



50 DREAMS

of A

STRUGGLING

SADHAKA

SATSvarupa  
Das a  
Goswami

FIFTY DREAMS  
OF A  
STRUGGLING  
SADHAKA



SATSVARUPA  
DASA  
GOSWAMI

“Dreams tell us the way we really think and feel, not the way we pretend we think and feel. We can blind ourselves and fool ourselves while we are awake, *but not while we sleep*”

—*Breakthrough Dreaming*  
Dr. Gayle Delaney

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## INTRODUCTION

I am publishing this book in a limited edition (two copies) as a gesture to my dream self, to show him/her) that I do care. It's a selection of fifty out of hundreds of dreams I recorded in recent years (1992–93).

As a practicing devotee, I experience two kinds of dreams, and both are helpful to me. The negative dreams, which may reach the point of nightmares, show me that I am still connected to the material world, which is full of suffering and illusion. After such a scary dream, I wake and think, "I must become a devotee and free myself from this!" And if Kṛṣṇa favors me with a more auspicious dream in which I have an inkling of spiritual life, or in which Śrīla Prabhupāda appears, then it is very encouraging. Dreams may show us the nature of bondage as well as the nature of how to make advancement.

These dreams want to tell me something and I want to be open to them. Usually they're not nice—they're crazy and jumbled, unclear, and not sattvic. Still, I want to listen to what my dream self is saying and think what to do with it.

Even as I "publish" this collection, I'm continuing to gather more dreams in a dream journal. I'm also improving my method of collecting them by not giving them to any typist. Therefore, I won't be tempted to censor them. Tape recording and then writing down



the dreams takes time and effort, so please note my sincerity, dream self.

I justify this publication as another way to help me understand myself better and to improve in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. I aim to improve dream life, starting with admission of my recent dream life as contained in this volume.

—SDC  
Christmas Eve, 1993

## COMMENT ON RECORDING DREAMS

The dreams seem so strange that they seem to want to be recorded. I mean, I invest so much feeling in them, even unconsciously, and they're well wrought. Somehow or other I feel satisfaction in recording them rather than letting them go forever into oblivion. There may be a possibility that I can use them later for Kṛṣṇa conscious writing. Or, by enunciating them in the waking state, they will reveal something to me of value in my attempts to practice Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Therefore I go ahead and record them even though they have no apparent Kṛṣṇa conscious content, and they seem so strange or disgusting or fearful. There's always something there that can help me go back home, back to Godhead.

FIFTY DREAMS  
OF A  
STRUGGLING SADHAKA

# 1. A PROSPECTIVE INITIATE

**I** was a devotee, like a spiritual master, and was seeing different people in a big room with a lot of commotion going on. Then I was talking to one girl. I didn't know much about her, but she was some kind of prospective initiate. Actually, first she was a man. I was talking to an American man of Indian descent. He was taking up my time with a long-winded description. I tried to bring him to the point, but he kept rambling. Madhu came up to him with a watch and showed him how little time I had left.

Then the next thing I knew I was talking to a girl who was also an aspiring initiate. I realized I didn't know much about her. I gradually began to find out that we were in a big hospital and she was a trainee there undergoing intense medical training. I became impressed that I should try to help her because she was so sincere in her work. I said, "Let's go to another room where there's not so much commotion." We went to another room. She sat down on the bed and I asked her, "Do you live in this building?"

She said, "Do I live in this building?" Then her voice drawled off and she fell asleep. I walked happily out of the room. I found it amusing that when I had



time for her interview, she fell asleep. I found it hard to open the doors in the hallway leading back to the commotion. When I got there, I had a laugh with Mr. Prabhu and told him how she had fallen asleep.

*Hey what's all this stuff?*

*It's dream life, Prabhu.*

*Like a Kafka story, huh? Like The Castle?*

*At least I'm a devotee.*

*Watch out for those girls who fall asleep on beds, Prabhu. Watch out for those dreams that come at night.*


*O Lord of the universe, kindly be visible to me.*





2.

## KṚṢṆA CONSCIOUSNESS COMES TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

hey had Jagannātha Deities in a Catholic church and Jagannātha jumped off the altar. I was astounded to see and hear about this, and happy that Kṛṣṇa conscious influence had come into the Catholic church. I tried to find out more about it.

Then there were other dreams with similar themes—restaurants with Caitanya's name and hearing from Catholic families of their experience about Lord Caitanya. I was looking through a big Catholic book which had the initials "FD," "Fire Department of New York," something like that. It had stuff in it about Kṛṣṇa consciousness. There seemed to be a friendly attitude existing in the Church towards Kṛṣṇa consciousness. It was like reading a fictional account of my family and how they had some occasional, distant contact with Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Even the restaurants about Lord Caitanya didn't have Prabhu-pāda in them or Kṛṣṇa conscious philosophy, but there, surprisingly, was Caitanya.



### 3.

## FELT LIKE DEATH COMING

**I** was riding in a car or truck with another devotee. Suddenly he or she screamed—something was coming at us. It felt like death was coming. I turned to him or her and I said, “What is it, Mommy, an airplane is coming to crash into the truck?” He or she replied, “No, it’s an alligator.” Then the alligator climbed in the window. I didn’t really see it and I thought within my dream, “How could this be? This is impossible.” Then I thought, “I will not be eaten by an alligator because it’s too absurd.”



## 4A. BAD NEIGHBORHOODS

**7** was walking. I got lost looking for some streets that I may have known, but couldn't find. Maybe Mahākrama was in the dream too. Rough neighborhoods, police. People have to live in rough neighborhoods if they don't have money. So I walked the streets looking for some place. Then some lady in white, like an old Indian, saw me from a block away. She bowed down and I noticed. Then I knew, "Oh, that's a landmark. I know where this neighborhood is. Now I'm in the right place." But then another person on the other side of street also made obeisances in fun of the woman in white. Not a real heavy criticism, but he did it anyway. I just floated like that from one section of the dream to another. None of it very secure or pleasant or directly Kṛṣṇa conscious.



4B.  
WANDERING AROUND LOST

**W**andering around lost, asking directions. Somebody gives me some directions, somebody else; where are the trains? But so complicated and I never can find the right train to get where I want to get. It seems like I want to get a train to reach Staten Island, but even then I don't know where I'll stay. It's not like I want to go to my house. Maybe I'll sleep outside. Anyway, I never get the right directions. And it's dangerous to be out like this. It's getting later. I've been given a little money, but it's not enough.





## 5. RUSSIAN EXILES



There was a group of people who looked like Russian exiles living in America. They were concerned about trying to improve their situation. I was a wanderer with no home and I thought, "My life is harder than theirs." Then I saw they were trying for middle-class respectability. I thought, "That's hard to do, so their life is harder." Then I had to continue wandering. Dressed as a devotee, but with no home, and surrounded by so many written directions on sign boards to tell you how to get to places, but not to where you want to get.



## 6.

MANAGEMENT AUTHORITY IN  
THE LOS ANGELES TEMPLE

Somehow I had some management authority in the Los Angeles temple. It wasn't the present Los Angeles temple, but some place right near the beach. It was like a strung-out place because the people who were there were a big community. They wanted to be near the beach, but they also wanted to be devotees. There were so many problems. One example: a lady was coming and asking that we call up the phone company and get the power turned on. She couldn't do it herself because of so many nonsense reasons. I was walking away from that problem when a devotee said, "Mahārāja, World War III just occurred over on that other altar." Then he told me how a Godbrother who had disciples with white beards were doing *kirtana* there and another, who was in charge of the altar, asked them to stop because it was time for something else. They didn't stop, so there had been a big fight.



## 7. FULL BLOOM LUNACY




Something about full bloom lunacy. I was trying to write my math exam. There would be a series of exams. I did well on the first one. Even people like TKG didn't do so well. Another time I was writing my exam next to Bhūrijana. He was really goofing off. I said, "Look, it's hard enough for me to concentrate on math. It's not my proclivity. But I'm doing well. Leave me alone so I can concentrate." Then he said something to the effect that he wouldn't be bothering me long and he got more and more crazy. There was a woman there, maybe it was his wife or somebody. Then the examiner was walking around from person to person over long distances and he came to where I was with Bhūrijana and the woman and by that time, Bhūrijana and the woman were completely crazy. I indicated to the teacher, who could understand, that this was full bloom lunacy. I was afraid it would happen to me too. Just after the dream I was thinking, "Hmmm, this is a possibility of what could happen to me."



## 8.

## CONTEST OF PHYSICAL STRENGTH

here was a personal contest of physical strength, a fight. I was engaged to fight with Agrāṇi Prabhu in a number of contests, like the World Series in baseball. You had to win four out of seven. I had beaten him in two and I was confident. He seemed weakened, but then he recovered and became strong. In his normal condition, he was braver than I was and could beat me.

A woman was also involved, like his wife or something. I had some relationship with her, but I don't know what it was. She was a shadowy figure in this dream, but he was gallant toward her because she also could win or lose in this fight. He was willing to protect her and also to fight against me, whereas I was selfishly concerned with my own survival and didn't offer her protection. It was officially stated that both she and he had gained strength by serving Bhakti Svārūpa Dāmodara. They didn't really gain that much strength, but it was officially stated that they got their strength from him. In one sense, I was trying to avoid the fight. In a gentlemanly way, he was arranging that we should fight as soon as possible, so there was no way I could avoid it. And another fight was coming up.




After dream comment:

*The dream proves that a winner in Kṛṣṇa consciousness isn't told until the end of life. We may have some setbacks, but we still have a chance to get ahead. There's something wrong with this system, that we have to fight. And it shows on my part an inherent weakness in Vaiṣṇava qualities.*



## 9.

DRAMATIC SKIT & YOUNG  
BEATNIK TYPES

evotees somewhere were putting on a dramatic skit about Prabhupada's first year in New York. I was there, but I wasn't taking part in it. I had on many sweatshirts and sweaters. I was trying to decide whether I was hot or cold. I had to travel. Finally I left the site where they were doing the skit.

Then I ran into a young man and woman. They were sensitive, beatnik types, but very young. I took it that they were enacting my youth. I did something to hurt their bodies. They were upset about that, and the girl ran after me, protesting, and her boyfriend ran the other way. Then I could see that if she stayed with me, there would be some mutual attachment, so I was telling her to go away, but it wasn't working.



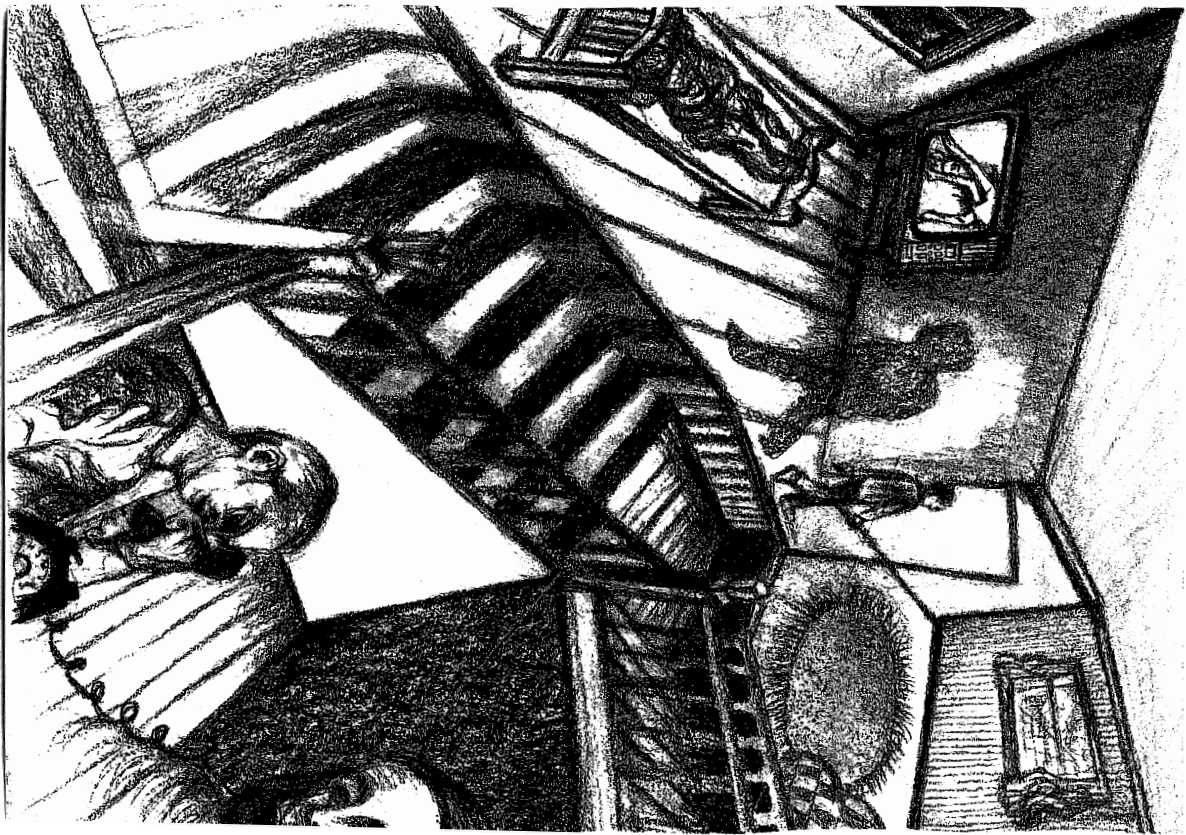
## 10. FOOD SALESMAN



adhu and I were living somewhere in a country resort like a place with many cabins. Somebody came to the door, a salesman. He had four kinds of products. He wanted us to taste each one of them and then see if we wanted to buy them. First was some kind of a meal with something to drink. The drink had a little carbonation in it. I drank it and asked, "What if we get sick?" He said, "Then I'll be in trouble." I said, "It tastes like soda used to taste, but it has a little bad after-smell to it." Then he gave us something to eat. I thought, "Well, after doing this, we're going to have to buy these products." He also said he'd like us to write something telling how wonderful the products were or later to write something to that effect. I've now awakened after only two of these products were discussed.

*Who is the food salesman? Why aren't I dreaming that I'm blissfully serving Kṛṣṇa and adoring Him in the company of my spiritual master? How many dreams must I have before I'm free? As long as you desire this world.*





# 11.

## PRTHU/USELESS CURRENCY

**W**e were in a store in Great Kills Village. People were roaming through the village singing. It was like a rock group that was trying to get people to hear them and come to their concert. Then I saw Pṛthu. He was going around trying to rouse the devotees. He and a small group of his devotees tried to rouse all the devotees in general so that they would attend this concert. I was thinking, "Well, he thinks like that, Pṛthu, that we all have to do what he wants us to do."

Then I was into a scene of my old problem of needing money. Even if I think I'm carrying money, when I get away from my home, it always turns into not-money and I'll never be able to get back. I'll be lost. Then I saw Śamika Ṛṣi and asked him for some money. Madhu asked him too. I hoped I got good currency. But I think that would also become a problem. He said he would help me.



## ATROCITIES ON TELEVISION

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I dreamed that there was a news story circulating about a place, maybe in England or somewhere. Some kind of mill camp or something, where there were horrible suffering and obscene activities carried out. It was a news story for awhile, but very hard for people to take. It upset everybody and completely disturbed their minds to even hear about it. Maybe women were captives there and were being dragged into these activities. In my dream, it was never clear what was going on in the camp.

It was T.V. time and my sister opted to go upstairs and watch the show about that place while we watched other shows. We also bluffed making phone calls to some studio and had fun doing that. Then I went upstairs and heard a news caster on the television giving an introduction to this horrible camp where these obscene activities took place. I wondered whether or not I should see it. Then I wandered into my sister's room. Her room was located just as in our childhood home. She was in bed bundled up under many blankets and coverings. I couldn't even see her, but I could see that she was sobbing. The television was on with this show beginning. I surmised that although she had some

sense that she ought to acquaint herself with this news story, she found it so shocking that it destroyed her composure or outlook on life. It seemed she had learned something about life that was so fearful, dark, and horrible, that she retreated like that and just sobbed. The television show was on, but she wasn't watching it.

I walked back into my room and that was the end of the dream. It was one of those things that was so frightful even in a dream that I when I woke up, I was relieved to think that it wasn't true, whatever it was. But I think the idea was that there were some kind of unspeakable atrocities similar to what the Germans did to the Jews in concentration camps.



13.

## CHASTISEMENT/"WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO WAKE UP?"



Somebody is chastising somebody. Is it the Lord chastising His devotee? This is a dream. It starts with words and then finally He hits him. Is it done on stage? I can't remember more than that, just a fragment.

Then I dreamt that I received a note written on a big piece of paper. It said, "When are you going to wake up? Your spiritualism is illusion." Words to that effect—like there's a reform going on that those who are gurus should give up this pretense. This was written to me. I wondered why Madhu delivered it to me that I had to read this. Then I wanted to know, "Hey, is this really a reform that is going to happen, or is this just some enviousness?"





## CHANTING A NUMBER OF ROUNDS/BABAJI



There was an invitation for devotees to chant a certain number of rounds and this would be publicized. Everyone did it and the list was being read out. They said that there were fifty persons who had participated in this certain quota. One of them was a famous *bābā-jī*. The devotees had visited him several times. That *bābā-jī* said that when we chanted twice our quota, we could count that Viśvanātha Cakravartī had chanted for this one time. Some of us were a little suspicious and wondered why we had approached this *bābā-jī*. Then the list was read out some more and I wanted to hear whether I would be on the list. I also heard how the devotees were very much into this practice and living in Vṛndāvana and I felt somewhat left out of it. I kept listening to the list and then I thought even if I'm not on the list, the main thing is to know whether I chanted the quota or not, not whether others know it.




15.  
FATHER TURNING AWAY  
PROSELYTIZERS

**I**'m upstairs in my childhood room at my parents' house. People are coming to the door, canvassers or religious proselytizers, one after another. My father is down there, and I vision him like he is, heavy-set, standing at the door, refusing them all and cutting them off pretty quickly before they have time to say much. I'm listening and looking. I basically approve of his doing it as I'm upstairs peeking down. I see over his shoulder the open front door, the people coming there to make their statement, and my father turning them away.



16.  
BECOMING A POLICEMAN IN  
HARLEM

reamed about being a policeman assigned to a place like Harlem. There was already a white policeman there and he was like that book distributor who died in ISKCON. He did it and he was harassed all the time, but then he won the people over. I went up to him and at first he didn't recognize me. He recognized all the black people who approached him. He didn't speak with me, but afterwards, one of his assistants walked with me and I said, "I have a good reputation for courage, but I'm a weak man inside because everybody is weak." I said, "I understood if I took this job I would learn a lot about myself." He said, "Oh yes, you definitely will." But it seemed quite impossible. I had my hand on my gun and the holster all the time.






## QUESTIONED BY OFFICIALS AT THE TRAIN STATION

**I** was in a train station with another devotee. I was being questioned by the officials there. Then they turned to me sort of casually and said, "What do you think?" I said, "I think the world's a nice place, despite the sufferings. If I didn't think so, I would leave, I would commit suicide. How's that for a starter?" They were surprised by my answer. I said, "Actually, the answer isn't as surprising as the question. What kind of question was that to ask me?" It seemed like they didn't know I was a member of the Hare Kṛṣṇa movement and wanted to get at our teaching, and what I really thought, who I was. I was proud of my answer.



## 18. BLUNDERING

 here was a husky young girl. She had small Deities of Rādhā-Dāmodara. She was trying to sell them to someone and make a great deal of money. I was working as her agent. All this was going on among the devotees. With great endeavor, I arranged for spontaneous interviews before the richest people of the world. When I turned to this girl to show her Deities, she wasn't there. I became disturbed and went looking for her. I saw Jayādvaita Swami on the way, but he wasn't very helpful. Then I finally reached her and I grabbed at the Deity (she wasn't looking). The Deity was in a yoga pose and was Himself like a young girl. The Deity fell out of my hands and rose into the air. I groped for it, caught it, and returned it to its place before she noticed. I paid my obeisances.

At that moment, I realized that I had hurt the Deity. I had abused the Deity. Although the girl was not very good at selling it, at least she was worshiping the Deity properly. That was the main thing. Here I was, running around on the Deity's behalf, trying to find a millionaire to buy it, but she wasn't concerned. She was just taking care of the Deity. Whose worship was better, mine or hers? Maybe she didn't even want to

sell it. All this I concluded after I had groped for the Deity and hit it. I was so angry, I was going to tell her “You don’t know anything about how to sell a Deity. You’re so incompetent!” But then I realized I was wrong and she was right.

In this same dream, Hṛdayānanda Mahārāja was arranging to put his considerably large sum of money along with other big sums of money that devotees had like Tamāla Kṛṣṇa Mahārāja’s sum, into a prestigious bank which would earn them higher interest than they were getting. I looked upon this as materialistic, but I realized later that it was also a way to serve Kṛṣṇa. People were doing their different services and I was blundering in my lack of appreciation for it.

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## 19. DYING

**I**n a dream there was discussion about *brāhmaṇas* who gradually know they're going to die, and in different ways they wind down their bodies so that when they do die, they die peacefully with the last exertion of their will. This was being discussed by Westerners as a kind of progressive disease, not a good thing. But then the same group of people were discussing it as an interesting phenomenon. They were discussing it in an enlightened way, saying that it was advanced. I said that the American way was different. A person hoped and hoped that he would live, that maybe the scientists would invent something so he wouldn't have to die. A Westerner would disparage the brahminical concept of gradually winding down the body as they aged, and always being prepared to die.

This was being discussed on a ferry boat while we were looking out at the water. Maybe my mother was present, and some gentlemen, and it was being discussed in an intelligent way. I was thinking, "These are intelligent people to think about preparing to die, which is inevitable. They will do it gradually as they grow older until finally there's no great tragedy in their death. They will just quietly do that last act."



## 20. PṚTHU'S INVITATION

**I** was invited by Pṛthu Prabhu to go some place far upstate. I and others were invited to accompany him on a preaching program. When we got there, at one point he was running up the hill and I was running up after him. He said that he was now in much better shape physically because of living in India.

Then he brought me into a little cafeteria in the Bronx and I said this: "I heard that there's a place up here that belongs to Śrīdhara Mahārāja's followers." He said, "This is it." I wondered why he brought me there. Then the people owning the place said today they weren't serving any food because of some strict observance.

The main point of our going so far away with Pṛthu was to pick flowers somewhere. It turned out that he said only *he* would pick the flowers. There was no need for anyone else to pick flowers. Then I thought, "Why did I come up here?"

The next thing I knew I was with the group from Bhaktipāda, and Bhaktipāda was there. He was figuring out that he was going to leave now and go back down to the New York area. And I wanted to leave too, but he was advising me that I just missed one bus, the

nain bus, and I'd have to figure out how to get down here.

Then I was thinking it took a day to get there, I was here a day, and now it would take a whole day to get back. It was like a waste of three days. I was trying to salvage it somehow in my mind to think of how I could use it. Perhaps by writing about it or something, but it didn't seem hopeful.





21.

## WANTING TO WORSHIP PRABHUPADA IN THE SUN

**I** had a dream and Prabhupāda was in it. We were worshipping Prabhupāda, and then the sun came out and I wanted to continue worshipping in the sun—pour water on him and Jagannātha. But then Prabhupāda asked somebody who came to see him to drive a truck, and someone else had to go somewhere else. I said, “Prabhupāda, can’t you stay in the sun and receive our worship, or is it more practical that this man go and drive?” Prabhupāda said, “Yes it’s more practical that he go and drive.”



## ENCOURAGING HARI-ŠAURI TO ADVERTISE HIS BOOK



was encouraging Hari-šauri to make an advertisement—to speak up and advertise his book, *Hari-šauri's Diaries*—at a big gathering of devotees. He said he wasn't going to do it, so I began to convince him that he should do it. This was a very likable Hari-šauri. He said he very much respected my opinion. I said, "You have proven that whatever Prabhupāda did was important." (My nose was running.) I said, "Please excuse me, my nose is running," and we continued to talk. I said, "You have proved that because Prabhupāda used a mirror with a cameo on it for putting on his *tilaka*, that doesn't mean we have to use one like that, but you have proved that it's important to write about it." I said that to convince him he should stand up and make this advertisement, and I think I said I would do it for him if need be. I was completely convinced and enthusiastic and helpful.



## PRABHUPADA'S SERVANT—BLISS!

**I** was Prabhupāda's servant—very active, arranging for his suitcase and arranging for a car. He was going from one temple to another. I was really in bliss being able to do this. In a one scene there was a group of devotees, including Jagadīśa Mahārāja. They were talking. Prabhupāda's room was not too far away. The door was open. I said to one devotee, "You're speaking too loud." He said, "I'm not speaking too loud." I got angry and said, "You've never served Prabhupada. I know you're talking too loudly."

Somebody else asked me had I ever corresponded with Prabhupāda. I said, "Oh, yes." He said, "What does he think?" I said, "He thinks on many different levels. On one level he's appreciating this Detroit center because it's so highly developed."


We were leaving one temple. They had a big limousine and I ran out of the house to see how the limousine was pulling up and to make sure that Prabhupāda's suitcase was in the back. I wasn't sure whether he would ask me to ride with him in the limousine but it didn't matter. I was wrapped up in the service of making sure the suitcase was right and I was sure

that I would be able to go somewhere close to him.  
didn't matter whether we would be in the same car.



24.

## PRABHUPADA'S LAST DAY, AS REMEMBERED BY OTHERS

 People were remembering Prabhupāda's last words and last day and telling different details. I didn't believe much of it. I thought that he was so internal. Whatever they say, these are just some stories.

☆☆☆



## THE OLD FORM OF ISKCON



devotee was asking me if it was my idea that people should train for an occupation, or did I prefer the old model of temple life with *saṅkīrtana* collections? I went over and sat below him. I knew I was feeling a little sentimental. I began to speak, "Times have changed the ideals that Prabhupāda gave us." I began to cry just thinking of that old time. The devotee with me also began to cry. Then I could hardly speak for lack of breath and tears. I said, "Śubhānanda wrote an essay called 'The Fading Utopia' that was very cruel."



## INTERVIEWING GROUP OF SMALL CHRISTIAN BOYS

I was on a train, like the Staten Island Rapid Transit. Girirāja Swami was there, and some other devotees. There was a group of small Christian boys circulating. They were singing songs and collecting money. Girirāja had a microphone. He said he would now interview them and the people could hear. In the beginning he seemed to be criticizing them, exposing them, but then he saw that they were sincere and he began to instruct them in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. He gradually won them over. This train trip went on and on and never ended. After I woke, I appreciated that Girirāja had tried bold things to satisfy Prabhupāda.



## PRABHUPADA'S SERVANT

**I**n a dream I went up to Prabhupāda. He was lying in bed surrounded by devotees. He was doing different things—talking to devotees and so on, and I was carrying a pair of sweat pants for him. I guess I was his servant. I was wearing sweat pants myself, but they had a big rip in them. I said, “Śrīla Prabhupāda, would you like to wear pants to keep your legs warm?” He gave me a good look just before that by which he recognized me. He took off his sweater so maybe he wasn’t cold. I asked him that and he didn’t answer. Then I noticed that Girirāja Swami was still talking to him.

Then I felt some anxiety that maybe I’m not serving Prabhupāda and I don’t have access to him for a lot of service inquiries and management exchanges. Maybe that was why he didn’t want the sweat pants from me. But I don’t want to feel like that.



28.

## IT'S A JOY TO SEE PRABHUPADA ANGRY



Prabhupāda is walking up stairs. He says he's angry and Madhumaṅgala is helping him walk. Then Trivikrama Swami comes in and he and I walk behind. They're going up the stairs. Prabhupāda is angry, but not at us. He's angry about something that happened. I don't remember what. Nice to dream of him this way—everyone attending to him. Trivikrama Swami says, "It's a joy to see Prabhupāda angry."

☆☆☆

## 29. BACK IN THE NAVY

**I** had a dream of thoroughly being back in the Navy. Same thing—looking for a new position, being told I had to get my clothing straight, trying to readjust to the place I was in. And getting set for a long haul of living and serving there. Unfortunately, there was no devotee consciousness.



30.

## PRABHUPADA AMUSING HIMSELF BY KNOCKING ME ON THE HEAD



ay 29

I had a dream that I was next to Prabhupāda, a little behind him. He was reaching back over his head and hitting me on the head or other parts of my body. This was a kind of amusement for him. Then he started to take a rock and reach back. Although he couldn't see, he would feel for where I was and hit me in the head. It made a knocking sound, which he liked. Other devotees were there. They were laughing when Prabhupāda was able to hit me. I was also delighted by this and wanted him to hit me. There was no question of feeling any physical or psychological pain in the dream. Rather, I was happy to be so intimate with Prabhupāda that he was playing this game with me and amusing himself by knocking me on the head. I was positioned in such a way that he wasn't really hitting me very often, so I tried to get closer so his hand would come back and hit me. During this dream, I had the sensation of the pleasure of it all.

On waking: surprise that at least in the dream, he was including me in such a simple and personal activity for his pleasure. After the dream I also thought

maybe there were some kind of shades or glimpses i  
this of an activity you might have with your spiritual  
master in the spiritual world.



## 31. BIG JETS

**I** had a dream in which big jets took off and deliberately ripped off the roofs of big barns so that the animals could get free. Later, the jets landed and the leading devotees thought how to run a free Kṛṣṇa conscious society together and set up a government.






32.  
PROCESSION OF SPIRITUAL  
MASTERS

**I** was inside a room. A procession came up of new spiritual masters. They were all junior to me. One of them might have even been my disciple. I was surprised to see that these persons were spiritual masters. I tried not to be critical or to find fault. When one of them came past me, he made obeisances to me first, as if recognizing that he knew he was taking a big step ahead and wanted my approval. I watched them all with my palms folded, but I really scrutinized them all at the same time. I was quite surprised that they had dared to become spiritual masters. And each one was surrounded by disciples. The spiritual masters looked just like their disciples, not much different, but each had a group of disciples and were walking.



## BACK IN THE "NEW NAVY"

 much repeated dream that I was back in the Navy, back in the PIO. I was supposed to be assigned a place to work, at least a desk. But I couldn't find it in the huge place. They didn't assign it to me. I at least kept myself at a little desk for awhile, but I couldn't find that desk again. Wandering and wandering, getting assurances sometimes that they would fix me up, but they never did. Very frustrating dream.

It was also the "new Navy." There were sexy stewardesses who came by asking if you wanted food and drink. There was awareness of psychological techniques in dealing with the enlisted personnel.



34.

## EVIL SPIRITS CONQUERED BY CHANTING JAPA

7

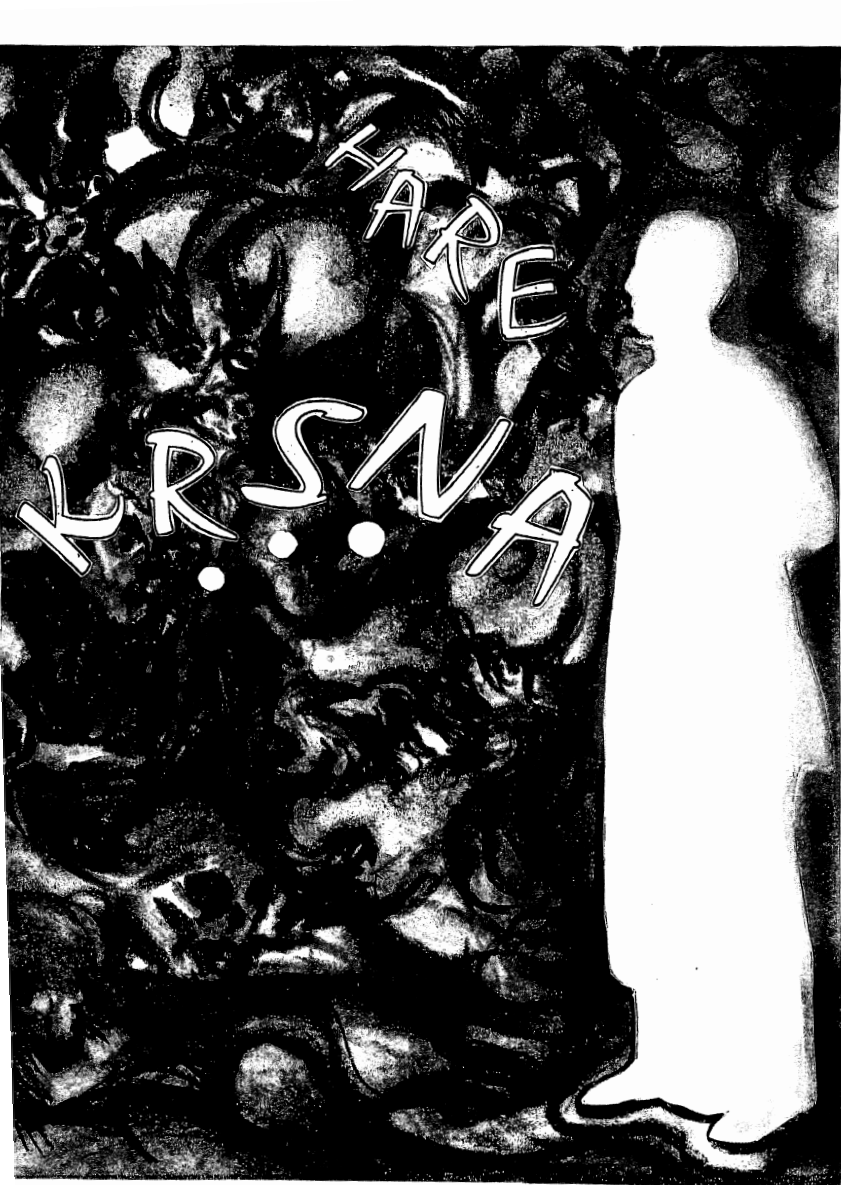
I dreamt that I was surrounded by blackness. I felt that evil spirits were trying to take possession of me. I was trying to get out of that place and go out for a walk and chant *japa*. I started chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa and the evil spirits couldn't affect me. I thought maybe I'd been writing in such a way as to attack evil spirits. They were trying to get back at me.



DOING PERSONAL SERVICE FOR  
PRABHUPADA

**7** I was doing personal service for Śrīla Prabhupāda. There were many persons around him and trying to approach. At some point I was invited to do something. I accompanied him into the bathroom and held some articles—*tilaka* or something like that. It was an affectionate exchange. I was grateful for it because otherwise, there were so many devotees and it was hard to understand their relationships and my own relationship with Prabhupāda. This is the third dream I've had within a few weeks in which I was allowed to do menial personal service for Prabhupāda. I'm thankful to Prabhupāda and to my dreaming self for sending a dream like that.





36.  
PLAY MONEY

I had that recurring dream where my money turned to make-believe money. I had a large amount of it on the train in Staten Island and I gave it to the conductor. He was sympathetic. He said he could find out if it had any value and try to give me back some money for it, so he took it all away. Another woman on the train was saying that she knew about this situation. I wasn't the only one to whom this happened. I was trying to deal with the fact that the money I had turned to play money, or turned out to be play money.

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## WITH ALLEN GINSBERG

**I** had a dream in which two devotees and I, I think Madhu and Gurukṛpa, went somewhere with Allen Ginsberg. In this dream, Allen Ginsberg was a kind of famous poet. I confessed to him that the Artist was a very strong part of my personality, although I was so different from Ginsberg. I said I was quiet, yet there was the Artist. I cried when I admitted this and he was sympathetic. Then we showed each other writing techniques that helped us to be enthusiastic to keep free-writing. His technique was that you write beyond the margin and mine was that you divide the line arbitrarily in prose and keep writing down the page. Then together we were all singing lyrics to some American songs—rock songs.

*When I woke I was feeling uneasy and not pleased to be dreaming of such an unsavory character as Ginsberg. Also the artist in me was so dominant in the dream. Although there was an unspoken identity as a devotee, there wasn't much Kṛṣṇa conscious content to it. I think at one point we were going to preach more to him but he became uneasy. Ginsberg is part of the paraphernalia, externally and*

ast, of ISKCON because of his connection with Prabhu-  
āda and the movement in the early days. I was aware  
at I was dreaming of him because of that connection too.





## HEARING PRABHUPADA SPEAK

7

went to where our old dog used to stay in our house. I understood he was very, very old and probably about to die. I went over to his dish and his place and gave him a little attention, something to eat, then he revived a little. As a result of this, somehow the dog turned into a lecturer, a Kṛṣṇa conscious speaker. In my dream there was this subjective feeling that this was Prabhupāda. Some close friends and relatives were nearby while this Prabhupāda was speaking. He was speaking very nicely, feelingly, personally. I began to cry with a revival of feeling for how nicely Prabhupāda speaks. I hadn't realized it. I thought that my crying was flowing a little too freely, but still I had an undeniable nice feeling.

*Of course dreams are so subjective and outsiders can't appreciate them. They would think it is blasphemy that this dying dog turned into a spiritual master. But actually such a transformation in a dream with something sweet in it shows that you still have some feelings and they can be directed toward your spiritual master. It's your feelings that were old and dried up and have to be revived.*

## A WRITING COURSE AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY

**M**y old college English professor was teaching a big, long writing course in a place like Cornell University. About five or six of us were going to attend. It was far away from where we lived and that was the one doubt I had, whether I would attend. There was no place to sleep or stay overnight. Anyway, I went up there once on a trial visit dressed in a suit. Later, somebody told me that a strap of my *brāhmaṇa* underwear was showing outside my suit. Someone said, "Oh, I know he's a devotee of Kṛṣṇa." It looked like there were interesting people there and it might be helpful to take the writing course, but it was going to be difficult because of the accommodations and I wasn't sure whether . . .

In this dream the professor also had done some writing of her own. I looked at it. It was some kind of personal sketch of what was going on at that writing conference. I understood by reading it that it was written not to be used or published in a certain way, but just because the person was a writer. I understood that this was the real quality of a writer—one who writes without doing it for some particular printing purpose.

40.

## BRAHMANANDA AND I SERVE PRABHUPADA TOGETHER

**7** I dreamt I was employed, along with Brahmānanda, as Prabhupāda's servant. Brahmānanda was angry with me, thinking I didn't do the service well. I said back to him, "You can be angry with me, but Kṛṣṇa will protect me." So we were both serving him. Brahmānanda had different discrepancies and I did too, but we were both serving Prabhupāda as personal servants and Prabhupāda wasn't displeased with either of us.

☆☆☆

FALSE CURRENCY AT THE  
DELICATESSEN

**I** was going out for a day's walk in the city. It was quite an adventure by myself. After walking city streets for awhile, I stopped in some Jewish delicatessen. I picked out something to eat, perhaps a container of milk and some cold pastries. Several members of the family of this store were present helping me pick things out or being helpful and talkative. Then when I started to pay for it, I got that fear again that my money wasn't going to be real money. I put it out on the counter and many bills I expected to be money turned out to be coupons or some kind of pieces of paper that weren't really negotiable money. But at least I had several big silver pieces like silver dollars. The store people picked these up and they smelled them and felt them and said yes, this was real money but the other wasn't. I was really shocked and disappointed that this happened again. It meant that I had no more money for the rest of my activities.

I was with a friend who was also going on this walk and I said, "Look, we have no money. Let's ask these people in the delicatessen to lend us some money just



get through the day.” He said no, no, and he went on ahead. Now I was talking to only two sons from this family and not the older man, who had been more friendly. These two sons were hard and cynical and wouldn’t give me any money. They indicated that this was the way you have to be to survive. “Get out of here!” I had to leave.

Later in the same dream, I was telling Jayādvaita Goswami that I have these recurring dreams and I don’t know why. I have some money, I think it’s real money but then when I go to pay in a very embarrassing situation, it turns out not to be real money. And no matter how much I think that it is real, it seems to magically turn into false money and I’m in trouble. He was listening. I anticipated he would make some witty remark, not taking my predicament so seriously. Perhaps if I listen to his wit, there might be some clue in there to understanding why I have these dreams.

After dream comment:

*My own interpretation is mostly an intellectual one, but seems to make sense. These dreams are an anxiety about genuineness, truthfulness. I’m afraid that what I take for truth will actually prove false. It may have to do with insecurities about being a guru or being a devotee, being a disciple of Prabhupāda, and so on. It’s the search for validity and the fear that everything I do may be false. This also may be tested at the time of death. Something like that.*

42.  
KICKED DEVOTEE BOY

**I** was going to do something and some little devotee boy was in my way, so I reached out and kicked him little bit hard. Then I realized that I didn't have to do that. I looked at him. He looked like he might cry. He said to me, "You shouldn't have to do that. You should smile more or be happier."



## 43A. ABOUT PRABHUPADA

had a dream that we went where Prabhupāda was. He was staying by himself in a hotel. He came out of his room just as I was approaching with two other devotees. He was wearing something red, maybe a bathrobe, and he looked majestic and serious as we passed him. As soon as I saw him, I fell to the ground and offered obeisances and touched his feet. Then he walked away to the bathroom. He acknowledged that he had seen us but he went into the bathroom and we went to wait for him in his room.

I was quite aware in the dream that we usually don't touch Prabhupāda's feet, but I went for them like anything.



## 43A. ABOUT PRABHUPADA

I dreamt that we were with Prabhupāda. Then later I was telling devotees about how wonderful and smashing he was.



## ABOUT TRANSMIGRATION



August 13, Paris

I had a dream about people coming back, transmigrating. One pair of raggedy horrible dogs and possum and other things came into some property where I was. They were advancing and advancing and we chased them away. We learned that they were devotees in their past lives. Then there were some beautiful women and they came back again as women. One of the women said to somebody else, "I'll meet you in the next life." Either in the dream or after I woke, it was a stark reminder of the facts of transmigration. You continue unfinished business from one life to the next. You really want to clear all this away!

This was a nap I took during the morning program. After I woke I rushed downstairs and saw Śrī Śrī Rādhā-Paris-īśvara.





## SOMEWHERE WITH PRABHUPADA



was with Prabhupāda and other devotees. He was sick and I wasn't paying attention to what it was, exactly. I noticed more carefully that the whole left side of his face was red and swollen and the other side was partly swollen. I became alarmed and wanted to do some kind of personal treatment. I thought maybe we should call a doctor. I pointed out Prabhupāda's condition to the devotees.

*My devotion to Prabhupāda is somewhat ill and needs attention. It's unfortunate that he was suffering. If it was my devotion to him that's suffering, why should he suffer? It's my Prabhupāda who suffers.*



## ROY CAMPANELLA

I went to some exercise place and Roy Campanella was the teacher. While I was there, I was reading a series of letters that Tamāla Kṛṣṇa Mahārāja wrote describing some gang that attacked the temple. He and the *saṅkīrtana* party fought back and he killed some of them. Then back to Roy Campanella. He asked a question, "Is there any consciousness that is watching us while we exercise?" I said yes, and I described the Supersoul. He said that's Matsya, isn't it? I said no Matsya saved the *Vedas* at the time of the flood. Then I told him that I was a Brooklyn Dodgers fan in the 1950s and how tremendous it was. He appreciated that and said, "It sounds like it was almost as good for you as it was for us to live through it."



47.

## PRABHUPADA MURTI BROKEN

**I** had a dream that I had a Prabhupāda *mūrti* and looked at it and its arm was broken. I went to my mother and said, "I have to leave now. It's time for me to go to church. But somebody broke the arm on my Prabhupāda deity and I'm so upset." She immediately admitted that she had done it and she didn't know where it was. She was sorry, but then I felt bad that I was so angry with her. I felt confident that if I searched the room, I would find the broken piece of the Prabhupāda *mūrti* and be able to put it back on.



# DIDN'T GO OUT ON HARINAMA WITH BHAKTIVEDANTA MANOR/LOST IN THE CITY

I was at the Bhaktivedanta Manor. They were going out on *harināma*, but I avoided going with them. Then I was separated from the devotees somehow and I was out in the city. It was dangerous and I was afraid of being attacked. I thought I was going to be punished for not going on *harināma*. I tried hiding in the woods of the city and finding my way around. I thought of taking a taxi back to the temple, but it was too expensive and I was just very, very frightened. Then I woke up within the dream, while I was still asleep, and consoled myself and said, "Don't worry, you're at Bhaktivedanta Manor and in the morning, you will wake up and be there. But from now on, if there's a chance to go on *harināma* in the evening with them, I will do it."



## TALKING WITH HAYAGRIVA ABOUT HOW RAGANUGA IS IN PRABHUPADA'S BOOKS

**I**n a dream I was somewhere with Hayagrīva. I was talking about how some devotees are interested in *rāgānugā* and think that it's not in Prabhupāda's books. He was speaking strongly that it's all in Prabhupāda's books and that we don't have to look elsewhere. He had some good arguments that I can't remember right now. I said, "Well, they say we were not advanced enough but now we are advanced." He gave some proof that Prabhupāda didn't miscalculate and that we're not really advanced now. It was encouraging to hear from him. I was in the Navy and I had to go back to where I stayed on the ship—but I didn't have any hard work to do. I was thinking, "Why am I still stuck in the Navy? I'm fifty years old." Then I remembered I'm not in the Navy.



## ALLIGATORS AND A DOG

**7** was by the sea and I saw alligators. We saw an alligator in the ocean pick up a big lizard and crack it in his mouth. As he cracked it it sounded like a crack-er. Another devotee, Pragoṣa dāsa, saw it from a boardwalk. He exclaimed, "Oh! Look at that!" I said, "Yes, I saw it too." We were frightened and amazed. We ran to get out of the way because a big alligator was on the boardwalk. We went inside a house. But there was a dog there, not very big, but that dog was standing off the alligator. They were growling at each other. The alligator made very deep, loud sounds and the dog barked back. Then they challenged each other.

*This was after lunch, an hour before we were going to have a meeting at the devotee's house here in Ireland. Everyone is supposed to speak about Prabhupāda. I immediately felt how Prabhupāda has saved us from this horrible world.*









