

# SKETCHBOOKS OF JOY



# SKETCHBOOKS OF JOY

SATSVARUPA DASA GOSWAMI

Series Title: "Books Among Friends"

Sketchbooks of Joy

Satsvarūpa dāsa Goswami

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## ABOUT THE TITLE

When I first contemplated compiling this small collection of drawings, I thought of the title, *Sketchbooks of Joy*. Then I backed away from it. It just seemed too effusive. Perhaps it reminded me of the “Baskets of Joy,” the large wicker baskets filled with cellophane-wrapped bottles of assorted liquor raffled off in the vestibule of St. Clare’s Church. Business firms manufacture and package so many “joys,” and I didn’t want to be presumptuous. Therefore, I chopped the title back and called it, simply, *Sketchbooks*.

Somehow, however, my art editor heard the first title and began to use it as if it were the name I had chosen. I decided to reclaim it. These sketchbooks are a joy to *me*—not big joys, but little, accumulated joys, non-alcoholic, centered on my striving for Kṛṣṇa consciousness as I went through trials on the *bhakti-mārga*.



## INTRODUCTION

Self-taught artists have a unique place in the world of visual expression because they are free from the bond of craftsmanship that can restrict the flow of feelings and unconscious states of mind from heart to hand. They remind us that there is more to art than the painstaking attempt to capture the world realistically. Rather, we are invited to share in a generous world anyone can understand, an art that is not restricted for an elite few but that reaches out into the soul of our human lives.

For many God conscious artists, raw or “naive” drawing is a natural means of expression. Offerings of these artists kindly adorn homes and places of worship throughout the world. For example, the traditional women painters of India paint images from their devotional lives on the mud walls of their dwellings and the bare earth of their courtyards.

*Sketchbooks of Joy* is a collection of impressions that have been scratched on the nearest surface to a traveling preacher—a portable sketchbook. A sketchbook has a natural place in the collection of an artist’s paraphernalia; it is a means to immediately record thoughts, expressions, and feelings. It requires no fuss, just a diary-sized book and a pencil.

The drawings in *Sketchbooks of Joy* are elemental touching, and they reach out; they are the recording of impres-

sions that could have been lost. Feelings are caught and allowed to flow as they come out of the artist's whole being. Often the value of these drawings is that they remain as they are with nothing further to be said. They are impressions, fingerprints of the mind.

When the sketches are shared, they remain a treat for the company of sensitive onlookers. The real treat is that something has been expressed that is not a pose or a product of a strained attempt to craft something in a forced motion. These are not illustrations that have been reworked and reworked. Rather, what is expressed is the refreshing nakedness of our sincere responses to this world in which we live and move. This is valuable both for the Kṛṣṇa conscious artist and his audience. These line sketches, like poetry, can reach into moments that are full of raw feelings contained within the life of a devotee. They immediately capture what a Kṛṣṇa conscious artist loves to express—his personal story of a life surrendered to guru and Kṛṣṇa.

—The Publishers

# WORDS IN PICTURES, PICTURES IN WORDS:

BEGUN FEBRUARY 1995





# INTRODUCTION

This sketchbook accompanied me on a long travel haul. I took it with me into my airplane seat and it became my private and constant companion. Surely when I travel there are headaches and anxieties and long periods of waiting and other austerities to face, but this notebook served me and offered some relief. It was hardbound with a black cover, and had dimensions of 6 x 9 inches.

I deliberately set out to use the sketchbook to capture both words and pictures. I can never completely divorce myself from words, but nowadays I also like to draw when I'm writing. It feels so natural to write half a page of longhand and then to suddenly break into a doodle. It's part of the spontaneity. For me, this allows me to write and draw at my freest. I use the pictures and the little comments written into the pictures to talk to myself.

But what is most important to me is that everything in this notebook actually happened. It was not written or drawn to create an effect. It either happened externally—we really did take an American Airlines flight to Denver—or it happened internally either as a train of thought or a sudden intimation while my hand moved across the page in that inconceivable way in which Kṛṣṇa speaks to us in the heart as the source of knowledge, remembrance, and forgetfulness.

When you start out on a many-stop plane journey, you never know whether or not you will arrive. Anything could happen before you reach your destination. Therefore, the lines are a little nervous and the words sometimes hint at my trying to find relief. For example: “Balt-Denver flight, hope all goes well. Take 2 monks of Hare Kṛṣṇa to mile-high city to repeat Prabhupāda’s message to devotees there.” Then, “Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya—Jet blast is the physics of material nature under Lord’s control.”

I kept this notebook with me all the way to Guyana. Whenever I’m in Guyana, I feel particularly conscious of how far away I am from home. Although I no longer identify with any American home base, if there’s still any sense of belonging to the U.S., I feel it when I’m in Guyana. I love the devotees down there, but I’m always ill at ease in my body and anxious whether or not we will be able to make the plane connections to get out of there, past the unfriendly immigration officials and unwelcoming citizens. I felt a special solace in writing and drawing in a “secret” notebook in Guyana: “Hangin’ on in Guyana.” Yeah, it all happened just as it’s sketched here. The people look like that, I felt like that, and somehow a part of that trip has been saved.

As for the so-called artwork in this notebook, my assertion is summed up in one of the last pages. We were on a plane which was supposed to be Guyana Airlines but it turned out to be a newly founded “North American” Airlines. They were filling in for Guyana Airlines while their planes were being

repaired. We underwent the typical delays and sat there in the sun onboard. I looked out the window and drew whatever I saw—people boarding, a nearby Air Martinique plane—and wrote, “They don’t understand that when you draw a picture, you’re not looking for a photo accuracy, but the nervousness in your hand and brain.”



# WORDS IN PICTURES, PICTURES IN WORDS:

BEGUN FEBRUARY 1995

Suggested use: Please don't try to make "immortal" or publishable work here.

Tell a story if you like, with pictures and prose-poems of your insides, how you feel as you go along.

Maybe a travel-diary-story.

Scribble as it comes.

Write "he" if you like, a disjointed narrative.

Let's see.

What's  
WRONG  
with  
THIS  
Picture? →



The guy is  
smelling the  
flower for his  
own enjoyment  
He should offer  
it to Krishna

I dreamt last night of tigers of wrath



## WORDS & Pictures

You got to stay awake, man



Why, when you draw me, do you mock? Answer: Because the inner critic says, "You can't draw. If you are *serious* to draw then take lessons and learn and practice. Otherwise, NO."

And he says, "I draw you funny looking so you won't get vain. Besides, you are funny and deserve a caricature."

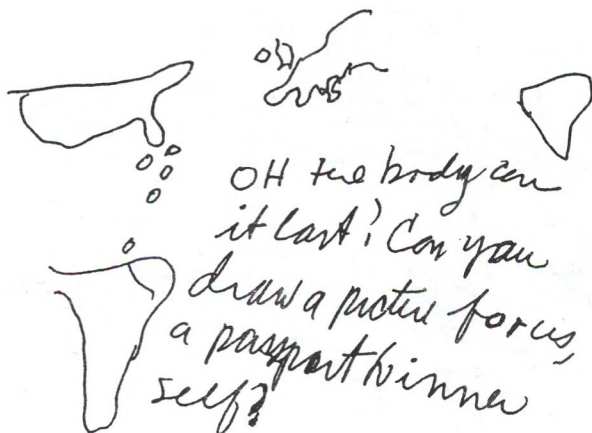




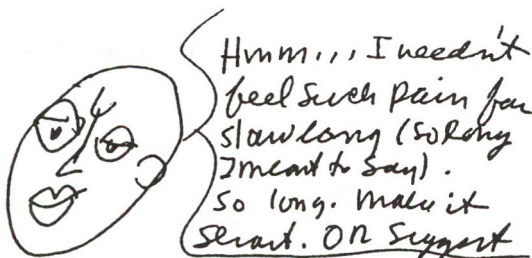
When I was a young kid a caricaturist did my profile for \$1.00 in a Times Square Woolworth's. Ever since then . . .



So start out on car journey today and six days later a plane journey that begins long tour distances: Baltimore-Denver-Puerto Rico-Trinidad-Guyana, back to NYC and then Ireland.



I want to be able to just express here what comes and not worry whether it's "right." How will it help?



You could have a headache and obey the body's warning but the actual pain could be a sensation and not a pain. Or I don't need to focus on it. Focus on something else. You know?





Where are you, puppet?



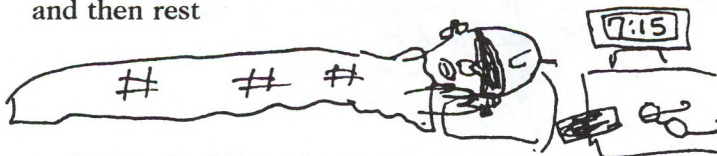
Am trouncing over the ground in snow-ice crust on  
Baltimore morning walk



and then return to house for breakfast



and then rest



and then what? Dare do a radio show?

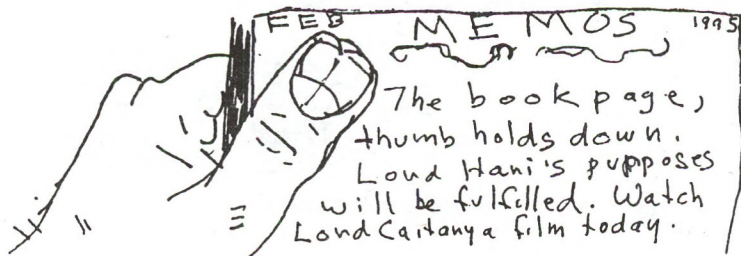


MEMOS THUMB  
VOLUME 1



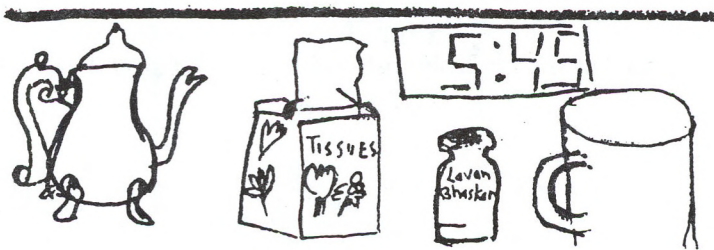
Looks to me like playwright Arthur Miller. How much of this book is going to be taken up with self-portraits? I know, I know, you'd draw others but they might object. I'd like to see, though, some animals or trees or even objects and you could say in words something to link them to Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

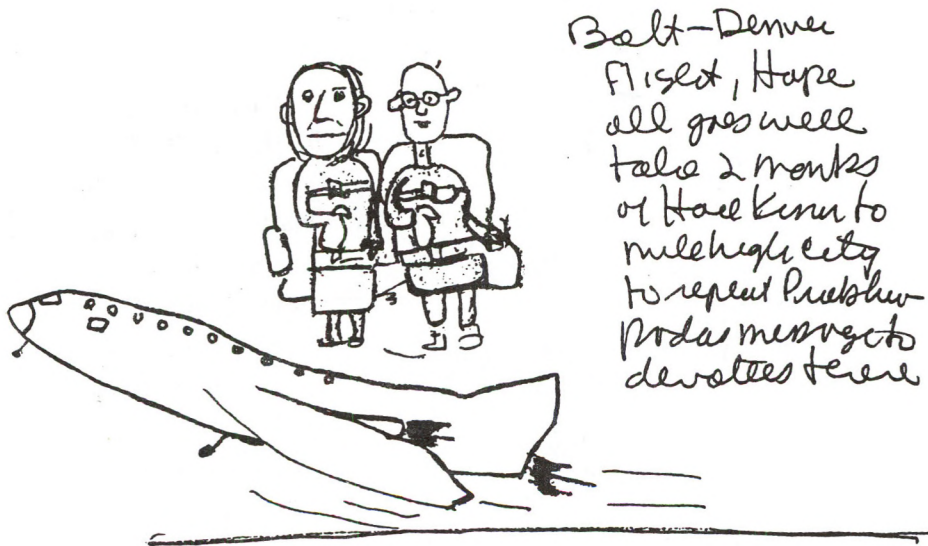
But okay, no harm and it's inevitable we get a good dose of your own hand and head. You're the nearest available subject and willing to be used in His service.





He had an idea to write some poems as he traveled. Need to read an American poet to get you going? Why not just write your own? Oh, but I'm not a Bengali like I just saw in the 1959 film "Nimai of Nadia," and I'm not an advanced lover of Kṛṣṇa. I am a disciple of Śrīla Prabhupāda, that's for sure. So I could write that kind of free verse we did in 1966 in the storefront and Swamiji said it was okay—about chanting.





Bolt-Denver  
 Flies, Hope  
 all goes well  
 take 2 months  
 of Hare Krishna to  
 mile high city  
 to repeat Prabhupada  
 message to  
 devotees there

Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya.

Jet blast is the physics of material nature under Lord's  
 control.



I am tired in head and need to go to bed, get good rest before the long journey tomorrow. I'll rise maybe 12:30 or 1 and chant before the candles.





Where is Krishna in this picture?  
Of course he's everywhere. Esp in  
sastra.



A man or woman  
should read this  
book.  
one got SB

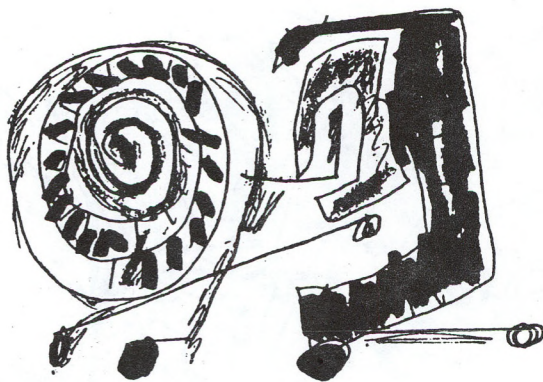
With me on this flight. Im doodling in the  
few minutes before we take off.

This is a  
Non Smoking  
Flight. Sil back  
enjoy our flight  
to Denver.





Man and woman talking in seat in front of us. They sound so bored and though they've just met, they have a lot in common: have families and like winter sports as available in Colorado. He's got a 10-year-old son who is a good skier . . . It's all illusion, that much I know.



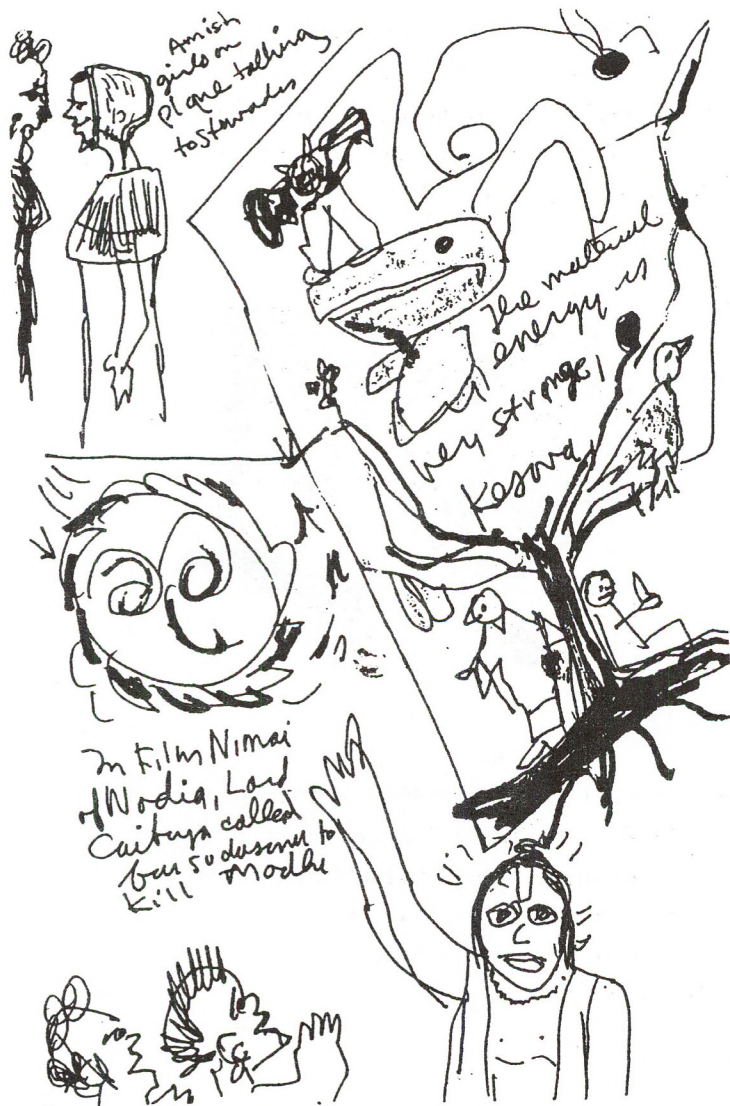
Abstract Art. Oh, I don't have to apologize or explain.

She's telling him, sharing experiences of what kids are like growing up, "You have to have a lot of understanding."

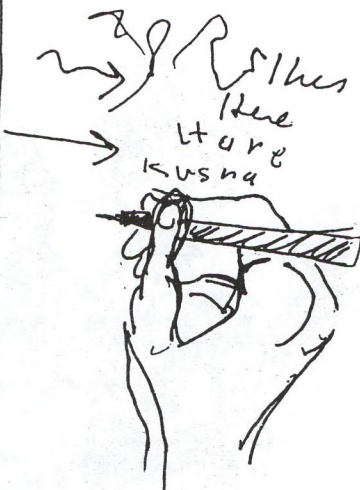
No mention of teaching them God.

Yeah, yeah, sentimental crap.

KṚṢṆA IS GOD.







So we travel and I hope my head holds up and doesn't cause undue pain on arrival in Denver. I will say hello and then we will hide. How much Kṛṣṇa consciousness can you give to others or encourage them with if you don't have it yourself?

Pray, faded face, that you'll be chipper enough like a chipmunk, chip-chip-chip-chip, and be "enlivened" as we stay in ISKCON. And advise them, *Haribol*.

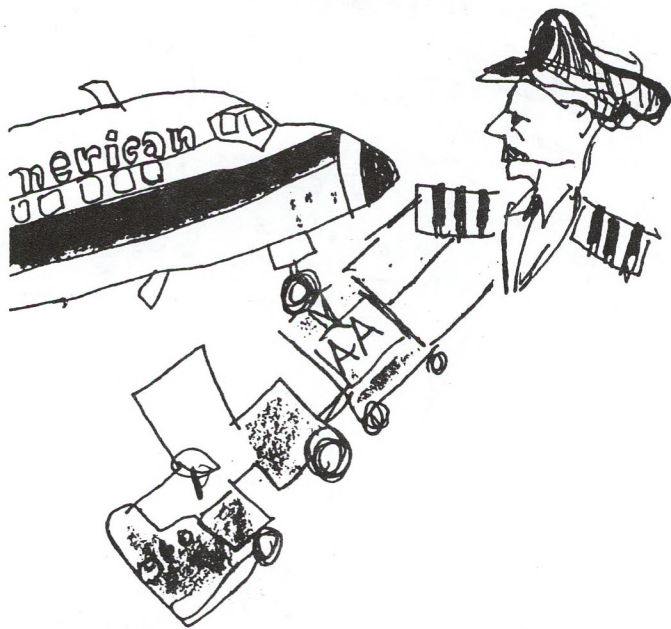




Rādhā Govinda, I used to be too afraid to dare to draw You. Now I do it. You know I mean no harm. It's the Best Form so I make the effort, child scrawl, to impress Their beauty on my mind.

Now we are enroute again. Drawing to  
stay calm on American airlines flight.  
Endure what you have to.  
packed in tight.

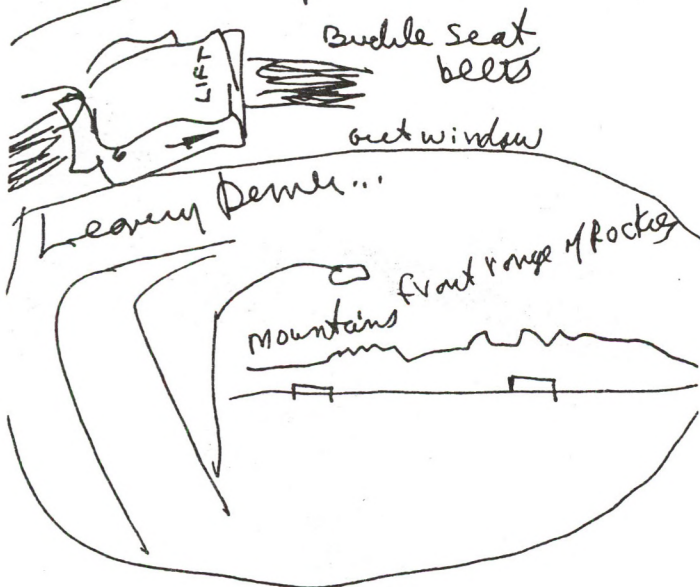
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E-23  
GTE  
Public phone

insert  
credit  
card

I have no credit  
card or phone call to  
make except I'd like  
to thank NK for his  
proposal to sell my  
books.



The extent word





"original art by a child  
in India"



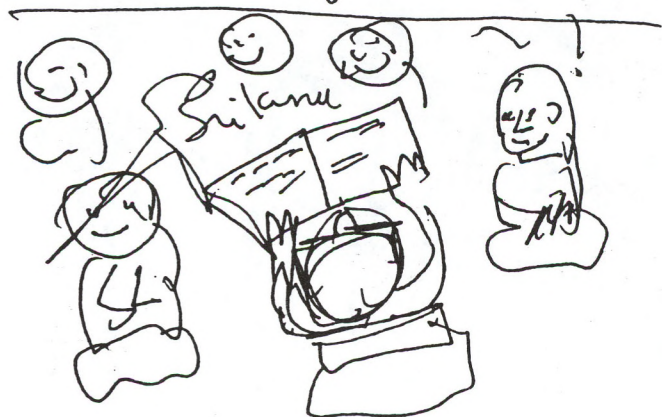


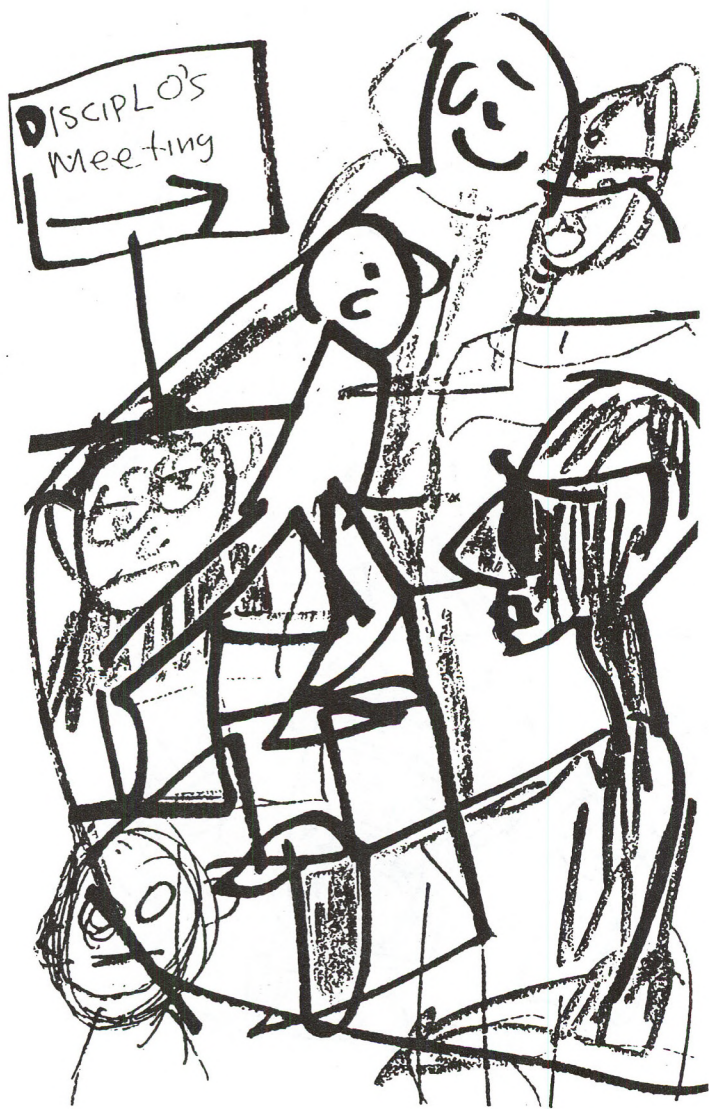
Puerto Rico. I felt light to be here and danced in temple room and when I spoke they laughed loudly at my jokes and even when I didn't make jokes.



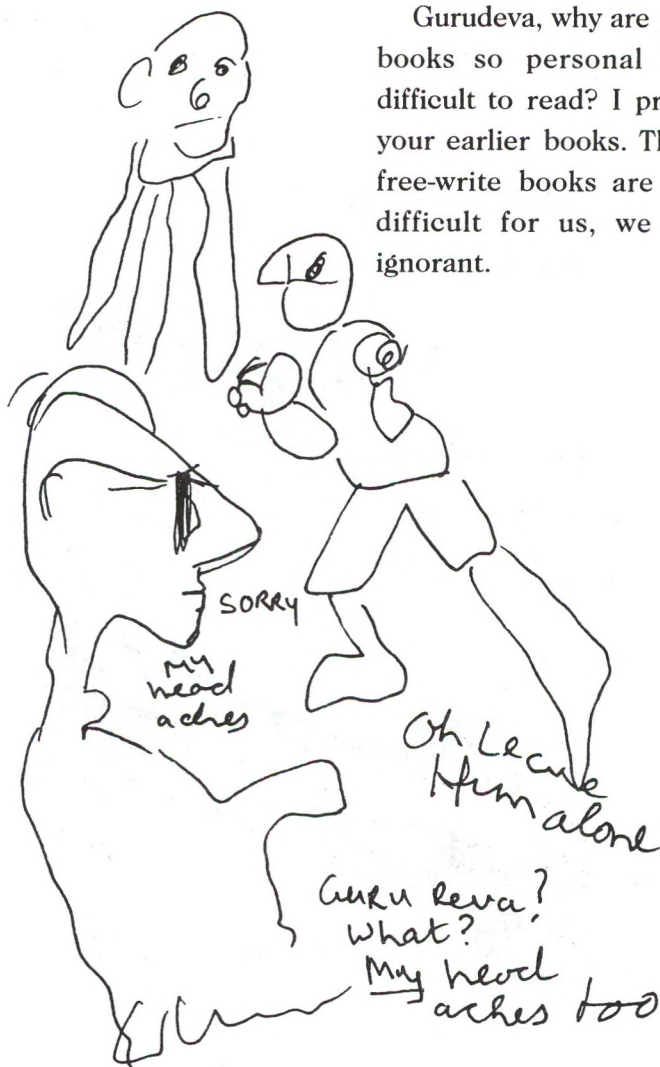








Gurudeva, why are your books so personal and difficult to read? I prefer your earlier books. These free-write books are too difficult for us, we are ignorant.



Drawing doesn't have to be "good." Kandinsky failed the drawing exam at art school in Munich. But do what you like, what helps.

Dear Lord Krishna,  
here is a bird



The material  
energy is  
cruel.



Hawk kills  
robin

Tiger kills men



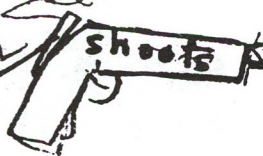
kills



EATS



Stabs



Better take shelter,  
Call out to,  
think of... Sacrifice  
for, Govinda,  
Hare Nama





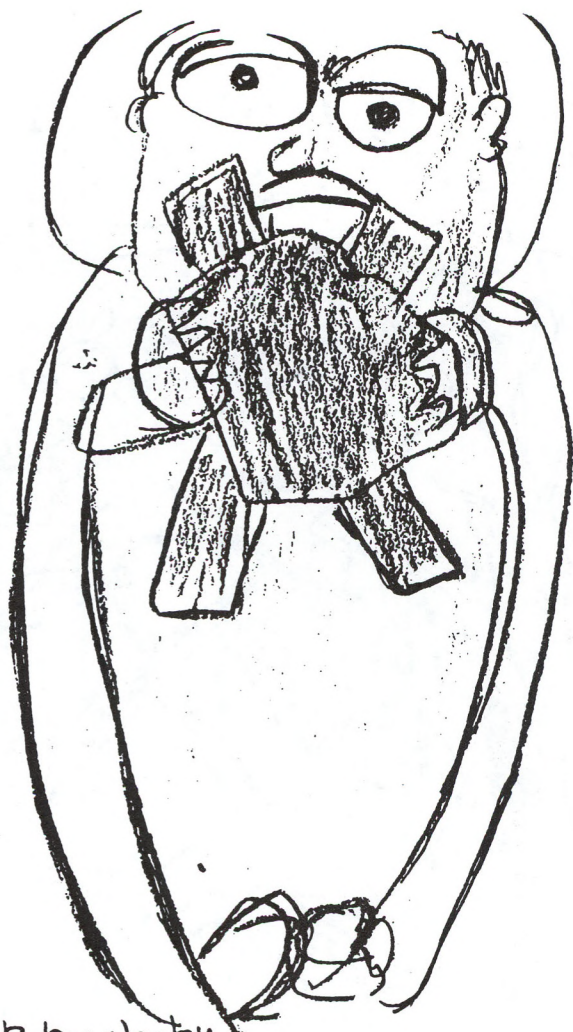




Hare Kṛṣṇa. Legions of time. You write your books and  
lecture. Lady suffers "hell" in hospital delivering child.

And somewhere else has wars.





13 rown baby  
sucking plastic  
toy



Real or imagined? Rat-like *anarthas*, psychic threats.



Chant while you can.



Bothered by fly  
in ear



## TRINIDAD

While I was in Trinidad, I stayed mainly at Kṛṣṇa-kṛpā's simple wooden house about ten minutes from the Longden-ville temple. His house is nice by Trinidadian standards, and is propped up on stilts in case of flooding. In the early mornings I sat before a candle and a picture of Prabhupāda and chanted my rounds. Occasionally during the day, I tried to capture some of the small details by drawing—the little ghee tin in the corner of the room, the pink gauziness of my mosquito net (like most houses in Trinidad, Kṛṣṇa-kṛpā's house has no screens over the windows and a mosquito net is essential)—in color or in black and white.

After I leave a place, I tend to forget the smaller details of what I saw around me. Who could possibly carry them all in his head? Therefore, I like to draw some of them before I leave so that later I can share them with others. Of course, it's almost impossible to convey the full effect of what we see, the wonder of our moment by moment aspirations being sparked by little experiences throughout the day, but I like to try in pictures.

In this small section of pictures from Trinidad, I tried to capture the freshness and the ease of the tropics and the palm trees and even the little lizards that run up and down the walls. I could get my head shaved outside instead of

sitting in a chilly bathroom, I could honor *prasādam* while the mosquitoes “honored” me, and I could remember, in *kirtana*, the quick passage of time. Everything is in Kṛṣṇa because after all, we are traveling in His service.

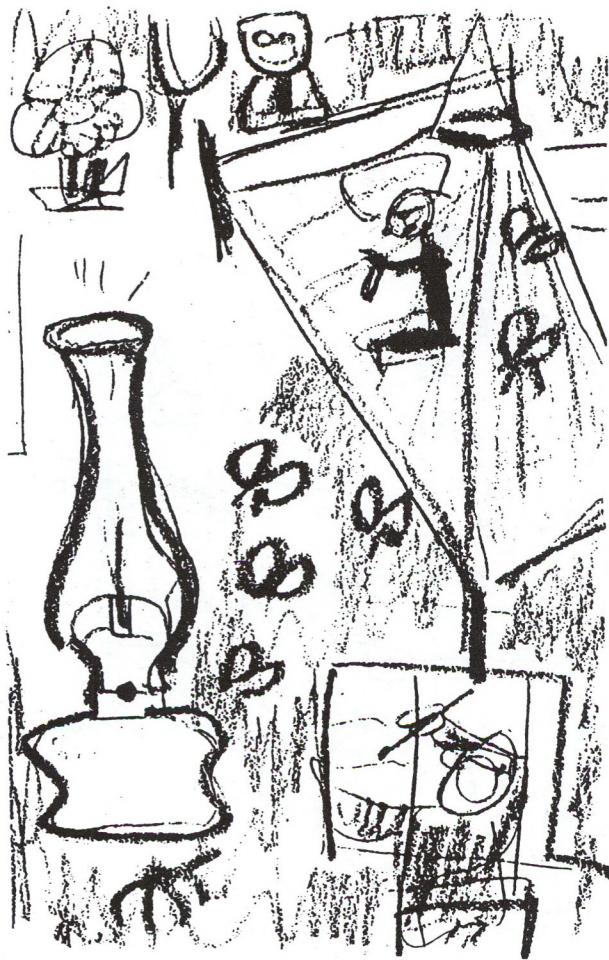




Tropical luxury.



Early morning *japa*.

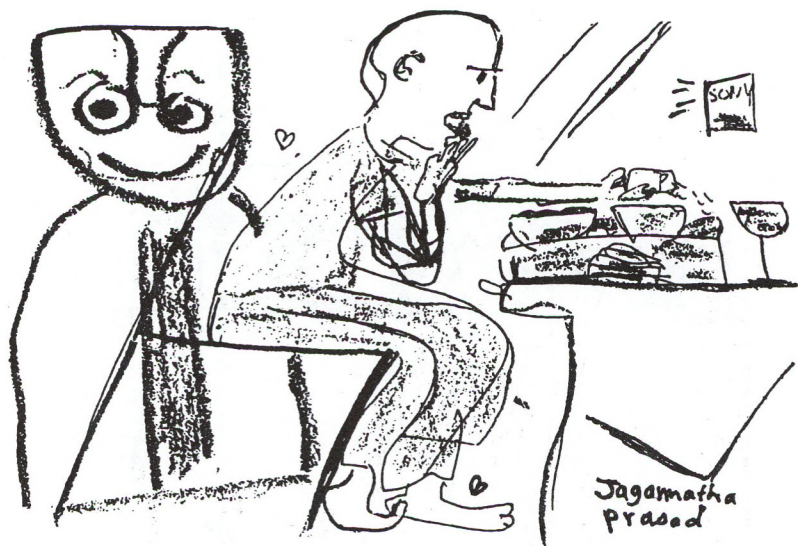


Kṛṣṇa-kṛpā's house, Trinidad.

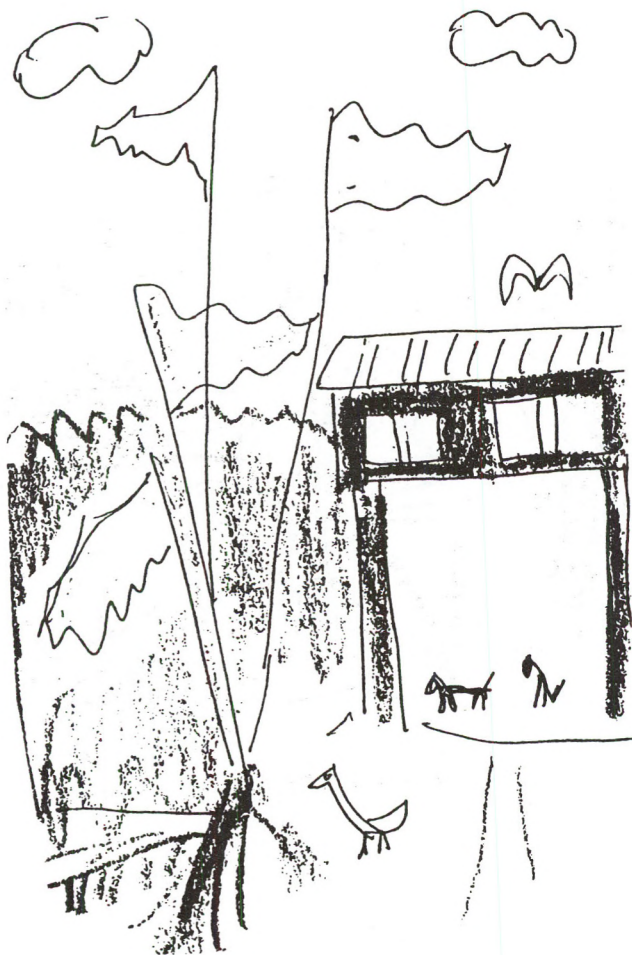


*Bhāgavatam class.*

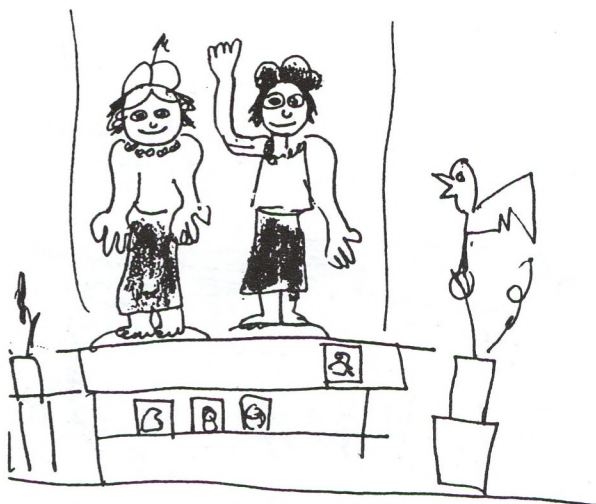




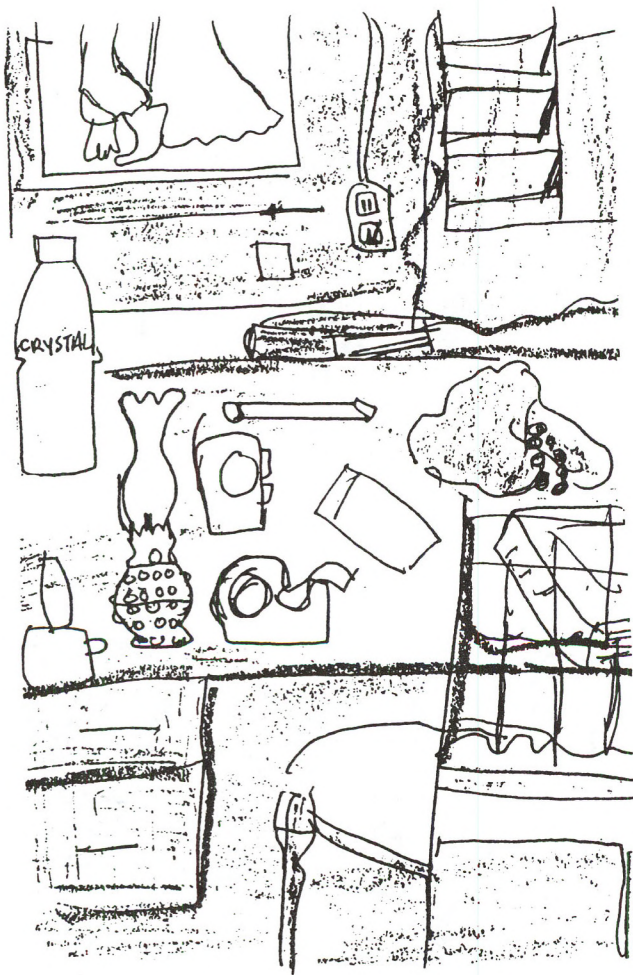
Don't forget Kṛṣṇa.



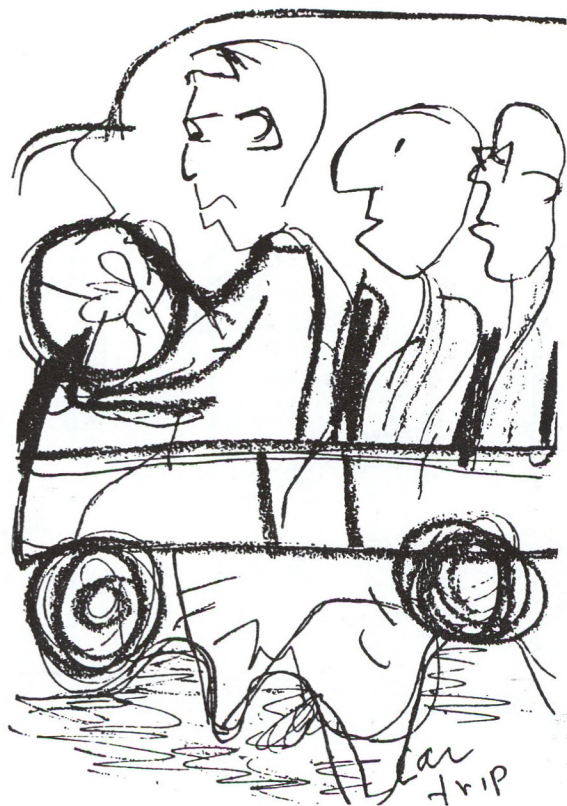
House on stilts, Hindu yajña flags.



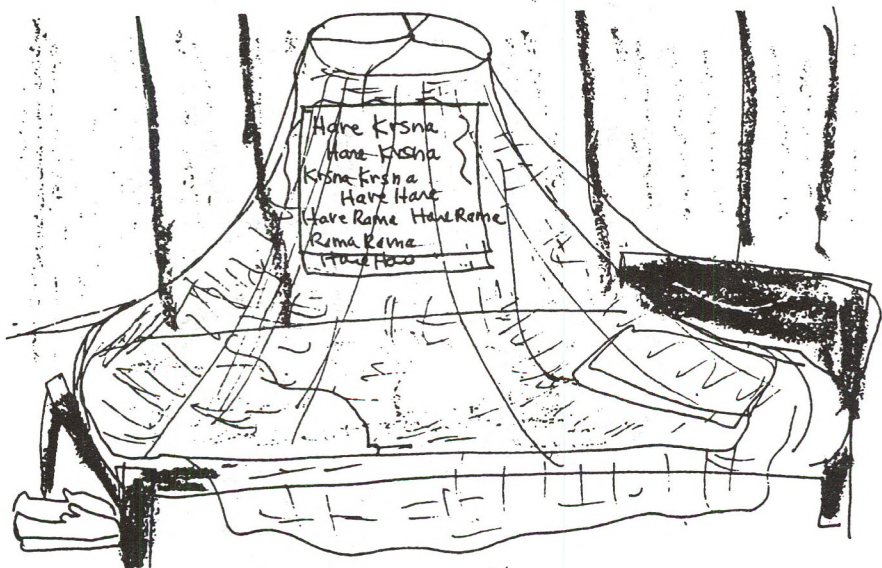




At Kṛṣṇa-kṛpā's house.



“Prabhupāda Road,” which leads to the temple in Long-denville, Trinidad. Perhaps the bumpiest on the island. Devotees hope one day to see the road paved, but it hasn’t happened yet. The last ten minutes are the worst. The pot holes are horrible and the ruts worse.

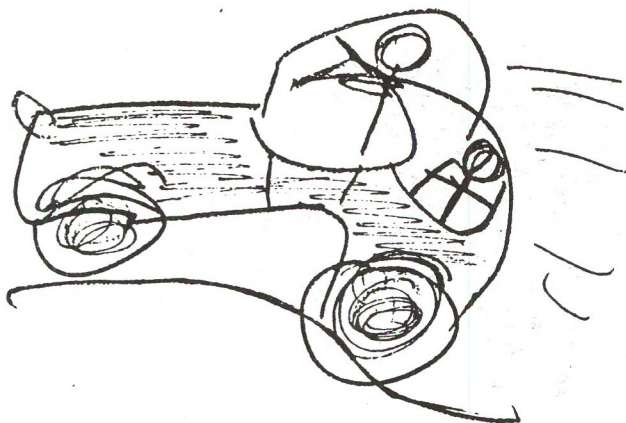


*Sannyāsi's room, Rādhā-Gopinātha Mandira, Trinidad.*



Immigration officers in Guyana are notorious for their unfriendliness and suspicion, but it has been worse than it is now. They make sure you appreciate the privilege you are being offered to visit their great country and they hope you won't stay long. Of course, this may have something to do with the fact that I am in a white body and the country is ruled by those with black bodies. Skin disease one way or another.

Both in Trinidad and Guyana the field workers walk the streets with naked machetes, which they use to cut sugarcane. When I see them carrying them at night after they have had a few drinks, it makes me squeamish. Welcome to Guyana.



car trip

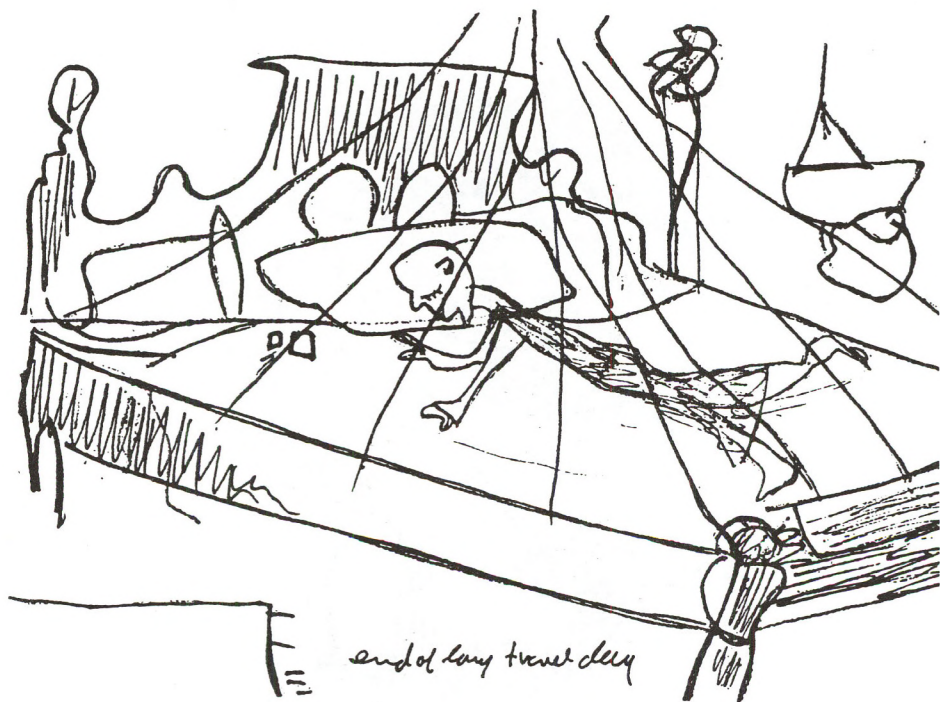


Lying down on  
back seat





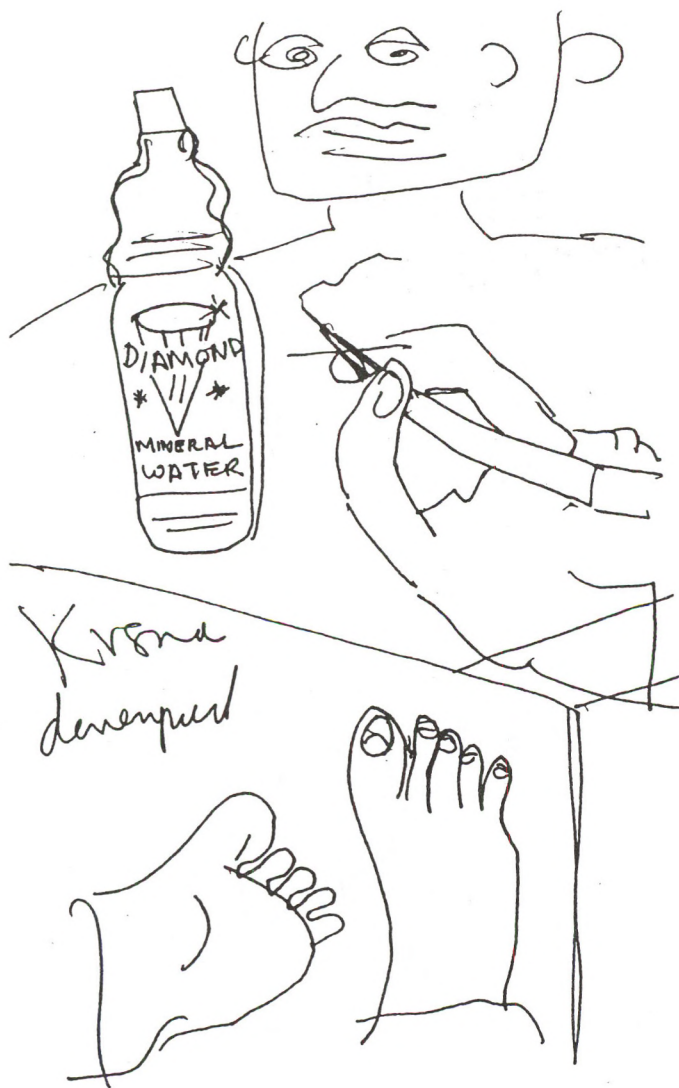
Freelance banana salesman on ferry in Guyana.



After the bumpy and dangerous roads, the long wait at the ferry, the sometimes hostile or at least mocking comments or looks made at our expense as "Haribol men," to finally arrive at Haridāsa's house and be able to rest!

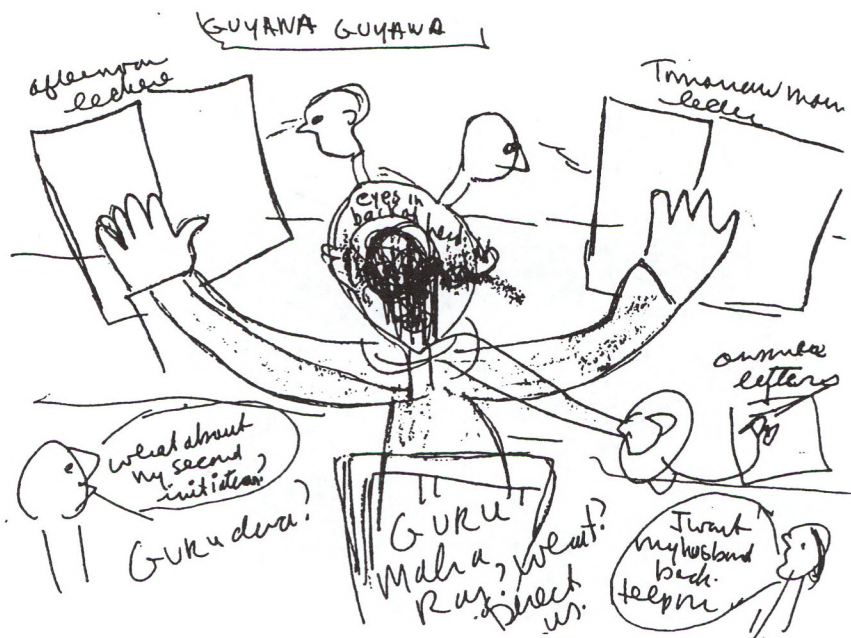












“Guru Mahārāja?”

“What?”

“Direct us.”

This guru is besieged by all the things he has to do—the lectures he has to prepare, the mail he has to answer, and the many requests and demands on his time and attention.





One picture by chance comes next to another. It turns out that not only am I smiling foolishly as I hold up “pure” drinking water, but Prabhupāda is smiling at me, his foolish and I hope sincere servant.





Leaving Guyana on North American Airlines and . . . ending this drawing book which might have had more pictures in it of the spiritual world, but . . . this is all I could do.

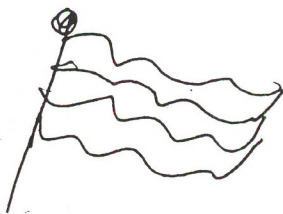
We had a few words with a guy who appeared to be an executive of this airline. He asked us, "You guys got a temple down here?" Told us this plane is four weeks out of the factory and costs 75 million dollars. He looked like this:





Pleeze let us be  
Kṛṣṇa conscious  
more and more.  
A private world I  
see.

But one where I can  
discharge Kṛṣṇa con-  
sciousness and share it  
with people.





Like

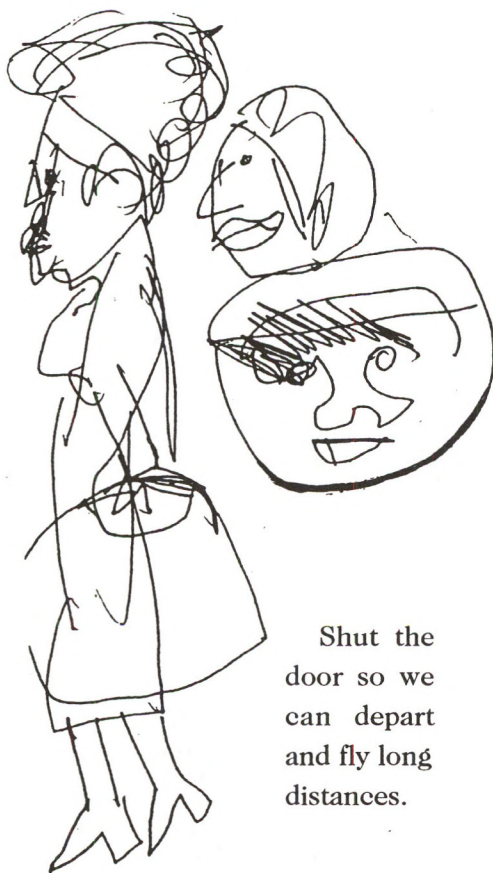
something in ISKCON but I need to concentrate. You are able to draw pictures of the Lord even if they don't come out right.

*Bhāva-grāhi-janardana*

Please Lord Kṛṣṇa, reveal Yourself to me in some way that I can be your pure devotee.

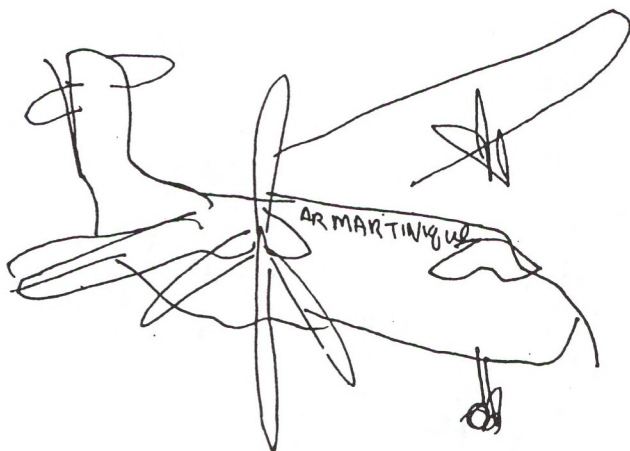
It's useless otherwise—we are meant to serve You and see You in all things.





Shut the  
door so we  
can depart  
and fly long  
distances.

The executive said they often come to the Caribbean. I was honored to talk to a rough New Yorker executive who seemed friendly to Hare Kṛṣṇa.



They don't understand when you draw a picture you're not looking for a photo accuracy but the nervousness in your hand and brain.



It's been a long  
morning so far & more  
to go.



B-757

Thank You for your  
Patience

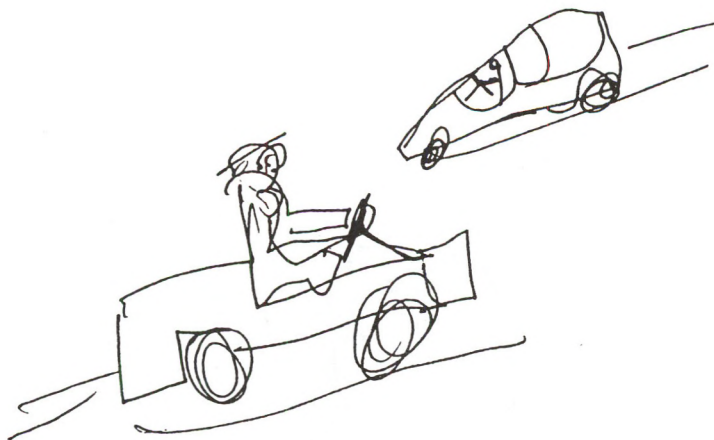
Is this food offered?

Will I phone the Hilton and ask 'em to send their car while  
M. goes through the queue to enter U.S.A.?



## TIMEHRI

International Airport, good-bye. Have no plan to return. Filled out questionnaire. Said under comments, "Guyanese people are friendly" in fear that if I criticized they'd hold me up.

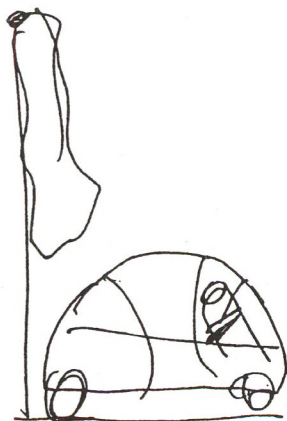


Last passengers  
boarding. Guy in  
black suit.



wavmy  
goody





Gee, I love the Lord He knows, but not enough. Am hung up on nervous energy of body and mind. But He gave me that. So thank Him, think of Him and chant His HOLY NAMES.

CARTOONS  
FROM ITALY





## INTRODUCTION

I bought this notebook in Dublin from Read's. It had a blue plaid cover, hardbound, and the paper was thinner than in most sketchbooks. It was an 8 x 10. I filled it in while writing *Photo Preaching* and *Litany For The Gone* in Cozzile, Italy. These cartoons were "extras" in my day. They were drawn in the spirit of "the left hand shouldn't know what the right hand is doing" and they provide me with a release because they let the hand move as it likes and as it is connected to the heartbeat. I found myself drawing jokes but with an assumed, underlying Kṛṣṇa consciousness. That's who I am.

The notebook starts out with the gremlin personified talking to the innocent, would-be writer/ artist. The gremlin says, "He can't draw. Who's he kidding?" Then off we go, ready to at least put the words "Kṛṣṇa" and "Prabhupāda" onto the page wherever we can. After a few pages, a persona appears and the notebook becomes his story. His name appears first on the chair, "Lay-z Boy." Soon he becomes "Lazy Bones." I liked poking fun at Mr. Lazy Bones with his protruding stomach, his hankering for strawberry jam, his defensiveness about his semi-invalid condition ("What do they expect? I'm fifty-six years old"), and so on.

Maybe Lazy Bones came from that 1920s jazz song:

Lazy bones, sitting in the sun  
how you goin' get your day's work done?  
Never get your day's work done  
just sittin' in the noonday sun.

"Hey Lazy Bones, are you comin' out?" It was such fun just to sketch it along. I had no idea where this was coming from and exactly who was talking or who was being portrayed, but I chuckled and enjoyed this less serious activity as much as the more serious books I wrote. It was as if despite myself, I was admitting that Lazy Bones was me and enjoying the confession.

Often, I see myself as the opposite of Lazy Bones. I drive myself to produce and become an unrelenting task master. I liked seeing Lazy Bones, although in another sense he personifies the mode of ignorance. Admit it, admit it, have a laugh and let it go.

I call these sketches "cartoons" because they are so crude but also full of the character of persons, moods, and events. I wanted to characterize, as the expert cartoonists do, whole milieus. I also wanted to share a sense of humor with others. Kṛṣṇa conscious cartoons? Why not?

After we broke camp from Cozzile, we traveled south, I sketched a few travel fears, then ended the book while waiting for the ferry in Sicily. That's where I saw the two sailors touch hands Italian style and heard one of them say to the other, "Ciao."

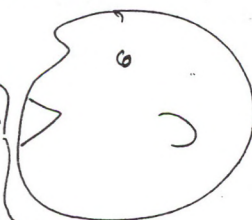


# CARTOONS FROM ITALY

Satvangan das Jurni' mai '95



He can't draw.  
Who's he kidding?

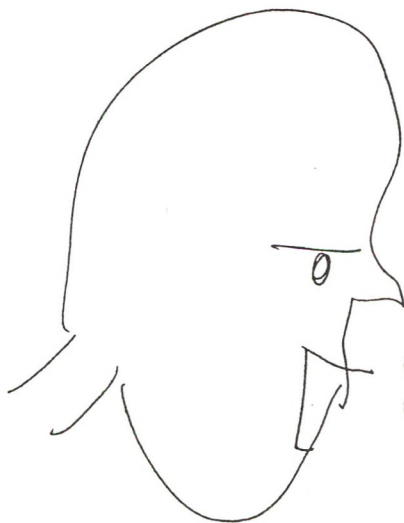


Oh well.  
If he says  
or draws "Kṛṣṇa"  
or "Prabhupāda", there's

no harm

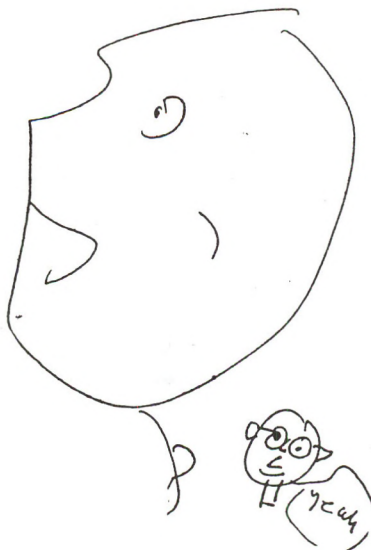
KṚṢṆA Prabhupāda.

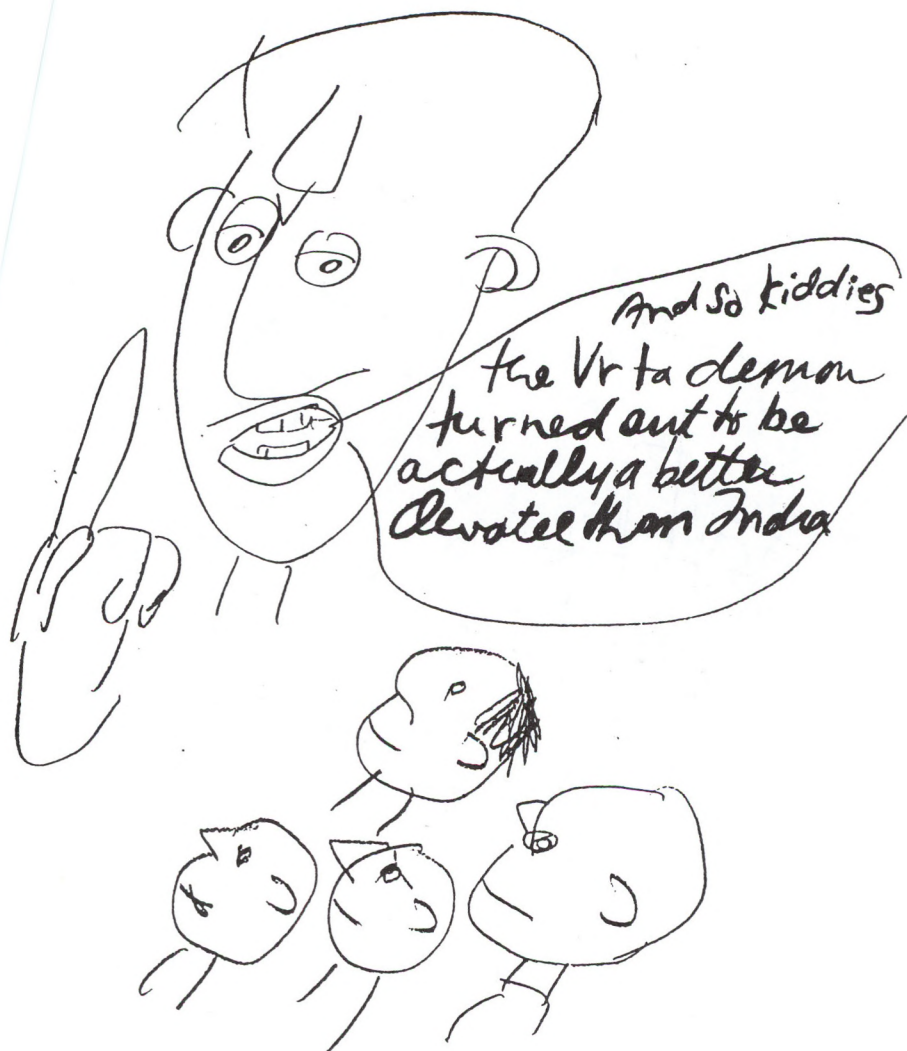




Yeah, but ain't it a waste of time? He could be doin' something more useful.

But it relaxes. Takes a break. Expresses something. You wouldn't know, maybe. So why don't you just leave us alone?

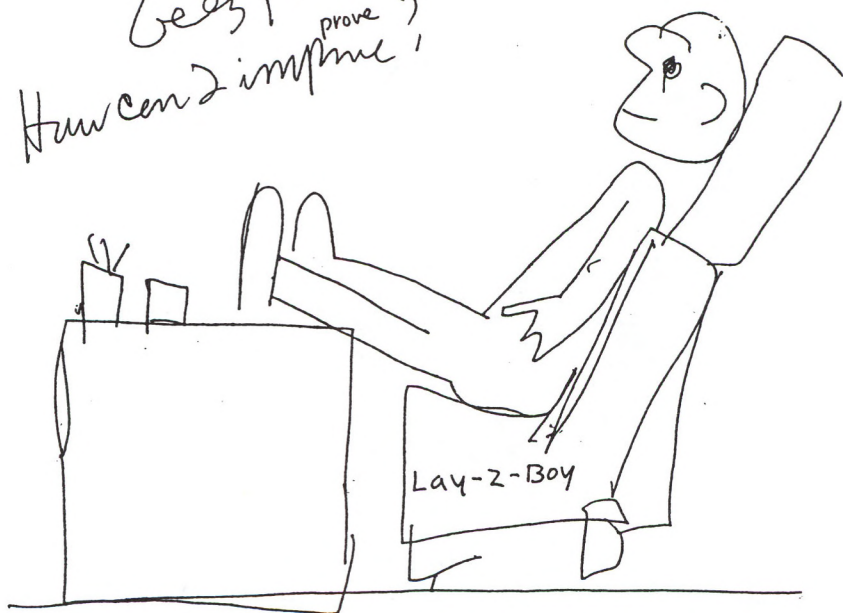




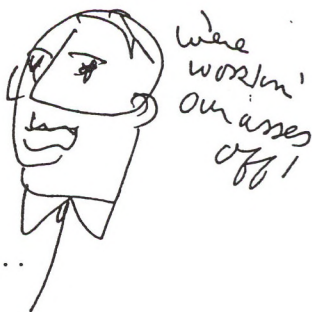


armed  
with yoga,  
20 lbs  
bathtowel

Geez, he said,  
How can I <sup>prove</sup> improve?



(frowny face) I'll tell  
ya!

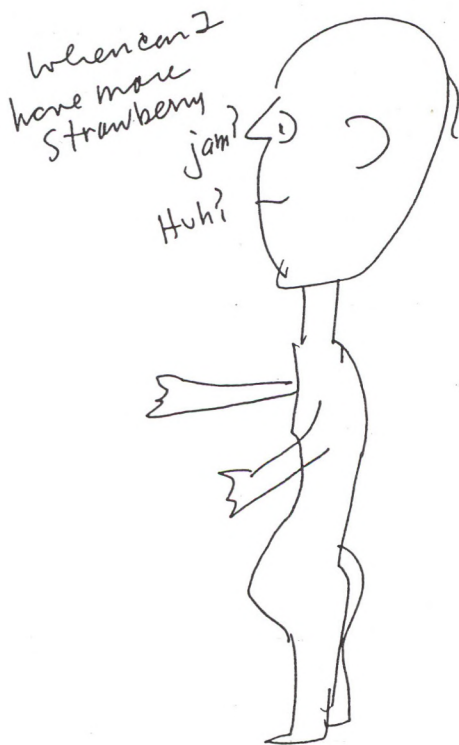


To make the world a better place . . .

His Lazy Buns



He wants to know not about the state of the union of his religious increase but . . .

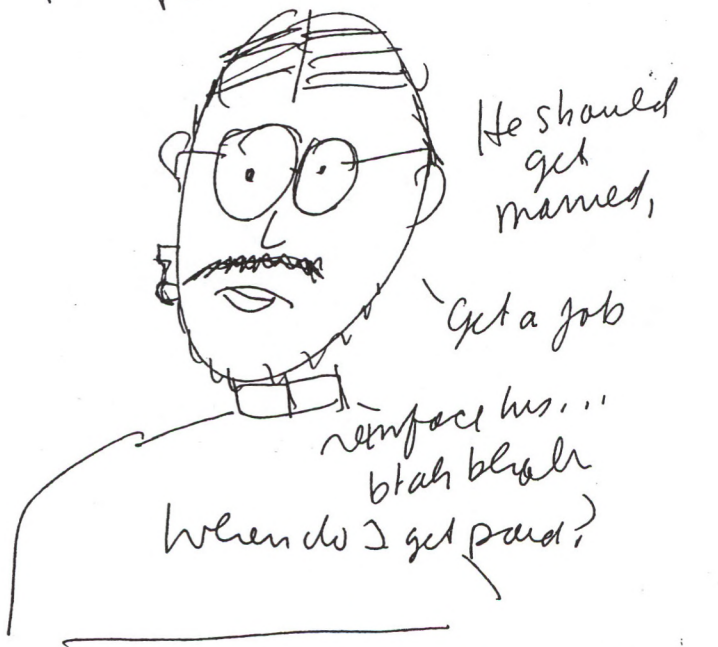


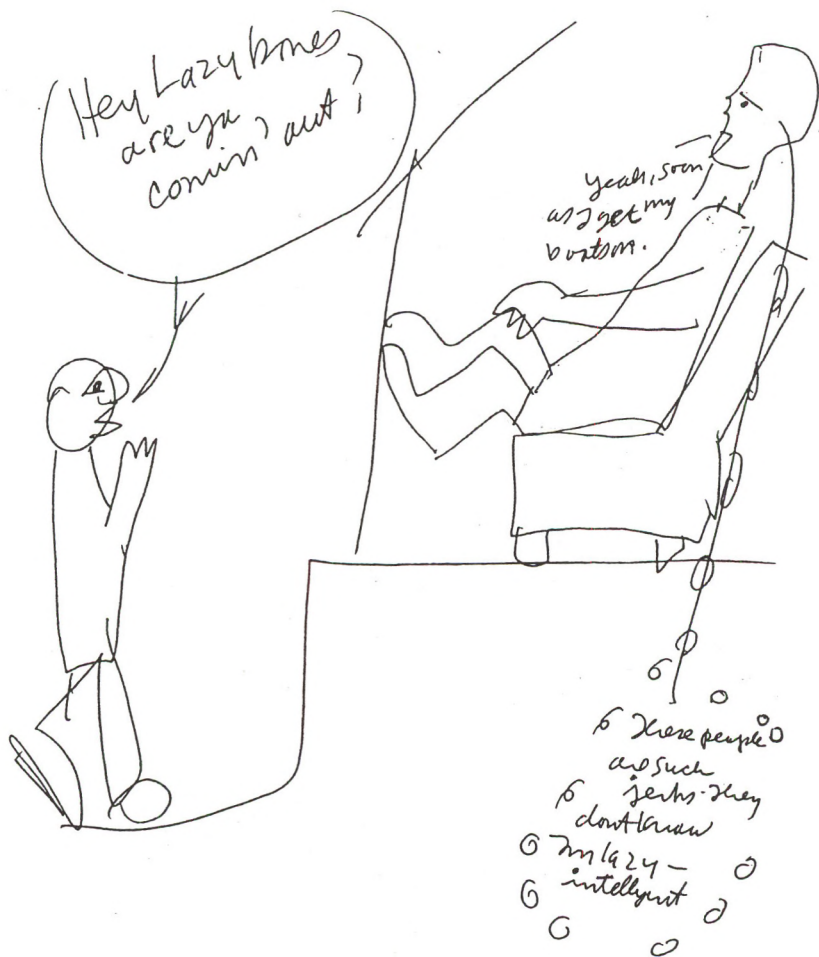


Take him on an uphill walk to  
think about it



Dr. recommends









Skipped page —  
He wuz too lazy  
to fill it out!







Lazy Bones takes care  
to properly outfit himself  
for his walk.

Hm... Hm... Got  
my dictaphone,  
foamace, brats  
OK, gloves,  
ready to go,...

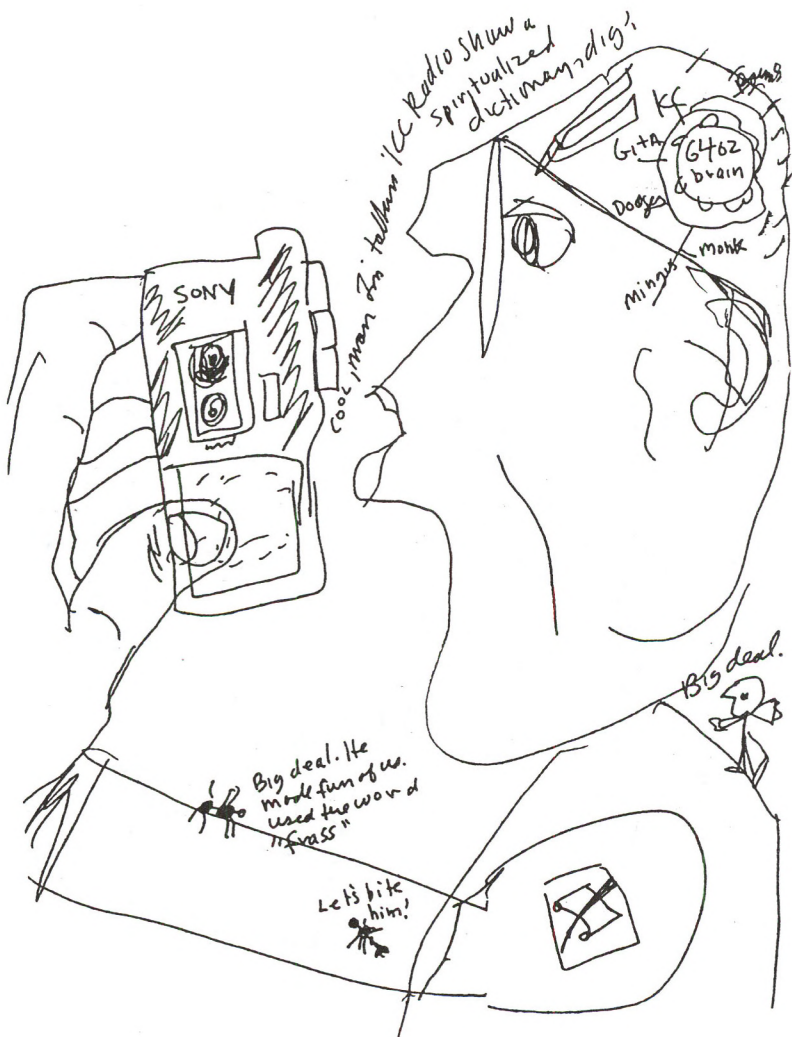
He's protecting himself  
from headaches so he  
can serve.

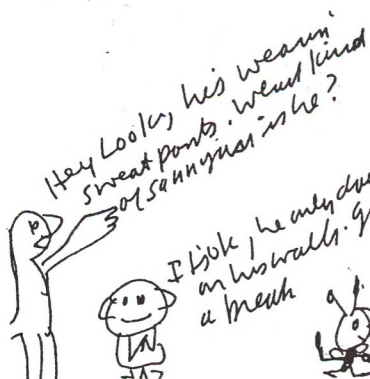




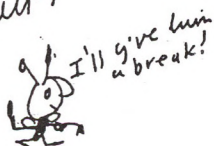
# Interview with Artist!



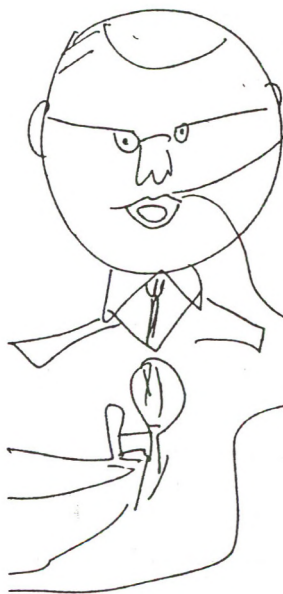




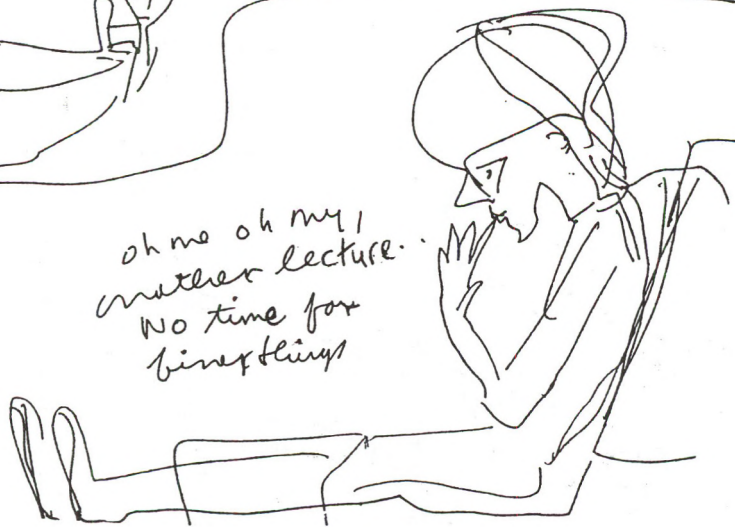
I look, he only does it  
on his walls. Give em  
a break



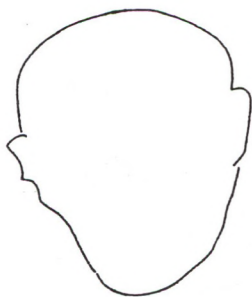




Satsveroooper is on  
the lecturing trail-  
Earning credits. Big  
deal. This is News  
Miscast reporting  
from Denver Sky Cam  
Satellite. We are watching  
what he's doing!



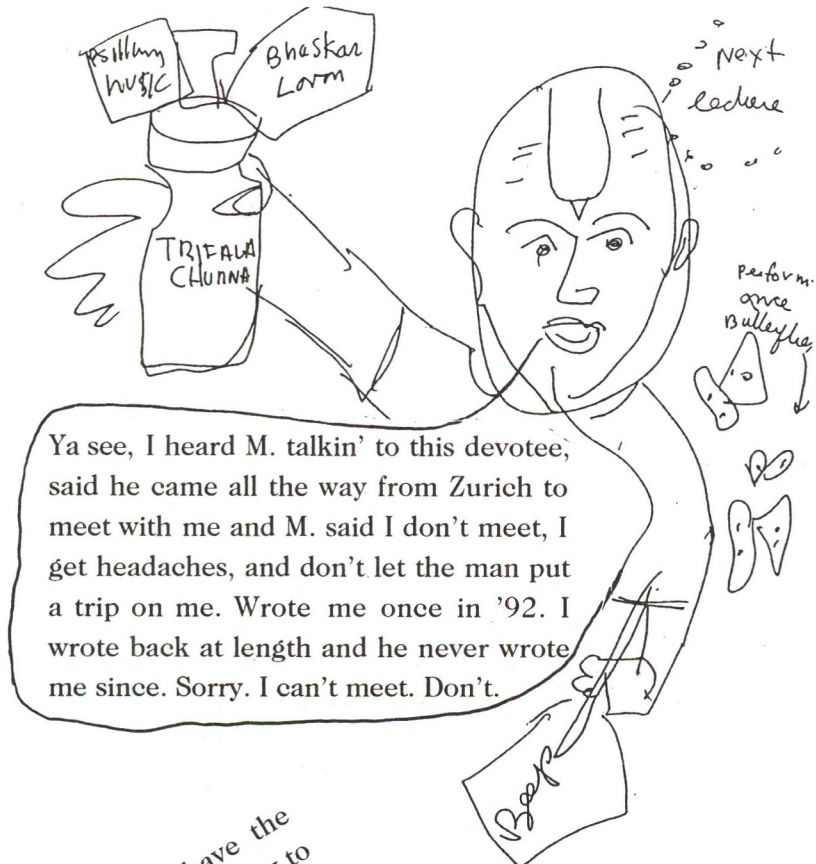
oh no oh my!  
another lecture...  
No time for  
birex things



You better not draw in the face of your spiritual master unless you're prepared to do it real nice.

How about those like  
inspirational greeting cards?





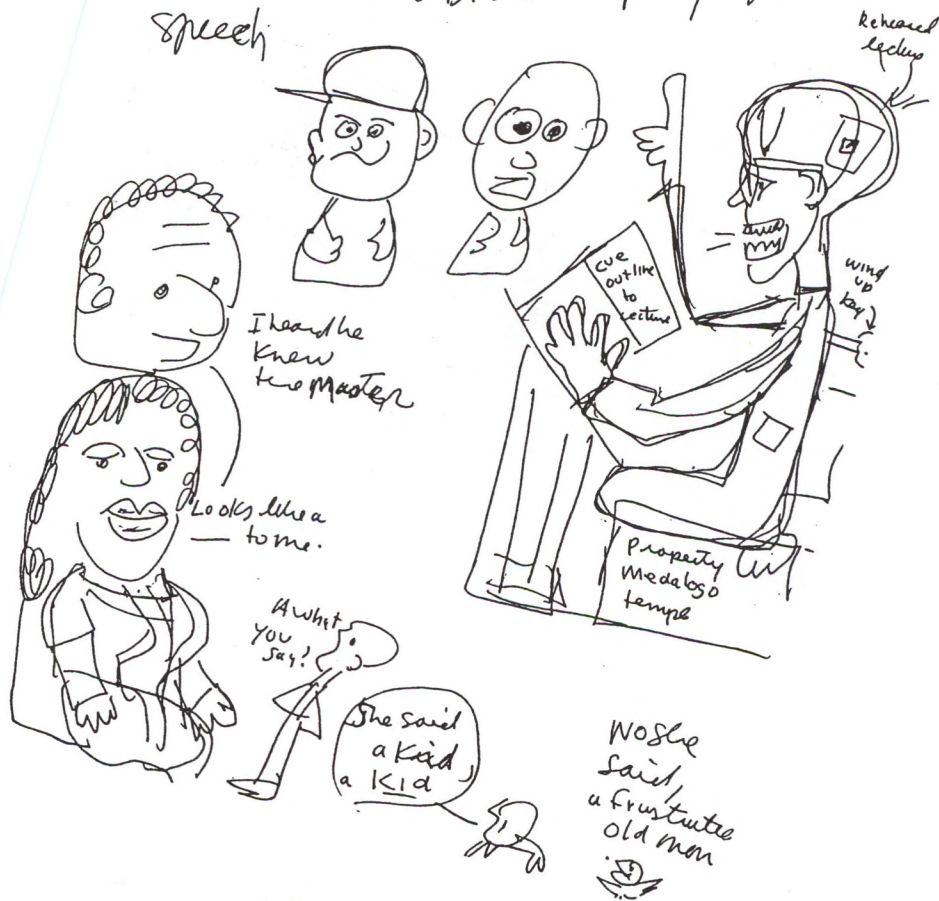
He didn't even have the presence of mind today to do a poem or Radio Show.



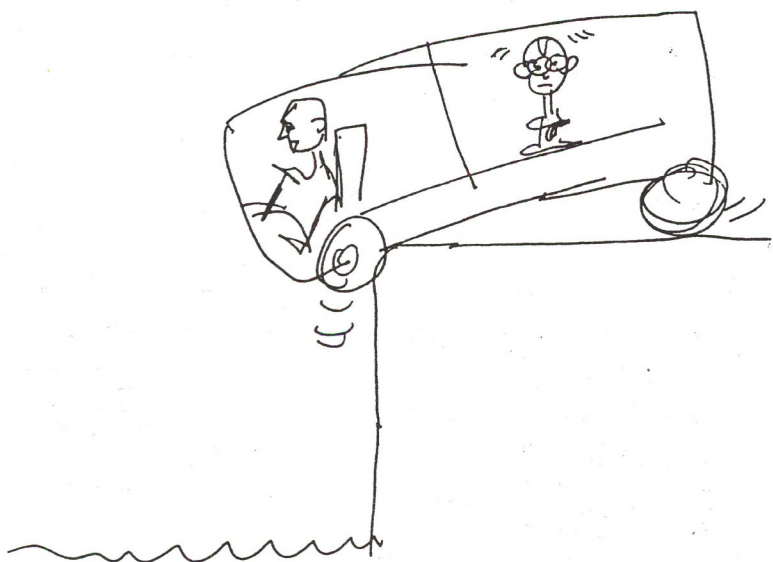
I heard he re-arranged the bins in the van. That's something.

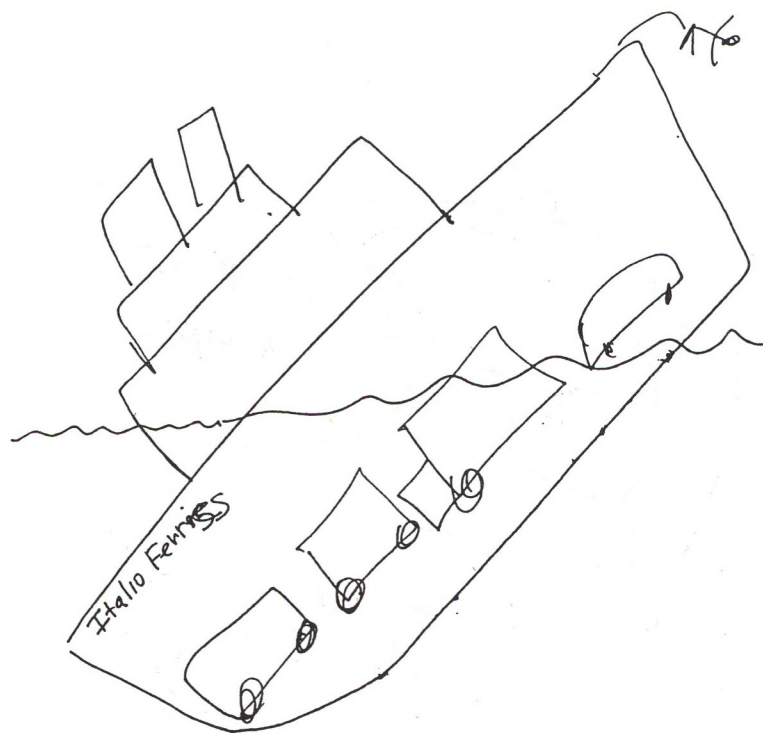
5:02 PM

Walk into treatment room soon, Ben  
down & then blow — play your  
speech



JUN 29 Travel Fears





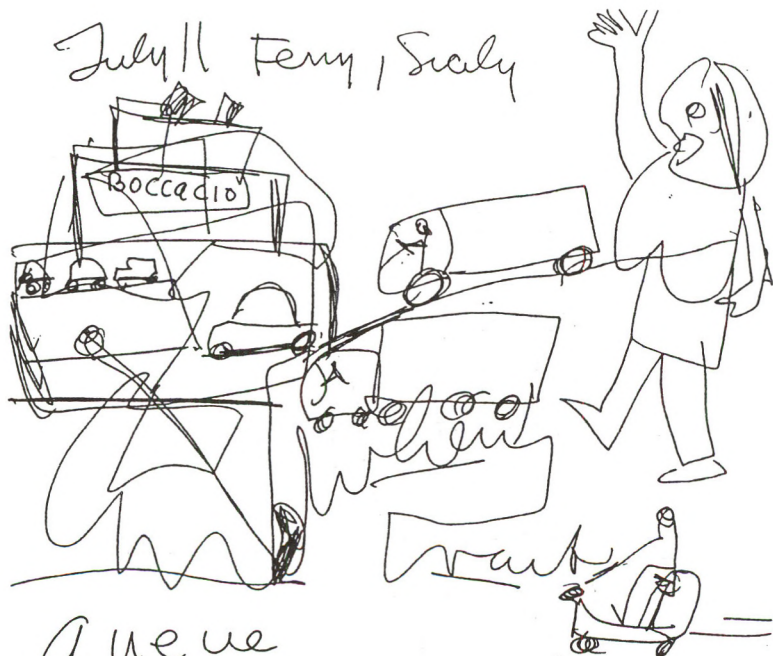






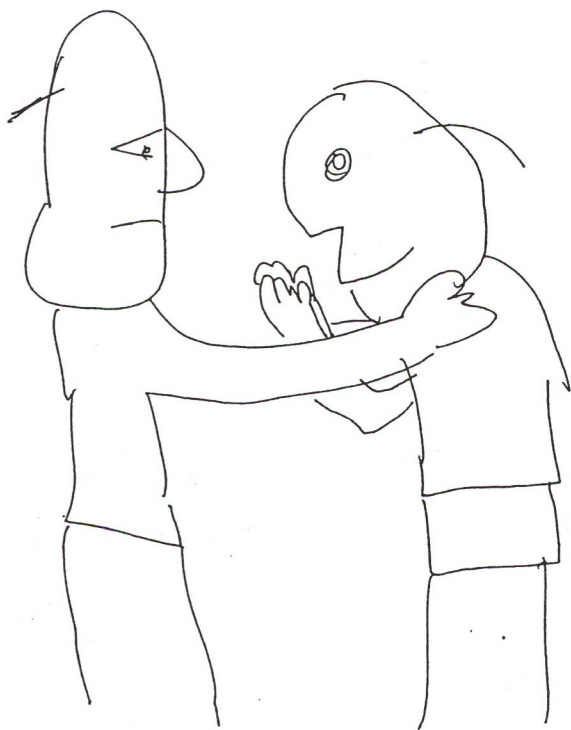
Halloween cut  
free,  
dear  
reader

July 11 Ferry, Sicily



Queue

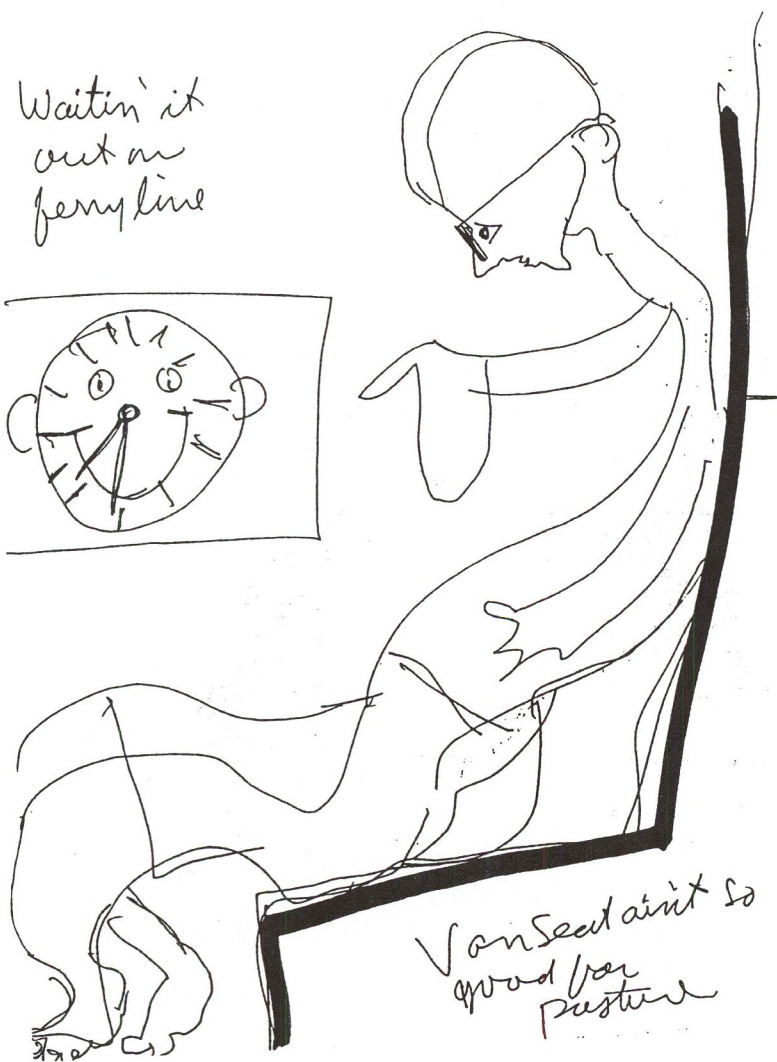
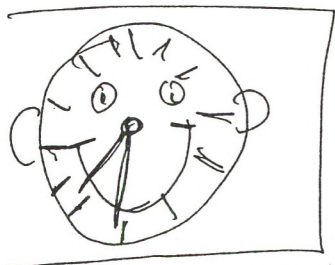








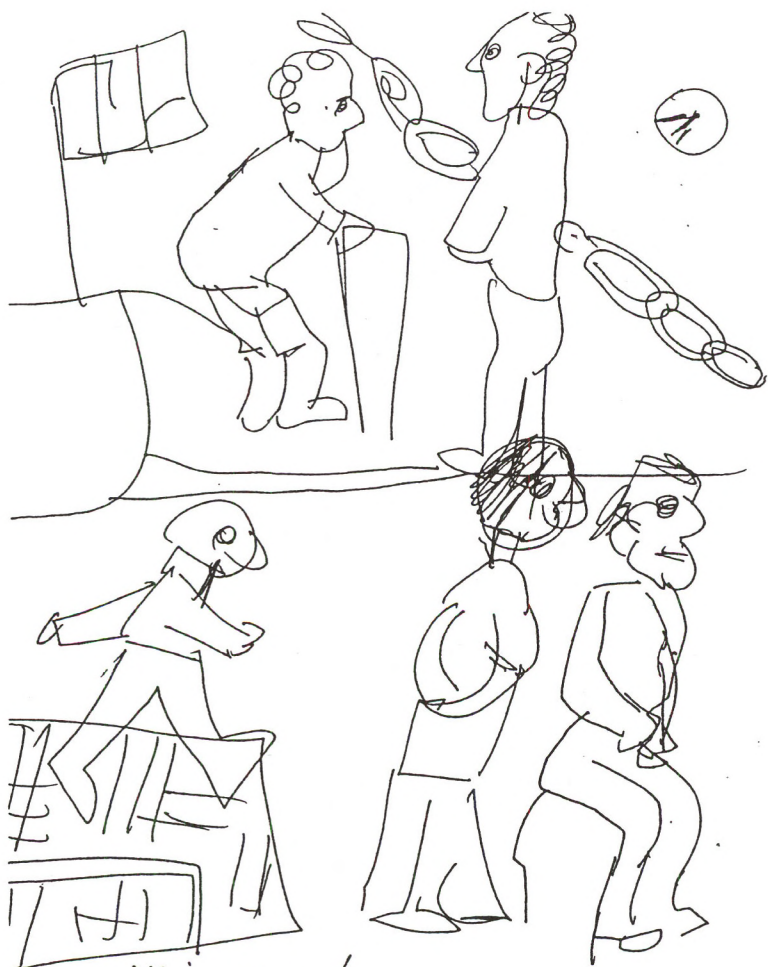
Waitin' it  
out on  
ferry line



Van Seat aint so  
good for  
pasture







Waitin' around  
at the ferry wharf

# A STORY BEGUN IN MAYAPUR

1. The first part of the paper discusses the importance of the study of the history of the English language. It is a branch of linguistics that deals with the changes in the language over time and across different regions. This includes the study of the development of the English language from its roots in Old English to the modern forms we use today.

2. The second part of the paper focuses on the role of the English language in the world. It is a global language that is spoken by millions of people and is used in many different contexts, from business to education. The paper explores the challenges and opportunities that arise from the widespread use of English and the need for a more inclusive and equitable global communication system.

## INTRODUCTION

This sketchbook was a shiny, silver-colored, Cachet sketchbook, softbound with “Neutral pH” paper, 8 1/2 x 10 and perforated.

Someone had given us a whole house to use during our stay in Māyāpur that year, and had even left a cheap Indian exercise book with the words, “Happy Drawing!” in one room. Those words immediately inspired me to want to get going. But I wanted to draw in something better than the exercise book, so I pasted the words “Happy Drawing” into the elegant sketchbook I was carrying and took off.

The first few pages came as quickly as I could move my hand. Once again (similar to the first sketchbook in this volume, “Words In Pictures, Pictures In Words”) it started off as a story with pictures. I love it when those two come together. I wish I could always work like that, writing freely and yet seriously, and drawing just as quickly as my hand can move. What comes out? These little fellows. They are not exactly created by my hand; they pop out of the ink bottle, out of the pen tip along with the story they are trying to tell. Although this may sound indulgent, I don’t think it is. Our lives are important. We may have to admit that we are not always deep fellows; our natural inclination may not always

be to write serious philosophical tomes. Sometimes we want to tell our life story, like I am doing here, in little pictures and words, to tell how we have come to Māyāpur although we're Westerners. We want to make something out of it.

Although I wrote quickly, the gremlin reared his head and said, "Wait a minute, man, this is India. You cannot keep this . . ." I bypassed him and ran along the Navadvīpa plain with the sun blazing, my saffron flying, *tilaka*, and men popping out so fast that they have no legs or waist or even eyeballs—but coming and appearing in essential happiness or strain—"Yeah, I can free-draw praise my Lord Caitanya."

I'm happy about these drawings and have no desire to do them more accurately or artistically. My only regret is that I didn't write ten or fifty times more than what I did here. This represents only the first urge. Eventually it settled down to a couple of pages a day and eventually I couldn't keep it up at all. I had lost the free spirit, the casual "left hand doesn't know what the right hand is doing" freedom. Yet the size of the notebook helped me to be bold. The paper was so thick that I decided to just draw quickly and not worrying about anything. It's so rare to be in Māyāpur and I felt an urgency, even a passion, to see and draw everything there, the spiritual world. I didn't mind the scrawls. I just wanted *something* to come out that would convey the mercy of my being there. Therefore, the drawings came out blunt and primitive, and I hope they convey what I can't convey due to my sophis-

ticated and confused Western coverings. By the crudeness of my language and art, I also hoped to avoid pretending a holiness I didn't attain.

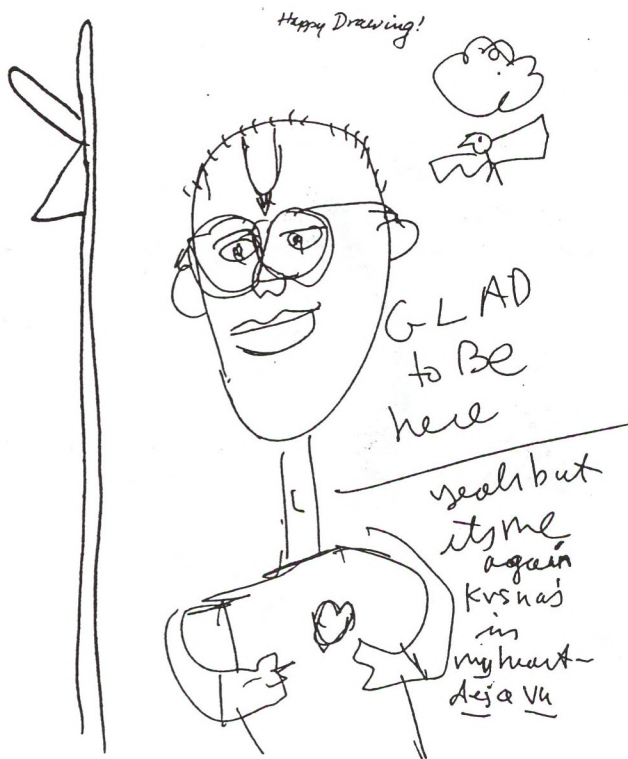
So, dear reader, I'm offering these to you from my point of view, not thinking of them as scraps from the floor, but as the best I could do at the time. I'm satisfied with that. Although not in any sense complete, these portraits with occasional words continued, although sparingly, even after I left Māyāpur. One picture, a confused, harried self-portrait in a Calcutta stop-over: "Hare Kṛṣṇa, *please*." Then on the last day of the year, wearing warm clothes and a knit hat, we arrived at the Vṛndāvana Guesthouse.

After about a week there, after praying and talking with friends, I hit upon a long-term writing project called *A Poor Man Reads the Bhāgavatam*. A few drawings in this notebook tell of the happy birth of that project.

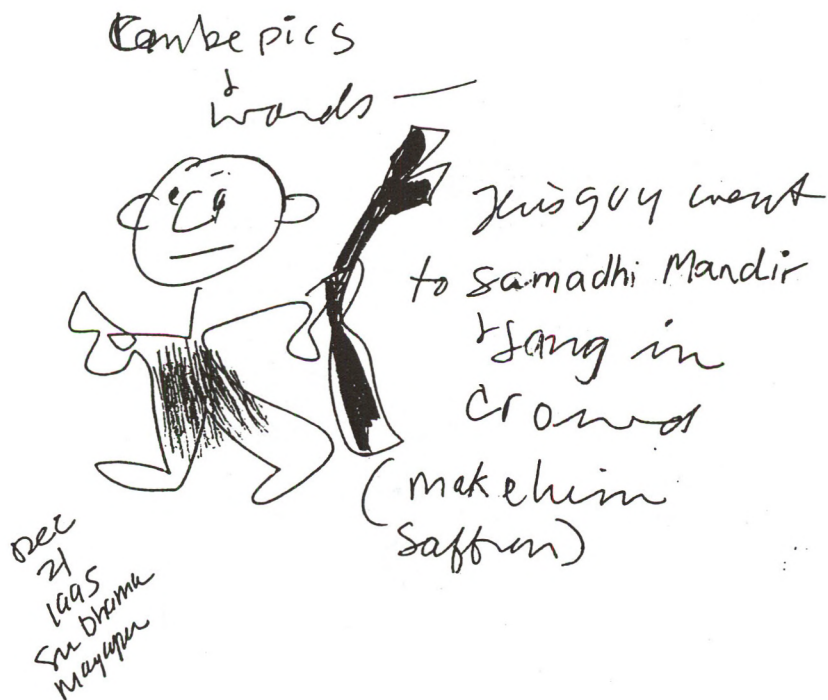




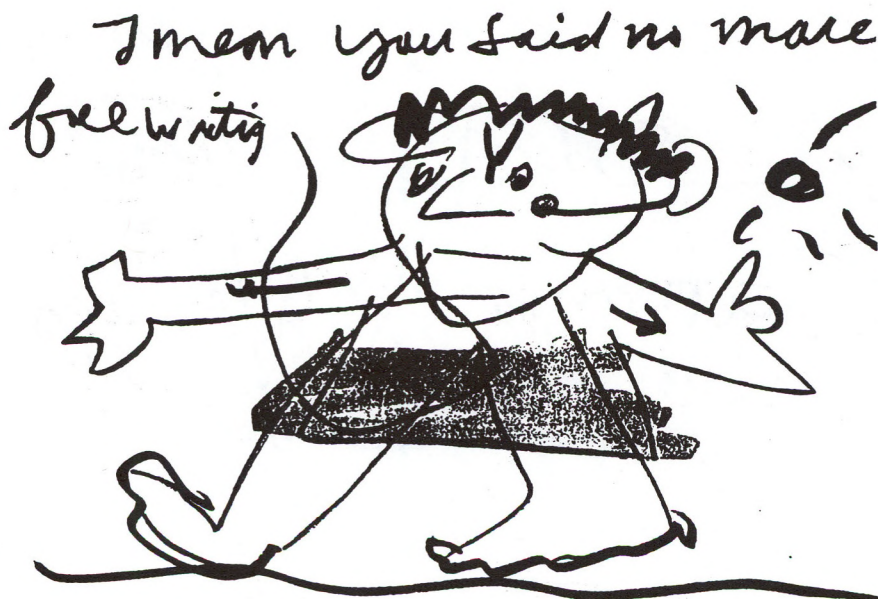
# A STORY BEGUN IN MAYAPUR



Well yeah, sure I can go through one of these fast and I'd like to and like someone to encourage me to do so, but is it the best use of your K.C. time?



Wait a minute man, this is India. You can't keep this . . .

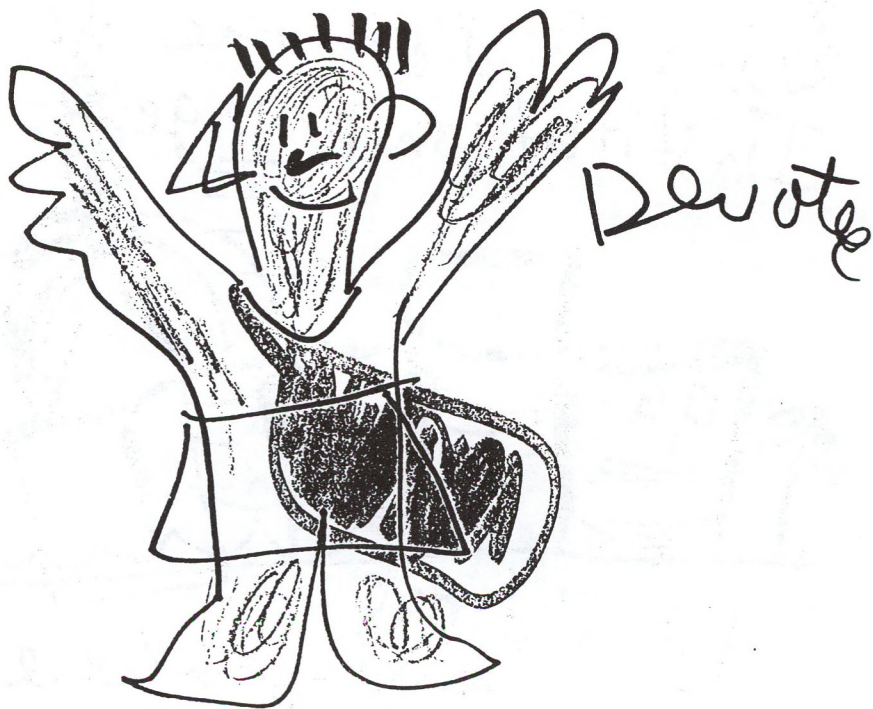


yeah but

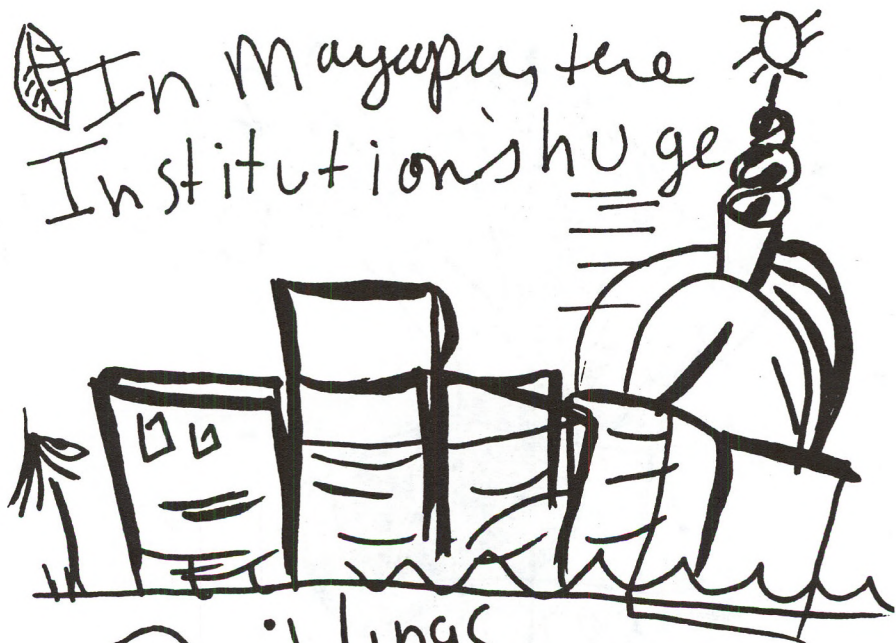
I can free draw make my

LORD  
Cartoons





In Mayapur, the  
Institution's huge



Buildings  
everywhere

I'm a stranger here,  
If only I could chant.  
Give me a chance

LORD  
CAITANYA

LORD



In dust of Mayapur



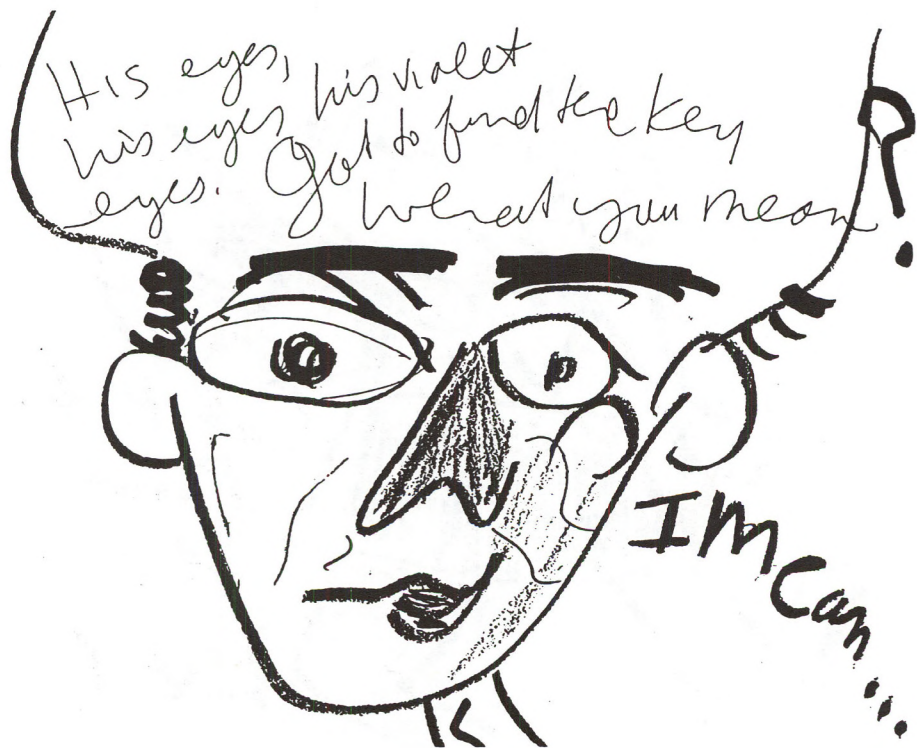
Tell the story in "primitive"  
terms

Belch.



I think he's eaten  
too many times a  
Day his  
Wahine Cure meals.





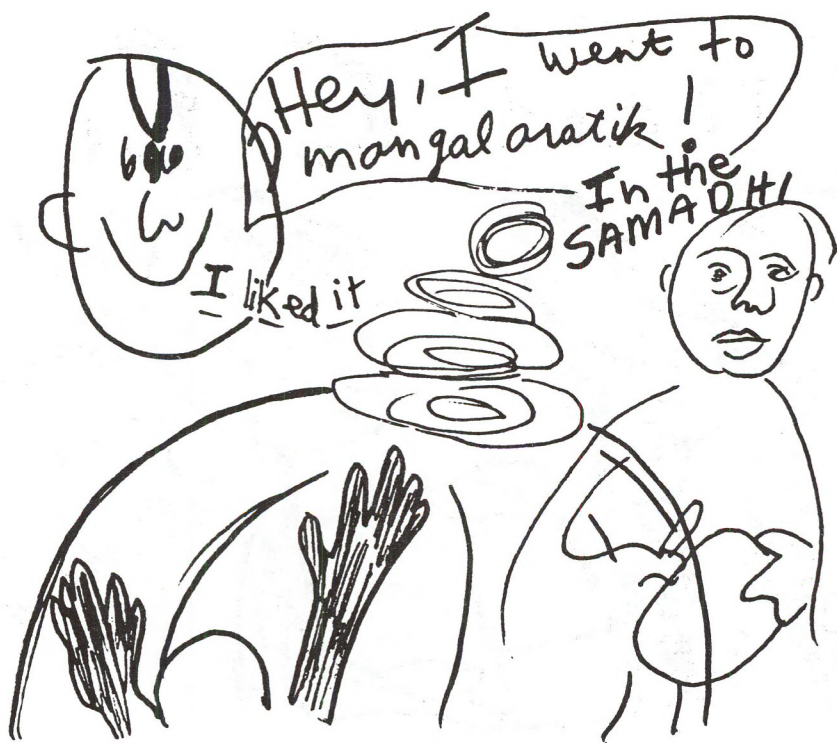
(among other things)

Read

C.C.

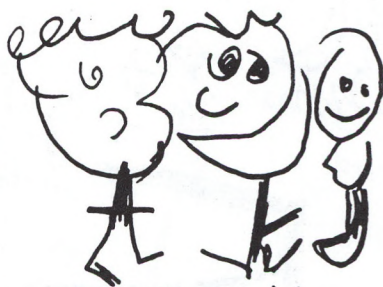


And  
Speak  
it to  
devotees





Sometimes green men or  
creatures come out of me



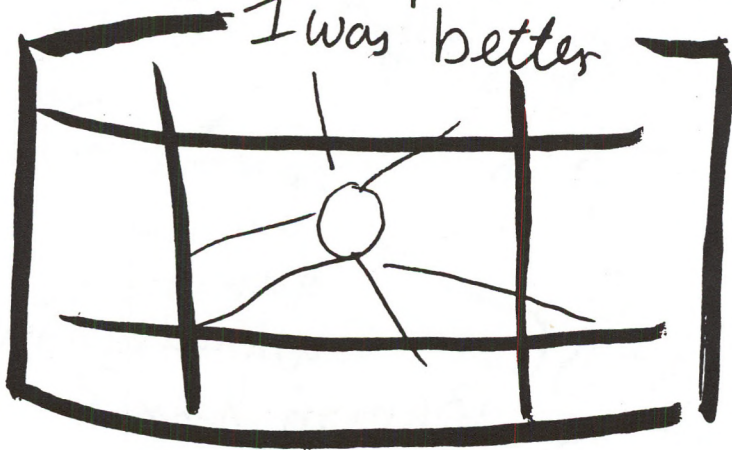
I put pants on him  
& tilok. I  
dunno ....  
Whaddya think?

Banish him?





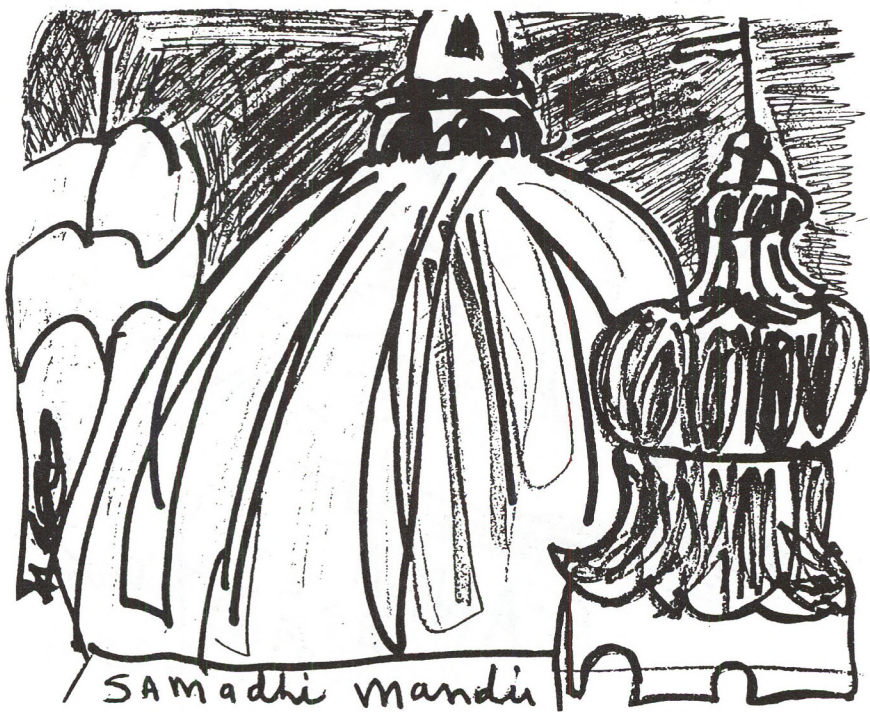
Evening brings  
Pra bhupada bhajan  
in Mayapur & I wish  
I was better

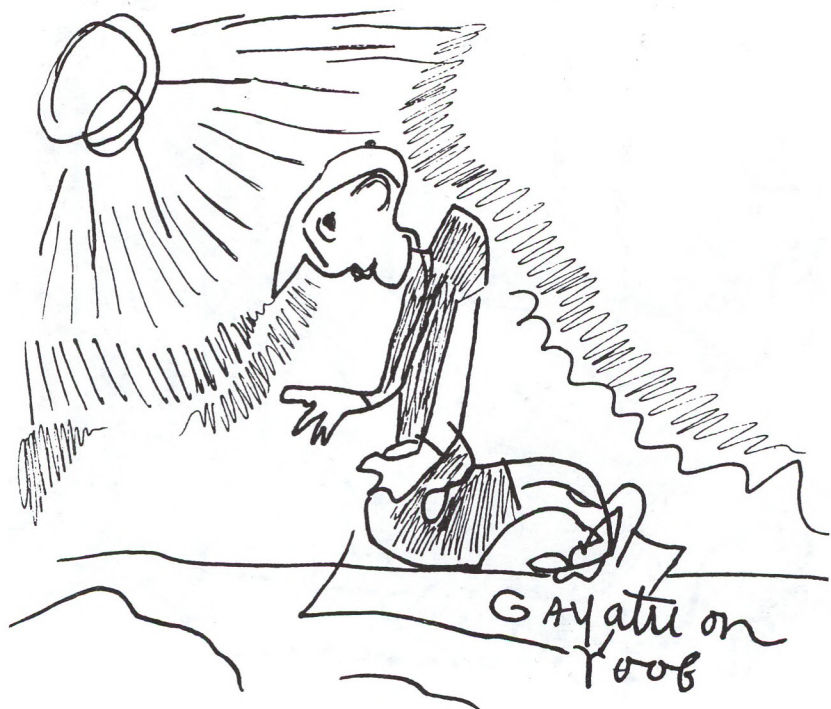




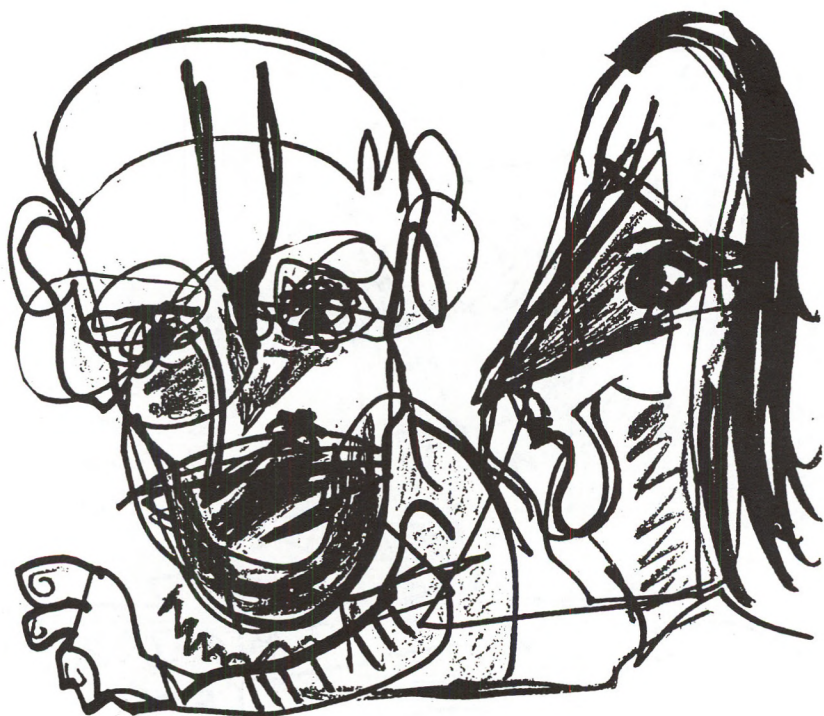


What words can capture what it means to bathe in the Ganges at Māyāpur? What picture can capture the experience?



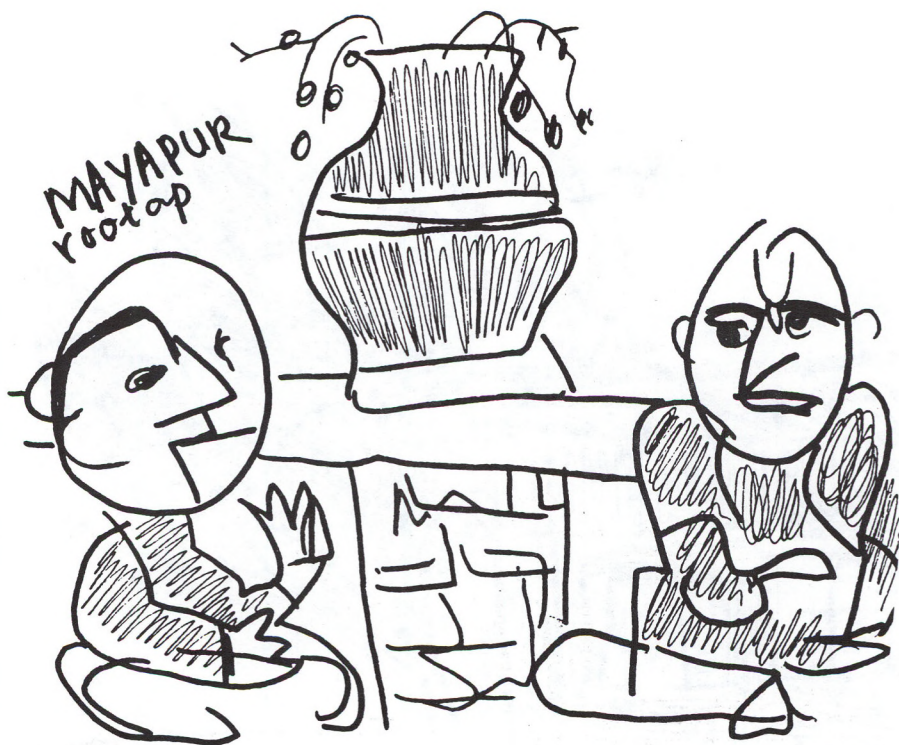


GAYATHI on  
Roof



A *brahmacārī* on the left and a woman on the right, he's turning away from her rather than toward her. Renunciation.





I come up here every day to chant *gāyatrī* and to draw for about twenty minutes. You have a busy schedule and little time to draw, but squeezed it in when you can.









*A Māyāpur sādhu.*

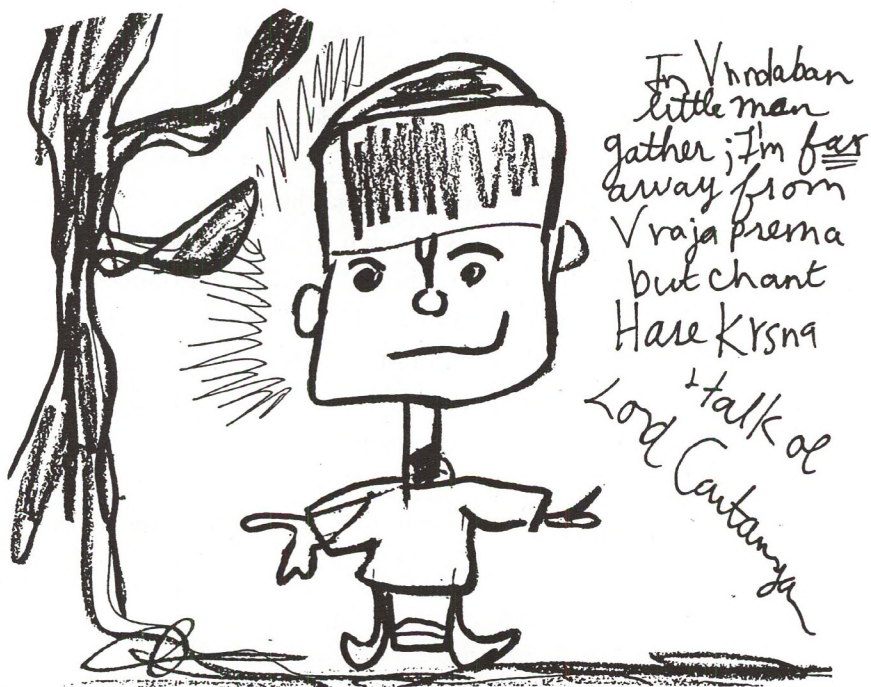




After leaving Māyāpur, we arrive in cold Delhi and then Vṛndāvana. Glad to be in holy Vṛndāvana on New Year's eve. If I was in the West, I would be subject to the midnight honks and shouts of drunken revelers. Instead, I heard the "honks" of the peacocks and felt at home.

## A POOR MAN READS THE BHAGAVATAM

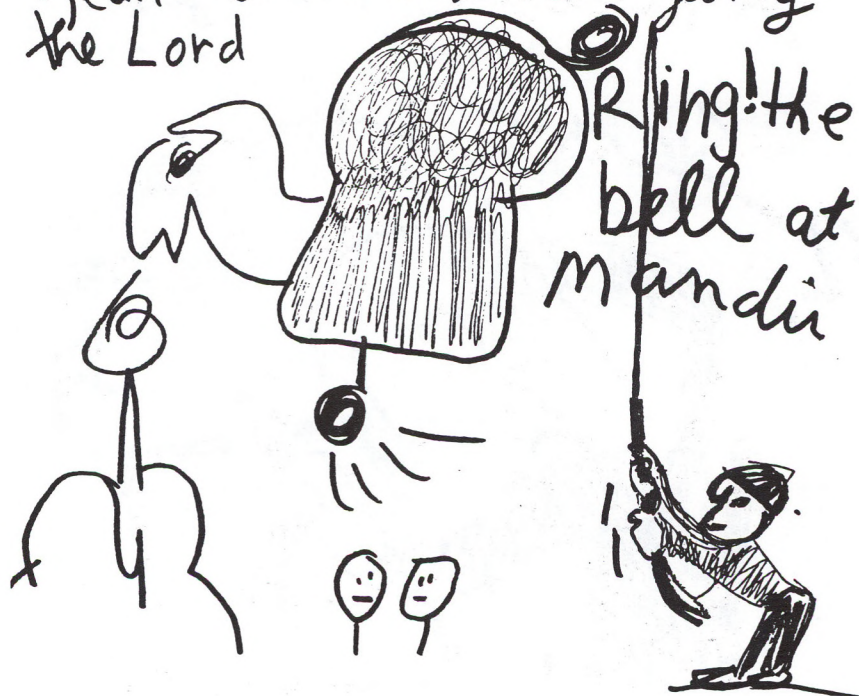
While in Vṛndāvana I had a intimation of wanting to start a more long-term writing project, but I didn't know what it was. I spoke to Baladeva Vidyābhūṣaṇa dāsa, who in the past has helped me think projects through. I very much wanted to be in touch with whatever Prabhupāda and Kṛṣṇa wanted me to write. We came up with different ideas that combined both free-writing and śāstric commentary. Then suddenly it became clear: I would write a book called *A Poor Man Reads the Bhāgavatam*. I would give a verse by verse commentary based on Śrīla Prabhupāda's purports, then free-write. These drawings were my attempt to celebrate the birth of this book.



In Vrindaban  
little men  
gather; I'm far  
away from  
Vraja prema  
but chant  
Hare Kṛṣṇa  
+ talk of  
Lord Caitanya



Yeah and it will be nice to glorify  
the Lord



yet he began a Prologue

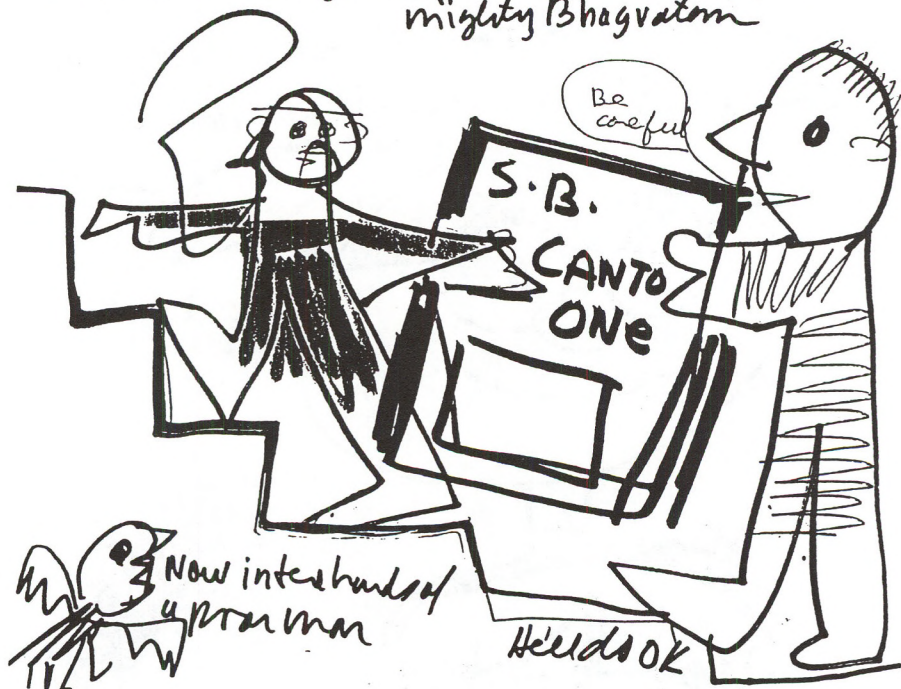




and then A Poor Man's Bhagavatam  
Came to him "on a silver platter."




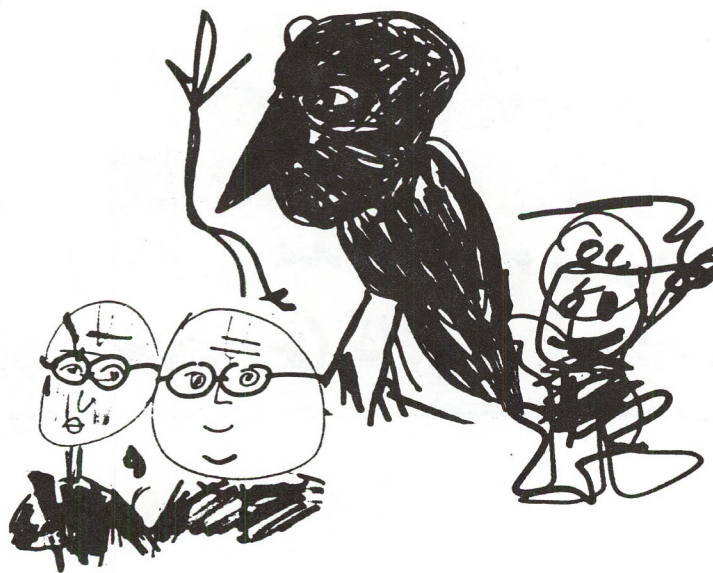
and drawings go a-pace to convey the  
mighty Bhagvatom





This book is Long  
term, by His Grace

Celebrating  the  
beginning of The  
Poor Man's Bhagavatam  
Jan 11, 1996, KB Mandir, Vrind, Mathura/Ip





Jan 11,  
1996



# The Poor man's Bhagavatam

beginning  
today



Ask  
forgiveness  
I  
honest  
attempt



despite  
faults  
to praise  
the  
all  
mighty

Satsvampa daa

# Automatic Writing Intended for Poor m<sup>n</sup>'s. Blog





Got funky Indian desk





# Automatic Writing - let (the hand go & speak) for P.M.'s Day

