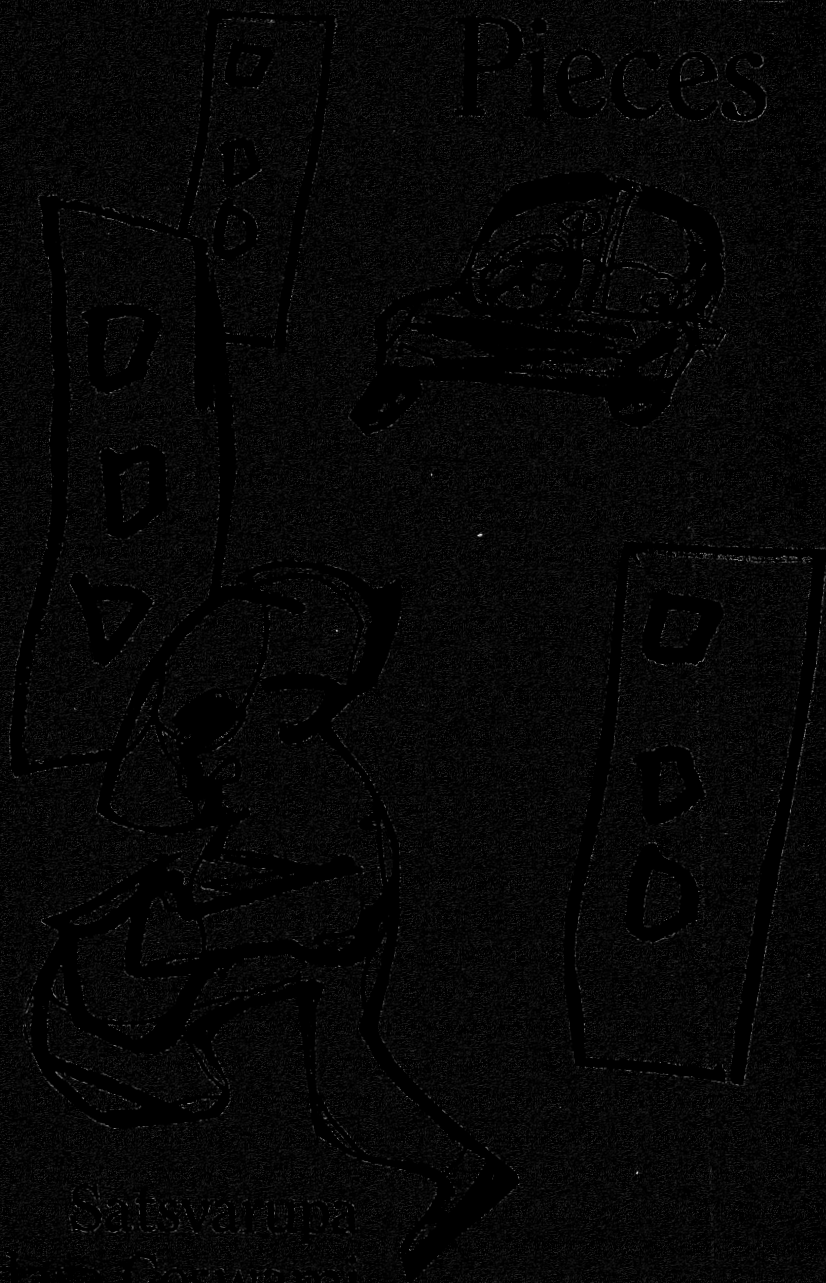
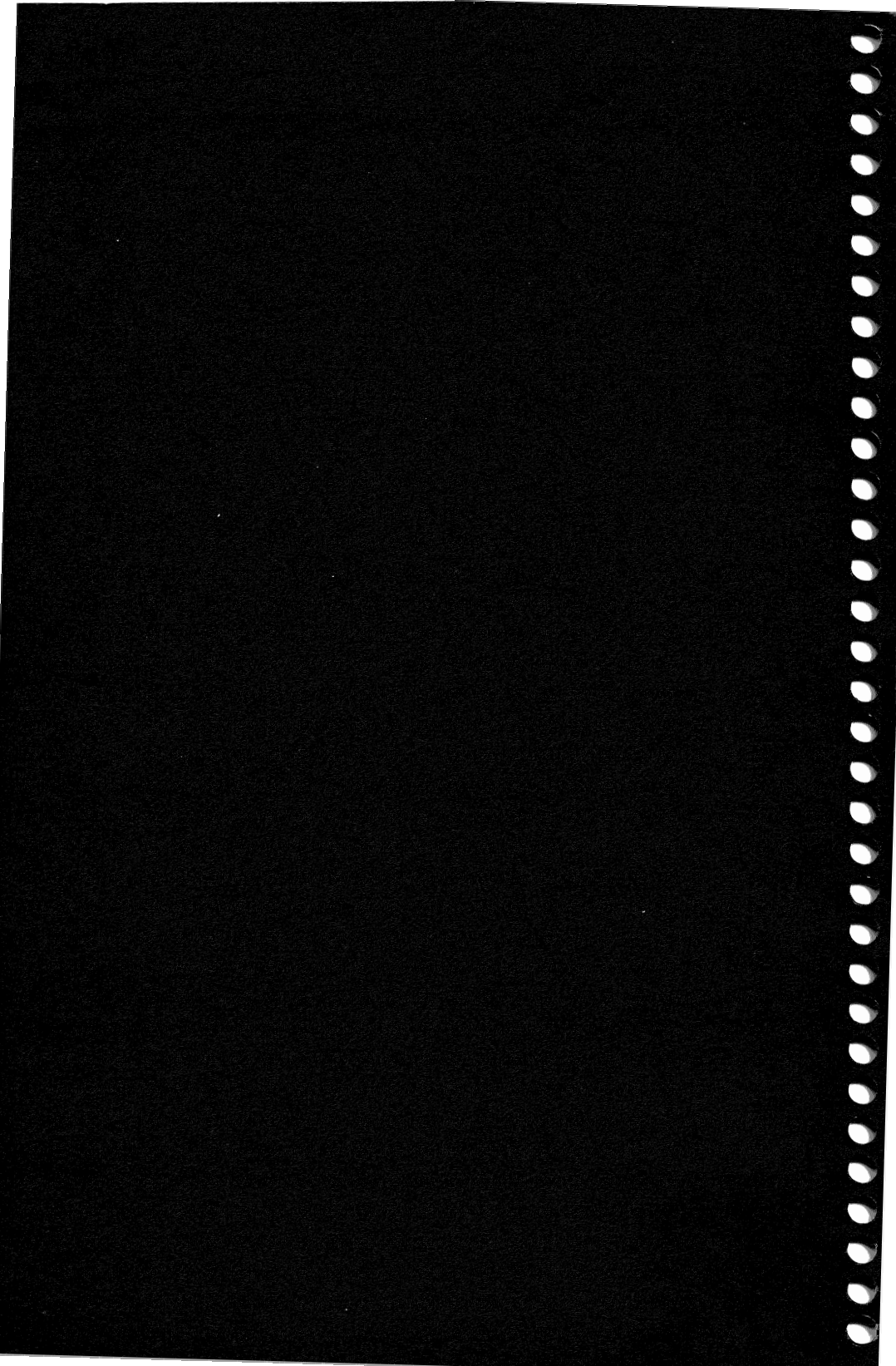


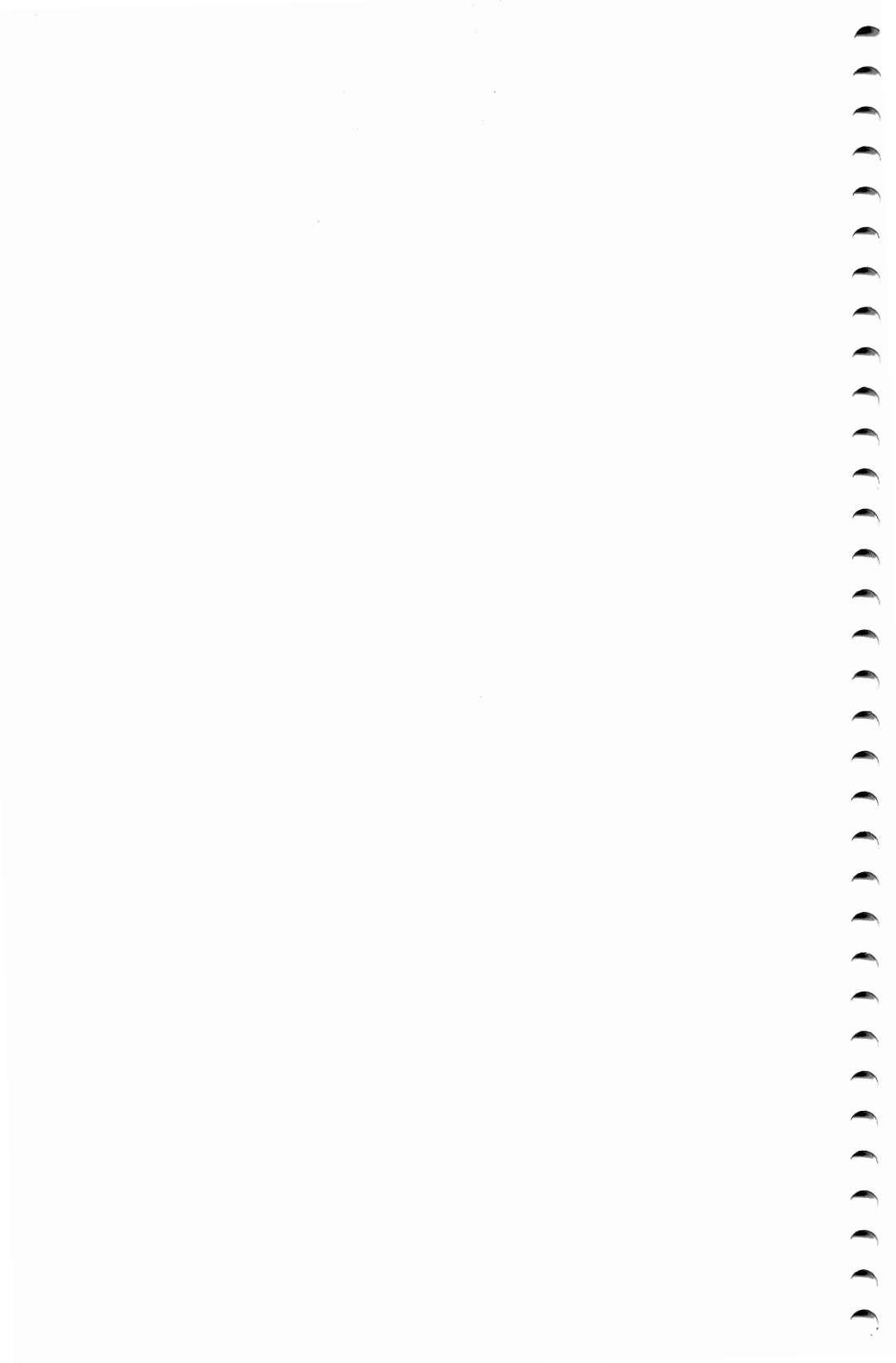
Dublin Pieces



Satsvarupa
das Goswami



Dublin Pieces



Dublin Pieces

Satsvarupa dasa Goswami
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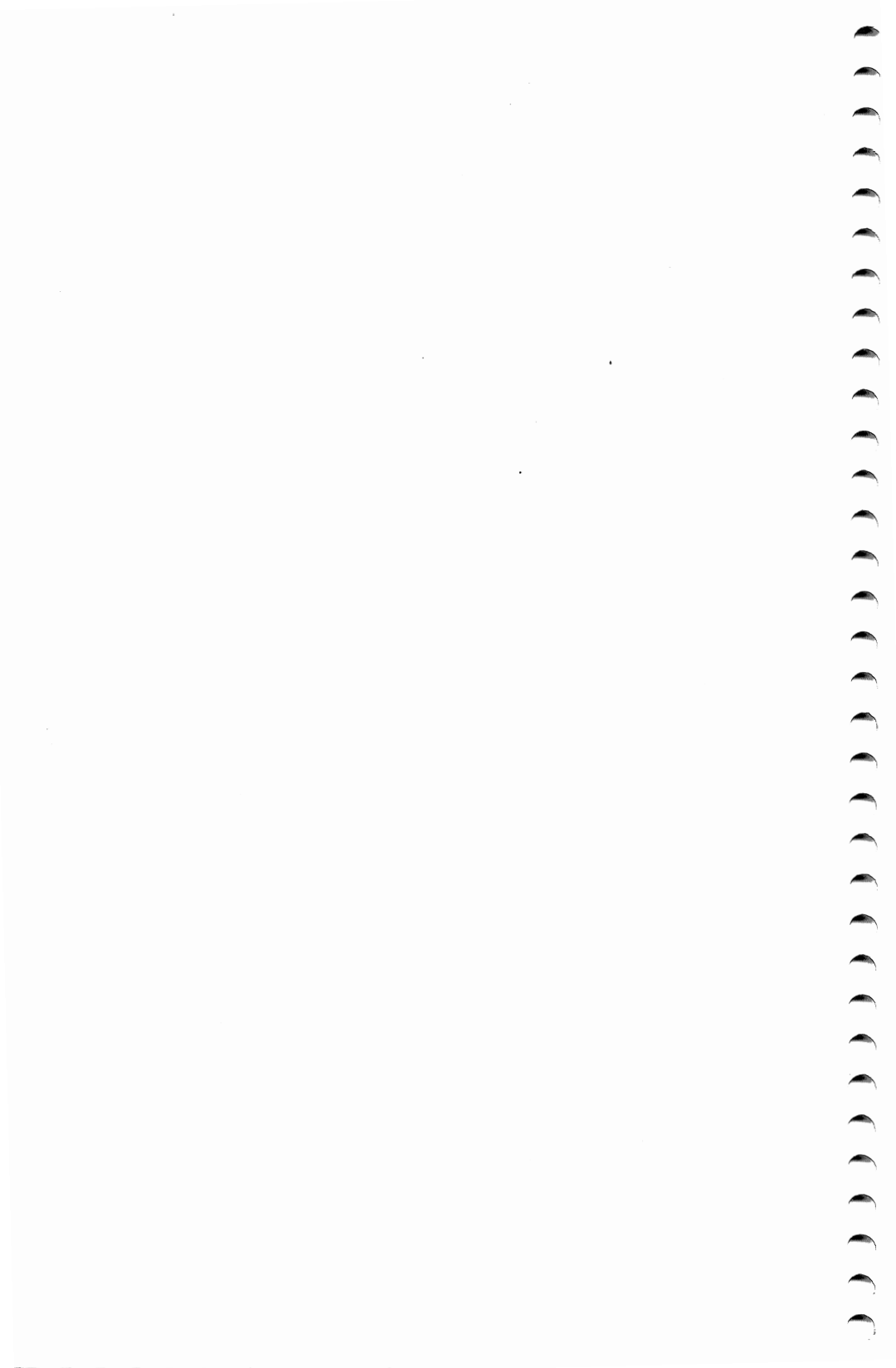
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1

Begin in Geaglum. The hall is empty and clean. Despite hay fever and asthma, Madhu stayed up and packed and cleaned. I dreamt of being an artist. A retreat house attracted another brother who wanted to come there and take it over. I decided that when he came, I'd leave. Phlegm rising in my lungs and nose.

We have a 9:30 A.M. appointment in Dublin with the motor registration department. Prove again that I am Stephen Guarino and have always lived in the USA and now I intend to live permanently in Ireland. Give us the license plate, etc. As of now, 12:30 midnight, I don't know where we'll be staying in Dublin. When I thought we'd be in the preaching center, I decided to accompany and pacify myself with writing *Dublin Pieces*. It's hectic, the construction work going on just a few yards from the building where the devotees stay. It's obvious we are just temporary tenants. Not

much comforts. We plan to be there four days but maybe instead we will stay in someone's flat. Still, wherever you are, write. That is your nature.

You may make mistakes. Preach to yourself to purge out doubt and weakness. Dreamt my enemy burnt his eyes. I don't wish ill to others but freedom to do my service. Let it go out to be read by others. These pieces are more for myself in following the river of the process.

I packed articles in the van yesterday. Gradually overcoming the disappointment that there is so little space in the back of the van. Lower my own stress, please. Don't find fault with Madhu. If you think he's controlling you too much, then speak up and tell him. Get relief. Basically . . . this life of much writing is required of me as *bhajana* to Śrī Kṛṣṇa so I can produce some publishable things. Drawing to amuse yourself, to blend, to intertwine. Oh, and I thought that when I am in Dublin to sometimes paste in flotsam and jetsam—like momentous—even if they are mundane, to remember this time and place, and springboard from them.

Just finished *Madhya-līlā*, Chapter fourteen. Svarūpa Dāmodara speaks of the glories of Śrimate Rādhārāṇī in Vṛndāvana, compared to which Dvārakā and Vaikuṇṭha are only a drop in the ocean.



Yeah, the Blimstones and Flintstones. I fantasized, "Sir, if you had time and if you had expertise, you could conduct any kind of interview to test whether I am a life-long resident of the USA. I would prove to you I am a genuine article. My 1940s, 50s, and 60s memories could not be manufactured by a foreigner. Since 1966 I can tell you life in America and as a Hare Kṛṣṇa member." But they have no such interview test. Or perhaps the short version of it is just to hear my accent. I wear "USA" and Olympic circles sewn onto my saffron sweatshirt. I speak like one of the: "Don' bodder y'hear?" I look like an older man who you

should not harass like a youngster. The skin is beginning to seriously sag under my chin and on the sides, Jowels. I can expect more of that as I grow older. I don't think it's fat as much as general sagging, aging, falling apart. So you ought to write and read and chant while you can.

Devotees in Ireland quarrel among themselves and I can't stop that, but I sense their affection for me. They write me letters and say it was good that I spoke to the group. Spoke about cleaning the Guṇḍicā temple, cleaning our hearts. Lord Caitanya collected more dirt than all others. I said, "My writing is like this—be introspective and seek out *anāṛthas* (*anāṛtha-nivṛtti*).” The next morning I read from Cc. to them, the pastimes.



Lord Caitanya's devotees from Bengal came to join Him after He returned from His Southern tour of India. They had always been thinking of Him in separation.

So the disciples here write me in letters that they are trying and that our relationship is very meaningful. I respond that I will never forget you.

Why put mundane pieces in your writing? Can you avoid saying the metal crane descended like a hook lowered from the sky, and you see it swinging just a few yards from the building of the preaching center? The T.P. is a disciple of Harikeśa Mahārāja. I am no great preacher to him. I suffer when I compare myself to leading GBC men. Either I think myself better in my own way, or I think they don't like or appreciate me. Neither do I want them to come where I am—as in my dream where a leader decided to get in on the art scene where I was. He wanted to drive his car into the hallway. No, leave me to write.



Let's get this show on the road. We are scheduled to leave at 5:00 A.M.. Chant more rounds in the van. Think of Kṛṣṇa in Vṛndāvana. Svarūpa

Dāmodara is *suda-vraja-vāsī*. Lord Caitanya loved to hear him speak of Vṛndāvana before the devotees. Aiotata. The garden. Śrīvāsa Ṭhākura in the mood of Nārada is under the influence of Kṛṣṇa's opulences (*aiśvarya*).

I too want to be under His influence and not the influence of Dublin city. I can't help but be affected by it. I plan to tell you, or write down some of these effects, if only to clear myself of them. And perhaps I can preach in the city if anyone will come in the morning when I'm there. They expect you to do something worth their traveling to Dublin from Wicklow. I feel pressured to perform something special but it is really up to them to tune in and be receptive. Remember writing advise: "spend all, don't hold back, don't save for later." I'll follow that but I can't hype, act up, and imitate as if I'm a pure devotee. Neither do I want to wrangle and tell them, "You should do this, you should do that, don't quarrel, etc." How are you? We are getting old.

Ill luck

let go

Guinness stout

the crane lowers with a bundle
of cut wood or metal rods.

Don't look now but the girls

and guys are passing under in a danger
zone. Do you want to go out there

and find a few distilled words

in a bookshop? Or write your own, exclusively trained by His Divine Grace. "We don't read some rascals' books," said Śrīla Prabhupāda. "We don't read Mr. John's philosophy. We read *Bhāgavatam*, we read *Bhagavad-gītā As it is*." I want to be like that too. Sit in the bare room on whatever chair or floor-cushion is available, and in the daylight read one of these books as time goes by. Take it in carefully—or else how will you preach?



Dublin pieces means writing pieces in a series and means that I am fractured and distracted there, not whole, and it means here are little

pieces of that city, like the tiny pieces of plaster. I could understand if you said "Vṛndāvana Pieces" or "Vṛndāvana dust" or even "Here is a piece of dust from the hall where we chanted to the 430 000 people." Or here is a chip from the lectern where I spoke to the arch bishop. But you say only, "Here is the place where I stayed for four days and wrote and worried and read. Yes, read, and did and didn't. Fell short in the mundane city but didn't despair. Get it together enough to write on a stiff board, "Hare Kṛṣṇa, Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, Hare Hare."



(Indirectly) ask them to cooperate, but it is theoretical and abstract. You keep distant. You don't know their history of disagreement. Can't patch it up. Then just be a neutral force that recommends *kṛṣṇa-kathā* and the healing power of *harināma* and chanting. Śyāmānanda said he realized how most important was to preach to himself. Sounds like something you'd conclude by reading my books. Yes, preach to one's self, but it shouldn't stop there.

I admit I fall short but I don't want to get worse. I don't want to glorify my mediocrity. A writer's got to write, and if all he sees is a swinging crane outside his window and it looks menacingly close and if he is intent on his celibacy and aloneness and freedom to write without constraints of structure, then let him do so.

Now end this piece # 1 and enter peace of *japa*, chanted softly in those sacred hours. Pray to Kṛṣṇa to allow you to say His name with faith and attention and yearning to get the mercy whereby one can understand His name as nondifferent than Himself. I want to at least pray to help others. People in this congregation will hear from me. I pray to be effective.

One devotee said, "I sees myself and many ISKCONites as like the persons in the story of the wedding party who rowed in a boat that was anchored. We shout righteously at those who are

not in boats, but we ourselves go nowhere." It does seem that many of us don't advance in attraction for hearing about Kṛṣṇa and making Him the center of our lives. So if I can improve in *japa* and be peaceful and come out with a few good books a year, then it is okay.



Prasadam Ke Japa

(June 24, 1:00 A.M., Geaglum)

2

This envious person in the Dublin preaching center. I hear of someone going to see their spiritual master and think something ill of him, "Oh, they are pompous," although I have no information to justify thinking that. Read a letter to a newcomer here from a swami Godbrother and I don't feel friendly. This is called envy and fault-finding. Go your way, toothless. Sag your way forward, unable to be compassionate to preach to young people, or bold to organize the preaching.

Still, I am what I am. I can't pretend. Can't make a hokum speech (at least hokum *for me*) that sticks in my throat. Give me a chance. "Read one hour a day," he says. "This is not optional." The advise to read is good. But not optional? Oh, but your own spiritual master used to say things like that, surrender, easy . . .

On this trip down from Northern Ireland it was daisy time. (Last trip it was hawthorn blossoms.)

Big, white daisies with yellow centers bunched on the roadsides and fields. Early morning and M. passed everyone up, taking advantage of the powerful surge of the American motor in our Ford van. Only one person in the Hare Kṛṣṇa center in Dublin. "The others are out advertising for a festival," he says. He gave me a garland. They say we will stay in someone's flat in town and come here in the morning to give classes. What's the SB verse I must speak on? "It is not optional."

Gulls cry. Go in twenty minutes now to the office where I tell them I have lived in the USA all my life.



Yeah, I was the kid. Somehow escaped worst corruption but did self-abuse just as my whole generation did. Lived in that attic bedroom provided by Mom and Dad who are both almost dead now. I am—I grew up in the 1950s. "Earth Angel" was the hit song for months and "My Babe" by Little Walter was another hit with Alan Freed's "Listeners." Bums on WOR Radio, channel 9 TV.

Grew up, grew ip. Shit, I could tell you so much trivia, you'd be sick to hear it.

Read for an hour, it is not optional. He's right, but I don't do it. I'll get some time in before this day is out. I already read for twenty minutes in Cc.

On the ride down here I drowsed. Everyone has hay fever in our little group, especially M. He has long, gray hair now. We've got four days in the city to get everything done before we leave. We are hopeful. I'll be writing here in pieces. I don't know how much I'll be able to take off in flight. Stream of dreams or unconscious images when I arrived here. I wanted to express them but fell asleep under the blanket in the bed provided by Bhakta Vince. That stuff may have been interesting. Could provide a handle on why I am who I am. The thing is that the Swami whose letter to a *bhaktin* I read, said that one hour reading is not optional—that Swami would most likely not approve of *Dublin Pieces*. Now I have to not worry about that. He's got his way to be Kṛṣṇa conscious and I have mine and we both want to please Kṛṣṇa and Śrīla Prabhupāda. Posters of Śrīla Prabhupāda provided by the Centennial group. Nice color photos. One quotes him, "By distributing these books, you are doing a great service for Kṛṣṇa" and shows him with hands in *praṇāmas*, close-up in LA temple, soft, light flower garland. Another photo shows him lecturing—I think at "Family Dog Auditorium," San

Francisco Ratha-yātrā—and the quote: “Always remember Kṛṣṇa and never forget Him.”

Harumph

Hare Kṛṣṇa

fat girl on bicycle.



At 7:00 A.M. people crossing streets. It looks like a different town. The Swami who visited here said it is a very good place for preaching because

people are open and the Hare Kṛṣṇa movement is popular. He advised the *bhaktin* to join full-time. Effective preaching. He credited himself with convincing another *bhakta* to join in 1994. So we are all pitching in together and we should appreciate each other and overlook the minor discrepancies. I saw a poem by C. Milosz appreciating Allen Ginsberg who is such a different poet than Milosz. He said he forgave A.G. for his excesses. Why can't I be like that. And if "they" don't like me and put me down, don't be depressed by that.

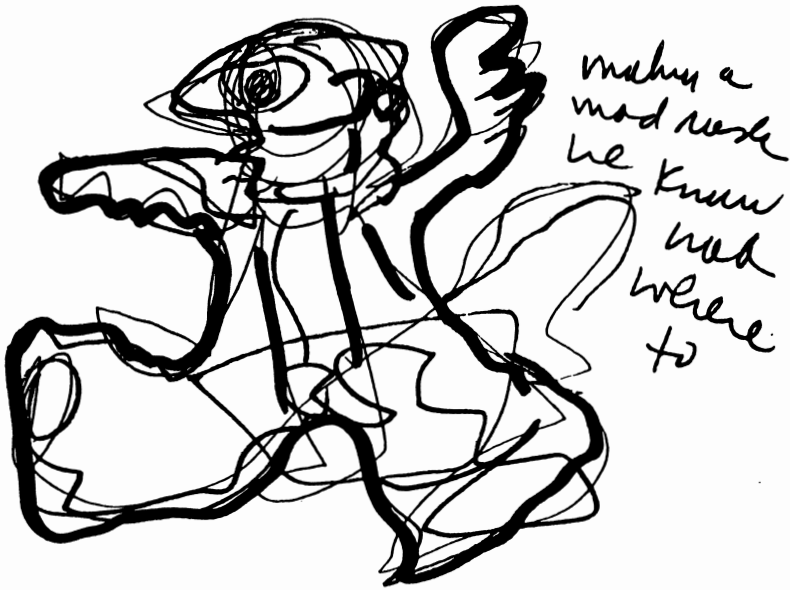
Dubs, Dublin's

Bookmakers

Mad Ass

Bleeding Horse Cavern.

Second story bookstore with big photo cutout of James Joyce wearing an eye-patch. Come up and get misled one way or another. Hare Kṛṣṇa is popular. Why not live here and preach to people? Or get a house and acres in the country in County Kavan or Leetram. It's cheap there. Write most of time. Take a daily walk with blackthorn stick but come to cities to preach and they can bring people out to meet you. You and your disciples. Why not? Hey!



(June 24, 9:00 A.M.)

3

We were rejected at the motor registration bureau. They wouldn't allow a US owner of the van who was not the driver to bring it into Ireland without taxes. Refused, but Aidan said it was all right for us to travel out of the country while we appeal our case. We plan to do that if M.'s insurance company doesn't mind. Complicated stuff. Madhu tried to appeal to Aidan's sense of reason, giving the example of the Pope mobile, which is exclusively for the Pope's use but he's not the driver. No go—we don't fit into one of their categories. If we lose the appeal we may have to pay some 5,000 dollars in taxes.

I'm writing this at the ISKCON preaching center. Now we are going to relocate at Rāmānuja's apartment, which is fifteen minutes from here. Life in the van hasn't begun, but we are constantly entangled by this possession. My brain is filled with it.

We showed the guy a stack of envelopes to prove I've been in the USA, especially for the past few months. The top four envelopes said, "Stephen Guarino." The rest said, "Satsvarūpa Mahārāja." Downstairs in the waiting room there was a form posted on the wall, informing motorists something about a concession and a delay. Under it were three separate graffiti remarks:

Mickey Mouse is dead.

Renault Five for sale, only two bullet holes.

Follow me, Yaa!

O Lord, I would like to help people who want to practice Kṛṣṇa consciousness. I should be able to do it. I have tenure. I can convey stability to them. Take the time to do it when you can. Be friendly.

Manu mentioned that in my writing I painstakingly prove, with accumulated evidence, that I am not a pure devotee. I'm writing for myself. But it helps others. Maybe not those who want someone to encourage them to go out on book distribution, although that's possible too.

Bureaucrats seemed to relish denying us. He certainly didn't try to plead our case or interpret in our favor. He has his job and we didn't fit into

the right category—guru who doesn't drive his own vehicle. The form says the vehicle must be for the *sole use* of the owner. We said it is for my sole use. We took him to the van and showed him how it is set up with desk and bed and books for my use, and Madhu is my chauffeur. "No, sorry, you have to be the driver." We didn't want to press the analogy of the pope because he doesn't see me that way. He didn't seem deeply friendly, although at the beginning of the interview he said "lovely" and brought in a third chair so we could all sit in the shabby office. When he said "Ford Econoline" he said, "There is a song by Nancy Griffth about a Ford Econoline." It's a drag. I want to read SB but there is no book in this room and anyway . . .



(June 24, 11:30 A.M.)

4

I am tired out. I could spend this last energy in the day talking to the few devotees here. Be a warm person. But I turn to warm-up on the page. Someone says, "If you only write a journal, then you observe life and not participate, and if you only live and don't write a journal, you are participating in that observing." So you should balance. Sharing in this small apartment.

Go to bed with new earplugs. No mattress, just a rug and sleeping bag and my sharp hips. I used to do this on the wood floor of the BTG office in LA and wherever. Then I became old and soft and demanded comforts. I don't like driving around Dublin and involuntary seeing the billboards, shops, women, and strutting men. Madhu said, "See how important drinking has become in life." If it is not Guinness, it's Harp (or Heinekin or Budweiser), and so many pubs. And younger people opting for drugs like cocaine. I am far from it.

Shelter, shelter, give me shelter. Man putting up new billboard with brush and glue over old one. One rock concert over . . . one horse show, horse race over . . . June coming to an end.

"When did you arrive in Ireland?"

"May 31."

"Prove it, show me the stamp on your passport."

The bastards. Even after we satisfy all requirements, they turn us down on a technicality and what can you say? They know their job and how to read the rules, and turn you down. But we are rich, comparatively, and not really suffering such a hardship.

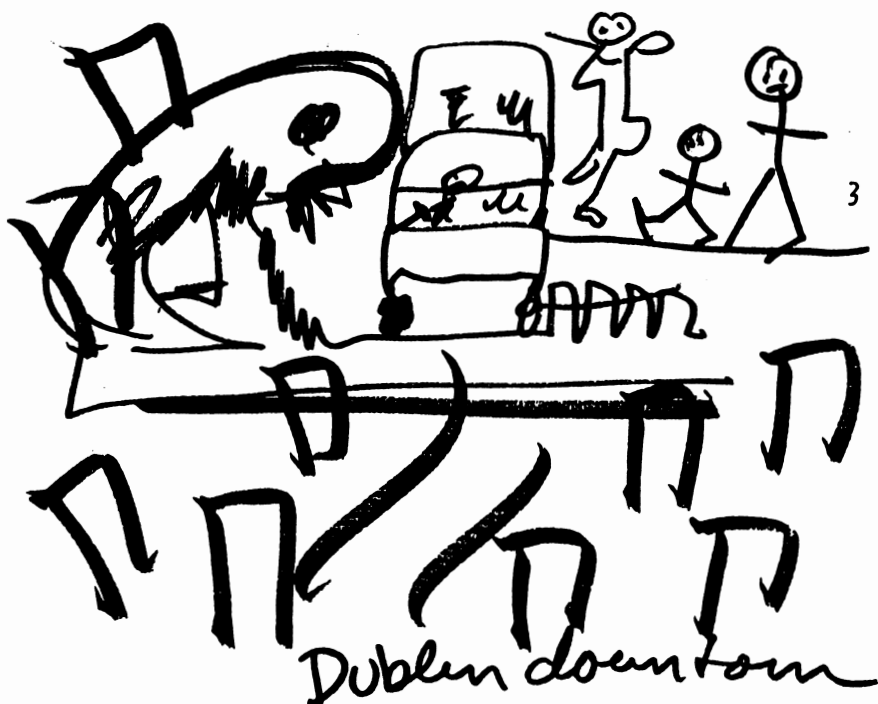
It will be much worse in Kali. No vans and freedom to travel. And you, old timer, you can't forever go around being honored even in your modest way. Just give me a private room, I say. Just give me a good lunch. My assistant must take care of affairs. Give me whatever I ask and let me sleep early and don't involve me. Give me plenty of earplugs.

The world spins and orbits at once, moving and spinning and yet everything is steady, by the will of God. He's a person. Supreme. The absolute truth is not impersonal or void. Not a blind chance of Adams.



That supreme
truth is hard
to understand
but one can
know it by
bhakti. Who is
the *ātmā*?
Who is the
Supreme? It
is He who we
must worship.

6:30 now. Hey, I wrote a letter to our host's wife. Thank you, gratitude, I mean it. Lie here for five hours and whisper a few dreams. You have Kṛṣṇa with you. Non optional, one hour reading in his books. Maybe I made that quota by preparing for the lecture. What can you do in this place? It's like being in a room in New Delhi except I'm not on the way to Vṛndāvana. I'm in Dublin. Look for something to paste into this book. Six good posters of Prabhupāda. I can write down what I see. That's just as good. Write letter to God, thank Him for letting me write poems, even here. Whatever he wants, the devotee accepts. If God wants me to suffer, I accept that. Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa.



Brother computer. Macintosh. "Hop in" to the mall. Bach flower remedies on sale. Guitars, Ireland postal system in green, red hair bleached, women streaming over the bridge. A devotee I know earns money drawing pictures in colored chalk on the pavements. People throw some money to him. Another devotee is on the dole. Someone else makes sweets and sells them to a health food store.

"You worked for GN Press?" he asked me.

He wanted to see utilities bills. Income tax. I said I never had to pay that. He wanted more

proof. He was fairly satisfied, but not quite enough. The fair-haired, freckle-armed bastard.

"You would not qualify," he said. What do you mean, *would* not qualify? Say it direct—you *do not* qualify. Bastard. Stinker. He didn't care for us. His mind was already drifting to later in the day. Couldn't expect him to care for us in our Ford Econoline. So ask us for taxes. Oh, but he was enthusiastic to explain our rights to us and how we could appeal his decision, we had that legal right according to such and such law of 1995, and even now he would call the office in Donegal and explain and see if they would overrule him, but as far as he was concerned, "You would not qualify. You would be denied." Yeah, you fucker, and you're making it sound so okay and that's the way it is. Good day. See you later. All very pleasant.

You'd better cool down and take rest. It doesn't mean anything. No loss. No loss or gain in this material world. Go on singing the glories of Nārāyaṇā. In the beginning there was only Nārāyaṇā—no Śiva or Brahma or motor vehicle bureau—only Nārāyaṇa and so it will be at the end of life. Be in the protection of Supreme Lord by chanting His holy names. It's all right. You have the best spiritual master and the best process. Please, Śrīla Prabhupāda, let me do what is best. Let me respect and honor your devotees. It all will pass—esteem and good looks don't count. Don't mind

that yours are fading and fading. Keep alive as much as you can, as long as you can, and the writing is certainly your way. Hare Kṛṣṇa. That's true.



(June 24, Rāmānuja dāsa's flat, Dublin)

5

Ironically Rāmānuja said his apartment was in a quiet neighborhood in Dublin but his upstairs neighbor plays loud music and TV and walks around and thus we are completely disturbed by that sound. It's 12:45 A.M. and a foolish TV comedy is playing loudly. How long will he go? I'd like to be able to switch off my attention from him and his Irish TV jokes, canned laughter and live mirthless laughter. Great austerity to live in the city, for this and other reasons. One joins in on it, making his own noise, fights back or suffers. We each suffer and struggle in many ways.



We are going to walk to the preaching center this morning for Prabhupāda *pūjā*. I don't think our "noises" there disturb anyone because all neighbors are commercial businesses and not there so early.

I've prepared to speak on Bg. 10.8, Lord Kṛṣṇa is the Supreme Personality of Godhead. I pray to Him here, and to my spiritual master.

Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa. In any prison or disturbing condition, let us think of You. At least utter Your names in the Hare Kṛṣṇa *mantra*. Chant because our spiritual master told us to do so. I am not ideal enough to be spiritual master to others, but I try. Some may accept me that way, out of their submissiveness. I owe it to them to at least act in the "role" I mean deeply. A Vaiṣṇava-ISKCON *sannyāsī*.

Dreamt a complete newcomer was very impressive and ISKCON leaders brought this man around to inspire everyone. He looked at me and diagnosed me to be suffering from separation from my spiritual master and I seemed to even doubt my spiritual master and Kṛṣṇa's existence. I replied to this newcomer that while the soul was open to his seeing in some ways, yet in other ways it was inscrutable. I could not accept that he was so brilliant as to diagnose me like that, especially at first glance. In the dream I was also walking behind Harikeśa Mahārāja, who was conversing

with another leader. I said to them, "I am not a part of your conversation, but I overheard you say . . ." Perhaps I commented on the theme that we each have our part to contribute and should be accepted.

Trying here to get beyond the self-centered journal. But one has to cope and turns to journaling. When I write what matters to me. I at least get beyond paying attention to the TV comedy upstairs. What matters objectively? Give people Kṛṣṇa consciousness. If we can serve Him, and think of Him, avoid illicit sex, etc. In town there are advertisements for a movie "Personal and Up-close"—man and woman kissing. I see it every day. I don't have to mention similar things. I keep it out of my writing but it runs in my blood. I developed lumpy, red rashes overnight—is that from the city water system?



Hare Kṛṣṇa comes straight from Kṛṣṇaloka. It's almost impossible, it seems, to convince many people to seriously take up Kṛṣṇa consciousness. But after spending gallons of blood you do get a man and his wife like the Dubliners in whose flat we are staying. A few souls join and that's worth it, plus the knowledge that you are pleasing Kṛṣṇa and saving yourself and that even a little exposure to Kṛṣṇa consciousness is very good for everyone. Bg. 10.8 purport is filled with Vedic references asserting that Nārāyaṇa is the Supreme Person and existed before anyone or anything. We sometimes make fun of theistic meditators who think and feel merely the existence and greatness of God (neutral *rasa*), whereas we actively serve Kṛṣṇa and think of Him always in that way. But there is something to be said for the deep contemplation on God's greatness and existence. (I sure wish I could do it now instead of "hearing" this TV upstairs.) We may also run around serving Kṛṣṇa and yet not follow the injunctions: *smartavyaḥ satataṁ viṣṇur*, always remember Kṛṣṇa and never forget Him. Kṛṣṇa consciousness allows us to be with Kṛṣṇa by chanting and various services. And by preaching, if you do it right, you contemplate on God's greatness and existence. We are not such mystics or meditators that we can sustain any other kind of being with Kṛṣṇa—not in Kali-yuga. There is

nothing less profound about the practices of *bhakti*
yoga provided you do them earnestly.

Chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa is especially so.



Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa
Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Hare
Hare.

(June 25, Dublin flat)

6

If you are not I-centered, then who shall it be. Kṛṣṇa-centered would be fine. My (there you go again, to the center of your existence) head was fogged up when I finished the lecture. A discourse with Qs and As on *aham sarvasya prabhavo*, material and spiritual worlds come from Me. I brought up topics and did feel them to some extent. In the Qs and As they picked up on what wasn't a major theme of the verse or my lecture. Are we broad-minded toward other religions, etc? Walking back to this flat, Śyāma and Rāmānuja continued talking of Kṛṣṇa-related topics and things about Catholics. S. is often amused by what he says, by the Catholics' insistence that Jesus is the only way and by his own lack of Kṛṣṇa consciousness. He said in *Bhagavad-gītā* 10.8, Lord Kṛṣṇa describes those who accept Him as the origin of all and "they worship Me with all their hearts." He said, "I must not be truly convinced

that Kṛṣṇa is the origin of all, or I would worship Him with all my heart.” He said it in such a lighthearted way. He’s young—still in his twenties. Maybe he thinks that although he doesn’t have love of Kṛṣṇa now, he’ll get it eventually. But I don’t have so much time and don’t see it as something to joke about. That doesn’t mean I’m “serious” about loving Kṛṣṇa or that Śyāma’s youthful expression means he’s not interested in love of God, but I’m dour, tired, also tired sometimes of just talking. I turn to writing hoping I can go deeper, at least more intimate and relaxed with myself.

Women in the streets. I talk light stuff with the two devotee men I walk with. What can you say more than that? Heavy philosophy or personal stuff is impossible while walking, because you have to pay attention at crossings so as not to be hit by a car or a truck. And then *karmīs* are moving about you on the street. Still, Dublin doesn’t seem dangerous or hostile to me. One feels at ease in a *dhotī*. Such light talk—he says the swan in the park terrorizes the ducks. I say, “Is that the concert hall?” although there is a sign in front that says, “Concert Hall.” I think of Śrīla Prabhupāda walking through a city—he seemed to avoid them.

The women in the streets in summer time. You know what that means. *Ahaṁ sarvasya prabhavo*. As I lectured devotees left the room and came back. It was distracting. I talked to keep their interest but

it may have been sufficiently boring for some. Some of the lady disciples came down from N. Ireland but none from Wicklow. Look now at Bg. 10.9 and ready it with outline first and then pencil marginalia.

Oh, yes, I meant to say, and before I forget . . .



M. proposes I go to the bookstore by car tomorrow. That would be okay, I guess. What about the prospect of a *harināma* in the streets? I seem to lack the energy. Anyway, don't berate yourself. At least give those lectures. Kṛṣṇa is calling attention to Himself. He points to Himself three times in Bg. 10.8: *aham*, *mattaḥ*, and *bhajante mām*. No doubt about it. He's the source of the material and spiritual worlds and those who understand this

worship Him with all their hearts. Abhay said reading *The Qualities of Śrī Kṛṣṇa* helped her appreciate Kṛṣṇa's personal yet supreme quality. O Lord, let us get beyond myth, theory, "Hindu God" and those three diseases mentioned in Bg. 4.10: fear of being a person, material attachment and anger at theories. Let us get beyond me-centered universe where ones bodily pleasures and pains are the main thing. One says, "I don't disagree that the person Kṛṣṇa is God, but more important than thinking of Kṛṣṇa is taking care of meself." Oh, oh, oh.



Dublin pieces of the puzzle. What is *ātmā*? What is the Supreme? Sages agree it is He who we must worship. Worship God because He's great, because you're meant for that.

At 7 A.M., as we walked through the streets, a man washing a store window with a rubber squeegee said "Good morning" to us. We mumble good morning back. That was a surprise. Did he

take us as priests, monks, think we were okay?
Good morning. A simple gesture. Rāmjī, Rāmjī.

The van. The time has run out for this piece. I must start the worship of Śrīla Prabhupāda. Hare Kṛṣṇa. Choose the words as Uttamaśloka, that will last and look good later and give you solace. I am the source of the material and spiritual worlds.

One store sells photocards of Ireland's writers. Clothing for women. Dummies in the window not expensive or artistic looking. Dowdy. Sign crooked in window. Open Sundays. Bookstore. Olympics swimteam. Going to work. Avoid looking at the women's shapes. Just keep on talking with devotees and hoping you get where you are going without too much stress, headache, guilt, fault-finding.

(June 24, 10:00 A.M., back at the flat)



7

The corny macho rock music was playing very loudly in the room above. I couldn't take my post-lunch rest. Aargh. So, I went out to the van and rested there. This world is a busy place. Then I studied the section in Cc. about watering the *bhakt-latā*. It's relevant to the discussion in tomorrow's lecture on *Bhagavad-gītā* 10.9. (The proceeding sentences of piece # 7 were typed. Then the machine conked out so I will go back to hand writing.)

Yeah, *bhakti-latā*. I hope devotees from Wicklow come tomorrow. I can usually count on Praghosa raising his hand with a problem. Life is problems. I handed over the defective typewriter to Madhu and asked him to change batteries and see what might be wrong. "Another problem," I said, aware he's already got a big list of problems in connection with the van. Then I recalled I wrote somewhere that devotional service means to handle problems

in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Don't expect to come to the end of problems in this world with a big sigh, "Whew!" You can take relaxation breaks in between problem solving for Kṛṣṇa's cause.

Bhagavad-gītā 10.9's items for a devotee are: (1) *mac-cittā*, his thoughts dwell in Kṛṣṇa, (2) *mad-gata-prāṇā*, his life is dedicated to the service of Kṛṣṇa, (3) *bodhayantaḥ*, preaching, specifically among devotees, and talking about Kṛṣṇa. And all these activities bring him, (4) *tuṣyanti ca ramanti ca*, satisfaction and bliss.

Plenty to talk about. Ideal life of best devotee. Oh, but we are not that. Then let's improve. For example, the *bhakti-latā* is an inconceivable plant. Ours is growing. Fence it from offenses such as disobeying the order of the spiritual master regarding rules and regs. Also, pull up those weeds that grow along with the *bhakti-latā* which look similar to it. Then, even while we are in this world, our devotional plant can grow out of this world.

Please have faith that this is happening. You'd like to draw from experience? Want to see on a screen, like on a computer, where your *bhakti-latā* plant is? Is it out beyond Mars? Not even above grimy NYC? In the *virāga*? But you are somehow in touch with Kṛṣṇaloka. Give me faith that this is happening. Give me a touch to *tuṣyanti and ramanti*. In the beginning you love the service and later you

love Kṛṣṇa. Do what guru says, that is how to please Kṛṣṇa. I am banking on writing as pleasing to guru and capable of taking me beyond. Hare Kṛṣṇa.



Kidstuff. That's who I am. Race to get something written and read before the day's end. It's bogus to stay alone, to chant for fame. *Ahimsā* means to do something to help *jīvas* who are stuck in *māyā*. Your writing may serve in that way. Poets and writers are followed. So why not devotee writing? Don't claim you are leader-artist but tell them that even a drop of a millidrop of *bhakti* (and even a little growth of the *bhakti-lāta*) produces *tuṣyanti and ramanti*.

Walk tomorrow at 7:00 A.M. (5:00 A.M. is even a better time for it) through the streets of the city. Before its passion builds. The shops, cheaters and cheated. "Good morning." Leo Bloom. Patch over eye. Joyce, Dubliners, Oscar Wilde queer. His drama is now showing in town, "A Woman of No Importance." Let's have devotee poems and even this.

Could this guy please chant an "extra" round and pray? I appreciate he decided not to read "Therese" books, but does he have his Vaiṣṇava version of the Little Way? If he won't preach boldly, stopping passers-by on Grafton Street, will he please pray for this movement and help those already inclined? Preach.



Now close it out and go to some poems. We is all proud of you. I won't call you twerp or dork. If they offer you a 5:00 P.M. bread or cookie, I'll say yes. But do realize you are way below. Say, all I know is what the Swami teaches. It is good to be forced to study to prepare for a lecture. And good to go there, knowing you have some substantial points. It might be better to grope a bit and improvise. But you don't, you prepare. Okay. *Tuṣyanti, mac-cittā, mad-gata-prāṇā.*

Haribol. Don't think of big leaders if it means your head spins with envy. Stay satisfied in your own world and pray there will be a tomorrow for your further progress. Service to Kṛṣṇa is unending. You agree to this. Even if you have to die, and of course you are very imperfect, then pray (in your pain or distraction): "Please Lord, let me be with You and Your devotees in my next life." And Kṛṣṇa will arrange. You are helpless. Pick up pieces in Dublin. Be calm and forbearing. Write and read. My dear Lord Kṛṣṇa . . . You are the life and soul of the *Vraja-vāsīs*. *Vaikuṇṭha bhaktas*. Others don't know You. Please give me strength for faith. Let my master keep me and engage me and may I do something in his cause to spread Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Even Kalakṛṣṇa was retained.

(Afternoon, June 25, Dublin Flat)

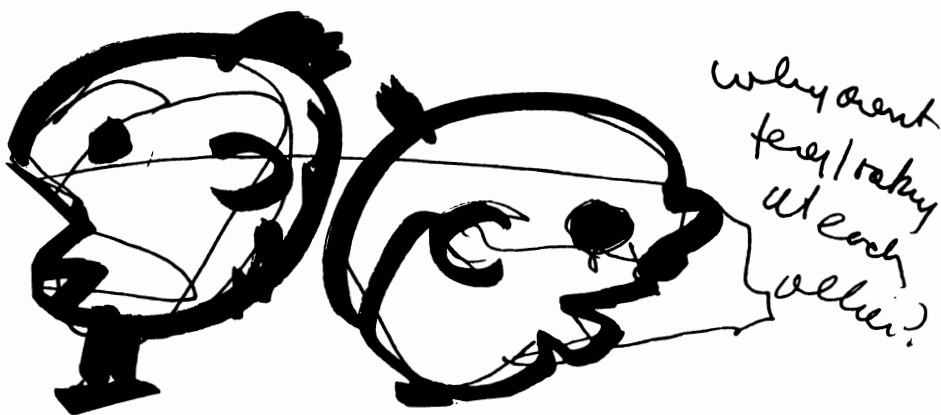
8

Soap to wash hands. Wrote a list of topics for disciples' meetings at Rāḍha-deśa. This Dublin stay is not my whole life. You can easily fall into an illusion like that and not look beyond the present week or half-week. It is also healthy to live in the present like this. *Quesera, sera*. Live in today. All I know is that at 7:00 A.M. we will walk to the preaching center. They offered me a car ride but I said no. Walk through those old streets, so famous by Joyce's and others' stories. Those old Catholic and now liberal—divorce and abortion allowed—cobble streets.

Yes, yes, Nanette. Yes, Molly. Now it's a fact we are warming up to a topic which is Kṛṣṇa conscious. Please hear from me. The disciple is receptive and hears from his guru better than he hears from others. What is special about the relationship? It can't be forced. What do I know to say about it? But at least offer the possibilities.

"Read my books." What if they do, but don't find anything special? Then it's not for them. But it is for some. Sign over door (remember in *Step-penwolfe* dream?): "Not for everyone." Mozart was there. Some thought it was an LSD vision. Hare Kṛṣṇa. Maybe just one book on the Little Way. Śrī Kṛṣṇa Caitanya.

Oh, I shall go to Jagannātha Purī and write poems as Siddha Bakula and sketches in words. You may do it and share it with others. Edit all those words. Hare Kṛṣṇa, and do you really want to do "mad" collage works in Vṛndāvana? Yes, there is nothing to be afraid of. You may scribble there in privacy. Your emotions are sometimes not Kṛṣṇa conscious. We already know that. Let it come out.



The scribbled words of automatic writing come from deep within. You can't write them fast enough. Don't try to keep it all within Ballon's

Bowler. Don't be so keen to convey clearly to reader, but strike at what's hot.

You are lonely, you are meant to be lonely.

You are best so—WCW wrote describing himself dancing naked in his house.

Kṛṣṇa, this is pitiful little, give us more. Lately I've enjoyed reading the private edition books of last year. Good! They are for me, as the first reader. But nothing should detain you in devotional service. New and fresh I want. Not walking on hands novelty, but you know. Alive while it lasts, and spreading good news to fellow-quiet devotees. It's not a hackneyed routine—especially prove this in the long run. Vijitātma proves one can distribute books for thirty years or more. I'll prove whatever I can.

This will be a testimony they can reveal later. Four days in Dublin flat. M. gradually takes up more space in the other room. Rāmānuja tolerates it. We are taking up his whole flat and his wife moved into the temple. Last night I told him how I like his spiritual master's spontaneous lectures. What to say and do? I don't like the noise from upstairs.

Shit. *Merde*. Keep going. The truth is never . . . far away. Everything is a partial truth. I keep quiet and write, but soon I'll be whispering *mahā-mantras*.

One of these days he'll come into the room. It won't be like in Kafka's *Trial* where at the end two

men came for him and took him away to kill him, like henchman of death. Oh, yes, you'll have to die, but it should be like a cat carrying kittens. You have some vision, hope, prayer, simple conviction that Kṛṣṇa is taking you as He promises in *Bhagavad-gītā*. I live to convey hope to others, that one person met Swamiji (I'm not the only one, but me too) and stayed with him all these years. I'm jealous and envious. Love only me. Give me attention. Praise me. I don't have this relationship with a wife but want it with—everyone. Develop a relationship with readers who idolize you for being humble and honest. Or—work to avoid that, to destroy that from developing like a weed.

Feet in shoes in hard heels

of the guys who live above.

I won't be stopped.

Put *japa*

tape on and ear phones and keep

going. Kṛṣṇa's mercy to make

you pay attention to *this*,

harināma instead of

that.

Madhu clears his throat. I worry for our host.
Each man for himself.

Weeds—I was saying—I cut them down but
offer you, dear friends, these writings.



When you chant and your mind wanders, bring it back to hear. The *mantra* has thirty-two syllables. Its meaning is, "O Kṛṣṇa, I depend on You alone. Please in this one process reveal to me all I need. There is no one but You, Nāma Prabhu." All convictions of Gauḍīya *siddhānta*.

A bus from Calcutta to Māyāpur.

A trip to the moon.

Your own ear canal shut off from the outside world. Hurried record of temporary state written down. Who knows? Maybe it will help. Help who?

Mc Donalds has a small store on Dublin street, not like big arch buildings in USA. When your mail arrives—that will be Belgium. You will be free until then. You'll travel and you'll tell us everything, day by day in July, and it maybe something like this:

Four days given to you in Dublin
with not much responsibility,
lightweight and glad for that.

To walk in morning on the way
to give a *Bhagavad-gītā* class is nice,
a brief, blessed spot of life,

"I
earned it," it's given anyway so
enjoy it *tuṣyanti ca ramanti ca*,
devotees aren't uptight or angry
or controllers. They are satisfied
and happy.

Now the noise increases upstairs but I have got
my weapon, Hare Kṛṣṇa, and can listen on tape.
That guy may never go to sleep tonight. I'll chant,
chant, chant.

(June 26, Dublin flat, first session of the day)



9

10:15 A.M.

I'm tired but will write to you. Went to a bookstore after the class. Class went well, lots of questions about service. Listened to the music of their Irish voices, especially a young women's. Stopped a little after nine, then Manu and Śyāmānanda went with me. Manu picked the store as good for poetry but it wasn't. They had a lot of Irish poets but I don't know Muldoon from Mantague so it was like a brick wall and I didn't know what to pick. The "International Poets" selection was tiny. I turned down Lorca and went for Don Marquis, etc. Meanwhile, Śyāmānanda was looking for diaries. He got one by a British woman who sailed all around the world by herself in her sail boat and kept a diary. I almost got that but didn't. I turned down a book on the role of memory in writing, etc., but I accepted a book on hermits, a soft spot for me.

Now back here to resume the balance of the day. I enter “my” room and Rāmānuja is working on the COM computer while Madhu has the Yellow Pages open and talking to someone about recharging a battery.



I wrote a letter to Manu about my writing for July. We agree I should turn to it as a friend, as relief from my other duties. He thought the theme would or won't develop by itself and I should just flow with it. The itinerary is itself interesting—the people and place—provided I can write honestly and deeply on it. Maybe I should have taken that diary by the woman who sailed around the world and see myself as a sailor. No, that's artificial. Just

row on. One more full day tomorrow where you lecture on God as *caitya-guru*.

"What is a pure devotee?" he asked. And another asked what is a hypocrite? I told: *mad-gata-prāṇā*, preach among yourselves.

Hare Kṛṣṇa poet in bookstore.

Oh, when the words come flowing and we can convince some people . . .

This piece is doomed to be short.

(June 26, Dublin flat)

10

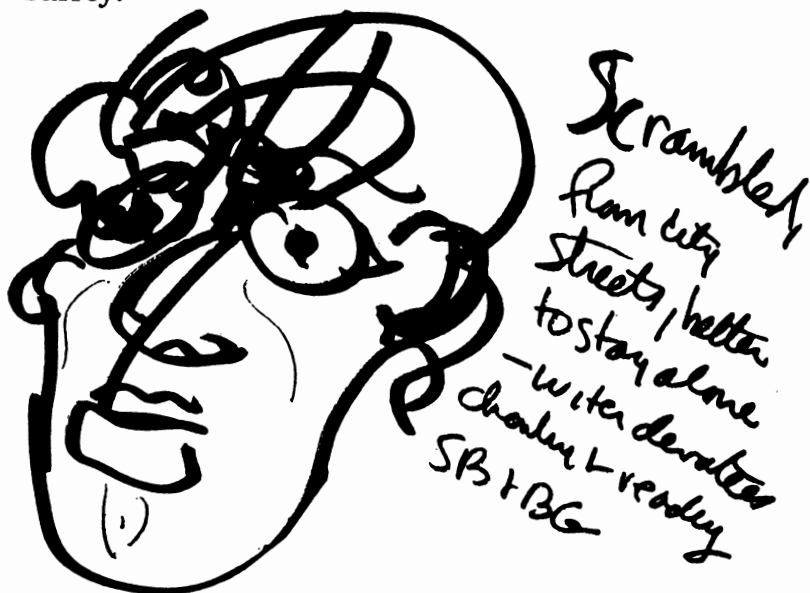
Kṛṣṇa *anarpita*. God teaches even the slow student. That's what Bg. 10.10 says, and 10.11 says how He does it. The devotee who may not be learned, who can't grasp what his guru teaches, cannot understand the philosophy of *Gītā*—but he works sincerely with love—to him Kṛṣṇa give knowledge.



Man heading into
July without a
title for his
next book

But I thought He only talked to a very advanced devotee. I don't know about talking to, but you just read the purport to 10.10 and you will see. Kṛṣṇa

says He helps those who are sincere but not intelligent. He gives them intelligence (*buddhi-yoga*) to come to Him. Yawn and eat and frown and surrey.



You looked at books. Got one called *Poetry My Arsel* and I told you the rest. Oh, oh.

It is pretentious and presumptuous of me to consider I have any knowledge of the city. All I know is the walk to the preaching center in the morning and the angelic devotees and the guy in the room over my head and a few other things. You sure don't know, but you can dream. Many dreams come but I don't dare record them in this person's house. I'm going to tell it straight in July, names and places.



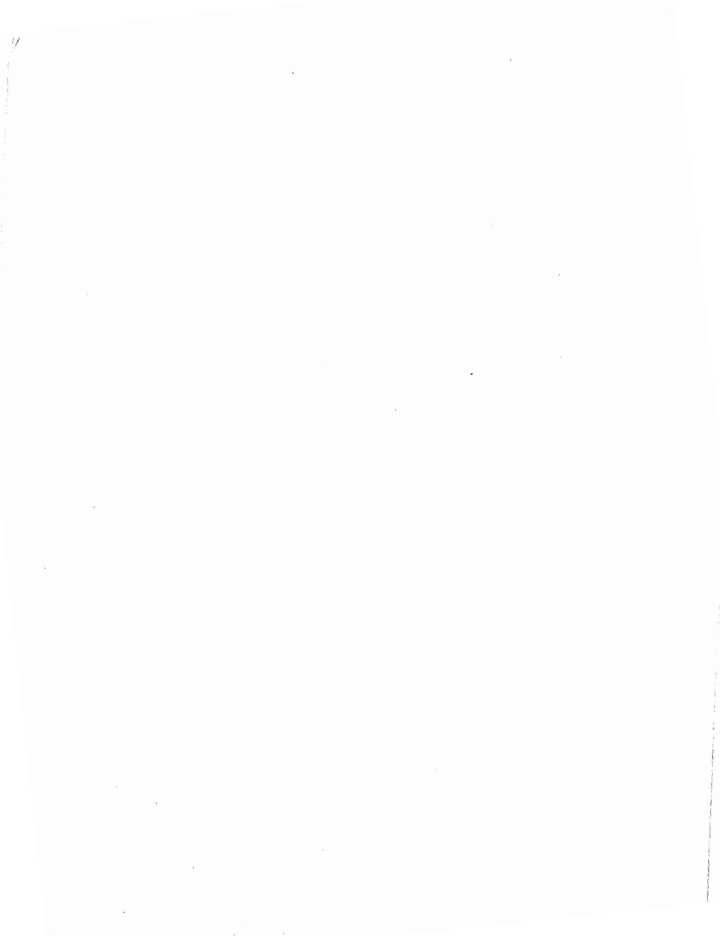
When we drive off I'll say,
Dublin, you stink but you have
provided some place for chanters
and you have heard a little,
more must be done to penetrate your
heart. Young, earnest people can
do it.



So dreary-
bleary eyed right
now, I can't think
straight or write.
God be with us.

(June 26, Dublin flat)





11

For a while I was attached to the idea that I'd write all July *In the Back of the Van*. This meant I'd have to actually live there. What if the van wasn't ready? Now it doesn't matter how much time I spend in the van. The important thing is to write. And that should be in a relaxed way, turning to friend during a month that will sometimes be stressful. No need to add to the pressure by demanding that I follow a certain form or live in a certain place.

Write and collect the pieces. The title will come. The theme is not one to be shaped in advance. Some of this is also true of this little one of Dublin. I saw myself looking at a rack of Dublin tourist postcards today, thinking maybe to paste some into this book. Then I read an introduction by a Dublin poet and realized that I know nothing of the life of this city—and why should I even pretend to? This is not a *Dubliners*. Granted, we

had an interesting encounter with the gent in the motor vehicle department and true, it was pleasant, walking through the early morning streets, but my life is . . . what it is. Besides, even “my life” can’t be my ultimate expression or theme. I’m passing through, giving the teachings as in the morning *Bhagavad-gītā* classes. Tomorrow I’ll speak how God enlightens us in the heart, how to come to Him, if we are sincere. It happens inconceivably. He gives intelligence and memory. So . . . this is possible and happening.

I like to catch their interest and sometimes see it in their faces. Sometimes they look bored and a million miles away. Relax and speak and hope you yourself will care for what you are repeating and explaining.

Dublin Pieces because it is written in this city. Don’t have to ask anyone if you are Kṛṣṇa conscious. Just see it in yourself, if you want sex desire—or what is it you want? One devotee asked after class, “What about greed for service?” I said material greed is not good, but *lauḷyam* to serve Kṛṣṇa is good.

Pieces. Not a whole. Or pieces of a whole that is beyond me at present. Filling in the mosaic of life. Working in a big scale. Little at a time.

All I get is pieces. Fragments.

Kṛṣṇa conscious drops. I hope, I hope, and wait
and then don't wait any longer but say whatever
comes. Hare Kṛṣṇa, Hare Kṛṣṇa.



(June 26, afternoon, Dublin flat)

12

Pieces seems to be winding down as our time diminishes in this town. One more day. Hare Kṛṣṇa. Someone writes to me asking how to make good Kṛṣṇa conscious insights, more than merely passing fads? I will say what? Try, try. Renew. Reform. Start up again. Maybe you can't do it once and for all, never to have dust accumulate again. Be willing to do it everyday. That kind of advice I can give.

"What's a hypocrite?" he asked. Gulp. I gave a gross definition: a *sannyāsī* in saffron who has sexual relations with women. What's an honest man? One who follows his *varṇa* and *āśrama* and in his subtle mind too.

Śyāma dāsa had picked up a thick anthology on memory. I said, "No, I have enough books." But later I sent him back to get it. Scientists and others on memory. But a simple thing I might do—the writing exercise *I remember* followed by *I don't*

remember. Try it often and go back as far or as recently as you desire. I keep thinking of what to use in July. The Dublin bookstore, Fred Hann's celebrating Bloomsday.

(Afternoon, June 26, Dublin flat)

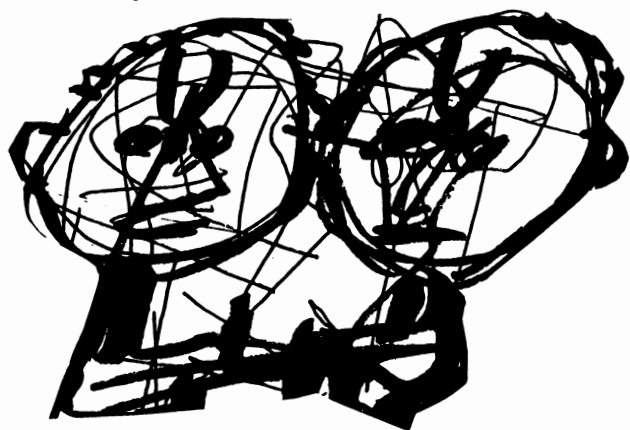
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Write true, that's your discipline. Admit that you didn't feel like getting up at midnight or writing here and you know the quality of the writing won't be deep or entertaining. And the prospects for July could be diminishing returns. All right, so what if I wind down? Everything comes from Kṛṣṇa. It's up to Him, but you have to keep trying. Yes, don't manufacture or concoct but lay down some lines. A devotee writes with the permission of higher authorities.

The Cc. describes Lord Caitanya saying farewell to the Vaiṣṇavas from Bengal after they'd visited Him in Jagannātha Purī for the first time. To each one He spoke to, He had something significant to say. He respectfully asked Advaita Ācārya to distribute Kṛṣṇa consciousness even to the *caṇḍālas*. He asked Lord Nityānanda to give Kṛṣṇa consciousness to the people of Bengal. He advised Śrīvāsa Paṇḍita to hold congregational *kīrtana*. He

sent some Jagannātha *prasādam* and remnants to His mother. He commended devotees for their various services.

You'd better do the best you can. Write a sonnet, write a bonnet. Fall at the feet of your masters and say, "Please direct me."



When the residents of Kulina-grāma came before the Lord, they had some questions. How may we serve you? A devotee here asked me, "I am trying now to be more conscious, more Kṛṣṇa conscious. Unfortunately all my realizations are part-time. How can I make these realizations more than fads of passing phases?"

I replied: "I don't have any permanent remedy by which, once and for all, you feel a gain and never slip from it. But we need not expect that. Everyday dust accumulates in the housewife's room, and everyday she cleans it. Leaves and debris and even animal stool accumulate in her front yard, and she

brushes them away with a broom. Every day—every moment—we clean our hearts from accumulating dirt (*ceto-darpaṇa mārjanam*). You may record sometimes in a journal at a time you feel particularly elated, and you'll have proof of it later. And we read in the scriptures of those who permanently live on such a faultless level—and this inspires us. The fact that we do have to struggle spiritually every day maybe used favorably. You can't be mechanical. You must put your best effort into seeking shelter of *harināma* and service—or else you'll drown in the modes so prevalent in Dublin."

Painfully face it. Try to call out. There must be love in life surely, if Kṛṣṇa is to be pleased and we ourselves pleased. "Do it anyway," one *sannyāsī* told a young devotee who said that daily reading was a chore. Do your chore and it will get better eventually. But is everything just daily chores? Are the advanced, senior devotees feeling some bliss and realization? What is the hope for me?

The Lord in the heart gives intelligence, inconceivably and imperceptibly. American Friends, the Quakers, depend on this very much. They get together in silence and speak if God moves them. God is in the heart. We don't trust entirely in this process; we have gurus and Kṛṣṇa. But the Lord in heart also. Śrīla Prabhupāda commended us to go ahead, Kṛṣṇa will give you intelligence. You can't figure Him out on your own.

Lord Caitanya said that sometimes when His mother cried for Him, He would go there unseen and eat the food she had prepared. He said she realizes this internally, but doubts it externally. So, internally I also go on writing this way with confidence and devotion (*tuṣyanti ca ramanti ca*). I write a lot how I doubt it but even then I argue, "It's okay, this is my preaching." I think Kṛṣṇa is giving me intelligence like this. *Bhagavad-gītā* 10.10-11 confirms.

Therefore, in defense you don't want to put down other leaders and preachers. They may have their ways and they are receiving confirmation from guru and Kṛṣṇa and so are you.



Prāna means life force. A devotee feels Kṛṣṇa is his life and soul. Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa. *Prāna nat*. The Lord guides me. Kṛṣṇa's flute I hear. The *mṛdaṅga* I like to hear. I honor *prasādam*. Life is an adventure in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Don't be dead to it, see Kṛṣṇa's hand at work.

Lord, I wish to keep this way and my particular service is to write and demonstrate the triumph of the *bhakti* process for me. All glories to Lord Caitanya and Kṛṣṇadāsa Kavirāja, the author.

Thank the Lord for giving up this chanting process. Chant now and hear. You don't have to think, but if you can that is nice. Call out His names. All glories to the Lord of the universe. All glories to Śrī Kṛṣṇa. *Nāma, Nāma*, I wish to serve you. It may feel dry to me, but I chant, chant. There is no other way, chant Hare Kṛṣṇa. Chant Hare Kṛṣṇa. Where is the best place to live, the best thing to do? It is to serve and chant and tell others about this process and how it works.

You do it and tell others.

Then you surmount Dublin. You may get some ideas from these books you purchased from the bookstore and put it in your own. Do something very nice for Kṛṣṇa. Sometimes something special, a little different, otherwise be content to follow the process and that means travel notes, diary, spiritual self-help, no pretension. Enter the date and time and say, "Here I am, mercy's here too and my

soul now feels better and cleared of most recently accumulated dross."



(June 27, morning, Dublin flat)

14

Dream images: two Godbrothers—Harikeśa Mahārāja and another GBC-BBT—are talking and I'm directly behind them. They are talking of printers. Then Harikeśa Mahārāja sees me, turns and says, "The fall out." That's me. Means what? One who fell out of the GBC? Then he looks like a cool dude, with beard and stylish turtleneck sweater. I hesitate to remark. Maybe he's not aware.

Then I'm walking—like in a procession with devotees. I start singing the finale of the *West Side Story*, "There's a place for us." Eventually I hear a girl disciple singing it. It will become a Satsvarūpa thing, symbolic for going back to Godhead with guru:

There's a place for us

I know

a place somewhere

hold my hand and I'll take you there . . .

When I hear the girl singing it, I switch to singing something stinky, like from Looney Tunes cartoons.

You can make this up. Mixture of devotees in my room. Which is my room? I thought they ought to put nice things in it for my home coming. People love me and treat me right. Two women there. I look out the window, many stories down, and see an anxious, aging Nandarāṇī there. She prepared for my arrival, but doesn't even know if I'm in the building yet, whereas these other two with me don't care for Nandarāṇī. Suddenly Jayādvaita Mahārāja wakes up in the bed in my room. I think, "Are they preparing lunch for the others who are here with me?" Won't you prefer to be alone?

Hey, fallout, where ya bin?

I've been around, Angel.

Dig in.

Yeah, dig me, I've got wind chimes in the background and I have glass tuning forks in my hands to make sweet sounds. Are you wondering what my actual service is? I'll tell you.

It's a dream scheme

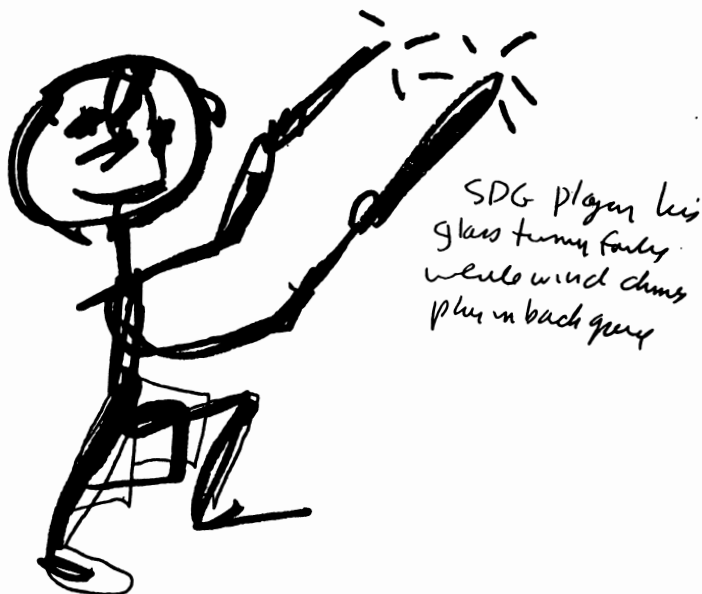
a chick is hatched

I write books in Kṛṣṇa consciousness
as good as . . .

Blip and we wake up here, we are where? Buur, Dublin. Really? Scores of dreams wash over bridge canal liffeey.

He said the lough where I live connects to here. Good enough. I've got a *catty-guru* lecture ready to go.

"Bacon and eggs for the guy in front, and for the Hare Kṛṣṇas, nothing at all. They just come in here to chant hello." In this post war communalism.



(June 27, Dublin flat)

15

We left the preaching center a little after 9:00 A.M. in Manu's car. There was Manu and Rāmānuja in the front seat, and me and Madhu in the back. Madhu remarked that the city looked different now at nine than it did when he had walked over at seven. Manu said that Dublin was becoming more caught in the European work ethic and so the streets were busier earlier in the morning. He said that previously he had never seen the streets busy at 7:00 A.M. but now it was so.

I said, "James Joyce said, 'Dublin is the center of the paralysis of the universe.'"

All three devotees laughed. Although I had hit high on the laugh meter, I immediately felt bad about what I had said. I had created a mundane moment and in its wake, entered hollowness. Fortunately we were able to fill up that void with some Kṛṣṇa conscious talk.

(June 27, back at the Dublin flat)

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You know I thought of this *Dublin Pieces* as a warm-up to July, where I hope to sustain a similar thing all month. Dublin has been like a bubble of the city and everything I wrote here was within it. Just to be here is to preach. Last night I sat with our host and his wife, and advised him to invite friends for *prasādam* and to sometimes go chant *harināma* in the park, and don't be frustrated but advance and surrender more.

He asked me how to become more sincere. Maybe he was alluding to something else. I carried on with speech for forty-five minutes. They are not my disciples.

Now that dream just now—Śrīla Prabhupāda came to my house with his servant and we planned an outing, a preaching engagement, for Prabhupāda. But when I went to see him, he had not been served breakfast by his servant (his servant was not one I knew in life). His servant had

eaten his own breakfast—I saw him eating a fruit. He had not given any to Prabhupāda. The servant and Prabhupāda had an intimate relationship we other devotees could not understand. They got angry with each other as ways of expressing love and sacrifice. I was an outsider to it.

Maybe it means I can expect to go deeper in my relationship with Śrīla Prabhupāda, beyond the official one. When Prabhupāda found out his servant had a headache and that's why he had eaten the fruit that could have been served to his master, Prabhupāda gave his servant a gentle head massage.

We are leaving here and driving for the ferry to England. That will start the next book. May Prabhupāda accept me, and this writing which I offer to him. I cannot assume to jump over into the intimate relationship as I saw he had in the dream with his servant. But maybe I already do it and others can't understand that my drawings and writings (which seem to them self-centered) are offerings to him. He can be angry with me and that is his right—and sometimes I may be angry with him (like Lord Caitanya and Jagadānanda)?

Write out of love and offer it for the spreading of the Kṛṣṇa consciousness movement. I advised my host to go outdoors for *harināma* and invite

people to his home. Good advise. And to yourself, I advise you write.

Grateful I can publish, give the best. First draft? Any draft. I rewrite by writing the next book.

Good-bye to Dublin situation. In England I'll lecture on cow killing and on the religions of the *yāvanas*. Hare Kṛṣṇa, Hare Kṛṣṇa. Read on ferry. Write there.

You proposed to tell truth and lies,
be serious and playful.

Śrīla Prabhupāda, why were you angry? I know! Because we mismanaged and neglected you. I heard Prabhupāda telling his servant, "We could have gone straight from Bombay to (someplace) but Satsvarūpa invited us, so we have come here." But aside from his servant's loving quarrel with the master, what about me? I was stupid and fumbling. "Where is the road map? Where is the money? Where is his breakfast?" I wasn't fit to invite him because I was not able to arrange nicely for his stay. I had other things in my mind and was spaced-out and asleep. All this was exposed when he came into our house, ill-prepared as I was.

That house, 125 Katan Avenue. I could tell more about it. What is the use? A little at a time. Yes.

I have no working title or concept for July. That's all right, it will come. With PMRB I began volume one in Vṛndāvana and Volume two began in Bombay. Now this July book begins with a warm-up in Dublin, city of writers. Sign off with love, with dream of a relationship too intimate for me to understand. Hare Kṛṣṇa, Hare Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, Hare Hare.



So now I ought to start chanting,
two black birds assumed a pose.
My spiritual master is not angry with me
except in love.

I write like a crazy peacock
showing off poet.

My moving hand writing this,
headache clears.

Skies in

Ireland clear only to cloud again.

Go to England. Get news of

Mad Cow disease so you'll

know what to say. Chant now

and think or feel for that servant

who didn't give Prabhupāda his breakfast

and explain to me why he neglected

the master but I couldn't

comprehend.

I'll serve in my own relationship

with awe and respect, preach to

help others understand in any way.

Write this way, which is intimate

and not easily understood by others.

Similarly I shouldn't presume to judge others
and how they serve him. Good-bye for now. Hare
Kṛṣṇa.

Wrote today true and false,

present and past,

diary and memory.



Hare Kṛṣṇa, the truth is in the pudding you offer to the Lord. Śyāmānanda asked about the relationship with the spiritual master and I'll be talking of that in Belgium. *Dublin Pieces*, I thank you.

Rather I thank you,
Divine Master,
Supreme Lord whose four nutshell
verses of *Gītā* I spoke on
and that was the contribution I made best.
Thank you for allowing me,
for training me
so I could speak it and

remind us Kṛṣṇa is
source of all and those
who are wise worship
Him with all their hearts
and He gives them *buddhi*
to come to Him.

When Praghosa said he didn't want to assume
that God was talking to him in the heart I said,
"but it is true, imperceptibly in our life." Kṛṣṇa is
directing us. So let's go chant His names.

(June 28, Early morning before leaving Dublin
flat)