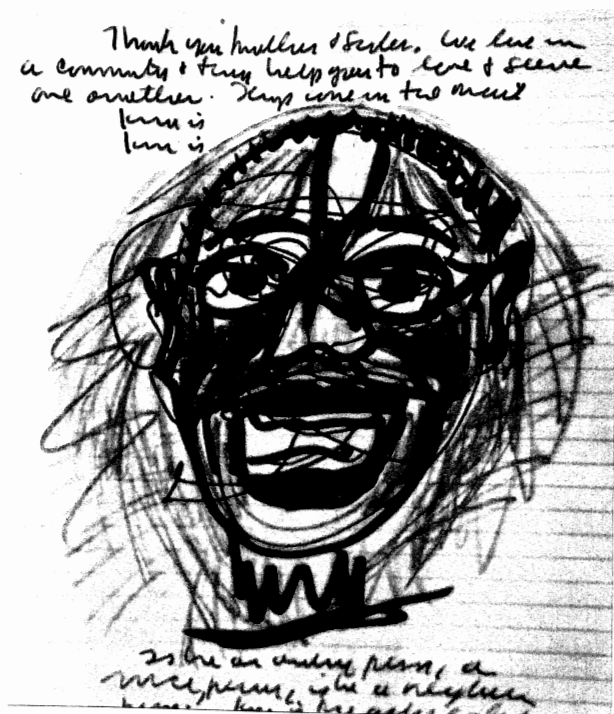
Less influences.

I didn't go deep or painfully in this session. But flowed like blood in veins. My health is not so bad, it seems, that at least work. Live awhile and produce while you can. Be accustomed to working by writing and you'll be there when something exciting and to the point flows through you.

When I jumped from window

stay tuned and I'll try to tell all, from a shattered unhappy life. Each one is like that. Survivors tell a tale. Better you tell the Vedic truth and your presentation.

[1 hour, 12 handwritten pages, July 30, 1996]



Session #10

8:35 A.M.

Where do you get solace?; Exchange with Madhu; Start up the examen again?; We're all vulnerable—how to handle hurt and anger; And more . . . I stopped noticing what.

Where do you get solace? Wanted to tell M. to be more sensitive with me but I let the moment go past, then tried to find him and he was out walking in the rain, calling to his God in Hare Kṛṣṇa mantras like Sanātana Gosvāmī's followers, whose disappearance day is today. So I come to the shack to find solace in writing, the lonely act of writing.

Where do you get solace? You are so sensitive, see? And when you defend yourself you get a headache. If I didn't have to defend myself maybe it would be better. So it's actually me. Jaya Gopāl dāsī wrote me the same thing. She was doing the 4 P.M. offering in the Berkley temple but a devotee complained about her and the temple president said, you can't do it anymore. She got hurt and angry but held it in until she saw her counselor and they discussed it. How not to feel that hurt and anger or how to express it in a way that doesn't harm you and others? I felt it a little myself.

Why Am I Afraid to Tell You Who I Am? The cover of that book shows a worried girl. Slogans inside. Tell someone how you feel. That old examen we used to do and confide in each other how we feel. There was good in it. I could ask him if he'd like to do that again.

We watch the desolation in a day but it is predictable. He will feel that way about the machines he's working with and I feel that way about the writing. And occasionally we feel we ought to say something more appropriate for a devotee and so we choose instead a high point about chanting and low point about chanting and we share it, we share the poverty of it. But in a way it breaks the solitude. And I don't want to break it every single day. Well, you could still take up the examen on your own in a little diary. You could just write on a high point of the day and try to think what is it? You could light a candle or you don't need to do that even. But find in yourself what it is. Okay, I'll think about that.

Dear WS, I am sacrificing for you. I'm churning out the pages because I like to do it. On my walk I thought, "Oh, I could do something with an interesting art, an angle and theme to it and cast all my random thoughts into that." It's odd that Manu dāsa read the whole book, *Metaphor*, and his only remark about it in his letter to me was that he found the prose in my other book, *Geaglum Diary* to be more natural and exciting. Okay, but what about the attempt to find a metaphor? That's an important effort on my part since mostly I don't seek the metaphor. One would expect him to at least comment on it if only to say I prefer the diary where you don't seek the metaphor. But no, he didn't.

So don't expect so much direction that touches what you are looking for. On the walk that idea came but I gently put it aside and said, "Wait. Wait until it becomes more imperative and clear." Yes, don't cut

off the just-begun *yajña* of these WS. They have their own life. You can collect them. They grow like the wild weeds of this season on both sides of the road. They're not to be harvested. I mean they're not tended to or cut back by any man's hand. They're not altered to make a show for human beings to admire. You could say, "Yes, but they're also not fit for offer to Kṛṣṇa." But they are that too. At every step is the attempt or at least remembering that that's what I should do.

You want to listen to that "September Song?" I tell you, you shouldn't bring that up here but only in your hardbound diary book of things you'd rather not put in here. But also try not to be so bashful. If you repeat a fear or desire again and again in a WS, even if it's petty, don't be bashful about it. Your typist isn't going to judge you. She already hears your dreams . . .

Yes, I thought again of getting the song "September Song" to play for a theme for my *September Catchall*, '96 but then I rejected it as not KC. But when I didn't find solace in my dealing with M. I thought of it, and that's an absurd idea—that the singing would bring me solace. The conclusion is your solace comes in the Lord's service and this writing is a good service.

But I thought maybe this too, is too much insisting on this kind of service. Just imagine however, a friendly but firm straight-shooting Godbrother like say Trivikrama Swami or even a more literary one (the one who lent you a collection of *Paris Review* interviews, writers at work) Bhurijana, and imagine them saying to you, "You really overdo this writing. You think Prabhupāda would approve?" I don't think it is their

place to tell me about my soul in that way. Remember Emerson telling Whitman how to write poems and telling him he was going about it wrong. And Whitman (they were walking on the Boston Commons no less) saying to himself I was determined more than ever to go my own way.

That's how we are. If my spiritual master came that would be different. I could rechannel the energy in another way. It might include writing.

In one of his last poems Paul Blackburn fantasized the next life and mentioned Jack Kerouac would be there writing the novel of Golden Eternity on typewriter with no ribbon in it and no paper and no revisions. I thought that sounds like a hellish punishment, like Dante might award someone he didn't like. Is that my karma in next life: "You so much insisted on serving Kṛṣṇa in your own way by writing your own way. So here's your karma, get a body where you go on doing that but you don't get intimate service of Kṛṣṇa."

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, Lord Caitanya—I won't be like Prakāśānanda who was unable to utter the word Kṛṣṇa. I'm able to do it, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa.

Fear of a next life karma. Give this a subheading if you like, but mainly don't look back, write on.

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa

He has to dictate all this and we have to read it and they have to bind it for me. It takes so many hours. If you want to live in your own subjective universe, you're entitled to see things from your point of view. You

want to express it and not have someone challenge you at every step. But the actual world, both spiritual and material, is not that way. You're not the center of existence. And so it's a rude shock to keep finding that. One tries to get whatever he can for a little sense grat, still preserving that idea that I am number One. A devotee gains a broader vision, is *mahātmā*. A partial dawning of this occurs in philanthropic and altruistic work where you sacrifice your interest for others but even among religionists they are basically selfish when they're not genuine and pure.

I said, "Now that you have a computer I will not be able to write the fax messages that I like to do (gave me solace)." He was quick to point out the facts. I didn't want to live in the world of fact (which are also his version of the fact or his presentation of what I shall be entitled to have and what I shall not be allowed to have. He thrust at me the version of reality. I then parried it and thrust my own as the man that I am. I came away from this with the beginning of a headache and took pill number one of the day. It's that encounter that I want to tell him about. To tell him so that we can have a smoother relationship.)

I'm thinking during these writing retreats I am allowing myself to be in the illusion a bit that life is calm and quiet and I am free to express my versions of things. But if my close companions give me rude awakening it's not so good. You mean you want him to provide cushions? Not always but be gentle and tender in awakening me to the realities that insist.

Just yesterday we were aware of Ldd's sensitivity to people telling her of her inadequacies. Oh well, you may say she's a woman and simple. What do you expect? I give her some solace. But her main feeling is the need to be treated tenderly. And the father figure is supposed to be . . . yes, I am vulnerable and we all are.

Just as Jaya Gopāl dāsī said she should not allow others intrusions to hurt her so she becomes overwhelmed with hurt and anger. Because then she acts irrationally and causes pain to herself and to others. As a result, no one likes her. She can't even chant her sixteen rounds.

We're all vulnerable.

Planning an art retreat at the end of the year. Splash on the canvasses of hard surfaces. You don't always need hard surfaces. You can get ones that absorb paint too. You are a naïve artist but not like a Polish peasant like Nikofof. We are NYC College, and so on. It's a laugh that we dare to draw pictures. Go ahead, do it to your full satisfaction. Ask Jimmy Thompson to show you his abstract paintings. But abstract doesn't express KC so what's the use? That's how I tend to feel. I want to see some form.

Draw Indra riding a horse
down to the Indian plains
draw Śiva in the material world although he may
also
be a *mahā-bhāgavata* when he's in the right position.

He is inconceivably both. Draw Dr. Prakash in the clinic working his ass off. Draw all the dirty words you want to draw. The angel of mercy fornicating, taking a shit, put them in your bowl, I mean your forbidden book and burn it when you are done. M. Swami will always hold it against me that I peed into the bowl used for my Nṛsiṁhadeva Deity. At least I didn't use it for the Lord after that.

Eric Dolphy I long to hear again. Well pal, then you can get it in the next world. Ask and you shall receive. It is better to refrain from hearing a nice concert, the Christians call it crucifying the flesh. You give up something that is pleasure for the higher purpose. But you have to do it with that in mind. By my not hearing this I am serving Kṛṣṇa. It is better for me as a devotee to keep my consciousness clear. I must follow the *sad acār*, the right expected behavior of a Vaiṣṇava. The opposite is *ni siddha acār*. The worse of that is not following the four rules. I would never indulge in that and say "I need it. It helps me to be an artist to smoke a cigarette once in awhile. Others might not understand it but this is good for my service." But then don't indulge in it in subtle varieties. Besides, you don't even like it. You get tired of it in ten minutes or an hour. You run back to the shelter of pure Vaiṣṇavism. So why even try anyway? Work this vein of marble or gold. There's plenty here.

I read that a thing that has been dirtied can never be made as white as something that was never dirtied. So I am struggling. But consider that many fallen persons have become great devotees. It is possible. All glories to the Lord of the Universe who allows me to write.

In the afternoon I will pick raspberries. The rain is good that way. Let it rain. Pound out your truth.

Half-way through this. The career of the declining poet. The career of ascending politicians. Ascending method is not good for gaining knowledge. You have to get it from the Lord and the *śāstras* as it comes down. Today I have not read the *śāstra*, neither have I answered mail. Not enough time to do things. I'm giving priority to this writing but also read and answer some mail. In a few days you'll get another mail pack to answer. It is sacred duty to answer them. Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa.

Crumbs of the holy wafer were eaten by mice behind the altar, wrote Sharon Olds. And we saw the mice in the room of N. Mahārāja in Mathurā under his bed and you could hear them also rattling in the bags in which he was giving sweets. Now he's in America or maybe finished his tour. Asked PBM to tell me her version of what happened, at least in NY. Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa. She will. Everything will come about. Don't be in a hurry.

He said it depends what you want. He seems so forceful or laying his trip on me. Being harsh. Don't be that way. Be easy. I am exempt from the world's usual

designs. Sharon Olds wrote about her son and prayed for every part of his body when he had a high fever, from head to foot, she described his penis as, “with candor and virtue” and hoped he would be protected by her prayers.

This is life. You don’t leave out a part of it. Even a celibate is sexual. That doesn’t mean he indulges in sex but he acknowledges that he has a sex, a gender and feelings. He doesn’t use sex or he sublimates it. And he also gets hurt and hurts others. But some parts of life you do with to leave out, the sin and the pain. But you have to serve Kṛṣṇa. Putting off pain for as long as you can, then it rushes in, sidling in and you have to face it. I decide how much of this I will avoid by taking some medicine. You have to draw a line and say I want my clear consciousness. So I will have to suffer. Or does medicine bring clear consciousness? It depends. You will have to be guided step by step. People care for you. You are some kind of emblem for them.

Actually most disciples looks to me not so much for the writing of personal books as for the image of the guru who is faithful to Prabhupāda and gives relevant instructions. But a few see that I gain my awareness and get a lot from such writings. I need it and it’s my unique contribution.

Anurādhā selling my books in England instead of pursuing her “Carmelite” mission, her own career as teacher and interfaith person. She wishes that she could concentrate on it better to serve guru. Can’t do a lot of things at once. I appreciate her effort in that regard but don’t want her to stifle her intelligence or

satisfaction. She says, "Let's see. Give me a year to see if I can feel satisfied that I have a little expertise in doing this." She is frustrated now in not being able to function better.

Yes, I'm willing to use my time to answer some letters. That is important. After I finish this hour I may do that rather than talk out the thing with M. Time is limited. Use it for communicating to as many people as possible. Tell them, "I can't read your letter easily. I keep putting it at the bottom of the stack. Can you write with a clearer hand?"

What does he want? To read a letter in big letters on a typewriter? Yes, and only two pages long would be best. But some insist on long letters in scribbly scrawly hand and you have to decipher it one way or another. And Randolph doesn't write anymore. And the disciples of GG Swami insist that he is the only one and how can you deny them that sentiment? Although it may be "wrong" they have their own experience of being satisfied when hearing from him and no one else comes near that for them. So what can you tell them?

Someone says if ISKCON forbids me from seeing NM then I will leave ISKCON. They don't have the roots in ISKCON and conviction that we must follow our spiritual master's way and stick with this society. Some may stick with it however because it gives them the handles of power and sense of righteousness over others. Be careful, don't follow anyone blindly. I've done it before and have been misled. I wanted to talk of these things with JS although he's conservative, he's got a good brain and thinks logically. But he is

extremely “conservative” in a sense of conserving Śrīla Prabhupāda’s teachings. The whole GBC functions that way but Sureśvara raised the point, “Isn’t there a following in spirit as well as following in letter? Did Śrīla Prabhupāda say everything for all time in detail about a subject like community in the years that he was with us up to 1977? Or can we expand on what he said and find the essence of it—living together, economically and lovingly and not necessarily in the temple together? And by doing that can we still be loyal to him? Or is the only answer to take out from the folio quotes from Prabhupāda.”

That was a good letter I wrote JS on those points and we will see what he says in reply.

O Mukunda Mahārāja

I can initiate Jason if he wants and proves
himself loyal and affectionate

by attending some of my meetings

and I can stop initiating also

but I will do it on a limited basis

you want to be compassionate and take on

the souls and guide them

in their struggle on the path.

Hey guru, I hate my wife now. Hey guru, got any spare change? He guru, read this rock opera and give me a recommendation and another. Hey guru, come visit me in Transylvania. Hey guru, why do you draw pictures so strange. Do you think you’re another Nikofo?

Jesus Christ said and what about you? What is the reason Lord Caitanya’s father is not mentioned so

much but His mother is? Please answer all my questions. And what about e-mail and she-mail and she-witches? The truth is she deserted me and I didn't punch her. No, the truth is he dragged me through the mud. The truth is, Guruji, you deserted me in my hour of need. The regret you wrote in your book *Litany*, was a petty thing, not from the gut of your actual failing. You still have not faced it. So here's a sting to remind you how you failed me, by allowing your subordinates to mistreat me. Amrtamsa is boiling mad at me living in Barcelona and of course our friend in Ithaca is inching for a chance to start some trouble illegal or otherwise, egged on by his friends in California. It's a nice world, even in the realms of ISKCON, ain't it?

The Lord of the angels, proposed a toast and said if you want to write WS you have to be ready to let the shit fly and not even look at what you say.

The Lord of the devils didn't say anything we don't believe in Satan so I couldn't have him speak except in a fiction. And I don't write that. Oh, he sent a demo tape of a rock opera but I don't dig it.

Send me another relaxation tape to ease me off into elysian fields. Imagine you are going to the happy hunting grounds and it's nice. You hear the birds in the trees and the sounds of the harps and the rivers and the symphony without percussion. Imagine it is Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa and Śrīla Prabhupāda is playing the harmonium with no drum or *karatālas* and sings

Jaya rādhe jaya kṛṣṇa jaya vṛndāvana

Yes, that's nice. Got anymore like that? He's singing it and you've got to slow down your communication and stop sending faxes. I am telling you about that. He called me up short. You are spending too much money. I wanted to say, "Yeah, but if it's something you consider important, you use it, to get some nuts for a Ford rear window or something that I may not consider important."

Living so closely together. *Maryada*, means you have to respect the elder. The spiritual master pulls rank. They have to back down. It's a way to get your way. But the rest of the world doesn't give a damn for your guru-ship.

"You are nothing here," didn't a police officer tell me that when I was their precinct? They have seen that I thought I had rights, I thought I was not under their control. I felt good about myself and my protection by Kṛṣṇa and so they abruptly warned me, "You are nothing here. We don't give a f— for your God or your so-called rights." And so I cooled it realizing that temporarily they were right. I was under their grips and that's the way it is. I will finish this and have to go inside to get the dictaphone which I forgot to bring out.

It is raining here and that is hard on the flowers which are bring smashed. HK dāśī gets depressed when she sees it. But has hope and keeps growing other flowers. Hardy ones and so the garden survives one way or another. You have to be positive.

We didn't sell many books because we didn't have a good location, so our seller says, "Okay, next year I'll

get a better table.” I think that way too. I have to make the best of the situation. Turn the sow’s ear into a silk purse. Make a suffering condition into a bettering of yourself. Suffering is good for testing oneself and proving oneself. And as a writer it may make a more interesting story. So always be in that way ready to improve the way a businessman makes money in an up or down economy.

Less than ten minutes left. O Hare Kṛṣṇa, come straight . . . I am a dope, you are a dope. We are both dopes. But I don’t tread on your space if you don’t tread on mine.

I will try to be tolerant. I must protect myself in that way. I can remind you gently that you tread on me but the main thing is to find inner reserves of strength. So that I don’t get agitated by your laying a trip on me. I see it as a natural misery, as your own failure and shortcoming. But I won’t let it disturb me. That can be done by turning to the holy names. You can’t have the ideal state here (Rousseau learned that and so did Gandhijī and it broke their hearts). Don’t be broken-hearted, don’t hope for that better state here but just be in tune with the real solace which is the holy names of Kṛṣṇa. In shortcoming situations you might turn to your diary and say quick in short form what it is that just happened. “I was hurt in this way. Dear Lord, You are the only recourse for these things.”

That’s a good suggestion. Now rounding into the finale, the home stretch. All good to you and to your

troops in the battle. Ruperd Brooke and Wilfford Owens wrote poems in World War II.

Dairy Queen and queer man and father and his son. No hope there. Śrīla Prabhupāda told me I am your real father the other is ephemeral. It is true that he is the real father. My fingers dance on the typewriter keys.

In the third verse of *gāyatrī* mantra it is said that you always feel Kṛṣṇa's bliss and I cannot make out the rest of English of that mantra. But it's something about *dhīmahī*, I meditate on you and your being always in bliss. I hope to know your blissful form and I hope to give you service that pleases you. And I wish also to taste the bliss of Kṛṣṇa consciousness which you are teaching us. I am thinking nowadays of you in separation.

And I'm listening to your Māyāpura lecture of '75. You urged us, O lord and master. I think of you in separation not exactly in the memories of each year up to '77 but they are nice also. And the lectures are nice and the service is nice. Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa.

You are allowing me to write this
way and you are sending me workers to publish my books
give me the privilege to render you devotional service.

We pray to Tulasī-devī, I wish to be the maidservant for Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa. It will be realized automatically.

By serving the spiritual master.

But there is not enough time to do all the things I want to do in devotional service. Now I must dictate this. I'm not so detached to write like he said Kerouac was doing on a typewriter with no ribbon, no paper, for eternity. I want to save it and share it later.

[1 hour in rain downpour but I am dry inside the hut in Uddhava's backyard, almost 11 pages, grateful gravel, the rain smashes the flowers but more will come up, July 30, 1996]



Session #11

Midnight, July 31, 1996

*Return to WS after an afternoon of illness; Surface jotting;
Stop after half-hour in fear of physical incapacitation.*

There is a lot to say. But is there? M. said he felt hurt on behalf of the computer when I seem to speak in favor of the fax which is an unrealistic (too expensive) means of communication. So my whole presentation was nullified about feelings and wanting him to ease me according to my subjective outlook? No, my point was also made.

Sweetrice in honor of Sanātana Gosvāmī's disappearance day.

Passing blood in urine. Right away he phoned our doctor in USA who said it's a bladder infection and prescribed antibiotics. I've started taking them and am no longer passing blood. But I still have to pass frequently and it hurts. I tell myself *relax* because if you can relax the muscles down there it won't hurt. But when you feel pain you tend to tighten up. I think this is the principle they teach women in child-birth—when pain comes they should relax or else the pain will increase. It's a meditation of the mind sending its message to the body part to act in a way which seems contradictory to instinct but which is actually good for you.

So we have begun. We missed the afternoon writing session and I was sorry for that. Momentum.

Ladies in garden. Brought new *bhaktins* from Belfast to show them a different aspect of KC. Thaw in bad relations between ISKCON North and South.

I don't want to write that sort of thing. What value will it have later? What is it you seek? Seeing the little biographies of naive artists. They painted all day their inept but touching depictions. Some worked religious themes. One man lived in the attic in complete darkness from 1942–44 during Nazi occupation of Poland. By candlelight he painted pictures of God with many eyes. After his death his family didn't give any importance to his paintings and threw many of them out but five hundred were saved and are considered very valuable.

My art of words. Leaving a record. While side-lined from writing yesterday, I thought it could end at any moment. I could have written my last WS. So do it while you can. This current series needs more.

But I feel aches all over and am afraid of headaches too. That sort of thing may increase with age and you won't get so much writing in. The body gets infected, breaks down. Medicine gives temporary relief. We've all heard of bad side effects of antibiotics, but when you have blood in your urine you take it.

Wrist ache, thumb ache.

Lord Kṛṣṇa is calling me and I am calling out His holy names, Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra.

Motorcycle pest. Pines close in on both sides of road. It is mostly peaceful here. Woke at 11 P.M. with nostrils (sinuses) stuffed. So I took out earplugs. It was quiet, pleasant quiet.

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa. Lord Caitanya taught the symptoms of the *avatāras*, primary and secondary. Primary is His nature and bodily symptoms (*sva-rūpa lakṣana*), secondary is His activities (*tatastha*). Kindly tell me then the identification of the Kali-yuga *avatāra*. LC had indicated that the *avatāra* for this age was golden and He engaged in chanting *harināma* with His associates. When Sanātana pressed for identification, LC said, "Give up your intelligent tricks, Sanātana and let's discuss the *saktyavesa-avatāra*."

He'd said earlier an *avatāra* never declares, "I am an *avatāra*."

Get the basic stories from OBL Kapoor's book on Gosvāmīs, but not his philosophizing on the truth. For that we will hear from s.m.

People may also say that about me and my books. They have their own s.m. and he has his mood, so too much reading of me will be a distraction. And perhaps they even ask him and he indicates that my books are not very important or not even favorable. Then? Do you want to initiate disciples just so they'll read your books? It's a deal: I'll take care of your soul, counsel you, etc. if you will feel obliged to read my books.

No. I appeal to wider congregation and newcomers and nondevotees. When I'm gone from the scene then

they can read them and there will be no question of initiation.

You think of scenarios like that but not really. You say it with a daring flourish—"Oh, when I die bury me on the lone prairie but fence in my grave so the wolves don't get it." But you don't really feel for it. You feel the present life. So much sitting at a desk produces aches in neck and joints? Walking doesn't seem to help or even lying down.

Sing sing
the witch is dead.

Pause and reconcile. A little despair or desperation. Sigh. Go forward. The patches of void. I keep going. He never sold my books in New Age stores. Talked about it but couldn't get it together. Too many things on his mind.

I don't blame them
see it from their point of view
commiserate
give encouragement,

"I'm sorry to hear your gerbils died . . . why don't you try again to find friends among devotees?"

Some stay at a distance from me for fear they may appear in writings, "I noticed B. dāsa was in *māyā* at our gathering."

Yeah, well we could do a job on you too, Gurudeva. Some do.

Everyone's entitled to say his bit.

Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya. I am not afraid. Or I will try not to be afraid.

Relax your prostate gland and that will make it easier.

Where is my hat
where is he at?
The cat stole the milk
but kiwis remained
I had no time or freedom
to pick more raspberries or
peace of mind to enter *tulasi's*
house shoeless and chant
the mantras.

But I'll do those things if my bodily condition permits it today.

Flowers bend over, dashed by rain. Never mind.
Grow more, grow so many that some are always
coming up. And grow hardy ones that straighten
themselves after a storm.

Faith in God revealed in scripture.

O O O Bhagavān.

Please go to India. Or stay where you are. Tune in to chanting and some kind of preaching activity. Writing and selling books is the *brhat-mrdanga*. I don't sit at a computer; I write with a pen, but it's the same sort of indoors, retired activity. Rather than go face-to-face you write—to everyone in a book and to individuals by letter. "How are you? You seem estranged. Are you peaceful? Please write if you get time and let me know how you are doing."

The spirit and the letter
it's gonna be all right
the leader said.
Just follow me, I
assure you you won't
get blood in your urine
or if you do I'll teach you
how to relax.
I will build bombs to
thwart all enemies and improve
the economy which my rival
has devastated by his
mismanagement.
Please elect me

If you speak against democracy they remove your
status as a religion. Only democrats allowed. Hare
Kṛṣṇa appears to be monarchical (neofacists as they
see it in fearful Germany).

Little notes is all I've got moving along the surface.
At least I'm back at the desk. Been going a half-hour
and maybe I won't push myself the full hour here at
midnight. Still not feeling fully strong. Go back to rest?
At whose request?

[32 minutes, 6 3/4 pages, July 31, 1996]



Session #12

3:58 A.M., July 31, 1996

A short one because I'm not feeling well; The blood flecks in the urine; Writing about writing; Admitting I can't write structured; Want to imbibe KC—can writing nourish me?

Optimism bubbles . . . delivery wagon of work to deliver your WS. Do it out of ecstasy or out of duty. But do it. It's about writing but it's also about KC. SP says the purpose of the KC movement is the same as what Dasaratha said to Visvamitra, *adhistaṁ yat tat punar janma jaiyaya*—to conquer over the cycle of birth and death. But you have to be very serious. The biggest bar is sex attraction. Be very serious. Don't cheat as *sannyāsi*, no illicit sex for anyone.

I may take extra rest today and this session will not go very long. I may not be able to go the full hour when I don't feel strong enough. But you can still number them and do shorties, give it whatever you can to it. Not that you forget to log-in with the record.

Hare Kṛṣṇa comes down. The moon was still full behind the cloud. I looked up through the skylight for it. Only occasionally would it come out. I chanted but a dull headache started forming on top of my head. So I had to quit it after eleven rounds. But those rounds were almost entirely just the counting of the quota. You know this Lord, and You know I expect more and I want You to give me more. I don't resent that You don't give me more. But still I call out to You, please

grant me better chanting. Better writing too. May my writing benefit people.

Śrīla Prabhupāda appealed to the Americans in his 1975 Māyāpura speech, because that country was against the communist movement which he saw as so dangerous for its atheism. If America could become *devas* by KC they could fight the *asuras*. But is it turning out that way? It seems that the Russians, who represent the spirit of communism, are now perhaps more numerous as devotees than the Americans in ISKCON. But they are largely untrained, all newcomers, not direct disciples of Prabhupāda. That's all right, they don't have to be direct disciples. Surely they are growing up a new nation of KC. So the complexion of things has changed in a way no one could have guessed. But what Śrīla Prabhupāda said is still true. Our duty is to overcome the cycle of birth and death. And we have to be very careful, very serious or we won't succeed. Watch out for illicit sex. And pop songs too. So write your own September song in ISKCON, traveling and reading. That's all you've got to tell. You don't have some other thing to offer. If people don't want it or if it doesn't turn out to be artistic and literary, then I'm sorry. But I can't take back my KC and try to sell something else. I can't compromise with Māyāvādīs and nondevotees. Write the way it is, a KC life. And you live that life so you have a good story to tell.

This is writing practice. You learn to capture the states of the mind. You discipline yourself to write as many times as possible in the day. I want to stretch out

for an hour but now I see that that's not regularly possible unless I feel quite strong.

O mama, I think of you in pre-KC life. I think of the naive artists because I just read of them and saw their pictures. I am the naive writer. The taker-in of influences and the putter down of all I absorb. Then please absorb strong KC also. You can honestly write that down. I don't have to tell so much of committee meeting, but still the bare essence, I chanted, I read, "I thought how to surrender in KC?" It's the life of the practitioner.

Scraping bare the bare earth
of a deer of a fox of a walk.

Will you go for one?

You are in the countryside.

Be peaceful and take rest if
you need it and report back to me
later. The coast is clear.

No headache but you can't push it. Please give me then one more page. I beg that of you. That page can tell of the works of Sanātana Gosvāmī such as *Bṛhad Bhāgavatamṛta* and how Gopa-kumara experienced all the *lokas* and became Indra and Brahma but was never satisfied. He kept chanting his mantra and that pushed him beyond each place, even Vaikuṇṭha. That's because his mantra was to Madana-Gopāl and that *bhāva* is satisfied only in Goloka. So he went up and up and sometimes down to various *lokas* until he finally went to Goloka Vṛndāvana beyond the *aisvarya*. There

he tasted the *mādhurya* or sweetness. Now we read of Rūpa Gosvāmi.

Lionel train tracks, Jean Shepherd in Ratners store, at the counter where you eat, watching the toy trains riding, writing an essay. Andre Dubus's essays, me thinking I'd like to write powerful essays and capture people into KC. But you can't do it the way they do. Because you write this way, not revising, not shaping unless it comes naturally to you. That's the way. When I attempted some fictional Hare Kṛṣṇa stories I got one good story out of it but I wasn't really cutting to the bone of who I am and what I think.

When the blood passed out of me they were little flecks of some matter. The body is not such a good bargain. You say, come on fellow, keep working for me. I'll give you some milk and cereal and I'll put into it as much honey as I dare, although I heard it's not good for you. I'm no Nature Cure man. Come on body, I'll be sweet to you. I'll give you rest but you also work for me and put the sentences down. Dear brain, please keep working in KC. The writing is sometimes like the blood coming out with little flecks in it. I can't make it nicer. It is what it is. You are not going to structure it so much. (The typewriter tape ran out here and I lost some sentences and I don't recall what I was saying.) I am committed to another timed book even if it's honest and doesn't bring finished results. The unfinished but true is better. The most honest . . .

That is my path. Now go for the last. I am trying to say Kṛṣṇa is in the books but sometimes the act of

reading is not enthusing for me. I don't do it with joy. I want to imbibe KC but how? Do it (read) even if not joy, as duty. And writing is a way of expressing but KC also goes through. So it is nourishing in that way. The flecks in the blood are the impurities coming out. The blood is the infection. Now end this and come back as soon as you can.

[18 minutes, July 31, 1996, 3 typed pages]



Session #13

8:30 A.M.

*Pada groups lies prevent more delicate confessions; FW—
admit there is no subject page after page; Are you qualified to
be guru?*

M. told me Pada is now on Internet attacking ISKCON. They say that the first eleven gurus are child molesters, etc., etc. and my name is there. Slander. But who's going to bring them to court. We already see it's not easy. I mentioned Oscar Wilde's three trials. You wind up guilty. Yes, yes, they say. Let us at him. We can prove his wrongs. But I never did the wrongs they accuse me of. But of other wrongs, no doubt. You can't even remember them. The existence of Pada makes it hard to delicately try to remember and expose your own wrongs, because they would take advantage of it. They don't proceed with any mercy and not with a code of sticking to facts. But because they exist doesn't mean I can't make my own confessions. However, it does make me more reluctant to publish them. I just thought today of a delicate expression I made in a book about to be printed, how one of the unmarried girls in Boston, after Śrīla Prabhupāda had found a husband for her, thanked me for taking care of her as temple president up to that point. I ended the anecdote by writing, "It touched my heart." But now I've decided to leave that out. You can't say such things in public.

But still I will say some things.

Listen folks, the ranch show is about to begin. We are holding secrets of our future plans as to where we will be in December.

As I write this the rain is pouring down heavily. The cows are not grazing but sitting it out. Can you give us something worthy, friend? I can report a little more Cc. and see where that leads us.

LC said the *avatāra* appearances are taking place continually in the unlimited universes of the material world and simultaneously they are occurring in the spiritual world. In the material world each *līlā* moves from one universe to another the way the sun moves across the earth. It is difficult to understand but hear from the *śāstras*. Then He begins to tell the different ages of Lord Kṛṣṇa who never grows older than the *kaiśora* age. *Nava yauvana ca*. I read it but was dull and not totally believing. You think unconsciously, "How could this be? How could this one person Kṛṣṇa who is a cowherd boy be the source of the all the universes?" They think it must be impersonal, the Spirit, or there is no spirit at all. But their own explanations are not satisfactory. God is a person, Supreme. But what kind of person? The Christians leave it vague and say Christ is His only son. They have many camps of speculators. God and His son, God the alone, the unknown, the chemicals themselves, the impersonal Brahman unchanging . . . no, no. But then Kṛṣṇa with ankle bells, with staff and *gopīs*? Yes, please accept it and stop arguing.

There is no profit in arguing. Accept the Vedic literature. It is the authority. I read it and ask for the blessing whereby you can read it with *śraddhā* and open up to it and have it revealed to you. Read more. Even though it is not going so smoothly always. Kṛṣṇa is the source of all the *avatāras*. There are many Viṣṇus and They're all above the material nature. The Śivas and Brahmās are associated with the material modes of nature. When there is no living entity fit to be a Brahma, Lord Viṣṇu takes the place. Śiva is special, like yogurt he's not God but he not a *jīva* either. When he is untouched by matter he is Saṅkarṣana in the spiritual world. When he comes into this material world he is Rudra. The science or theology eludes me. I try but never can accept it totally by realization.

They have said things so bad about me I want to say it's not true and protect my name. This is the opposite of the Vaiṣṇava spirit where I want to admit my wrongs. But when an envious person tells lies which would destroy your reputation if it were true, then you say it's not true. But I don't make a big effort to try to stop their speech. And neither can I. It's a world of relatively free speech. They find one way or another to broadcast the spurious stuff and those who have that low taste will lick it up.

Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa. This is the latest dirt. So and so guru turned himself into a woman, and the sky is falling, the money wound up in court and everyone went to jail. They also went to jail and the world got wound up in the *pralaya* downfall of devastation. That will happen but until then keep your name clean by

your actual behavior and don't give them more ammunition than you have to.

The first few days I was determined to go for an hour. Now it seems difficult but I will try for it. You don't have anything so worthy to say, you and Andre Dubus. You tell of a train you took from coast to coast as he did, but he made notes and arranged them nicely for his personal essay.

Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya. Hear the steady downpour of the rain on the roof, on the land. Be here inside this hut, dry but cool. It is the last day of July. I remember being with the Kamaduka in Śaraṇāgati. We were parked in the woods and then one night we had to close the windows overnight because it got cool and I realized the summer was over. That happens and sometimes you like it when you get your sweaters out of storage. But here in Ireland you never retire your sweaters. Rain and cold never leave you.

Kṛṣṇa is the Supreme. Often I come downstairs and M. is reading a book or catalog about computers and programs. He's into it and no way out. I wish he would spend more time on the van so it will be ready for our travels in September. But it is raining so he says he can't work on it. His desire is also not that strong and now he has indoor interest. I might as well get ready to accept the possibility that in September it won't be ready to move into, at least not finished in all particularities. It will never be fully ready. He is tired of working on it. I am tired of traveling in it. Am I tired of living in the material world?

Maybe, but then you have to develop your KC before you actually get out of this world. I read that the naive painter Nikofo painted some 10,000 pictures and in old age he finally received some material rewards. But by then he was tired of living and tired of painting also. No more joy of living. Does that in itself mean that you will have to take another body? No, you have to come back if you have any material desire. The sages in old days used to go alone in the forest to live without any attachments. By meditation they fixed on freeing themselves from the cycle of birth and death, realizing themselves as spirit. Now we are told to do the same by chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa and becoming very serious to follow the simple rules of no illicit sex, etc.

Yes sir, yes it is a military life, a life of no regrets. You have to work. You spread KC in some way and that will attract the attention of the Lord on you because that is what He wants. Do you admit you're not doing that? Can you explain why you are working in a different way than managing an ISKCON center?

Yes, I can. It doesn't seem to be my mission anymore. It used to be that I would do that and all my activities would be consumed in outer acts. You didn't have time to think of inner acts. You figured the outer acts would save you, working in Prabhupāda's center, somehow collecting the money, counseling the devotees, overseeing all departments. Then you go to lecture the philosophy. And when the natural enemies came (who you considered as *asuras*) you beat them back as best you could. And you regularly turned to your own authorities and to co-workers for some

protection that they could afford. And you read *Seven Habits of Highly Effective People* and tried to organize your own life because you are like a businessman and executive planner. And you read Scott Peck and western psychologists to learn how to live in community. And all these things left you not much time to chant Hare Kṛṣṇa although you knew that was important too.

Hare Kṛṣṇa. Please keep going. The movements of the hand is the heart. The purpose is a dance and you are not allowed to stop. You will feel better when it's over. There are trials and tribulations even in a quiet life. You overcome daily illness and the threats and you tend to duties. The mail in on the way, the editing of books is a source of joy and satisfaction. There are triumphs in a life even though things don't always go your way. So the successful coming out of books is Kṛṣṇa's mercy on you. And when those books reach far-off people and they are favorably impressed and you they say you have helped them, then you have the fullest satisfaction. That's your reward and you should not forget it. Recall it so you can go on and not succumb to outer and especially inner critics who tell you you are a bum and your way of writing should be stopped. No, continue it. Fight on Kṛṣṇa's side and speed out the words of KC through the stories of daily efforts.

Śrī Kṛṣṇa *saranam*. The music of the spheres. Aindra singing twenty-four hour group *kīrtana*. Sometimes in Vṛndāvana there's no one to hear it, but the Deities

hear it. Don't think They are only statues. When They are not giving *darśana* but are behind the heavy wooden doors do They hear *kīrtana*? Does Śrīla Prabhupāda on his *vyāsāsana* hear and over in his *Samādhi Mandir*? Do the sounds of the singing reach him?

Does the sound of writing reach so far? Will it be affective? It is not as potent as Lord Caitanya's *kīrtana* but at least it will partake of that spirit Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa. Lord Caitanya is your daily fare and rigorous life. There is no need to supplement it with the *Bible* and *Koran*.

We are about half-way through although only four pages done. Maybe moving a little slower than before. The park department, the police department, the bakers, the smute sellers, the pimps and whores, the gutter snipes, the chimney sweepers, the computer trainers, the politicians, the doctors of all kinds, the drivers and fixers of automobiles, the hoards of criminals who steal and mug, the cheaters of many kinds, the teachers and their students, the rigorous armies, the factory workers and military men, the newspaper offices, advertising, the Coca-cola and beer and cigarette manufactures, farmers, food processors, ladies who work at home, poets and artists who take no other job but sell their art at flea-markets and other places, the displaced who walk on the streets and sleep there . . . these are just a few of the occupations that people take and anyone of them can cultivate an inner life. The writers of the private prose, the diarists and

journal keepers who are trying for personal growth by writing down, “I feel angry, I feel pretty. Last night I broke up with G. But today I feel sorry.”

Can you read this later?

Jagannātha Purī, Dāmodara Paṇḍita, *keśava dhṛta-narahari-rūpa jaya jagadīśa hare*.

They said I keep going like this. You have to give me a go ahead to write. Give me some topics that I can quietly plan with outlines and write into an essay. Oh, that is too boring. You want to write in the actual field of writing. You keep three notebooks. You can read it later if you live so long and don’t get scuttled off to prison. What is this prison? It is not likely. Well there are people who would like to put me there. Yes, but I haven’t committed any crime. Yes, but there are political prisoners like how the Nazis put people into jail. It is possible. You lose your privacy and ability to write.

In that case I’d have to let it go, stop tending to the daily cultivation of writing process and seek within yourself for the presence of God in chanting His names and pray for peace, for relief from headaches. You might not have your pills with you and you pray.

In *Bhagavad-gītā* Lord Kṛṣṇa stands on the chariot and turns to the grief-stricken Arjuna. Arjuna has put down his bow and we can imagine he is also crying. Lord Kṛṣṇa tells him your action is not befitting an Aryan. You are speaking learned words but you don’t

know that a wise man doesn't grieve for the living or the dead.

The words of Kṛṣṇa lead us to surrender to Him. But people make a business from Kṛṣṇa's book while diverting us from Kṛṣṇa Himself. They say Kṛṣṇa the person is just a myth. Look at what He teaches. But the actual teaching is surrender to Him. They say, "Oh, that doesn't mean literally you surrender to Kṛṣṇa but to the undying within Kṛṣṇa." They don't know that with Kṛṣṇa there is no inside or outside. He is all spiritual. His body is spirit. When He says think of Me, bow down to Me and offer obeisances to Me, He means Himself, through the guru.

Kṛṣṇa never leaves Vṛndāvana. He leaves in His expansion of Vāsudeva. The Godbrothers in Vṛndāvana are hot nowadays but still they manage to get around on *parikrama* and to temples and bow down. And they stay in their rooms and chant more than sixteen rounds and many of them worship *śilās* such as Govardhana *śilās*. I worship the SP *mūrti* with his blankets and the warm water on his body as long as it lasts. That's another activity that I would have to leave behind if I had to go into some hospital or something. I would say, "Please take care of this *mūrti*, I have to go." And my pens also will have to sit because you can't take them in the place where I am going. So until then keep at it,

 this nursery rhyme, this mercy go,

 this brave enough call. He is singing the Italian song as we go over the border near Mont Blanc, the big white chunk. We can accept the chunk theory SP says

provided we call the chunk the *mahat-tattva*. And we must understand it is put into motion by the glance of Lord Hari. Then the chunk explanation is valid. Thank you very much. Please chant Hare Kṛṣṇa,

Twenty more minutes on this. Can you keep up?

Well, I can't beg off on the grounds that I have a headache. I'm doing all right. But this chair could be more comfortable. There, sit in closer to the desk. Now you are in a position to say more, seymour.

JDS wrote good books for us and I too. Mercury and Venus, the sky-lab, the jazz lab, the notes I write to Madhu and ask him to mail out my drawings and letters tape. And what about the incinerator and crematorium and the news from abroad? What about the weather report? Be reasonable, he says. Don't expect too much of me.

Yes, I say but the kind persons who write to me asking for direction . . . no one should assume to be a guardian unless he can save his subordinates from death. Loud voices say you can't even save yourself, how can you claim to save others? I say that I can simultaneously save myself and in the saving process do it for others. It's true I am not so intrepid and fearless that I should assume to be someone's guru. I don't meditate on Kṛṣṇa all the time. I'm unworthy. We say the saving grace is to recall whatever Prabhupāda taught and pass it on. But even that I don't do exclusively here. I write this jargon, this blues melody improvised.

This is me, this is me or rather this is what passes through me. Give me a clean fluffy towel in your bathroom. Make lunch for me. Schedule a time when I can speak for an hour to guests on SB topics. Then after that I will retire with earplugs and sleep in your house to get up and write more of this and that, the way I live.

I admit this is not scripture.

How can you be a guru he asks.

I say it is answered in Zen.

Do you know the pastimes of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa intimately?

No, but enough, he said.

And if you can't, then why do you do it?

It's questionable. We don't know for sure if we are qualified but it is too late to turn back. Seventy-five ISKCON gurus and thousands of disciples. The internal enemies say this is all wrong, there should be only one initiating guru, Śrīla Prabhupāda. But JS has disproved their theory in an essay. SP didn't ask for that and it's not the Vedic standard. He who is the disciple now becomes the guru in the future. Yes, for me personally it seems I would have done better not to do it but it is too late.

Michaelmas, the beer that made Fort Worth famous. The heel that made the shoe, the Kṛṣṇa chimes, the Kṛṣṇa ranch, the Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa name can be inserted anywhere. It is always appropriate. He is the meaning of everyone's name. He is the first and last letter in the alphabet and everyone in between. He does that through His all-pervading energies. So you

cannot be apart from Him. There is no non Kṛṣṇa atmosphere. But there is a place of antagonistic people who are disobeying Kṛṣṇa. Even that is allowed by Him and He punishes them through His material nature. If a pure devotee goes to such a place he will see Kṛṣṇa living there in various ways and he will try in a humble effort to do Kṛṣṇa's work. But sometimes it seems there is nothing you can do, the *asuras* have such control. Thousands of people are so averse to Kṛṣṇa. Yes, it is like that sometimes.

Now the Kṛṣṇa train is starting and Indians onboard don't speak English and we feel out of place. We want to get to a hotel and rest. We feel the first signs of a headache. We are worried that we may lose our luggage. We want to put the Prabhupāda *mūrti* safely somewhere. And why are we traveling anyway? It's to get to a temple to lecture, or maybe to a writing retreat in which you will write a structured book like a novel of Punch and Judy. It's going to be all right. We are singing

the latest song, accentuate the positive
don't mess with mister in between.

Snow flies in Arab dessert. The poems, the obscure ones seeking some relief from the tyranny and stuffiness of words. Take chance and error, surreal game, don't worry anymore about logical sense and those connections. Yes, but insert KC or live the KC camp. The interrogators believed they could coop up pigeons and snakes to be slaughtered. The man said,

don't talk of that stuff but liberate us from typing mistakes.

Go slower if you have to so we can read what you wrote later.

We will live in the rare place and . . . avoid the bartenders who are on strike, they are serving glasses with shots of whiskey and drying the empty glasses with a white towel until they are dry and singing . . . the balsa wood airplane made by the kid later bores him and he breaks it. Stay indoors on a rainy day and bother your parents. They say, "Sit down with me and let's have *kīrtana*." He says, "No, no, I don't want to do *kīrtana*." So you can't force the child right? What does he want to do? He wants to see some video that he's seen before. Okay, watch it, sit and waste your time in that way or play with a truck or golf ball, pin-pong ball or run around the house.

In his study the scholar is trying to make sense, trying to write a chapter on the science of a religious movement, giving his ideas how a proper society can be conducted and how we may combat inimical fanatics who work against us within the same movement or a split from it. Nothing you can do with such people who hate you and are irrational. They are like born-again Christians who consider Hare Kṛṣṇa from the Devil. How can you go and talk with them? They don't want to hear it. And those who are against you as a cult mostly don't want to hear it. You say we have not done any wrong and they turn to the Internet

and read the lies of Pada which makes it sound like you sure did a lot of wrong.

You say, "Oh, that is rabid cousins. They were ousted."

But the guy thinks where there is smoke, there must be fire. And he takes to reading their scurrilous accusations and gets his doubts confirmed. Can you look on a *sādhū* anymore but in a distorted way? Tell him you do as much trash as I do. I don't even monitor it to see what they are doing.

The fallout. The key is under the mat. The Aztecs were good at building. Minstrels put up posters giving us notice of next week's rock concerts in Dublin. If the Sex Pistols are appearing again along with Elton John, I don't want to hear him anymore.

I will tell the man who sent me the rock opera demo tape that I am fifty-seven years old and don't like this sort of music. What do you like? Oh, something with a flute with a voice saying relax and you are lying on a beach warm and heavy breathing in and out. The waves I like and no drums and when I'm okay I hear the Aindra and SP *kīrtanas*. You can call that music. I call it devotion. Be careful.

I won't be able to finish this last page. I've run out of time. If you wanna finish it you'll have to go over the hour. The teacher says, "Only two minutes, hurry up and then turn in your pages." Time ran out while I wasn't looking.

I didn't say surrender to Kṛṣṇa enough, thought out loud, "Am I qualified to be guru?" and admitted in a

certain sense I am not but I cannot give it up. And the very existence of those blasphemers make me think (as the ISKCON GBC also states) yes, we can do this work. We can prosecute teachings Śrīla Prabhupāda gave us and pass it on and give them *hari-nāma*. Don't delude them. Admit to them that you are just a castor tree guru and the message of our founder *ācārya* is coming through and that's the real potency. It's a fact that I don't do that when I write, I just come out with any damn thing on my mind because I think it serves some purpose moving along in truthfulness to the next place where we can speak *śāstra* and have realization in KC.

[1 hour, 9 1/2 typed pages, inside hut, July 31, 1996, no headache, thanks]



Session #14

2:45 P.M.

Writing practice; Discussed "first thoughts" in KC; Consider looking at published "confessions;" Discussion of cunning silence and exile, etc.

You can't wait long before the moment passes. The demons are on Internet calling me a bastard and child molester. They are protected by the first amendment. The son-of-a-bitch tattooed his own arm and prick. But you don't want that, I want sweet swing low sweet chariot. I want to call to the Lord. I want earnest by the man in control. Oh well, you don't have to, don't have to keep telling those immediate things on your mind. Or put them elsewhere. Go ahead, write it down elsewhere, *Wild Mind* and *Bones*. *Bones* chapters just looked at, says writing is practice. You have to keep in shape, always practicing, giving yourself a lot of space to write without having to reach a destination. That's what I'm doing. I figure I paid dues. I'm way ahead of what they can publish, six or more books, more than that. So now just write of yourself and this is a fact you could contact the best. But that's not the purpose. The purpose is to practice.

Capture first thoughts so that you become a better devotee and then you will be able to write those cutting through sentences. You have been fantasizing that you may be put into a tight situation. If so, you will be able to write everyday. Yes, write even though you

don't want to. You'll be able to pick up a pen and just cut through. You are fortunate, you can get typed up to be read conveniently later although that may also create some censorship. But I think it's not so bad.

Hare Kṛṣṇa cuts through. I want to say, "My friends and followers, you too can write. But mine is better and published because I'm the guru."

Someone wrote me and said, "I keep a diary too but it's not as valuable as yours which can be read by the whole world with benefit." They said that earnestly but somehow I picked up on the implication as if they were saying something else. Why does she say this? Why is my diary better than hers? Why is hers only of interest to herself and mine to many others? It may be or it may not be. But I'm taking the opportunity to publish it. I could say, "Let me be a patron of all writers, get my disciples and friends to write and publish them. But it would be a hassle and trip. I would have to reject some and accept others. It would be a trip. So go on ahead and publish at least some of it and don't feel guilty. They have their service and I have mine.

Edgar Allen Poe committed suicide when he was twenty-three in 1945 after the Nazis retreated from Berne. At that time Poe was a raven living in Baltimore in black brass form. He asked Allen Ginsberg if it was all right and AG said, "I don't know I'll have to ask Walt Whitman." I wrote little stuff like that in the attic with photos of Rilke and FD cut out and some businessmen's blurbs underneath. A friend, Lenny, said my humor was like that of "Mad" magazine. I hadn't thought of it that way.

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, the words come out. The practice school of writing and the first thoughts as taught by NG. Sounds all right but how does it fit in with the teachings of KC? You have to accept KC and it must come first no matter what some writing school says. I can say that first thoughts are the honest ones without censorship. I can say that it is an experiment that I write as honest as possible. It is good to do not only for a nondevotee but a devotee also. Because he can become smug or too righteous thinking he is always right in his institution. First thoughts help him learn his actual mind. I need that. I don't want to be just a group thinker. I want to know where I fall short, where I doubt, what is my lust and anger so I can curb it. And writing practice will help me be a writer who can write past the stuffy, perfect boring prose and say things as they are. Of course, that will good, that will flower, in a presentation of Kṛṣṇa consciousness. I can share it. Yes I want to be a good writer for Kṛṣṇa and these are methods. They take a long while. You are practicing many hours. You are trying to get good at it. Then when you find a structure that will take you along, you can pour what you have learned into that. You see? Yes I can believe this or not. But I think there is stuff in here that I can learn.

Look up and see the sunlight in the clouds. It's burning through them but mostly not. The silver clouds are hiding it. White light behind them. Irish weather is such that sun comes out fully and then the clouds blow over it again. Someone wrote that the

ocean has never fully recognized Ireland's right to be a body of land. Pours rain on it constantly.

Be who you are, write down things of the mind. Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa. That word comes out automatically and what you think of at the time of death determines your next life. They say it's better to write by hand. But I like the machine too. It bats away. It goes faster and you cannot capture all that you want to say. It is also physical in its own way.

Otherwise, by Jane Kenyon. Can't stop to look at her since I've started the full hour writing sessions. Trying to fit in poem time and walk time but missed both of those today struggling with headache and other illness. Go go.

The Kṛṣṇa consciousness movement stinks. The KC movement is successful. We gain ground somewhere and then lose it somewhere else. Some politicians says we're okay in an obscure country or in India. Then in another place they call us a cult. The anti-cultists try to inform the countries that like us that we are regarded as dangerous in other places. We try to keep it going. Aside from how we present ourselves, what are we actually? The presenter sometimes loses sight of that. I remember RS telling me that once. Deep thoughts from the philosopher. Do I have deep thought? I have deep bottoms. Bucket was the name of the detective in Dickens *Bleak House*. Dr. A asked our class, "Why is he called Bucket?" We guessed and guessed but she said no. She said you are dull and stupid for not knowing. We guessed some more but still we couldn't get it. Then she said, "Because he is deep!" But I thought,

well a bucket isn't so deep. Yes, but a bucket can be lowered deeply into a well. The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind.

Complete your thought, compose yourself. Take your finger out of your mouth, take your finger out of your ass. Don't belch. Don't associate with the navy men or louts in your mind. Go back up to the PIO room alone, alone and cry out, oh, I'm a sensitive soul and wish to be away from the sight and sound of the obscene speaking boys. I want gentle company where we can discuss literature and we don't have to use obscene words but if we want to it will be in a different context. It will be clever and so on. I want my literary friends, not these animals. The artists, those who value books and who read them. And yet you were phony and still you are phony.

It might be said, "Yes, you are now phony in a different way. Now you appear to be in KC and you are a *sannyāsi* and a writer who wants to speak spiritual truths and be single minded. You are honest and humble (some see through you). What do you really think? You could look at books which discuss this and which do this. Which are the most confessional? Confessions of an opium eater, confession of a guy as a dope. I never did get into Augustine's confession. It didn't seem very readable. Are there any confessions by people who write honestly in modern idioms.

Investigate that. Okay, I'll do it but I want to see somebody who writes more quickly without revising. You could say Kerouac does that on the run. Look then at one of his books again like *Desolation Angels*. Ah,

you'd probably get tired of it in ten minutes. They write of the dead past. Let me someone who writes a diary of now and who runs on quickly and I don't mean actually a diary of their daily thoughts but the running on.

But it's all market-place. You'll get the mad stuff Charles Simic on the other extreme. He writes very carefully and crafted but it's nothing coherent you could figure out. Tread your way in between them.

And say I do believe, I do believe
there is no way into this but to say I believe
the consecrated path is the best one
he said he could invite Manu down to get his letter.

But I don't want to exchange with him. I don't have another book to give him except *June Bug* which is too small. Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, the ways are going by fast. There are six alternatives.

So I opened a *catuspati* and taught only Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa as Lord Caitanya did. They said, "No, teach something else." So I closed it. When someone writes to me and says that they like certain of my books and not others, I'm never satisfied. Why not, be happy that they like anything at all. But when she says, "I did not like *Radio Shows*," then I think, "Oh, she's liking only half a hen. All she liked was *The Qualities of Śrī Kṛṣṇa*, that small book." All right sister, you better read it.

And the vast theater-like dimensions of the inner dome of the Prabhupāda *Samādhi* in Māyāpura. They could have done a lot better for artists, but it is okay for India we said. Where are the artists? Am I doing better? Well, I will try to get better in a different kind

of art. Be grateful that something is done in praise of your master. O my sweet lord, there is a mosaic of you with your hands upraised at the Ratha-yātrā in San Francisco and another shows you with the child DDD and you are demonstrating to him how to write his first Sanskrit letters. It is very nice even though the art is crude and not like Michaelangelo on Sistine Chapel or Giotto. Do you even know of such artists? Where is the KC artist of that caliber? Not only an accurate draftsman but someone with a soul who can portray it? Yes, I don't know. We haven't produced them yet but it will come. They commissioned that job out to *karmīs*.

You can use first thoughts and the other things. KC, please be merry. Please marry me. Please pluck the daisies and the marigolds and put them in the vase. You have your medicine and there is no way out of these. It may be habit forming. But after all, the body is only temporary and cannot be kept running just on its own. It's not that you avoid all medicine on the material idea of purity and then lose a tremendous amount of time when you could be serving. The body can't function due to pain. I did that for ten years and it was virtuous in its own way but didn't lead to me getting better. So now I'm back on the Allopathic trip, but trying not to overdo it. Don't put that Nature Cure trip on me again. I tried it, seriously twice and it doesn't work on its own. Let them who want to believe in it and fast and avoid all the wrong mixes do it. I never saw that I improved that much. They said, "Oh, you didn't try enough." Well I did try it enough as far

as I am concerned. Far away in Wicklow, we give ourselves time to write what comes.

Half-way through

Yes, you will find a structured work and novel again. You will find a joy in persona and his write, his story again or a clever box of traps to spring on the reader. He says, thank you for tricking me and entertaining me. This is almost as good as a rock opera or *Bomby*, a Bobera. Yes, it is almost as good as a plant in June, as a woman in loon.

It is Kṛṣṇa on the verge of breakdown.

He never did that but when

the demon said "Here is Your father and I'm going to cut his head off." Kṛṣṇa appeared depressed for a moment. That was just to display human feelings. Then He did the needful. Sounds like Superman of the comics. Well, Superman comes from Kṛṣṇa. Kṛṣṇa was first with the infinite most. I don't care if you indologists don't believe. I am in SB and will follow and fight in the courts and on the streets. No, we will fight but like gentlemen.

The only weapon I will allow myself to use James Joyce said is cunning, exile and silence. He was saying that there are some things I will do and some things I will not do. He wanted unfettered art and life and he would gain it by using only those weapons. I don't understand it. How does it apply to me? Well, you could say that now you refuse to be a manager or even to come close to mangers. You refuse to partake in their judgments and nitty-gritty activities and mixing.

But then how will you resist it? How will you keep yourself free of it? (This implies also that you don't agree with that kind of life. So how will you resist it or speak against it?) There are many ways you could express this disagreement. You could write papers against it, you could quit the movement, and so on. But JJ says he will only use those three weapons. I don't have to think that I have to fit into that.

I choose my secret places, the retreats and the writing expressions which I keep private. I have my headaches and I travel and show up and lecture (cunning). My exile is that I don't stay long in U.S.A. or one place. And as for being silent I don't speak out against the GBC. Yes, to some degree I may be said to follow those three things.

Twenty pages is all you get out of one of these ribbons. It's cloudy today, the sun is mostly not in evidence. Madhu is gluing together a holding tank to fix under the van so we can take a shower and the water will catch there. Can be used on the road even in a rest area with other cars around us. Clever. Do it and go ahead. And Ireland, please give us permission to get the license plates for the vehicle. And drive on. Drive on to the apex of your career. Get out of the scene and come back again.

The naive artists, the politicians, they all recycle. That is *Bhagavad-gītā* philosophy basically. SP was saying we should stop the cycle. But then on a walk Jayapataṅka Swami said, "Isn't true that a devotee doesn't care to attain Vaikuṅṭha but he wants to just

be situated as the pure devotee of Kṛṣṇa?" "Yes," Prabhupāda said, "he doesn't want anything but to serve Kṛṣṇa." That was interesting. And it seems different than saying that we should strive to cut the cycle. Perhaps the two points can be adjusted by saying that the devotee should effectively cut the karma which would impel him to be reborn. He should remove all material desires from his heart which create *saṁsāra*. But then if the Lord wants him to come back he agrees. Or if he doesn't attain perfection in this life he will not begrudge the Lord but will take up his main task in the next life, which is to attain perfection in devotional service. Jada Bharata was so intent to that in his last birth. No more getting detained by a last minute material attraction. And he went back to Godhead, attained perfection.

Thank God I remember a SB reference. I think, okay, now it's justified. Someone can read this and it will look good. But it is just as rewarding when I write something that is not explicitly KC. That means I'm going through rough terrain which I have to pass through to reach another place where I may actually speak SB realizations. He who remembers the instructions of the Lord in the morning and the night, the mysterious incarnations, will attain BTG. The mysterious incarnations. Here we go, into the mystery of *rahasyam* because you are my dear friend and my devotee.

He is the guy who works on book distribution, who works in the temple, who works on the ISKCON board and temple grounds, not the fellow like me?

About seventeen minutes left. You will finish this eighth page but maybe not the next. So you are going rather slow and you took that time out to make a note. O Lordy, You are the best. You are the worse. There is no joy in Mudville. Look at some published confessions. I thought of that.

Thinking of some unpalatable memories of the U.S. Navy and that little bunk where I slept at the bottom of three with magazines and marijuana. O angels, you protected me and I go out without punishment. And I had such a cushy berth in the PIO office. Toward the end did I consider re-enlisting? I don't think so. But you might think, "I've got some security I could work my way up to second class." But what about the morality of it? You want to be a public relations man for the stinking Navy? No, I wanted to get out and hit the mystical Lower East Side and write my poems. Oh, but was I writing too carefully? Now I write more quickly but go over them a few times for drafts.

Confessions of a . . . usually they tell some sinful life and it's all in the past. I don't think I want to read it. I would like however to look at some good prose, sure, but find something modern like that James Huston book.

I don't have any good books but the Merton diary maybe. You could read it entering daily observations and his intellect roaming into the books he reads. I don't have anything to say.

Make this the ninth page. Christopher Columbus. The Russian poet said that Christopher was a real bum, an exploiter of the Indians. He carried chains. I went to Santa Domingo where he is supposed to have first landed. There is a tourist section and museums there but I never went. I went only from the airport to the temple and back to the airport or downtown in front of the government building for *harināma*. That's all and on the roof of the temple from where I saw rats across the street, and in the temple I stayed in my room and ran the electric fan and sat on the veranda and took *prasādam* of fresh juice drinks and talked with Gobhatta Prabhu and the other devotee whose name I forget with crippled hands. It happens.

And now I have no reason to go back to Santa Domingo in my travel. But maybe I could one day go hiding off in a writing retreat somewhere like that and say I'm here but there is no typewriter and so I'm writing and saving the micro cassettes and mailing them from there. I'm in exile.

Angels of mercy surround the dying
patient in the hospital maybe
the modern machine records his heart beat
and he draws forty pictures of no account.

His best work is already done but
he doesn't know it. Friends come and pay
respects. An eagle mounts the top
of the temple and a vulture, to indicate
his next life is not so auspicious.
He'll be born in the Bronx near Yankee Stadium
and only at 30 years old will he get a book of Śrīla
Prabhupāda's

from a book distributor, those devotees he never
fully respected.

They will save his life again.

He will have to get it and get married
and go through a lot of bad stuff. Only at 30 does he
come again and before that he tries Zazen and
Acrobatics and new interpretations of the *Vedas* from
South America as he gets bad infections from chewing
sugar cane because he was born in India in short pants
but anyway he gets back to Kṛṣṇa.

Kṛṣṇa in the heart of the ant

Kṛṣṇa Caitanya telling of the *avatāras*
to Sanātana

who is listening. And I'd better listen more. I hear
some but it gets dull for me. I can't claim that my own
writing is better. But it is my own.

I will read a little more and get the work done. You
have five minutes left but you could quit at any
moment. Jerry Davis, Corky, Kent, we all worked
together in that office under Lieutenant Richardson
and a junior officer. We got release, got the hell out of
there. Hello Mr. This is the way you guys got to behave.
There is no respect given to the enlisted man. He has

to work as the officer tells him. But they gave me a break pretty much and told me to close up the office. Lieutenant Richardson was often under a cloud, not a happy man. He wanted war to enliven him. He was too old to fly the jets now and he only flew an old prop plane, I think. I don't care, I'm KC and can't help those people in my past now.

The confessions of so and so where they give the truth. The blueprint for the fall of Rome, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa deliver me from this blather. If you call this practice, I don't know what it will lead to. This doesn't seem like what I want it to be, but what comes when you let your fingers write. Perhaps the pen would be more fruitful. You can also try shorter ones where you just get your stuff out and then stop.

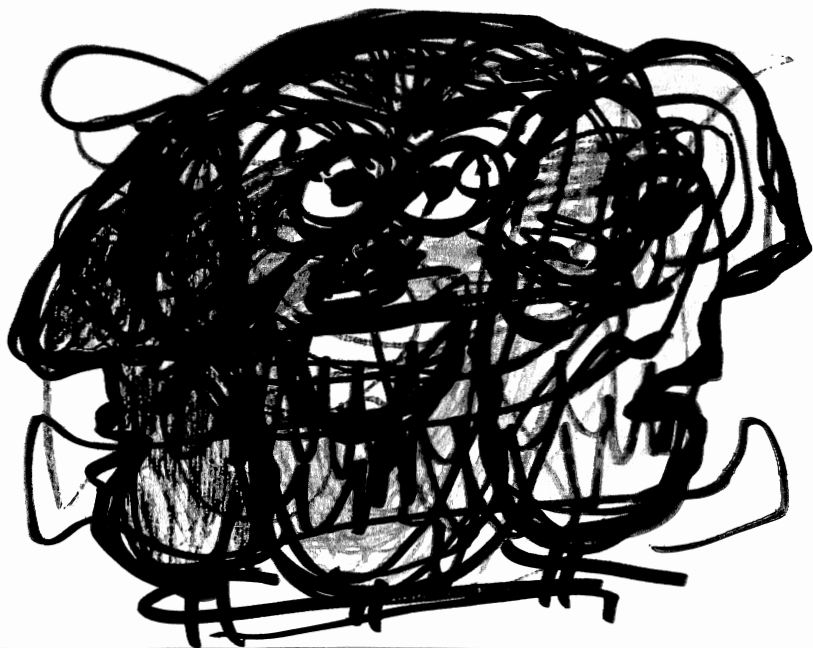
The detergent is on the shelf. John Updike is sharpening pencils. Mailer is putting down all of the writers, Celine, Genet, Burroughs, you keep looking for the favorite author, Henry Miller, D.H. Lawrence, I didn't even mention them sufficiently in my book . . . Lawrence I tried to find a friend but never found one I loved. Did you love your own self? Well, that is true but not in a vacuum. You have to have companions.

I did like the writing of Murry and Steve. I did admire them. It was a true spontaneous enthusiasm. I liked it when we wrote what we actually thought instead of otherwise.

This has been a trip I hope the typist doesn't mind. It is practice, you see, and first thoughts to generate release of censors and gain momentum for the great, ordered, clean smooth short book I will write maybe

later this summer which will be as good as *Photo Preaching*. This is a warm-up for it. So you say and yet in its own way this is the best I could do.

[1 hour, 10 1/3 pages, hut, July 31, 1996, afternoon]



Session #15

11:56 A.M., August 1, 1996

Expression of doing the same thing over; Dissatisfactions; Writer's block; No subject (writing sessions are a form to address this).

You look back or don't. Main thing is to practice writing and believe that it will lead to better writing. It's your service, like Gopī Mañjarī dāśī going on the altar each morning to serve, awake, dress, etc. Rādhā-Mādhava. You get bored, it's mechanical, you don't even have faith. All those things occur but you go on anyway.

SP said the good disciple sees himself always as faulty. If he thinks he's first-class then he's not a good disciple. Room for improvement. And SP reprimands him. It is good for him.

I wanted quiet to write in. Not a performance. How it will help you to enter the Lord's abode? You go past other *lokas*. There is Devī-dhāma (material world) Maheśa-dhāma (Śiva's), and Hari-dhāma, and topmost Vaikuṇṭha is the center of the whorl, Goloka Vṛndāvana. Make this in the planetarium. They are studying it and the orbits and it does or doesn't coincide with the observations of modern astronomers who calculate and look with giant telescopes and calculate and theorize.

These things were important to Śrīla Prabhupāda to remove the stigma that KC was myth.

Woke in a strong dream. That is not the real you. Here you are in your room with your writing sessions going on in Wicklow. In one dream we were getting up, inmates of a ship or some place. One man used the toilet as a basin to wash himself. I had been using the same toilet to try to pass stool but I was constipated. This comes from real life.

He was a captain in the Marines. Wrote his book. "A military" writer he is not. That life is also injustice Wolff wanted to say. Found myself desiring to look at books of confession, but haven't asked for them yet. Most likely you'd put them all aside. What you really want is excellent modern writing. Confession? Maybe. But usually it's just an autobiography.

He knows the way
I've run out of tricks
time to confess you don't
know what will please the
Lord, have chosen this way
or it has chosen you, where
you write in practice.

Run and run like running monks she wrote about, who vowed to run and the mountains and they would rather die than quit. When it's not fun you still write. When you don't know what to say, when before your eyes it's not coming out KC . . .

The left hand has no work to do but pretends to help holding the page. But when you type then it also works.

Don't want to draw pictures either, it takes time away from flow of words. Yesterday I went at midnight for only a half-hour. So tonight you are tempted to do the same. I asked, "Give me forty-five."

It will look good in print
Kṛṣṇa will be pleased if you
offer to Him your acts.

Oh, I could read little Therese but she's so foreign. I need Kṛṣṇa *bhakti* so I'll read of Gauḍīya Vaiṣṇava saints. People, devotees, places, the land, Vṛndāvana, Māyāpura, he told us in his books. And my book was as interesting to him apparently. Then our relationship diminishes in vitality because there's nothing really to say. That's not true, I can have a friendship with a person who doesn't read each and every book I publish as long as he approves of me being a writer and acknowledges that it's a good service that helps people, including the "personal" writing. What can you expect?

Here brother, here's a 500 page book I wrote. It's intimidating.

When did you join? Oh, I was interested back in '74. I got initiated by SP in '77. And second initiated by so and so who fell down but I am not going to get re-initiated. There are many in that category.

Kṛṣṇa goes to Mathurā. The *gopīs* are sad. Read it again. And what the Lord taught in Cc. Oh, I am so familiar with it. Also, the terrain of your mind is no surprise to me.

Still, pancakes are new and cereal is new and hot milk sweetened and sunrise. Be in your body growing,

death is new, comes only once in each lifetime and you have no memory of previous ones. If it's novelty you want, take death, or go live on the street, keep actually changing your situation, experiment with religions like Rāma-Kṛṣṇa did and so we say to be everyone's servant is no one's servant. But you'll be Māyā's plaything.

So I stay consistent. The sameness is a virtue. And within it you can experience many new things. Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa. There is no way out of this.

With PMRB there was always a new verse, right? But I felt I was insisting the reader read it. (You don't do the same with a WS?) And I was not so interested in my answers to the SB topics.

You mean you think it's just another ISKCON SB presentation of philosophy and then tacked onto it is some free-writing?

Yeah, I think that. I think it ran well for as long as it did but for now it has stopped. We will see later when it's published.

Next ideas can be for timed books, etc. that come out in PE. GNP has coming out: *Gentle Power*, *Touchstone*, *Churning* (a big one), *You Can't Leave Boston*, *Spiritualized Dictionary*, *Travel Diaries*, *September Catchall*—that's seven right there and also you have enough for another *Radio Shows*, another of *My Letters From Śrīla Prabhupāda*, and we're talking now of another selection book like *WG* and I'm doing poetry for a '97 volume. So I don't need to write for making books to print.

Letters fetters, fritter, fret and wink. I'll get out of this yet. Forgive everyone, he writes with wisdom. I admit to lack of wisdom. To being only a fellow who writes what the *śāstras* say and who listens faithfully to his master say there is no doubt that we take a next life and the goal is Kṛṣṇa-loka because it says so in his books, these ancient authorized books upheld in the living tradition (*paramparā*) carried up to today by LC's followers. BVT brought it into the modern age by his books and then BSS ambitiously preached and SP, law books for mankind.

Lay off the drawings for awhile. Maybe a different approach will come where I seek something—not just new news's sake but feel alive. If by drawing the same thing you can feel alive, that's fine.

Yes, this one is tough. Went nowhere at all. Mind not at rest and can't go deep. NG workshop. "Write about food that you like." Okay, I like to eat cereal when it's got honey and milk in it. I eat a full bowl with some fruits. But many things are always the same and don't interest me so much. That's true for everyone I think. You write in a diary. Say

another day

I must find strength to face

the sameness for no reason

except you have to go on

so value the courage to do it.

Wherever I turn I find that I'm grateful,

limited,

unwilling to go further.

I'm feeling fortunate for what I have, yet quietly aware it is very much falling short.

Do you "need new challenges?" or you already have the challenge of filling out your vocation as it is?

There is a certain place, the storyteller began, where a man grew carrots that were green. Or it's just a realistic, dirty story of ordinary life, something bad, violent and sexual happens. Too bad for him.

That's the way it is. He lost his wife (three times) and the wife wants custody of his kids. He's got nothing now so seeks another wife but he's crippled (Andre Dubus). At least he's got his brain and writes stories.

Oh, listen listen.

I'm listening.

You got nothing to say? This is getting like "Waiting for Godot, " admission that aside from strife and enjoyments we've got nothing. I don't believe that, but when I write KC notes to what I read it's not the same. Why not feed yourself a little now? You don't have to write this more than five more minutes, then take at least ten minutes to read in Cc. before you do *japa*.

There was once a bottle, a cork, a life and past lives he can't remember. The dissatisfaction expressed in going alone, seeking in nondevotee books, not reading so much even in SP, not being able to settle on a form or structure which is after all a kind of game to give shape to the thoughts you have. Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, I pick the excerpts from SP's lectures.

When someone writes you a letter then you have a very definite topic to respond to. But that's always very

private, your reply as well as their letter is just between the two of you. I want material I can write on for publishing if it comes out okay.

The letters you wrote in *Dear Sky*. I've got a kind of writing block that I'm working out here in WS. Yeah, it maybe serving this purpose.

Spoiled kid who doesn't like food his mother is serving him.

Loses excitement in life.

Oh, everything is the same. In last two minutes you make your prayers. It's not a joke, you have to be reborn again. Can you think of *Bhagavad-gītā*? Is it not real and interesting to you? I want to hear the Lord's words. I am a bored case at the end of the century *fin de siècle* used to be a time (end of 19th century) when people were bored and decadent, jaded.

That jaded sickness

"Give me an aperitif."

"Let's try some new form of sex."

"Let's travel somewhere."

But whatever they do they have to face the self. So read SP and you struggle as you would in any other endeavor, but the rewards are much greater—entrance to Kṛṣṇa's domain and association as His eternal servant.

[45 minutes, 9 handwritten pages, August 1, 1996]



Session #16

4:02 A.M.

This is not a strict writing session but something I did with a fifteen minute interruption in the middle of it,

You'd like to write nice things of course. You pray for one nice project after another. In Vṛndāvana you wanted a long-term project and got one that lasted you quite a few months of steady work. Now you are doing the WS. So be satisfied that you are back into the "loving arms that you come to illogically and incoherently." Or come to it anyway you want.

We wanted to be sensible. There are enemies listening and they can put it on the Internet. They can publish your secret writings. The confidentiality is an illusion. Don't say anything unless you wanted it published or if it's so confidential then don't get it typed. Don't even read it. But I want to communicate.

Expressed myself in the WS earlier today and said I don't feel much excitement for anything. Everything is the same, etc. Reading the scriptures and writing too. That kind of patch can come and so you record just as you record any other emotion. One after another. You want and chant, things pass through you. You've got the quiet time now but that doesn't mean you are always in bliss and all your thoughts are first-class. It is what it is. Certainly it's a peaceful time here but that doesn't mean I can write a book like *Paradise Lost* or

the best work of SDG. I think it would be better right now to look *Wild Garden* and NG's *Bones*.

[Took a break here to do that reading.]

Does a WS have to follow rules? What if I don't write the way she says you are supposed to? Can I still count it as a writing session? Not really I suppose. Then you could turn this more into a diary where you write whenever you get a chance. Maybe both full sessions and little diary entries.

"Continue to practice." I will be going out soon. It's easy to think of things to do instead of writing. I jump from one of them to another. Everything becomes an escape from writing but that's okay too if you really don't want to write. Come back to it when you are ready. Composting. Writing down the things you do and the things you are.

It is August here but cool as it has been ever since we arrived in June. Don't expect a warm summer in Ireland. Don't expect much of anything just accept what comes. The black keys, the pen for handwriting that I gave up. Oh, you are looking for something but you have no resources right now. Hare Kṛṣṇa, don't give up.

Don't give up. That's the only thing that you must learn and hold on to, whether it's *japa* or this writing. Don't give it up. You ask, "But what is the value of it?" Maybe there is no value but don't give up.

Barbara Mc Doland was the name of the first girl I took out on a date. I really didn't like her. I was twelve

or thirteen years old and so was she. You were supposed to take a girl out for this date of a hay ride. She was from a poorer family than ours. I was surprised to see where she was living, not a nice house. Even before that, I danced at a squaredance in the town next to ours (can't remember the name of the town now) with Alice Ericson. Gosh, I still remember the names. She was stouter than me. At least we danced. Those squaredances. It was a success I did it. I recall it now.

You should keep trying to write this, memories and confessions, digging up things, the process of writing, the love of writing and taking to KC. Why don't you read Augustine's confessions.

I guess I could but I didn't like it when I tried before. It seemed to be so much rhetoric. He addresses the whole thing to God. I wouldn't presume to do that. I talk out loud to myself. That seems more realistic. Sometimes I may raise to the occasion and speak to God. But you could look at Augustine's book since it's such a classic.

Lord, when I die I want to remember You. I see, however, that I don't have a taste for it the way I have a taste for raspberries and blackberries and milk and honey. But Lord Caitanya's pastimes are like sweetrice and Lord Kṛṣṇa's *līlā* are like the addition of camphor. Also the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* is nectarean juice made sweeter by Śukadeva Gosvāmī. These are the metaphors and they are true. Lord, I could address a book to You but what's the use? I'm a fool.

Jean Shepherd telling about the clown. Me telling about the frown in the mirror and Frank Sinatra records I stole from the Food Farm. Why not? They paid me only seventy-five cents an hour and I worked so hard my back ached. Why not do a little stealing on the side? Lucky you never got caught.

It's surprising there are people who want to condemn you. But life is like that. They claim you took a big post and never should have. I won't dwell on it here. There are different categories of people who want to bring up my past mistakes. Some do it in an earnest way because they were hurt and yet they still care for me. Some are on a crazy trip against all of ISKCON and they think that they have the answers. Moreover, the worst of them—Pada—indulges in the grossest kind of yellow journalism, lies and slander to make their point. You can't deal with people like that.

Madhu keeps saying therefore better be very careful about what you publish and don't give them ammunition.

Still, a person has to tell his truth, not just write stuff that will look good if lawyers get a hold of it. I should finish this soon and get myself out for a little walk. Sift through the compost, make entries, get in shape so when it's your turn the thrilling thing you want to write will pass through you powerfully and honestly. Well said.

[3 typed pages written staring at 4 A.M. with a break in the middle.]



Session #17

9:12 A.M.

New speaking project, "Memories;" An outline for a talk on chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa japa; Stopped short fearing headache.

I just began a new project of speaking into a microphone: "Memories." I started one on the town Bay Terrace. I feel elated. It's natural to be happy with a new project. But it may also come from the fact that I haven't felt so elated about the WS. I tell myself, "Yes, the WS is hard, it's composting, etc. You can't expect so much to come right away, and so on." But does the lack of shape or use-ability get me down?

It shouldn't. I should be willing to write. But it should not be boring. I go through patches of difficult writing. Hare Kṛṣṇa.

Anyway we can focus on memories without trying to make them into a whole anecdote or vignette. That seems to be my style. Don't dwell on something too long, Oh, God, you're not going to tell us all those awful stories, are you, of learning to play the guitar and teenage vices, stealing records, etc?

I may, I may.

And are they going to get into the WS and soil these pages?

Maybe, but don't talk like that. What do you mean soil? If it's your life you should be willing to admit it.

Yes, but there are malicious and dirty and self-destructive things that one should keep out.

You are write. I want to ascend to the place above the modes, to the realm of Hari-dhāma. I know that it exists and I want to get there. But I have to admit it warms my heart to talk of these things. BVT also spoke of his whole life and sometimes SP did too. Even before conversion, the sinner was a soul in a body. And now he looks back and is happy. Partly he feels happy because of the relief, the sheer joy of not being in that condition anymore and perhaps the pleasure of being a survivor.

I will pick out a section to speak on next Sunday here in Wicklow. Another section of Cc., maybe those questions asked by the residents of Kulinagram, even though I did it recently. The brothers Satyarāja and others asked Lord Caitanya and He answers, "What is a Vaiṣṇava?" and the importance of chanting. I could get into the emphasis about chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa, but what a hypocrite, me talking as if I hold it important in my life. You could read from your own book about it. But no better to just do it from Cc. If I had to draw from my own life I could say that I start at 1:30 A.M. and sit in the darkness and look out at the skylight at whatever light is coming in, although I would prefer to have a small votive light on the altar. Thus I would admit to them that it's okay to try to make the atmosphere as conducive as possible. This is called "ground work for ecstasy." Talk about these externals of chanting from your own life. But for the internals, the main challenge before us is to pay attention.

You could read BVT's statement about this in relation to inattention and enthusiasm. Chant, chant, chant. It is a pleasure. But I can't, can't, can't says the guy in the cartoon.

This is the Hare Kṛṣṇa movement. Chant Hare Kṛṣṇa on your beads.

The questions by the people of Kulinagram also dwell on recognizing Vaiṣṇavas in different categories and honoring them all. Honoring Vaiṣṇavas means anyone who chants the holy names of God. That could include anyone who chants the Jesus prayer or names of Allah. But of course it particularly means a chanter of the Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra. I'm afraid to say that some of the chanters of Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra seem to be demons. When they're not chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa they're very destructive to ISKCON. In that case they're committing offenses when they chant. We don't associate with them. But still they are chanters. It might be in fact that we may one day be persecuted or killed by a chanter of Hare Kṛṣṇa. In Northern Ireland isn't it something like that? Both sides are followers of Jesus and yet if you are Protestant you may be killed by an IRA man or visa versa. I don't want to get into that controversial groove. I'm writing it here because it came up and also you might want to be prepared for it if someone raised the question.

That's another function of the free-writing. It helps you go over territory so that you're ready for later exchanges. I just up earthed a snake in the fact that a chanter of Hare Kṛṣṇa might behave like a demon or

an enemy and be more harmful to you than a nonchanter.

And that's what some devotees have been pointing out such as Śrīdhama and wife in Italy. They say they find Hare Kṛṣṇa devotees to be often very disappointing people. They have found new friends who are not chanters of Hare Kṛṣṇa and they find them to be loving, and so on. They themselves also no longer feel the deep obligation to chant Hare Kṛṣṇa anymore. They are not bound by the vows they took to chant sixteen rounds.

But I can't help but feel this is offensive. We have the order of the guru who says it's very important and that should be enough for us. All the members of this movement are carrying this out to the best of their ability and we have to do it also. To hold this as sacred and to attempt it as our duty . . . and whether we know it or not the holy names have great potency. It is prescribed that especially in this age there is no other form of worship or *yajña* that is possible. You can see some of those quotes. So it is important to look at *śāstras* to support the view and not just go on your own gut feelings about whether chanting is important in improving you.

It is a cool day and sunny right now. It's good enough weather for Madhu to be up working on the van. I have a sweater on and over that a sweatshirt and a knit hat on and two pairs of socks, sitting in the hut. No heat. Heat is in the body.

O Lord, I had to take one pill already to keep working for the cause of the WS. It is a life of practice, it is composting. It is the act of kindness to let yourself do something that is possible for you rather than something impossible. Hey, go for it. So I'm feeling elated by the beginning of a new project of Memories. I want to rush in and tell Madhu to get me some memory books such as Maya Angelou's and Patrica Hampels. I thought of Sean Ocasey but his autobiography is too carefully written in the third person, and so on. I don't want to remember everything chronologically and not so carefully either. I want to range from one memory to another. The act of remembering with joy. Every artist does that and so some go beyond the actual states to imagination. For now let's just remember and see where it takes us.

Doing the speaking memories in the hut takes away some time and energy from my writing WS. The WS may therefore be a little shorter. All right. One could say I've been holding back, reticent, not able to breakthrough with the WS. I don't know what it is. Partly it's a commendable seriousness. I don't feel inclined to play a lot with words. I feel like a grown-up asked to do childish things when my own self suggests, "Why don't you try automatic writing or make a list of any words that come to mind?"

Of course I'll do some of that but I'm looking for something else. I'm certainly flailing and it hasn't been easy.

Just now I heard a car dig out. The devotees usually don't start cars like that, so fast and violent. Maybe it's

a delivery vehicle with the mail pack. That will be a trip.

So friend, you have done the PY and I am proud of you. What it is I don't know. And I am proud of you for attempting your poems each day now, for working them through a third draft. After a third draft we can file them away for now and look at them later. Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa.

Stand by for the news or the threat, be on guard. The Coast Guard, the State Troopers and the military, the courts are all on guard to tackle the wrong doers and put them in prison or fine them. They are professions of law and order. Others want to protect the rights of individuals so that in the name of law there is not a tyranny of individual rights. Freedom of religion and freedom of the press are guaranteed by the first amendment. The bill of rights, ten amendments. Then the women's rights got added. The Hare Kṛṣṇa movement is not mentioned but we went twice to the Supreme Court and twice lost on technical cases involving our rights to distribute books in public or semi-public places. We were not in these cases asking for the right to exist but for rights to proselytize which has always been controversial because of the techniques the devotees use and which the movement itself admit were sometimes cheating. But when our case went to the Supreme Court asking relief from the Robin George suing, the case was sent down and in such a way that was favorable for us.

I certainly identify with the ups and downs and the fortunes of the Hare Kṛṣṇa movement. If it gets a bad

name then when I'm in public with my Hare Kṛṣṇa dress and hair cut and *tilaka*, I may be seen as "one of them." That's a selfish consideration. Besides that, I desire the aims of the movement to be pushed ahead. If I have any sense of improvement in the world it is by the spreading of the values of the *saṅkīrtana* movement. Not always in the sense of growing numbers but the sending of roots deeply, and so on. Russia, what is happening there? Hundreds and thousands of devotees but one hears that they leave in hundreds also and are not trained. America, disarrayed, but somehow more rooted in its own way. The concept of congregation is actually coming into place. And devotees are existing in greater numbers outside the temples, and not being considered outcasts just for that reason. Times are changing.

I don't have much more time left to make my own pronouncements. Why are you so happy that you could speak a memory of Bay Terrace this morning? It had no KC in it. So why are you happy?

I don't know. I admit it was life and it touched me. I want to live in those things. And if it keeps going there will be KC memories also. Some embarrassing ones I'll have to go through as in writing WS which has to go through long stretches sometimes before I can break-through. So the speaking memories will be the same. We can share them and they will be an overall triumph of a person becoming a devotee. This same person who is so blind and insignificant became a devotee by the grace of the spiritual master who came to America, Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa.

Have you stopped drawing pictures? Do you no longer sing the blues? Are you about to execute the best program of reinforcement? Are you just now writing sentences without caring whether they make any sense? And is this one of the important differences between a diary (journal) and a writing practice?

Yes, the diary is usually reflection. But no, Tristine Rainer says that diary also can be automatic writing. It doesn't have to make sense.

Destroyers, battleships, *The Ranger*, the carrier, the super carrier, me in the Atlantic, me in the Med. Oh, please save me from the beds. Please save me from inequities I committed. So many books now it will spend your head, you better take shelter in the perfect ones.

Don't do forced work that is not a pleasure on this writing retreat. Quit when you don't want to do it. But I thought we were supposed to keep going by the clock.

Yes, that's true but I did fifteen minutes talking, so now you can do only forty-five minutes of writing. I don't want to incur another headache.

Open the window and give us some fresh air.

I went into *tulasī's* house and recited in Sanskrit and in English out loud the beautiful prayers, "O Tulasī beloved of Kṛṣṇa I bow before you again and again . . . I want to be the maidservant . . . my only wish . . . is to swim in the love of Śrī Śrī Rādhā and Govinda." If you say that prayer sincerely everyday in her presence, I can see it making a real difference. It is *gopī-bhāva*. That means *mañjarī-bhāva*. Kapoor says Rūpa Gosvāmī

was the first one to use the word *mañjarī* and he introduced that *upasana*, that form of worship. It is better even than thinking of oneself as a *gopī*. *Mañjarīs* get to directly serve Rādhā. There's a list given and most of the *ācāryas* (followers of Lord Caitanya, Gosvāmīs) are in the *mañjarī* identity.

This is more or less common knowledge and could even be called academic or theoretical knowledge taught in the Gaudiya community. SP didn't teach *mañjarī-bhāva* or *upasana* because it would have been a caricature of real things. *Mañjarī* is imbued with conjugal sentiment of assisting Rādhā with Her lover Kṛṣṇa, seeing Them in the *kuñja*, assisting in Their intimate pastimes. So if you have mundane lust you can't have anything to do with it. It's a dangerous game.

Crap game fear of the next headache. He keeps writing anyway. Well don't do that. Quit a little early and take care of yourself. So you don't have to take extra pills.

Okay, but I have been going only a half-hour.

Well, that's okay too.

Just a little more. The wave causes the ocean to fall down. The devotee prayed, the last person living. Markendeya Ṛṣi made a big mistake asking to see the devastation of the universe. I want to see the back to Godhead. I don't want to pray for the wrong thing or it may take millions of eons before you get back on track. Keep this in mind when you read other books.

[32 minutes, 6 typed pages, Wicklow]



Session #18

3:55 A.M., August 2, 1996

I'm feeling a strong resistance to writing. Why? Don't even want to discuss it with you.

You demander
and you reader.

Think of Steve Rosen. What impels *him* to write? And all the others. I know why SP wrote. He was clear. His desire was to please his s.m. by spreading KC. He personally felt compassion, wanted to fight against the ignorant, establish the KC movement. He had the most important literature to deliver in translation with Bhaktivedanta Purports.

That's why he wrote. And he said he loved to do it.
Rūpa Gosvāmī, Raghunātha dāsa Gosvāmī...

Resistance I feel is different. You get tired of making a show. And then you get tired of trying to write free of making a show.

Oh well, maybe you better just quit it and sit in the garden. Just read.

Can't do that either. Creating bug got me.
But yeah I will read.

You see, I get headaches and they also prevent me from pounding out pages at a clip as I was doing, ten typed per hour, ten handwritten per hour. That's why I thought of sitting and talking and even then, not pushing out as many words as I could speak in a half-hour. You can pause and speak, pause and speak.

Rent trailers
women for sale

I don't even know anymore why I write this way. Because if you're going to fill a page and not stop and daydream over it, you must agree to keep the hand moving. But that means

trash, subsistence,
recalling Debus in US Marines and my own dream back in the Navy.

The ship suddenly approached a major league baseball stadium while a game was in progress.

"Hey look! " I said, interrupting a conversation. "It's a baseball stadium ahead!" (Saratoga sailors had joined with those on another ship).

It was an awesome sight for us on the ship to see the playing field. The audience and players in the stadium were also overcome by our approach. We passed over them like a very serious shadow—they finished the play and then offered respects as the nation's protectors, the big gray ship darkened the sky and moved over the playing field and then beyond.

In the morning I was enthusiastic to speak a childhood memory. By afternoon I lost all interest in that. I also felt no drive for WS. Felt too intimidated by recurring headaches. To do WS takes so much energy and you don't get immediate KC, so I thought, why attempt it? Let it go.

Where does that leave me? Read some and thought, why don't I do just straight KC activities like reading Cc. and that's all. That's what Mahārāja Parikṣit did at

the end of his life. But this is my preaching and we take a risk, stay in touch with the material world and use it for the Lord's service.

So he says but right now he's not so sure what expression to make. Besides, the mail pack may hit today. If you want, you could go full-time on answering that for at least two days. Maybe that by itself would bring you to a new place and you would feel what you want to do next.

Chant Hare Kṛṣṇa I'll tell them on Sunday.

The man he draws is half himself, half serious. A profile of Alfred Hitchcock. Hirshfield did those caricatures of Hollywood persons, famous for his expert hand—made fun of people's features. Jimmy Thompson did it too but says, "No more."

What is it I'm trying to do?

Stay awake

Get peanut butter on my sandwich. Finagle my way into spiritual grace. Be a boy. Recall blintzes in blintz shop on Lower East Side and try to claim that memory is spiritual. That wasn't soon before I met him. Now tell us what it was like to be young and not busted. You still felt free sometimes and treasured your lonely life. But that can't last long.

Yes, I'm willing to talk it out in the garden.

Jaundice is *avidya*. Cure is HKM. It's sweet but we taste it as bitter. Be enthusiastic. That's like saying be in love. You can't order yourself to be enthusiastic.

Then at least go to the atmosphere conducive to it.

Write something people can benefit by.

Wall Street

Nixon, prose, Malcom-X, days of 60s. I don't read news.

Album

Now I'm about to stop this, blinking the tear eyes.
Catch a little rest before the morning walk.

[15-20 minutes, 4 1/2 pages]



Session #19

12:30 midnight

"Memories" underway, slow and gradual attempt to attain gold in flashes by speaking. But there is still a place for WS.

Mail came yesterday. Reading IWR and BTG, I first felt a wave of being left out (along with my fault-finding, knee-jerk response to persons and projects. But neither do I support anti-ISKCON persons and their rhetoric. I'm a loyalist with reservations.) Then a second wave was feeling I'm right to be solitary and to show up in temples to prove I'm still alive and well in ISKCON. Be useful and true.

"You don't have to be mental with me," BT Swami said to me in a dream. A person explained that he meant that I should not try to butter him up, pretending to be more friendly than I actually was.

All right, if that's how they want it.

So mail . . . X dasa's torment kept me awake as did headache and maybe caffeine after I took headache pill. I answered a letter at 8 P.M. in a way more deep and sincere than my first attempt at it. I could use help in answering them but mostly I don't take any.

Rigmarole. Take notes in separate book about how to conduct "Memories." But basically it's improvised. Try to not show off or perform to make a good one or to be preachy. Really hone in on one and tell it with details. The first one I did on Bay Terrace is a standard

but the preachy attempt to recall the first time I went to 26 Second Avenue was also okay.

Trust in process.

Same with WS. Read it later in bound form.

P. Swami lived in unfinished apartment in busy city. I stayed there overnight but didn't like it. I told you the jazz mentors may not be KC your own stomach is purring right now but I didn't overeat. Maybe he's tired of lying down.

Get up early as you can, my man. You're gun-shy of headache. Drink lots of water. M. clears his throat. Drink. Be alive.

Jayanta dreamed I died so her friend wrote me a letter maybe thinking it was the last chance to express herself. I'll tell her we will all die but I don't intend to do it yet and hope J's dream is not prophetic but maybe it's an expression of her anxiety (or maybe her relationship is dying).

News, news don't present it raw in unfiltered way in WS or you have another IWR with ad pages and don't scope your letters. However I can't (won't) tell you: don't do this, don't do that.

Unfettered freedom in life and art James Joyce wanted and now he is friendly looking on the twenty pound note of Ireland with the first line of *Finnegan's Wake*, "*riverun . . .*" What if our van is not ready on time?

Oh no, problem. It will be ready said M.

A thousand pounds. Thirty rounds a day G. chants. He says, "Sixteen is only a warm-up for me." Commendable. But he has another "mantra" in his heart which is his material attachment and the bereavement it causes him. Citraketu suffered when his son died and Nārada said it was *māyā*. Angira. Angira Plectorius.

The way the August month. The late summer bugs eat through leaves, flowers fade, last hot days and maybe hint of cool ones—at least in Ireland. Spent time here writing. It's all right.

You say what comes to mind. Leather wings.

But I like . . . maybe should have read of the Gosvāmīs before taking rest instead of just the mail. I went to bed extra early but didn't gain from it. O Gosvāmīs of Vṛndāvana, you are great indeed and hearing of your life is inspiring.

Read Cc.—an ad to myself—

Flash it on the screen

Read Cc. and save yourself

Become a complete person

Be happy in KC

Learn esoteric secrets and solid
basics and be with your s.m.

Read CC.

I thought of being in prison and they said you could have one book and I asked for the one-volume Cc. But did they say, "No, it's hardbound. You can only have paperbacks?"

"I beseech you in the bowels of Christ, please consider that you may be wrong"—one British statesmen said to the other.

Voltaire: *ecre sez l'fame*

Nixon: I'm no crook.

If I only had another helicopter, said Carter. (I'm not a fairy.)

Satsvarūpa said—if only my audience would appreciate my books and I didn't get headaches. I wanted peace. I knew the Swami in '66 so you've got to forgive me. I belong in ISKCON, don't think otherwise.

I didn't listen (or stopped) to jazz.

They didn't understand my writing. It takes study and sympathy. Many subtle points may tend to be taken the wrong way. The persona, for example

Oh, the art of the rose
is blooming and even
though wind
and rain shatter them,
new ones come forth.

Please see all this as Kṛṣṇa's arrangement. It is cruel nature. God is in control and puts you under the care of Durgā and you try to get amenities from her, Mother. She gives so-called enjoyments and slaps too. Better to surrender to Kṛṣṇa since you have to surrender somewhere.

Yeah, it would be nice.

I'll write here WS probably shorties like this one, leave a trail of blood drops or ink patterns, daisy and rose petals. Blaze a trail with ax, lay maxims and laws, and strew (sprew) the way with dreams. (P. Swami was

up early chanting in the one room that was nicely arranged. I spent my time preaching to that economist. Told him SP said India's true economy is a very simple one and they should not be a beggar nation but give spiritual teachings to the world. Of course now . . .)

That was as dream. This is a sheam.

Read statement devotee said that on SP's appearance day we should take it as very special and significant in 1996 and pray for making a commitment, etc., etc. I thought, why make such a big thing about that one day? It's another hype. Everyday is special. If you try to make that one Super Important it will come off disappointing and phony. So I saideth.

Let's see you then make each day special. I will go to the garden and speak out loud.

Do shorter WS, frequent as you can. Even five minutes is okay.

[28 minutes, 5 7/8 pages, August 3, 1996]



Session #20

4 P.M.

Good to do "Memories." Twice in two days you quit on them and then came back. They are for you.

I was remembering Cozili and how I struggled the first time there (in hay fever season) writing *What Shall I Write?* We may romanticize in past, I realize that. But still I recalled that I struggled to free-write, to continue the process—to write with no subject, to improve the form and to finally say, "I want a form but cannot find one, but how about this?" And that memory made me want to come back to these writing sessions in Wicklow which have recently diminished.

They keep you honest. They sent me tapes of NM speaking at 26 Second Avenue but I don't want to hear them. If I like them or if I find fault with them, either way it's dangerous. Those who see it in a simple way that, "He's a soft and very advanced devotee; I don't know what all the controversy is about?" are naive and one doesn't even want to break into their naivete for fear of disturbing them. Let it go. But at least I have to mention these things.

Madhu cut a large whole in the side of the van. It's where the fridge goes and he will replace the whole with a plastic vent. I grow detached from the van but wonder about all the money we borrowed to get it. Still not on the road with registration. Everything is going along as expected on schedule, Irish time.

Some things you keep to yourself.

I remember hyacinths? You thought to quit the “Memories” out of a good urge to be seriously KC. As you massaged SP you asked him what to do, what did he want you to do? And the answer you felt was, “You decide.” You decide how you want to serve him. Aren’t those the terms of pure loving service? We have to serve, either *māyā* or Kṛṣṇa. We are not master. So if we decide to serve Kṛṣṇa then still we keep our individuality and initiative. We submit to the guru. We take a service and that is also according to capacity and proclivity (according to psycho physical nature or maybe something more spiritual than that). By trial and error we come to our career, our chosen service. Do the needful we are told. We do what an authority tells us to do. You men and women go out and distribute books. They’re told this is the best way to get the Lord’s mercy. So try the best service. Keep at it if you can. Save people by giving them a book. It actually happens.

Find your service even if it’s something other than the heroic book distribution. Just a job? Why did you get married? Doing whatever service they offer you in the temple in return for room and board and spiritual shelter?

What do you want to do?

As a writer, what? A book? A series of practice sessions? Let the process unfold and the shape will come like a Picasso drawing developing its story in a succession of strokes. It begins looking like a fish or a bird and in the last two minutes it turns into a strange black cat.

Oh, humor me, Smith
I've got an ego on ice
we can't go with you on
vacation to the *tirtha*
because our house would freeze
in our absence and
the Sahara Bar needs tending
by uncle Mike
the covered-over loan shark.
You know what I mean?

Saints of Vaiṣṇavism. Memoirs of Śrīla Prabhupāda
hit the record high. Now he's looking at the clock
again. Is it true we used to write a whole hour? I can
hardly believe it.

Devotional service is the only way to attain Kṛṣṇa.
Jñāna and karma won't do it. They need devotional
service to be successful.

Please get well. Take plenty of rest. Stop stressing
yourself. Tell him or her to accept that they can't work
like they used to. Give up the other projects. Do what
little you can.

That guy's a bum
his wife works. That
sādhū is a scrounger
begging off the Hindu doctors,
those fellows in high office
and those blasphemers are
stealing from the welfare department
or some other cheating, cheating, cheating
kick it out.

Finish the day with some speed writing. But don't tire yourself out. Do you know how to relax while you run? Does a Kṛṣṇa thought go through your head? O Prabhupāda, you allow us to call out, "O Hare, O Kṛṣṇa, O Energy of the Lord, O Lord." This is the call to be engaged in the service of the Lord. There's a verse included in *Bhakti-rasāmṛta-sindhu* that begins *kāmādinām* . . . which states that I have long suffered by serving the senses and they are never satisfied but recently I have given up serving them and I am serving You, O Lord. This is the same meaning as found in the Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra.

Yeah, I'd like to be able to do that. Get out of these dry as wood extra rounds and call out, Hey Lord, allow me to engage in Your service.

In former days they retired from life and practiced austerities. Now we are asked to do the simple act of chanting the holy names. You don't need any other acts. In the holy names are contained all the virtues of other austerities and the fulfillment achieved by going through all the *āśramas* gradually. The holy name is also all we can do because the larger society is topsy-turvy and you can't follow the *āśramas* as you used to. Therefore for all these reasons chant, chant, chant.

I've got my stuff lined up for speaking tomorrow. Read the NOI verse about jaundice and sugar cane although they've heard it before. Then read about "atmosphere." How we have to attain the right atmosphere. I think M. Swami would like the point. Then go on to read from BVT about enthusiasm in devotional service. I don't share these things with

others. Finally go to the place where he says that chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa is the Lord's flute as heard by the Kṛṣṇa *parisads*, especially the *gopīs* of Vṛndāvana. What more do want than that? In an hour. Yes, well everyone has to develop their own atmosphere. You mean like burning a candle in front of your master's *mūrti*? Well, the atmosphere of a clean heart, a well-ordered life. It's all those things and more, a song of the purified boy.

A rigor he went through? They say the Swami is feeling emotions sometimes when chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa. She said, "Well, I'm glad to hear at least someone is getting a higher taste."

Yeah, me too. If you could go in the house early what would you do?

I could read some more how only *bhakti* gives us what we want. Nourish yourself on the verse and purport spoken by the Lord. It is wrong to think that the teachings of the Lord to Sanātana are not nectar. Consider that chapter, "The Opulence and Sweetness of the Lord." You just have to slow down and get it. And then the next chapter, the process of devotional service. Don't expect to zip through it and don't think that it's always better to read of their life together in Puri how they sit in rows to eat and say things to one another. The concentrated teachings with all their relevant quotes from *śāstras* are equally good as the mixing of devotees. The combination makes Cc. so relishable. Aye, aye.

You were thinking of . . .

under bright white clouds the nectar pours down. Mohini pours it down on Prayag. The concentration is going on. We just want to produce as many books as possible until our time runs out. Then we'll have to think of another way do it. Get a spell-check, copy-editor, proofreader, producer. Get the mercy of Kṛṣṇa on your modem. Are you petered out? Is the "once volcano ash" simply a place that people can now visit? No, it's still flowing and simmering for an explosion that may take place by Kṛṣṇa's grace.

One devotee wrote me after his wife divorced him and he said he thinks there is something special that Kṛṣṇa wants him to do. Maybe it's live in a self-sufficient way in the countryside. Nice when someone thinks he has a special calling and is waiting for it to manifest. Then he gets an idea, maybe he hears something in a lecture or something he reads in a book or he talks to someone who's enthusiastic. I often get enthusiastic when I talk with a devotee or even hear about one who is enthusiastic in his service. I usually don't think that I should do specifically what they're doing but it impels me to transcendental competition, "Yes, let me go do my service."

You know what that's like. Notes in our pocket egging you on so you don't quit. Don't quit. You can't go in the house until your water bottle is empty and your socks are worn out. And don't go until the smile comes and goes and the sun comes in and out and especially when that Imperial clock says now it's 5 P.M. and you can stay here no longer. Go inside for tea and pill.

Oh, I am happy with accomplishment that I so soon dispatched all the letters I received, gave them due answers and now it's done with for awhile. I'm ready to answer any more. Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa, Hare Hare.

Tell them tomorrow you can write to me and get replies via the system of it going to America and back which takes a few weeks. Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa. In the future you might get it together here.

Hearing Jananivas lecture on a poorly recorded tape. The tape was marked "Nāma-tattva" but mostly he was talking about how society is not properly organized. But then he began to say therefore we have to chant Hare Kṛṣṇa, there's nothing else. In the middle of his speech he said that we can die at any moment so what is the good of material enjoyment? Well said. We should be working to follow the rules and regulations as given by the spiritual master. Chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa takes us beyond the mode of goodness, beyond being a *paṇḍita* to become a Vaiṣṇava. Someone else wrote me that he's reading Prabhupāda's books for hours each day, seeing Kṛṣṇa conscious videos and always engaged in service. He then said, "I AM FIRED-UP." Boy, I thought, you are coming on strong. You're doing better than I am. And then he asked for second initiation. Why not, I said, if you get your recommendation. I can't remember that I gave him first initiation. He will have to explain it to me. I will confess my faulty memory. There are so many initiations, I can't remember who I gave first or second

to or whether they are re-initiated by someone else or what. It would be embarrassing to ask.

Can you come with us to the mountain, to the holy place? A small group of us can visit the *līlā-sthalis* and recite scriptures there. And I can write by the sea, to the urges of the inner spiritual voice putting in paraphrase what is contained in the best books of Vyāsa and Kṛṣṇadāsa Kavirāja. If you can come let us know or we will go anyway.

Since your head is holding up all right, let's go another page which will mean a total of about forty-five minutes. You're have two tapes then to give tomorrow.

"I remember" is going on and this is going on parallel.

A poet breathes in the fire. There is suffering going on and they are trying to make money. The priests and the monks are either praying alone, apart from the world, or they're in the city working directly to help the fallen souls. KC is the best welfare work. So give them the holy names. We got through Holy Name Day and we got through the Prabhupāda Reunions. Now there's Janmāṣṭami and Vyāsa-pujā but they're easy because everyone knows how to celebrate them. Then there's still Feed the World Day, as if ISKCON could actually do it—and then we will be facing the Centennial Book Distribution Marathon. And then finally the whole thing will be over and we can go into the new year. Oh, tired rhetoric of same topics repeated again and again as if we're all supposed to go along

with these heroics handed down by the leaders. The hip leaders know better. They speak in better ways.

Enduring ways. He's sick. He's not seeing anyone. Somebody wrote to him, "If you can give a seminar then why can't you see a pious Indian man?" Another guy wrote me in detail how he rides in first-class on the Indian trains to get the benefit of the air conditioning and he doesn't pay for it. Excellent cheating. I sympathize because we all desire to stay cool and be away from the pushing Indian masses. But then why not stay at home and achieve the same thing? No, that is too simple. If you don't understand . . .

Okay, I'll shut up. I already said what I did and if you like I'll take it back and will fall at your feet. You are strong and righteous. I pray to my God to be spared from having to hang around you. Here is my long report. If you don't like it go hang it up somewhere else.

The man retires home tired from wife
please don't beat your wife
I meant to say the man returns home tired
from work
or tired from life
and Philip Lavine catches the spirit of it
in a poem "What is Work" and SDG—I won't knock
him, he's in a ISKCON writing retreat, you may laugh
at him but he's getting it out, the inner tale of things
he remembers, the very best little gems.

[45 minutes, 3 handwritten pages, 4 typed pages,
moving toward the verge of a headache in the
afternoon]



Session #21

12:28 midnight, August 4, 1996

Quoting from Cc. reading on bhakti; Institutionalism is not a dirty word; I strive to cut through false rhetoric which exists everywhere, in ISKCON too.

The WS starts off nowhere special. You can do any number of things. I like to use the pen on paper. You could review today's lecture, prepare. You could encourage yourself on your "Memories" project. Allow fears and doubts to rise and chew on them once again. Drift into things people wrote you in their letter and how you answered. Tell something of Cc.

Those are appealing verses although they seem far away from me. I like them. This is where Cc. is saying only devotional service can save the living entity from the influence of *māyā*. He gives *śāstric* evidence that *jñāna* and yoga, even done to perfection, can't release one. Then this memorable statement by SCM: "One is immediately freed from the clutches of *māyā* if he sincerely and seriously says, 'My dear Lord Kṛṣṇa, although I have forgotten You for so many long years in the material world, today I am surrendering unto You. I am Your sincere and serious servant. Please engage me in Your service.'" (Cc. *Madhya* 22.33) In the Bengali verse there does not appear to be any synonym for sincere and serious which SP repeats twice. But SP is aware that we need more than a one time lip service.

We need to be sincere and serious which is proven over time. Or which comes deep from within one self.

There's a similar statement from the *Rāmāyaṇa* about the Lord accepting a fallen person if he only once declares surrender unto Him: "It is my vow (as Lord Rāmacandra) that if one only once seriously surrenders unto Me, saying, 'My dear Lord, from this day I am Yours,' and prays to Me for courage, I shall immediately award courage to that person and he will always remain safe from that time on."

Notes for what to do. Several projects occur and often die out. Keep going until you get one that sticks. You could write and draw the simplest story in basic sketch book. For yourself, no typist—in art pages that are too private.

Politicians who endure scandals and attempts to overthrow them. There is an ISKCON counterpart to this. Some have an ability to sustain themselves. Keep your record as clean as possible. But there will always be people who complain of you. Sometimes even the biggest GBC leaders have their cases discussed and they get censured or at least criticized. Then they go on their way again, rendering service. Imperfections in character are like bits of debris and filth in the holy Ganges.

Man, I got to keep going. There's no end to it. A little attraction to *māyā* will keep you in this world.

My sister is not in the house. I have no family materially. My family attachment is to ISKCON. It's a

special sort of attachment. R. spoke to me of the “institution” in a demeaning way yet his attraction is to NM despite the institution’s concerns. But the institution’s concerns are real. We need to protect the network of temples and their members and congregations. We want people to worship SP and keep the philosophy pure. Of course, institutionalism can be overdone so that you are more concerned with church management than with chanting and hearing and serving in a pure way. ISKCON is for creating an atmosphere for chanting. Or ISKCON is for preaching. Many definitions of what it is. My book *Touchstone* quotes some of these by Prabhupāda. *Hari hari bifale*. O Lord, I didn’t worship Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa and now my life is coming to an end. I am sorry about that but if I can surrender to You before it’s too late, You will take me to You. I know this because You have stated it as Lord Rāma and Lord Caitanya.

Janmāṣṭami in a month. I should consider re-reading *Kṛṣṇa* book and what I would like to say on that day in the morning and again in the evening. And what to say on SP’s Appearance Day Centennial year. Belfast temple situation. Let thoughts come and jot them down in a little exercise book.

You can say

Kṛṣṇa was in chains. But He wasn’t. That Aurangzeb tore down the upper stories of Govindaji temple. At least it had been used in worship for a hundred years before that. The Lord is in control somehow. Destruction of temples but new ones get

reconstructed. Hindus tore down Ayodya Mosque. Bitter fights.

No settlement in many places like Northern Ireland, etc. You can try and use all your energy. Chekhov in his story "Gooseberries" lamented that some people are happy in a smug, petty way—like the man whose goal was to grow gooseberries on his own land—while so much suffering goes on in the world. The happy people create a suffocating force, Chekhov said. That's partly true. The KC movement offers the real alleviation from suffering. Material suffering may not immediately disappear from earth by our works in KC, but it will help to work in the right way. At least we'll all be working on the right thing. Life will become auspicious. A devotee-preacher needs conviction in that. It gets depleted when he sees ISKCON disarrayed.

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa

The way/ the poem helps/ we need social managers/ we need to stop abuse in the name of religion.

Could you send me back the materials you never worked on? You are in trouble.

Look at your computer as into a crystal ball.

Is my energy or vision depleted? Did I use to think that the spreading of KC would affect the whole world? I can't think that way now towards these forms like Pada-yātrā and Food for Life. Need faith in prayer, in holy name, etc. But I get smothered by the rhetoric. *That's why, more than anything, I seek to free my own language from rhetoric.* That's why WS is important.

I seek the genuine. Memories are important for that reason too.

Too much talk on a grand scale. Speeches geared to media,

speeches geared to convince
academic people and politicians,
speeches to motivate simple
devotees into group action.

Law statements of ISKCON.

Let's free speech from constraints
and stuffiness by practicing to cut through.

In the dictionary the first definition of rhetoric is the art of using words effectively. That's the simple favorable meaning. But then, "artificial eloquence . . . empty of clear ideas or sincere emotion." Even that doesn't say it all. Some leaders do have clear ideas and sincere emotions. But still their language is manipulative. It's not caring enough for honesty, individualism and love.

[32 minutes, 6 1/2 pages, glad to be doing a WS]

Session #22

4:07 P.M. (Uddhava's hut)

O WS, please let me serve you. Please serve me to reach my spiritual master in the heaven of pure devotees. Please let me dress myself and clean by body and heart so I'm fit to go before him.

The writing is in its own world. And yet we cannot claim to be . . .

"We belong to Kṛṣṇa," Lord Caitanya said to Sanātana. Your body belongs to Me. You have surrendered. And so my body belongs to the service of my guru. And yet here I am writing this down because you are my life and soul. Let's break loose.

Remember when you played typewriter while that girl was playing the piano in the next room? Wow, that was true madness of letting the unconscious take over. I was merely flowing in it. I didn't know what was happening. But later I analyzed that I had allowed the piano piece that she was playing to go straight through me and it came out in the words of a woman complaining that her young lover was ungrateful and had rejected her. It was an outpouring of that sort of emotions. This was being expressed through the music of the classical romantic piece which the piano student was pounding on the piano in the next room. The house in which I rented, had a furnished room. I was typing on LSD and I hit that streak. I thought it was a piece of great automatic writing and brought it down one Sunday to show Murry. But I don't think he was

able to grasp what the hell it was. It was madness, the artist gone mad.

So if you want artistic madness and to let go in writing, that's the sort of thing it leads you to. You pick up "ghosts" or forces right through you. You lose your individual ego and large forces pass through you. You become the channel. NG says something like that when her Zen guru told her that the universe writes through you. I think it can happen in a milder and KC way when we allow the KC teachings we have assimilated to come through us and not just to recite them by rote but when they come through the heart, what we're actually feeling. I want to write that kind of released way.

The "Memories" project is surviving after a few days and after resistance from inner critics. I just did one recalling my mother, which might open the door for similar things. Don't say to your reader, "If you have heard this already please stop me." But tell again and tell it better and fuller this time. Oh, but it is not connected to KC.

Well, we are going to connect it. We are going to get it out one way or another. It is memory, you see. It is not my life per se, the life of the false ego which I'm celebrating or selling and focusing on. It is memory itself as best I can recall it. And be sure you will get a liberal share of the memories you have had in connection with the spiritual energy, the spiritual master, and so on. You will learn the art and discipline of telling memories honestly and then the ones in

ISKCON can also be told that way. But you've got to really confess, man, tell it as it is. Not fearing, "Oh, this can be misused, people will think ill of me if they read this, it's not appropriate for a guru, etc."

And how is the WS separate if this memory project gets so absorbing? Well, there is always time for some writing chatting. You finished your letter answering yesterday. Getting more headaches than usual. The sunshine is here and a heavy wind. The first week of August is moving along and it won't be long before Janmāṣṭami shows up.

I'm coming out in the open this year and am taking lots of Ireland writing retreat time. The excuse is that the van is not registered and we are waiting for that. It's a good excuse so let's stay stuck and write away. The justice department doesn't care one way or another whether I write my book. They don't care as long as I don't cheat on them. Nobody cares. You have to care yourself. Hare Kṛṣṇa. And some of my friends care and readers. So Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare Hare. There's a race to be won with fair play of Rudyard Kipling and the boy scouts. I don't have much more to say before I go back inside the house. Maybe I could read Cc. a little. It would be nice if you had a taste for it.

We discussed a lack of taste in the class this morning and I said you should hang in there and serve only Kṛṣṇa and nothing else. Don't indulge in music or any damn things except service to Adhoksaja. It sounds good. Man, I am for you. I am going to do it. May the

Lord look kindly upon us as we chant the Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra in this way and don't forget . . .

A photo of three devotees with long unknotted *śikhās* on a downtown street corner singing. One guy has just gone past them and suddenly turns and looks at the devotees. On his face you see incredulous expression like, "What the hell are they doing?" He looks as if he's thinking the devotees are nuts, fanatics and he'd bust their faces if he could but there are three devotees and he's just one so he keeps going. And there is also a pot-bellied guy standing on the street corner and neon store signs flashing across the street while the devotees are emoting and letting go, chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa for all their worth in those early days of *harināma* from the heart—which days are still upon us.

Praghoṣa said they loved chanting *harināma* the other day but they were also looking at their watches and glad to end it and go back home. Yeah, I know what that's about. You lose your taste when you get old but you get a new taste.

Dear writer, I can't pound away for a full hour. I'll get a headache, you know. So Kṛṣṇa has given us a talking project which we can do a little at a time. But I'll try to give you at least these two half-hour WS each day. I like it and there's no way out of it, to write in a disciplined life . . .

Give us pictures of place and memories such as Fairly Land where they had motorcycle races in Greatkils. Talk about all this please. It will be a different kind of thing for sure.

This morning I also talked about the proper atmosphere for chanting and writing and reading. I said if we have the best atmosphere then the *japa* will come out best. No one raised any question about it. I wanted to talk more about. How we should rise early and give our *japa* the best chance. They asked and discussed instead about taste. I was more interested in talking about ideal circumstances for *japa*.

A similar thing happened in Belgium. I spoke on a verse where Vyāsa asked Nārada, "What did you do after the spiritual masters initiated you and left?" It was an inquiry about the life of the spiritual master which is as important as inquiry from him about the absolute philosophy. So I told a little about Nārada's life and then I told about Śrīla Prabhupāda's life. Then I said, "There is also another life we should inquire about. It is the life of each of us." I said we used to call a certain article in BTG, "How I Came to KC" so each of us have our own story. I said we're not great like Nārada and so we should regret that we were sinful before. What I couldn't say, what was really on my mind and heart is that we ought to tell our confession, our real story, we ought to know who we are and that is a part of Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

That lecture was like a harbinger for the "Memories" project but no one in the audience, nor I, could know that at the time. When I asked for questions no one touched on the subject about inquiry into the life of the guru or into one's own life. And today no one inquired about creating an atmosphere for good *japa*. But these are the topics I thought were juicy and

practical. Regarding the *japa* atmosphere someone could have said I have such and such a problem early in the morning. I can't chant because of this and that.

Okay man, it's fine if the audience doesn't inquire into what you want. You can bring it out in your own writing. Writing is like a second chance to do right what didn't come out right in life. Now I am using the WS to ask you please support the memories project. Don't give up on it. Talk whenever you get a chance. It's first-class. Thank you.

Nārada the midget Basho, the biddget . . . the gone-loose unhinged writer. Put him back inside the box. He's gone loco. That article in BTG says we've got to serve Kṛṣṇa and nothing else.

Here's a story for kids:

A big bear came down from the mountain and he went into Bhakta dāsa's garden and he began pulling up the carrots one by one and eating them. Bhakta's wife saw the bear from inside the house but what could she do? She opened the door and began shouting but her voice did not budge the big bear. He went on eating. If B. had been there he could have taken a shotgun and gone after the bear and scared him. And later that year actually it was G. dāsa who killed a bear with a shotgun while the bear was raiding grains in the barn. He did because the bear was too dangerous. If one of the kids had gone into the barn while the bear was taking food and gotten in between the bear and his food supply, the bear easily could

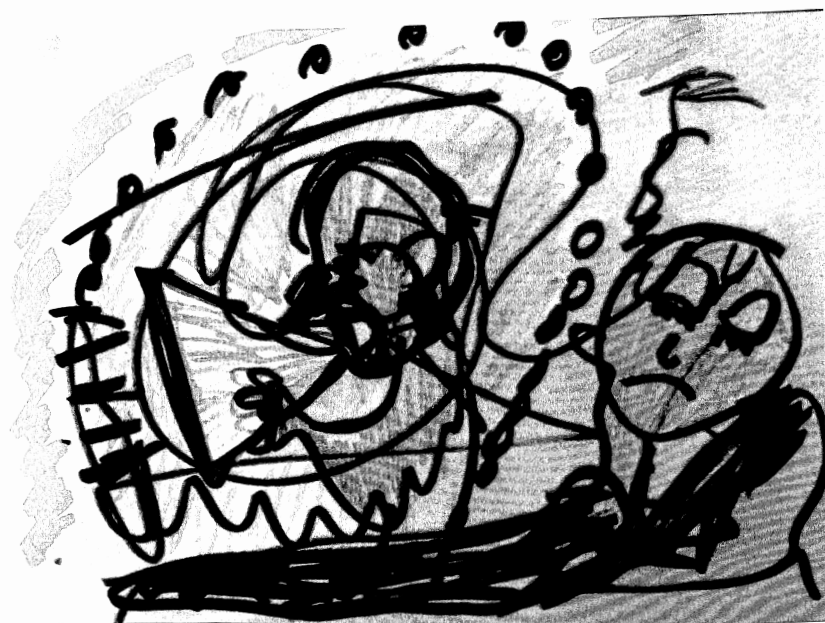
have attacked him and killed him. So G. went in and killed him with his shotgun.

The moral is don't be born again in this world. And also defend your land if you have to get a shotgun. Chant Hare Kṛṣṇa. Don't think of these things while chanting your *japa* in the morning. But we are living in such a world so pray to Kṛṣṇa.

I think if I write like this, confessional memories, it can take its place along side such literature and be read avidly by people who read Maya Angelou and other books like hers. They dig it. It will be like that. At least I will try and cut through false presentation. Speak this way as best I can.

Oh, it's a long, long way
from the Sheraton Baker essay and "the proper preaching" BTG essay. But it's what I'm doing. Even my own BTG essays are worlds apart from this. Good-bye folks, I'm ending this one and going upstairs for tea and crumpets and trumpet.

[27 minutes, 5 typed pages]



Session #23

12:20 midnight, August 5, 1996

Feeling tired . . . ; I surrender to free association and Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

A WS is when you write what comes. I feel weary sometimes. I sleep. I don't want to get up at midnight but I get up. I don't want to do this writing—either about myself, the world or *śāstric* study—but I do it anyway. I am pushed on by duty. So he says.

Run out of jokes, repartee.

The man wants relief. He asks his ma for marmalade on toast. She says, "Don't forget one of the twenty-six qualities is doesn't eat more than required."

Trust in medicine

it will cure your headache

bhāva rauga

ausadhi

it will cure your *avidya*,

the holy names will

sweeten and lighten

the load.

Small bugs appear under lamp light in early August. I read evidence by LC that a devotee should avoid association of women, should wash his underwear, avoid peaches and pears unless sliced. No it doesn't say that. It says *asat-saṅga-tyāga*. He should *satām prasāṅgān*, read SB, etc. with *mahatmas* and serve them. Know

any? Don't find fault or your *līlā-smaraṇam* will be cut off. But I don't have it anyway.

Oh, go to Pṛthu and say, sometimes I think you are not my well-wisher and it hurts. Please forgive me for the wrongs I have done to you. But there was give and take . . . apologize. Stephen will apologize. Do it at least in your heart. Wish him well. And the others, I do.

As for those who overtly attack ISKCON or me, that too. You can forgive. Everyone is alive and will die in this body. Be kind.

But do your duty and your work. Don't collapse under the bad wishes of others. "If a vulture curses a cow to die, the cow doesn't die from that." I'll go on producing my writing.

KC is a very good thing. We may not feel the highest *ruci*.

You write a kind of newspaper with faith the news of even a little life has some value. Hare Kṛṣṇa. Books in the mail. Today I'll receive an ms of a book I wrote and I have to read it for any mistakes or changes I want to make in it. That's nice. This is a good time to do it. It's called *Spiritualized Dictionary*. What about the headaches? Maybe you need extra rest. Consider skipping that morning walk. Do *Memories* from four to five and then go to sleep.

O sleep, beloved from pole to pole. You knit the raveled sleeve of care. But too much is in the mode of ignorance. We are not great devotees in the age of Kali.

He is tired. Tired. Don't like to say this. It's the most dreadful, down thing you could say.

Rain on skylight just now cheers me up.

Tired of writing and of reading. What's the old song line from "Old man river"?

*I'm tired of living
and scared of dying
but old man river, he jus
keeps rolling along.*

No illustrations included. Beware of *avatāras*. Do your memories. I remember Lord Kapila and when I ate a sandwich and made believe I was Captain Crook. I remember when I mistook and got kidnapped and played new year's eve and got drunk. The worse is when people get violent. I read that the Epicureans and maybe the Stoics desired more than anything peace and so they gave up some extreme pleasures because they knew it might bring too much emotional upheavals (ups and downs). When I read it (in a Christian book) I thought I might be infected with some of that. I may not want to sacrifice for Kṛṣṇa's service because it would disturb my mind and feelings too much, thus my highest and dearest interest is not attaining pure devotional service of Kṛṣṇa, but peace, privacy, quiet.

If that's true you're dead.

R.I.P.

you are stilled in the water

and your boat won't go.

You've got to be brave and set

sail, be daring—leave the

harbor of peace and go for it.

As Kṛṣṇa desires. Take a chance and work hard.

My path is writing so I'll be daring in that.

Go a half-hour here. Fill up pages and tapes and bouquets and your little belly and toilet bowl. No one much asks you to open up but you do it with determination—because it seems a good thing to do.

He made himself a living sacrifice. O Kṛṣṇa. O Kṛṣṇa. It's a holy name.

Lord Caitanya quoted such excellent verses. You could study each one carefully but you move through them rather quickly. Nondevotees have no good qualities; twenty-six qualities of a devotee; if a devotee has material desires, Lord Kṛṣṇa replaces them with taste for His lotus feet; *titikṣavah kārūṇikāh*; serve devotees . .

Hear about Kṛṣṇa. Don't associate with women or nondevotees. You've heard all these things many times; they are the fare and the code of a *sādhū*. So you read it for your whole life and you make a "*śāstra* check," that is, you check whether your own life lines up with these truths.

He's on his way. We are tired of PY symbolism of the walk and our drawings don't interest us so much as

quick scribbles but when I'm set up in a studio and I can paint with full body and materials and attention, then I can get into it.

Devotional forms. Don't do things that distract the eye and don't bring people to KC. One way or another that's your goal.

The lines on this page. A striped shirt. A border of a *dhoti* or *lungi* or *sari*. The Band-aid. The ruled page. Crooked lines of veins and arteries. Please don't spurt. The doctor or nurse will stop you from dying. It's going to happen sooner or later. Red Cross, first aide asphyxiation, compress, tourniquet, mouth-to-mouth breathing, shock, those who are trained in those professions, state troopers at car accidents, nurses, doctors, surgeons, cops, street people, dumb masses, die bleeding, no one came to save him, Besy Smith turned away from the hospital for race reasons.

Now Apple records "Scrapple of the apple" in two dimension starring Charlie Chaplan and don't make fun of devotees but you can have your own film and producer. It will be all right.

LA Rātha-yātrā yesterday. Advertised, "—and Hare Kṛṣṇa rock 'n' roll!" Wonderful rock 'n' roll and feed the poor and go back to college, JS says these are all innovations after Prabhupāda's time (not taught by him) and they have to prove themselves before he gives his approval.

Got his own problems. Looking for joy, I works anyway and ready to remember.

[30 minutes, 7 1/2 handwritten pages]

