

Writing Sessions
June, 1995

Satsvarūpa dasa Goswami



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Session #1

3:26 P.M.

Sometimes while reading, it strikes you. I heard him say we have to take another body and it's suffering no matter what body we get, rich or poor (Rolls Royce or rickshaw). We don't want to die because it's all suffering for the spirit soul. You forget? But still, you suffer. Isn't that enough to motivate you? We say you shouldn't practice Kṛṣṇa conscious *only* to get free from hell. But that's a good reason to start. At least we are not a fool-hearted atheist; we fear God, fear punishment for sin. Of course, devotional service is far beyond that, but it's a start.

P-stop, Italy. Sit up straight, lean your back against bunk. Try to be comfortable—but it's all temporary. Live for next life, not just this one.

In a lecture, I can reach for all I've been reading recently and long ago too. Read *gopīs* asked Kṛṣṇa which is the best lover and which are You? You know what He said? Yes. And how it applies to us? Yes. So bring these up to the classes.

(M. just ducked in and asked when to talk with me. I said I hope it will be a half-hour that I can keep going with this WS.)

We are officially entering Italy ISKCON tomorrow, first visit of the year. Say we are coming down from France. Into Prabhupāda-deśa where we are welcome. I've got it worked out.

How come you don't put yourself out more?

What you mean?

Like going to uncharted territory, hold a big public program . . .

Because I get headaches. I can't take that sort of thing. Suppose a man ate a carrot, a ton of carrot *halavā*.

Well, that's impossible.

Yes, so it's impossible for me to go with the circus and I am writing this as quick as it comes.

Do I realize you are a fellow who likes to spend a quiet afternoon?

Yes, it's like the *Bhagavad-gītā* purport in fifth chapter; he takes pleasure within, *ramante* . . . *yogino*, he can sit anywhere and find pleasure within by his spiritual practices.

I see.

You see or not.

Ramante . . . *yogino*. Verses please, do you memorize anything new? Here and there maybe I could, but it's mainly keeping what I already have. Pitiful life duration. He said you change body every minute, but you the self are the same. Yes, I can testify to that: I was a young fellow before Kṛṣṇa consciousness in this body, although it was quite different, my whole youthfulness. I was ignorant of Kṛṣṇa consciousness until now, so much has changed. I'm like a different person, but I do remember old times too. It's "me" whom I've brought along through the years, especially since ISKCON, me the servant of the Swami while he was here, me and wife for a few years (a very few, so why even bother about it anymore?), and those years as an accountable and impressionable member of the GBC. It brought you closer to Prabhupāda,

accountable to him. Then ISKCON guru. You were always in the elite. Then he disappeared. Then what happened? ISKCON zonal gurus. It's like living in a dream, and now it's over. Now retired from GBC for—is it ten years already?

Wandering, writing, passionately writing and publishing, exposing the truth you know, and with disciples who care, they help you publish. Coping with the headaches. Establishing the right of the self. Now we grow older. ("When I was sixty-one, it was a very good year." Sing, Sinatra, sing.) As I grow old, the autumn of life, etc., old wine.

Old age, primary and major old age. Śrīla Prabhupāda says you live seventy to eighty years. Some live ninety or ninety-five, no one lives to a hundred. That's it. So you better live for the real values of life. Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full.

Then where do you go? Where is your love of Kṛṣṇa? I preached to her in a letter that we may not taste the sweetness we would like, but Kṛṣṇa is present, not rejecting us. He is testing us. He is bringing us to Him. Increasing our devotion by feelings of separation so we don't take Him cheaply. He knows what is best for us.

In recent letters I asked for a pen, a book, a tape, a this, a that, things to look forward to in the mail. But don't be enamored. Hanker for your Kṛṣṇa consciousness. I want this, I want to rise early with the desire to chant my rounds starting with the first bead on the first round. You think this routine will last forever. That's maybe one reason you love it; it makes you feel that you will live forever and get each morning to chant and read *Bhagavad-gītā* and *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* and to write.

Always another book of mine coming out from the printer. Well, no, one day it won't be anymore. And you fear that. Miro says, "Paint what you fear and you'll be able to gain mastery over it." What, mastery over death? Well, maybe not so afraid of it. Śrīla Prabhupāda says a devotee dies very differently than a sinful person or nondevotee. It like the cat carrying its kitten by the neck and the cat's grabbing the mouse by the neck. The kitten feels the mother's love, the mouse feels the throes of death. "Oh, but that's the pure devotee."

Why exclude yourself? Surrender to Kṛṣṇa especially then. Let go. He'll carry you to the next body at the time that He wills. Let go. Be aware and use your powers to pray, "Please, Lord Kṛṣṇa, forgive me, please don't take into account the petty material desires that are registering in my karmic consciousness right now. I disown them, I want pure devotion to You. I want to be a devotee like the *gopīs*, who don't think of personal happiness or unhappiness but only think how to please You."

Now you live. Later you die. Live and die are interrelated. As you live, you die. So I am taking a day to write and read while I can. Make progressive works in your career. The world gets worst in Kali-yuga. Kṛṣṇa's mercy is the only good thing remaining. All bogus, all fools and rascals, Śrīla Prabhupāda says. They pretend to be scientists or leaders of the people who are spiritualists but don't even know, "I am not this body, I am spirit soul." In ignorance they cannot help anyone, not even themselves.

We have this knowledge. We can do better, do something. On a quiet afternoon and make a prayer

by this WS. May Kṛṣṇa engage me in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. May some of my books help people. May the Kṛṣṇa consciousness movement grow pure and strong to work in the world.

All glories to Govinda.

Coming to Italy. Day at a time.

I hereby promise . . . I declare . . . I will chant Hare Kṛṣṇa with attention and devotion hence forward. From this day, I will surrender to Govinda.

Devotee who was ill wrote me and said she is now going on book distribution and it's making her humble. What do I do to make myself humble?

You are already humble. Crumble me back and head. You are already bumble. You mumbo jumbo. I ate less, I took more. I go and lecture. Oh, by not being on the elite anymore I am humbled. I have no place, no power, no influence. I keep my mouth shut. I am not asserting.

Smaller. Smaller.

Give up your fault-finding, please. Actually be humble as befits your position in ISKCON. I can no longer stand to meet with people. Pay the consequences of that. No leaders care what you think. Be humble. Write a million books that peers don't read. Be humble about that.

I see you like to eat and sleep and you don't want confrontation and you are willing to say, "I can't work on the front lines. I can't take any assignment like that"—so when they deal with you accordingly, be humble. You don't get first place.

Mr. Magoo, bald head, can't see without glasses, can't chew without teeth, still lusts after girls. Be humble, old man, as you bend, slouch forward.

The beast slouches toward Bethlehem, second coming, dire predictions.

I am tiny soul; I can't control the currents of time and I can't control my own mind despite so many attempts. Endless attempts. I can't chant a decent round. Does that make you feel proud?

Proud? Now you've been going here a half-hour and can stop whenever you like, M. wanted to talk with you.

All right. Post mark, post Smith, Italian voices, we will get through. If anyone of us gets knocked out of action, we can approach a passerby and say, "*Excuso. No parle Italiano. But mi amice est morti.* Me bleed to death. Here me money and passport. Take me to nearest Hare Kṛṣṇa center."

And you sit waiting in some waiting room for someone who speaks English, you endure headaches, finally see the friendly face of a devotee and go call off your tour and go live in any place at all where they'll accept you and you go to the morning program.

But don't you belong in USA. Why say that? You think I'm an American? I'm not a Ford or Mercury car or Renault or Italian Ferrari. I'm a soul, and this ISKCON-bred old soul wants hope, wants comforts. Take me to the *dhāma* before I die, publish my books, place me at his lotus feet.

(40 minutes, P-stop of the *autostrade* in Italy, June 1, 1995)

Session #2

12:30 A.M.

This can be "my" time and not the temple's, not the group's. Mine alone with God. But I give whatever I get in solitude back to the group, mainly through solitude-literature-*writing*.

Make your books and share them. I keep looking, kindred souls in writing. But I don't find them in the published books of the nondevotees. Don't you find it in the society of Vaiṣṇavas? Yes, of course I do. But maybe I mean a kind a literature in modern idioms. Perhaps it is just as well—that loneliness drives me to create my own writing in the genres.

Lord knows I'd like to make a story of a boy or man who becomes a devotee, and ISKCON devotees could take solace from it. The devotees in Megdologo who left the temple to become Kṛṣṇian-Christians in a monastery, are they now devils and witches? No. But alienated, of course. Left the house of Śrīla Prabhupāda. They also want to be part of it.

I say . . . what? I want to tell a story which is not a propaganda piece. That's why a novel or story isn't so natural for me. Writers tend to be manipulating.

I want to write the truth of my existence and yet let it be a creative tale like a dream or a mixture of stuff like that. Who to talk about this; how to unleash this?

It happens when I go alone and can tell my actual story. "Dream," I call it, sometimes meaning the quality of life when it flows. Affected by outside

thought isn't good or necessary—unless you can utilize it in His service. All glories to Śrī Kṛṣṇa.

This free-write is on the run category. But at least it's something. I took four minutes or less out just now to dash off a note to Madhu saying I want my alone-time, alone world to write, retreat time. This temple life is performing. But it's needed. To be here for those devotees whom you pledged to serve.

Kdd asks me can she get me anything specific in Boston? What shall I ask for? A jazz tape? A particular book that doesn't seem to exist? Ask for *bhakti* as if it can be purchased? I must go alone and write, and the best they can do for me is prepare and publish my books. And distribute them.

Took another 4–5 minutes after the last sentence to write a note to Kdd that I want to encourage my disciples to distribute my books.

I want to express, plug in . . . communicate by Fax and phone, do something, go somewhere—the world of passion—do, do.

I also want to not do that.

Want to eat tasty food. The lunches aren't so good here, but then a nice pie for dessert. Carbonated water. Notes, requests, sense grat.

Be satisfied in self.

Hey, I don't complain that I have to prepare and lecture on *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. I want to do it nicely. It's a way to study.

But I miss my private studies of *Bhagavad-gītā* and *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* which I had to give up.

Yeah, yeah. And I'm sorry I'm not writing poems. Oh, you can still do it. Come up here after *maṅgala-ārati* and do something. Maybe a free-write in a note pad with words and drawing.

Ever-present Kṛṣṇa in all
bodies. He's the fire and
we are the red-hot iron.

And then a picture of that or whatever comes.
Gee, the old guy is dying soon. You mean Advaita
Ācārya of heart attack? Maybe. Or Mr. What's-his-
name of Silver Spring or your's truly. Or who
knows?

Before death you say you want to write more and
better books of honesty and spirit.

I break through the institution in order to serve
its members. Give them release (safety valve—
steam off pressure) without their having to leave.
Something like that.

But don't find fault. Every time you do that,
when you think of certain leaders. Don't do it. Re-
frain. They are doing the needful work. They are
the leaders. I'm an artist or recluse if you like, but
what? But I don't need to be under their thumb.
Actually admire them from a distance.

Don't agitate or pollute your brain by these kinds
of fault-findings. You may end this now and do a
little drawing before you have to start rounds in
candle light.

New shoes
new blues
be happy lad you're a
guru but a *śiṣya* too—
in fact only a peon
a spark whom Kṛṣṇa
gives life to and your
own life is His.

Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam truth—Kṛṣṇa is the only life,
the worker, the listener, the friend, maker of music

—get to the naked truth of it, will you? It's Kṛṣṇa, not Māyā in her coverings or the māyic workers, meaning most artists of the world.

Boo-hoo, boo-hoo

make your own way.

Maybe in the next place I'll write a story of my life in ISKCON, an inspired book, a true to life book. But who knows, it's up to the Lord. You should write of Him and of Śrīla Prabhupāda in a better way.

Let's see what He lets me do, this passionate creator ought to realize his place at His feet, guru's *cela* I am. May this day I dedicate to Him.

(Writing a half-hour with two breaks to write memos, Vicenza, Italy, June 5, 1995)

Session #3

12:19 A.M.

You tend to be “fruitive” in the temple with your time. Use it to prepare for the next lecture or answer another letter. That and pacing yourself and your energy so you can do most important program and not get a headache. In between these (right now), you try to sneak in a WS. Try to sneak past the performer, the task master, the fruitive worker, and do something without motive.

This writing is not to generate an outline for seminar or lecture or to make Post-it for M. to do something, not a Fax, etc. Yeah.

I am sitting at a desk waiting for my head to clear up of some pressure. Worrying about my disciple BP in Vṛndāvana who wrote of wanting to know his *rasa* and to become *sannyāsa* and criticizing those devotees in ISKCON who he thinks are not attached to the holy names. You take the duty of guiding disciples and have to worry about them. And have to sometimes dare to guide them in spiritual life. Don’t degrade the relationship, I told devotees here yesterday. We heard Śrīla Prabhupāda’s lecture where he said don’t go to guru for material things but if you want Kṛṣṇa.

Effective to play his tape excerpt and speak from it.

What else? You want to finish up this WS so soon? I need to make no pressure on my head. Well, don’t blame the WS. It will try to be a friend in Kṛṣṇa consciousness and be easy going.

You'd like to do more with your dreams, see them as creative tools in your writing? But not to interpret them. Write note (here we go with fruitive use again of writing) to devotee to pick me up book on dreams, not interpreting them but using in creative way in journalizing. That you know already. You want some examples of dream work that might encourage you more.

Go to poems. But where will you get encouragement that Śrīla Prabhupāda accepts this? And by your example, other devotees will listen to their dreams whereas so much in dreams seem to remain incomprehensible and is not useful.

But they are compelling. But sense gratification is also compelling.

Yeah, but dreams are—harmless? Are they really sent by a "dream producer" in ourselves who is interested in our own good? Can we work with them to understand what they are saying to us?

Some people don't believe in them at all. The scriptures are infinitely more important. But I can't just dismiss it all as nonsense, this theater that plays every time I go to sleep. This production of intense scenes which are so expertly put together and so artistically—without concern for plot, logic, or "realities" limits. I can't dismiss it. And the dreams I have, while they are not Kṛṣṇa conscious, mostly have devotees in them. ISKCON scenes and bizarre arrangements.

I can "preach" to my dream. In that way, you seek to improve dreams and get something from them.

Religious use of dreams? I'm afraid you'll find no book about this in a book store. It's up to you to make something of it, if you want.

Preach to the dreams—or not that strong, but hear the dream, “tease it out” to get at its meaning. And then *let it go*.

Kṛṣṇa accepts our services even when incompetent. Here we are in the awake world trying to write Him a poem, make an offering, etc.

Oh, Hare Kṛṣṇa, *śrī-kṛṣṇa-caitanya prabhu nityānanda*. The Lord of lords.

Devotees have lotus feet and like to massage the Lord’s lotus feet. What intimate service. Tell the assembled devotees, “I’m amazed and impressed at the mercy expressed here.” Are you really?

Goloka dāsa looks at you askance. He has a new guru and doubts him also. He’s not happy.

We want to be happy. That’s attained in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. This free-flowing Guruji, is he happy, is he successful in his attempts to conquer birth and death? I ask you.

Śrīla Prabhupāda was saying repeatedly in 1973 lecture, it is very difficult, it is very difficult to reform these rascal. He seemed to speak not only of the *mūḍhā* nondevotees but even his disciples. He said that Gaurakiśora dāsa Bābājī and others were disgusted and decide they wouldn’t preach, they were not able to change the fools. But Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī was very kind and preached, “and he told us also to preach.” Certainly Śrīla Prabhupāda teaches us to preach, but he warns that it’s very difficult to teach the rascals.

Find the excerpt (fruitive again. Well, heck, I need to help myself. Make a note, do this, do that).

The truth is embedded . . . you want to talk on dreams more? They come from a deep place. Or

irrational. The rational mind doesn't seem to get enough access to me. It puts together material for a lecture, etc., it is civilized. But the dream combiner goes forward more boldly. Yes, yes. I'm inclined to stop this now and go on to other note-taking and letter answering. I don't have time for more—maybe later in the day another WS, twenty minutes. If you will accept WS for as little as fifteen minutes ... yes, that's good too.

(23 minutes, June 6, 1995, ISKCON Vicenza, Italy)

Session #4

2:26 P.M.

Wright ink flows your wonnerful eyes
your wonder-
full drawings
of a wigwam Webelous bag

Stevie, Stevie. The emperor of the world. Dream:
Some kind of fooling around, then the phone rang
and voice (like Kowit or Hamsadutta) started saying
like, "Take water and something and mix on Eight
Avenue." (I was not listening carefully to what they
said, I knew it was some joke or serious threat to
spooof me into taking the word seriously.) But then I
couldn't help but hear, "The emperor of the
world."

So I was supposed to fall for that and think to
myself, "Maybe I *am* meant to be emperor of the
world?" Was that the prophecy?

I didn't and don't buy. Not even emperor of ice
cream.

Not owner of twinge behind right eye. Aye aye
sir, I hope to give the lectures as scheduled. It's a
rare opportunity and I *am able* to give lectures in
paramparā. You just repeat what the previous teach-
ers have said.

Webster, webelous top honor for a Cub Scout not
always awarded but I got it in the basement of PS 8
without the lights on. We did Indian dance in a
circle there, bared shanks and took that step around
the way we imagined Indians did. Webelous and
you stood and recited a little lore. I can't remember

who coached us. It's so long ago. I suppose my parents were present. Fire light, hatchets, painted faces, Indian feather headdress. Then go home, to bed. To your parents' care, Great Kills, Staten Island, before it was even 1950.

Gone copper coin, copper canyon threes. The pennies crushed on the railroad track. I leave it. If you retain it, Śrīla Prabhupāda says, you may be detained in this world and have to suffer birth and death. If you want Kṛṣṇa, He gives you that; if you want sense grat, He gives you that, but you'll have to suffer.

Yes, at lunch, looking into the watery veg *dāl*, I recall the moment of high pleasure with a lady so intense I almost swooned. Try to deny the memory but a voice for honesty, said it *was* a peak happiness so why not face it? I faced it and then recalled the line from a purport that there is some sense of happiness in the material world but that is the greatest enemy of the living being. I also recalled how the thrill moment was followed by so much bitterness and disgust as it grows older and past its prime and the reality of sex pleasure is you have to keep trying something different to enhance it, *punah punah carita carinanam*, chewing the chewed. It winds up no joy of taste with oldening woman . . .

And no girlfriend—which I now credit as my deep reluctance to give into that deepest of attachments which could have ensnared this soul. Call it a weakness or call it lack of manliness if you will, tease me for withholding or not being able, but now I'm free of that greatest attachment—or I am mostly free, Yamunācārya spits at the thought of it and I at least turn away and say no, no, I want to be totally

free. A celibate who enters divine consciousness of the Supreme. Please, Lord, keep me strictly in that way by raising my attraction to You, *udva retah*, let it go to the brain for Kṛṣṇa conscious *śloka* memorization and not down and out as smelly sperms.

But he discharged devotional service and not Freudian slips. Not, not, the words do fail.

Faxes in and out. M. has to labor to send them. I labor to prepare the next lectures and I do enjoy or own up to the responsibility, but it's not easy. It's easy in one sense, the simple scholarship or reciting what I've read, but infuse it with sincerity, to believe . . . Before I gave a lecture this morning, I felt this is not me, it's a performance, I can't give it nicely, I don't really want to be here . . . others may feel that way too. I'm plagued by the mind which finds fault with whomever it sees and thinks of.

After class, three separate people detained me with further questions. Two of them asked, "How far do we have to go to attempting to get along with someone whom we don't like?" I said, "Try as best you can, and if you can't satisfy them, don't feel guilty. Kṛṣṇa will know you tried. Then you just don't find fault with that person—but don't feel you must live intimately with them. If you keep butting heads like two bulls, then better you separate." The guy seemed to like it and agreed, the gal smiled, and I hope she liked me for it, women, with their special message something in addition to the message itself, ah, she remembered my attraction to her and came up to speak to me to renew our friendship.

There is nothing like a dame
nothing you can name.

There is no fish like a dame and nothing looks a dame.

Musical Broadway,

ga'bye ga'bye

ga'bye and go to hell, Manhattan style. Hey, were you frustrated or did you have a good time? Well, I can always get my rocks off, said Navy Kent. I was trying to tell him that sometimes I was too drunk on beer or really just not able and I don't know why. I wasn't into it, guilt or saintliness.

Ah shit, don't go back,

you'll always be tricked one way or another by Māyā and she'll always lure again for one more try to squeeze out of this body

and that will detain you.

Bhaktiḥ pareśānubhavo . . . Eleventh Canto—bhakti precludes sense grat and sense grat precludes *bhakti*. Take your choice.

I take none, no beer, no dame

—and please no memory of the same

give me a *kīrtana* hall and me

half-hearted with arms up

low flame (I get headaches and

left ankle hurts am old)

the singing is too loud,

it's getting long and late and

Lord I don't love it yet.

Better

before it's too late and

if nothing else, then think of the next Fax

you want to write to spur on sales of books at Gītā-nāgarī Press, that too is connected to service of the Lord.

O BP, I admire you staying up

on graveyard shift to chant

in heat of summer in Vṛndāvana
and portable battery-run fan for cooling
your own *śālagrām śilā*. If I
sounded down and sour on you
it's cause I'm worried of
your *sahajiyā* talk.

But the chanting you do is
sublime, blood and bones chorus
and you feeling a taste, yes
you and Aindra,
you know it I don't and I
also know what you
don't.

May we all be saved and gathered
like *sattvatas* massaging together
the Lord's lotus feet.

Me eye. Me head. I can't do all I'd like to. Got to
take it easy now or you'll be canceling something
later today.

Dear WS, now I feel benefited by you in uncen-
sored flow and would continue but for my head
pressure weakness. Call M. for neck and shoulder
massage and go for rest of day.

(half-hour, Vicenza ISKCON, June 6, 1995)

Session #5

I liked
reading this
(Dec 12, 1995)

12:29 A.M.

"Joy" of using new tissue pack Italian style "Pamoy Super Morbidi." What are these little joy blurbs? Fax comes in with cover illustration for *Radio Shows*, Fax from NK with explosive plans for book distribution. Encourage them. It's good news to distribute my books. They will send out books and ask for payment. Worst that can happen is that they keep the books and don't pay for them in which case they still get a book and they read it. NK is saving the day at GNP by giving much more than free advice—putting out his money.

Gee-whiz.

Last night we sat and did *bhajan*as together. Got tired sitting in one place on the floor for an hour but room didn't seem big enough for everyone to get up and dance. M said my singing simple tune of Hare Kṛṣṇa was wonderful and I should have continued longer. But I stopped and asked him to start one.

This is a regular diary. Please accept it. A brief record of days here at Prabhupāda-deśa. The one half-hour, if I give you I can then rush over to the *japa* duty and get ten rounds done before going to bathroom.

Give them hope, Nanda said, on hearing my rehearsal lecture for the VD seminar on reading *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. He said there is a big gap between the perfect standard I present and where the devotees are at. He said they may be ashamed be-

cause they are spending much money on beautiful houses and clothes. Good advice. I won't slam them or propose they do it all at once. Start something gradual. Gradual steps.

NK said my writing—or the life-contribution of someone like me—is appreciated in the future, not in one's lifetime. So while the sun and moon of GNP can rise now, full appreciation for writing will come only later, and a person who wants to do great deeds has to bear that burden (of not accepting appreciation in the present). That encouraged me. I will live for posterity? No, I live for now, but you hope also your service will continue after you're gone? You mean all these writing sessions?

Okay, gremlin.

The fire side chat of SDG. The atom bomb (babies hatched) of Harry Truman and me watching Ike on T.V. The history of mortals in these decades and we recall it now but it's not forever. "Super morbid."

Can you write a poem? Not with divided lines nowadays. Energy goes into coping with daily lecture schedule. You accept the assignment of the *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* verse and make an outline with references from other books of Śrīla Prabhupāda and make some relevant points. They seem to like it. It is a first-class service Śrīla Prabhupāda has allowed you.

I wrote a note to M. (and myself) yesterday saying I should avoid trying to control money and manpower. I can accept it, however, if someone comes forward to offer it. But don't get so involved. I want to respect the ISKCON leaders who do manipulate money and men because they are required for

spreading Kṛṣṇa consciousness. It's an austerity for *sannyāsī*, managers, and GBC to do this. Okay. But it's also austerity and also required that some senior *sannyāsīs* and gurus don't build empires, not even hidden empires. They (managers) need the money and men to be potent. I need to be relatively free of manpower control and money handling so that I can remain neutral, detached and be welcome wherever I go (as a non-competitor) like Nārada. That is my potency.

Days go by. You are plugged in with preaching everyday for next two weeks. Then we seek an escape for a few days at campground. Last year at that campground I wrote in Śaraṇāgati. This year I can look over books I've picked up lately such as poems and Christian spirituality. And some daily writing, even if only WS and also I can get back into my reading schedule *Bhagavad-gītā* and *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. I'm also moving toward a time of "generous" spending on creative art retreat and so want to keep my hand in drawing and coloring and a kind of warm-up. Ask GS to send me pix of Kṛṣṇa's pastimes.

Yeah man, Miro and Picasso and Chagall and naive artist Nikofof and company.

You draw and you could do free-write afterwards and ask yourself what are you drawing? Keep a file.

Stories too. Essay book I don't have one in mind right now. Time and energy going into this present direction. *Śrī-kṛṣṇa-caitanya prabhu nityānanda, śrī-advaita gadādhara*.

Today's lecture is, what is renunciation? Can it be valid for the world today? How to practice it in

Kṛṣṇa consciousness? Note to Mādhava to use it for
BTG.

Yes, my writing, even WS, is oriented (facing
East) for fruitive projects.

Wish I had more presence of mind for radio
shows and poems but it's a matter of time. I have
none right now.

(20 minutes, June 7, 1995, Prabhupāda-deśa
Vicenza, Italy)

Session #6

6 P.M.

There is barely time to get anything down, so late it is. I made my Post-its for tomorrow's lecture. M. gives *Bhagavad-gītā* lecture tonight. We've gathered our quotes and we make a go of it. Good, preach to devotees. Ate lunch with disciples today. What else? Tomorrow night, *bhajana* with them. I don't do enough for them? Well, I can't be like their affectionate father always sitting with them. I need time alone to write me hard-hitting books.

Good news, glow, GNP getting and retreats ahead, times to write and read and even now this is good to be in this room in early summer, hearing birds, I don't leave the building, but I don't need to. Everything is here. Yet in a few weeks I'll be free to takes walks at the campground in my new boots. That will be a relaxed bliss and little physical work-out, to live in the van and write and read all day for, four days is it?

Smile. Move on. Do what you can.

Eat lunch with GBC. Satisfy him that you are a harmless yet potent sage. He's okay and I'm okay.

And

tonight I did rehearsal lecture for M. and N. I said to them I used to take amphetamines and other drugs. I felt sorry and dirty to have said it. M. said later yes, I didn't have to say it. It cracks heart of those who want to have faith in me. So I needn't do it. I'm sorry. I feel like apologizing to Nanda. It was over thirty years ago, almost. Don't dwell on it.

Yeah, it may be good for me in private writing to admit details but mostly when I publish, there's no point in it.

Rascal mind, Raleidh.

Got file for art work. The disciples, young man from Russia, young woman from Finland . . . friendly Italians, 200 US dollars in *guru-dakṣiṇā*. Did they give me a typewriter yet? No time for any writing since I've been here except these quickies twice a day.

I am . . . he is . . .

Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam refs. on Post-its. You follow spiritual master and get perfection. Material assets as by-products. Ah . . . I counter-argue and present it. Get sharper. Your little essays and little talks.

Faxes as usual. COM tracks you all over the world. Someone in Bombay put on COM, "Where is Satsvarūpa Mahārāja? I need to know urgently. Where can I contact his secretary?" Someone in France signaled that I was in Italy. Gosh. Big Brother is reality. He wanted me to write essays for Hinduism encyclopedia.

Run, run and be alone. There make your prose poem.

Tires on small size motorcycle. Peace this night. You can't expect it always.

Telling them death is coming. What about my own?

You own up. You talk and talk so much. You could lose integrity by talking? Turn yourself inside out?

Tomorrow meet at 5 P.M. for *bhajan*as. Say things you don't mean? Well, I mean them but in a public sense. It's not like a radio show where I rap on a

dictionary word and relax and be myself before Śrīla Prabhupāda. It's public and I be sure my Fix-o-dent is recently applied, and I ate in front of them today, sprinkling on Lavon Baskar and recalling Śrīla Prabhupāda's instructions to me. Stoka K. asked of a photo of Śrīla Prabhupāda and me. It was taken May 1972 the day after he gave me *sannyāsa*. I retold old incidents, new to some. They are so young. It is all Prabhupāda's arrangement that older disciples of his should give guidance to new ones. But you have to be true to principles and lead a true life. Set a good example. No hanky-panky, and even steps leading to it are dangerous, slippery rocks you could fall down and break your back or neck while listening to mundane music which doesn't put Kṛṣṇa in the center and which is not made by devotees.

The truth is *mandāḥ sumanda-matayo*.

I am prepared for at least one *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* lecture. After that we get one day off while we travel to Megdologo. Then Saturday morning again you've got to do it. I like it, sure. But like this too.

The hand writing itself
 no amphetamine or even
 talk of it, no (illicit sex)
 no sadness of wretchedness
 conrade codeine the
 girl I don't have, I am free
 of it. Not alone, alone and
 patching together little
 sense grat perks to keep
 you going but empty and worse
 into sinful life, when youth
 runs out a guy like I was would despair or go
 back to college, sell out his soul. He had to finally
 get married, faced himself,

took an o.d.,
who knows?

I am saved from it and he who did it is my spiritual master.

He's more than his photo but I'm glad I wrote poems on his photos. He's not exactly his voice—the roughness, pushy, heavy, harsh, blunt logic, possible flaws you could discover in his delivery—that's your fault if you do it. I go deeper and tender in my mystical hope to find him.

Please let me do it and repeating what he teaches is good for me. I gain conviction.

She doubts Śrīla Prabhupāda because of what he writes, that women are less intelligent? Well, I don't doubt. I preach and pray to keep me in that way that will enable me to do it wholeheartedly.

Now I'll close this out, only twenty minutes. I need to get ready for rest and midnight rising, the next cycle of twenty-four hours and *japa, japa*, with publishing ideas and day-by-day, books and all that.

Thank You, Lord, for letting me serve You although I'm not qualified. Renounce desires by serving Kṛṣṇa. When ink runs out, refill while you can. Dear Lord, I believe and want to know and serve You better and go back to Godhead maybe not as a writer, huh? Cook zucchinis like Rāsa-līlā-devī dasī did today? Be simple and down-trodden like her? Not an American guru? A smou? A shoes of a devotee? Until then, I write merry play mistakes included and erased for my Lord.

(23 minutes, June 7, 1995 Vicenza, Italy)

Session #7

12:03 A.M.

Buck-a-bing. I don't want to dwell on the past. Ricochet bullet of childhood comes out my mouth, were too raw even raunchy a detail and shocks audience and disappoints them because we all wanted me to be a saintly person. Why remove all the varnish so harshly? Don't appear in public with no clothes, no teeth and claim, "See, this is the truth." Give us a little varnish on.

And so he wrote varnishing and un-varnishing.

But Kṛṣṇa consciousness he forgot. So Vyāsa came to remind and Nārada comes to remind him. My dear Prabhu, don't think yourself undone, you are spotless (no sin) and can think of the Lord in trance—but you have not directly broadcasted the glories of the Lord. So after that, Vyāsa did, went into trance and saw Lord Kṛṣṇa *puruṣa puranam*, with all His energies and the material energy under His control, ashamed to be seen.

It's good to be a scholar and know as much of Kṛṣṇa consciousness as possible. Thank you for doing it. Please paint lawyers and stripes of Kṛṣṇa conscious prose to look at later. Yes, there's a reason and place for your digging up the earth and earthworms and saying this is what got churned up.

Please I'm sorry
please don't track me on COM
please no donuts,
don't present evidence from
my past
that I was a nail-bitter

and inevitable pose guilty
of in-grown toenail
bad habits personified a
walking sad case
"Greek tragedy waiting to
happen." I was saved
like a stray cat—not
a big one—about to be
murdered and thrown in the
East River.

My Guru Mahārāja saved me and he asserts that the Lord gives protection and even material assets to His devotees. I've got good notes for today's lecture. Says if you follow the guru's instructions you'll get good results.

(Just paused to go put dictaphone in Prabhu-pāda's front so we can work together.) Good notes for good lecture.

Please don't tell us you look at the women as more fair and interesting than the men. It's a sign of material attachment at fag end of life. Ah . . . don't tell us which one and how her earrings jangle and you always found earrings to be rather silly appendages. We don't want to know what you had for breakfast, exactly what is in your intestines right now and what your latest stool-passing was like.

Who are you, talkin' to me now?

I was not able to start yet a series of poems, was so busy on the run in this first friendly temple with so many disciples here to get initiated. Says his name is Śyāmasundara or Śyāmānanda, I gave the name and now he's going to follow me to the two next temples and have a good time being with young Godbrothers and not yet plunge back into his duties

in city of *prabhu-datta-deśa*. I take time out to write to them, "Here's a quick a note. Are you doing okay or what?" They have doubts, that one girl. I can't get them out of it; I'd spend all day at it.

Write them a note. How are you?

Dictate it, yeah, you could write now and what about the free-write?

You see my point? I have had my time taken when I might have been—

don't be sarcastic please (I suspect the gremlin here). A good radio show would help, at least one before you leave.

Don't be sarcastic about dwelling into myself. Those two last short "inspired books" were potent. I thought I was like a revolutionary writing who goes past the polite and superficial—you were able to write of your fears in *Hideout Diary* and your past hurts and wrongs (confessed) in *Litany*, two real books from real sources. Give us more like that, it was good stuff. And the more literary construction of *Photo Preaching* was good too.

Nothing like that right now but we are heading into an art retreat (not until a month from now). Please, sir, before then, if you can do just a little each day I say, like a poem with typewriter. Didn't start yet.

Jump-start

The fluid transfer. These twenty minute sessions. Are to say hello. It's like a morning bath quick in outdoor river, as you had in your dream—two versions of Puerto Rico. You woke and said better I find out for myself the exact version I'd like to follow and the place where it's best for me to live.

See COM in a positive way, that your family loves you and you're part of it, worldwide, protect-

ed and not with the nondevotees. Even if you see it as an intrusion, then keep clear of it and don't feel terrorized, be amused (I am) when they reach out (childishly); they *can* be heavy and manipulative (to tell you come here and do this). This fear of Big Brother I discussed in *Hideout Diary* and didn't finish the topic yet.

Okay sniff Bros cough drops
I see in your beards brothers,
a smile for me,
no ruppled fracas no
embarrassing girl of the past—
like that one when Clinton
became Prez she came out and
said he aggressed me.
Don't dirt up from my
past irks and chipmunks and slanders
of what I didn't do.
I'll tell all although you don't
want to hear where I hid the
Dentyne gum and whether
I stole it from a store.

Carver wrote on that forbidden topic in a good poem of confession, God awful youth he had. He told it straight and we appreciate him for that.

Zukofsky
Pukowski
Kowit
Bad company for me—
go with Parvat and Angira and
their senior, Nārada and
your own master, don't get
caught dead with
the wrong crowd,
even if it means you miss the

chance to write a far-out
suicide note in blank verse
a la Berryman. Who
will be benefited? The college
professor's won't care, no one
will know you existed.
Stay with the devotees—it's
you who have to suffer.
Be a good example.

Okay ending here and on to other duties. I love
you and will write again. When we have and time
and even before.

(27 minutes, June 8, 1995 Vicenza ISKCON)

Session #8

12:06 A.M.

I can't expect originality in my WS and inspired books in the sense of non-repeating. I hope it's not hackneyed. But it's more important to express my actual needs than to try to entertain readers. I'll be going over the fact that we continue to take retreats outside of the temple life and how this is unorthodox. I'll have to reach the essence of it, that the time I can use alone is good for me in my service as a writer and for reading Śrīla Prabhupāda and also for preparing my seminars. All those things pay off when I am again with devotees. So take the retreats while you can.

Dream: Some powders in an envelope fell from the sky and Śaṁika Ṛṣi's eldest son retrieved them. He had to fight off a fringy devotee who tried to take the powders away. Then I had the powder in my possession and I was methodically reading the papers and information that went with it and deciding who should be allowed to take them. Doesn't seem directly Kṛṣṇa conscious, some *māyā*. Put I can't figure out what it means. Some say dreams are "non sense" and others say they carry code messages which are good for us. I don't know but can't resist recording them and when I talk of what's happening with me, when I write it down, I write some dreams. Of course, their story is compelling and is well told in a modern post-Kafka sense of the illogical dream story.

With elusive messages coming, it behooves us to take the clear and direct messages from *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. Gave out cookies last night after our hour-long *bhajan*s and bide the devotees good-bye. Singing and singing, do they get bored, should I continue longer with the simple Hare Kṛṣṇa song to show them I'm not bored with it? Am I bored, should I chant through it anyway?

Householder doesn't get sleep all night because his son is sick. *Sannyāsī* sleeps well or he too may wake and go back to sleep with dreams. Have courage of convictions for your life.

When I get time alone outside the demanding temple schedule, I'm always ready to switch onto my schedule of creative writing projects and unmotivated reading of Śrīla Prabhupāda's books which I'm not able to do in the temples.

Temple lecturing schedule is certainly valid Kṛṣṇa conscious duty. But I have a calling to do the other as well—to write something special to be printed and distributed. This is done by following my nose on the trail in the writing process. One thing comes after another.

At present I don't have any consuming literary project but that's all right too. Maybe Manu dāsa will get back to me regarding Hare Kṛṣṇa stories and how I may break through on the censorship.

I wrote on vital themes in *Hideout* and *Litany* and I don't know whether to return to them.

The WS flows along and radio shows too and I hope to get into daily poems. But for the next two weeks it's solid lecturing commitments, so don't be frustrated, flow with it, give one lecture well prepared and when it's done start preparing for the

next. The WS will reflect this life with little peeks into my other life.

Some disciples who were here for initiations will continue to be with me at the next two places. I must set a good example for them. Śyāmānanda dāsa is a new devotee; he wrote me that he gets up early and does his duty out of a desire to set a good example for others. I said that was not a bad motive.

Maybe . . . we can think of something to write . . . more useful for the devotees? Best is to write what comes, what is most true for me. Not trying to fashion products for the public.

The thing I will try to fashion is a series of ten lectures on Śrīla Prabhupāda for January 9, 1996 starting the VIHE. I can use his lectures in segments and many other ways to show my appreciation for his presentation to us and fix our faith carrying out his order. He asks that we completely surrender to Kṛṣṇa. We are trying to respond as far as possible.

Capture your actual appreciation for Śrīla Prabhupāda. I can't hold onto a concept of what that is. I don't want a public image of it only, but a reality—that reality is not a fixed thing but flows.

This morning these words keep repeating in this session—flows, compelling. Life flows. It runs out. I note what is compelling. Modes of *māyā* are compelling too, the vegans, pushing agents. I don't flow with them but resist them. However, Kṛṣṇa consciousness flows.

I did a rehearsal of PA lectures and Nanda dāsa mostly agreed with whatever I had ready. M. actually helped by suggesting I read out loud fewer verses. Nanda couldn't seem to tune into what I

was doing, trying to improve my presentation so to capture the attention of my audience next week. He said it was hard for him to understand the English. Also his life is filled with activity in family, in the garden and cows and I don't think preparing lectures is something he thinks about. Also he tended to take whatever I spoke with submissive acceptance and was not adept with a critic's attitude of how to improve it. Another sign of the special relationship I have with M. who helped me with his own suggestions and enabled me to springboard from what he said to my own new ideas. The lectures are in better shape now and all have substantial subject matter.

Maybe I'll wait until September—our next full-time writing retreat, to work on the PA seminar. Until then I can gather tape excerpts for it and make notes now and then of things to include. Keep a file.

Now end this session soon and get onto *japa*. Last minute packing. Chant by candlelight. Get lecture for tomorrow morning. *Śrī-kṛṣṇa-caitanya* . . . I am okay, Mr. GBC, and you are okay. But I won't function as a property trustee; I can't do all those things. I already wrote letter of resignation but it never went all the way through. So let it go for now. If they come after me, I'll tell them the story of my attempts to resign.

Oh, why don't you do the needful? I say I am doing that. I respond to inner need, the vocation of the writer, and this means detached from management interests.

Facts as I see it:

1. I am impressionable and so for many years did what my Godbrother thought was "our" duty. That included what I should do.

2. Now that I am freeing myself from that, I find my way as a singular one. Hardly any peer companions on this path of personal writing, detached from management yet very serious to pursue Kṛṣṇa conscious life.

These two factors are facts that I live with. In order to keep up my path I need to stay apart from my peers. I don't do it on the principle that I must be alone, but find no kindred spirit. I also seem to function best when encouraged by people who believe in me. That's mostly disciples and even among them only a few. In last week NK has come forward to help GNP. He does this, using his hard earned money and thinking of how to sell my books, because he believes they are important. It's not wrong that I thrive on their encouragement and support.

I have limited time left in life. Not living like a *bābājī* to concentrate only on my own salvation and *bhajana*. Śrīla Prabhupāda recommends we preach. Thus we have to sacrifice to help others. Full-time reading and *japa* is a luxury we can't afford and isn't recommended. We are not so liberated that we can do it. So we are purified by preaching service. I say "we" including myself with other preachers. I have to (and want to) take on strains to my pure consciousness, by thinking how to go further and further in writing, yielding best results of the truth-finding mission to surrender.

Pray to Lord Kṛṣṇa to protect you and guide you and reveal Himself to you in *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. And pray to Him to tell you what He wants you to

do and give you the courage and determination to renounce things which are not favorable to the mission He wants from you. I say I'm sniffing out the trail. The Lord is leading me.

Now let's do some last packing to leave this room and let's sit down for *japa*, one-hour forty-five minutes of it. May I not get a headaches.

(42 minutes, June 9, 1995 ISKCON Vicenza)

Session #9

12:11 A.M.

No matter how early you get up, you feel late and rushed. I'd like to get back to regular, deeper reading in Śrīla Prabhupāda's books. Speak during the day, two lectures is also *kṛṣṇa-kathā* certainly. So I pledge to write now and can steer it to the ocean of Kṛṣṇa. You were going to say, "Not Italy, not this world." However, it can be Italy, but in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. The view from a shore town toward the ocean, but in Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

Chanting last night while the men smiled and danced. It was not so enjoyable for me. I said to myself, oh, that's because it's so much performance I have to keep up over the microphone. I thought of my writing sessions which are more enjoyable. Kept waiting for the *pūjārī* to appear. You see, we thought the evening *ārati* was to begin at 6 P.M., but it was 6:30. So we kept chanting and chanting. Women came from the kitchen one after another, wearing like bathing caps to keep their hair out of the food. They placed their covered trays of the evening meal for the Deities on a shelf outside the Deity curtain and the *pūjārī* reached out and took them one at a time and placed them on the altar. She placed the photo of her Guru Mahārāja, Jayapataka Swami, on the altar. He had a big grin. She was maybe from India or by descent. Not white Western. And I kept grinding out the lead singing, wondering when they were finally going to close the curtain and when would *sundara ārati* begin because then I could leave. But still I thought, this is

okay, keep chanting. I got no headache from it, maybe because I was rested during the day. And all day it had rained.

I spoke on *saṁsāra* prayers and was pleased with that.

Cold now for this time of year. You'll warm up? You'll dictate this later to save it. I had ordered books from a Christian group, on prayer, etc., *John of the Cross*, etc. Now I've got them, but they appear to be a distraction. I'm like the person Śrīla Prabhupāda spoke of who collects books and never reads them. I claim I have no time to read even *Bhagavad-gītā* and *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*, so what to speak of these others.

I did write two little poems yesterday after springboarding from reading poems of John Brandi. But then I read in Bhaktivinoda Thākura's poem, "*Godruma bhajana upadeśa*":

"The taste of mundane poetry never provides
the sweet taste of actual poetry.

The sweet mellows of true poetry are only found
in descriptions of Lord Gaura,
the savior of all souls in the Kali-yuga.

The diligent study of all other topics is useless!

Just worship the beautiful moon
of Godruma's forest bowers."

He saw Lord Caitanya as the moon appearing over his own *bhajana-kuṭīr* in Godruma. Lord Caitanya, who lived in his heart and in the annals of the Bengali *śāstras* and also in the hearts of the people of that time. Still, you can find Lord Caitanya in Mahāprabhu *kīrtana* and in ISKCON too, in Māyā-

pur-dhāma, in devotees who care for Him, and who chant Hare Kṛṣṇa.

Don't offend don't offend.

Even if I say to someone sharply

"Don't offend Vaiṣṇavas or you are doomed" that may be violence.

They criticized others who don't chant

24 hours a day at Krishna-Balaram Mandir

and others criticize them and so it

goes around loveless bickering and

no one is free of it. But each

can see the Moon of Gaura,

eh? Let it pour down.

The van I live in nowadays is a tin box illusion of security. This body is even more frail. And the world planet . . . Everything depends on the will of the Supreme.

Today's *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* verse says Kṛṣṇa is spread through our bodies. I'll say how: in the form of His material elements, He is also the soul of each (because they are His eternal fragments, He is the soul of the souls) and He is in the body as Param-ātmā and as individual consciousness. (The souls are His.) He is spread . . . and so we should treat the body as a temple, don't make it fast for wrong purposes, don't pollute with sin. Clean body and mind as Lord Caitanya did at Gundica.

Also you should be nonviolent toward others for that reason. Hare Kṛṣṇa. See the animals even as one with God who is spread throughout their bodies. He is spread throughout the universe.

GBC ruled no books on intimate pastimes of Rādhā and Kṛṣṇa. I see their point. But . . . Go-

druma poem of BBT is okay. We don't ban the *gopīs*, at least some mention of it. Last night in explaining *saṁsāra* prayers verse six, I said *nikuñja* is a cottage in the forest groves and there Lord Kṛṣṇa and Rādhā have Their pastimes. The spiritual master is assisting the *gopīs* in those preparations for Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa pastimes. I said it's a secret. We have to be free of material sex desire. Then I went on to describe the next verse, Śrīla Prabhupāda as the authority treated as good as the Supreme Person is treated because he is *sakṣad hari*, the direct representative of Lord Hari. I did okay, I think. I spoke and it came out you know . . .

Now this last full day here. I'm scheduled to give the Sunday feast lecture. I'll hold up a copy of *Prabhupāda*, the new condensed biography and tell them what his name means—and why it applies to A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupāda. And what the subheading means, "He built the house in which the whole world can live." Tell them how they can relate to Śrīla Prabhupāda.

Did radio show yesterday. Keep going mate, keep going.

Letter . . . people. Young disciples just initiated last week. Can they make as much advancement in one week as Citraketu did? He earned a material planet as a by-product of his spiritual advancement. I can joke with them. Say, when are you going to learn to make *capātis* an old man can eat? Can they find a lighter breakfast cereal?

And joke with thy self
 why do you eat so much
 why sneak in 4 minutes of hearing
 "A Love Supreme"? Why not
 be allowed to enter the pastimes

of Lord Hari? I do like my own recollection of the meanings to the *saṁsāra* verses. It's best when a teacher preaches to himself and he is enthusiastic to glorify the Lord—a true *goṣṭhyānandī*, who lives in the bustle, not alone, who is happy when he's preaching. That means he's a warrior too, but detached, unafraid of outcome because he knows the Lord will protect the devotee.

Heigh ho, silver, the lone-ranger prepares to drive off early as possible on Monday morning to attain the *autostrade*, to seek the path to Bologna. Hope we don't break down. I can't speak Italian. I've got my passport. I too am trying to preach in ISKCON. He said I am "a light." Yeah, one of those pencil-size flashlights, hee-hee. Will you attend the BBT meetings at the temple? Where will you be then? Oh, to be sure, I'll be far away from here. South of Villa Vṛndāvana I may then be taking delicious time in a campground to read, to read, to write and be alone without pressure of performance. But the performances are certainly nice.

You got to pay for alone time.

Drew cartoon of me pulling plugs out of sockets saying No more COM or telephone.

Mine, make, now it's time to go chant Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra, have almost sixteen rounds done before *maṅgala*. Stay awake. You could even—it's

possible if Lord Hari allows it—pay attention to the sweet names of Kṛṣṇa and think of Him. All glories to the Lord of the universe.

(30 minutes, Medalogo temple of Rādhā-Ramana, I don't tell dirt and trouble among devotees, stay clear, plow ahead thin furrow)

Session #10

12:21 A.M.

June escaping me. Words can flow. It's been a while since I've written WS. Need to preserve energies in headache-prone state. Today last (Sunday) at Villa Vṛndāvana and expected to give two lectures. Still I think I can spend a few minutes here.

Read in news of an encroaching war by third-world—Mid-east fanatical—countries gradually gaining nuclear power.

As I write, I hear M. coughing. Hope he's not worse into his asthma. He too read the news and mentioned tendency for a person to "cocoon himself" in a country or Italy or USA while in many trouble spots around the world horrendous massacres take place. How long can we keep our national "paradises?"

ISKCON survivalists predict the time to come when self-sufficiency will be necessary.

Still I write and print and talk of preserving my books and giving to the readers of the future, assuming my writings are important enough. Better than this will be to write into a space of actual pry, or actual . . . what? Search, grope, express gratitude.

Don't be misled by those who would follow you thinking you are a rock. A special devotee.

Told them yesterday at disciples' meeting lunch that I am no longer intense about Christian saints or *rāgānugā* but want to read only Śrīla Prabhupāda's books. But I blurted out (thinking of that recent arrived book) that I sometimes read poetry of Buddhist monks and "Chinese hermits." After say-

ing that I felt bad about speaking it in front of them and went back to the van and got rid of the book on contemporary Chinese hermits and books on Christian prayer from the SLG group in England. Leave myself exclusive reading in our philosophy so I have a better chance to become a Kṛṣṇa-ite.

Announce past errors? No need. You can tell your friends, however. Prabhupāda corrects me. The force of GBC? Well, that may help too.

Be humbled that you go through phases. Yet I was better able to stand off a disciple's present tendency for Christian saints and also to tolerate his phases knowing that I too went through them.

The leader. The more mature men among them may look at me askance. The new ones—starry eyes. Dreamt and dreamt.

And so dear demander and requester of the WS, I have satisfied that desire too.

We read that one should only satisfy Kṛṣṇa. In the chapter near the end of Tenth Canto, the queens of Kṛṣṇa stay up at night and address the cloud, moon, swan, coo-coo at dawn and ask are they too sleepless and put into anxiety by an over attachment to Kṛṣṇa which makes life not peaceful? Śrīla Prabhupāda says the Lord reciprocates with sincere devotees by leaving them unable to be unattached to Him. More and more.

Exclusive devotion . . . we read other books because it seems not possible for us.

(Yes, M. is up, clearing throat, etc. That means his mucus trouble is here even though he staunchly refused to eat pasta and sweets yesterday.)

The nose flows. The clock tells me. I'm not at night like the queens but wanted to look at that chapter and see so I can impress the audience with the poetry and devotion of it. Not my devotion but

the sweetness of Kṛṣṇa consciousness literature and so we need no other. This is sufficient to remind us Śyāmasundara is so attractive even the cloud shed tears, even the . . . birds cry. They talk that way like *gopīs*.

Prabhupāda in separation, I'll tell them we can't go to him the way we used to to be guided. We, all of us, want to be with him. I almost don't want to say it. Where is our actual devotion for him? But I do have some and so will speak to help these devotees in their devotion.

And if I am all right in the afternoon, I'll speak something to Sunday feast guests. I don't want to scare them that war will come to their European enclave. But don't let them go on in motorcycle heaven, *dolce vita* of summer time.

Tell them chanting is nice and certainly the material world will end soon enough so the pursuit of eternity is best. Those who want logic should look to the mercy of Lord Caitanya and you will find it amazing. His nectar is eternal. You could try to find that verse by Kṛṣṇa dāsa Kaviraja and praise Lord Caitanya and *saṅkīrtana* to the Sunday guest.

Lord Caitanya and Kṛṣṇa consciousness go well together. So don't complain you have to give two lectures a day but be glad you can. Such a privilege. And also you chant, now chant Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra. Better than sleeping and dreaming Great Kills and being misunderstood amidst *karmīs* and so many threats. Do I too seek to live in a cocoon? Live in Kṛṣṇa consciousness sing it as the best, no need I told Śrīdāma dāsa, to have your innermost needs sustained by any other than Kṛṣṇa. Inter religious dialogue is for preaching and you can learn from others. But all that you need is in Kṛṣṇa. Throw out other books. And draw pictures in serious devotional attitude attempt. See you later.

(20 minutes, June 18, 1995, Villa Vṛndāvana)

Session #11

I have a lecture lined up but I feel it's not coming to *me*. I want to give more? Or is it simply that I'm tired of giving and any topic I'd choose would not satisfy me? It's a fact I want to leave here and be alone.

But this morning was blissful because I had good material to read from. So I advise you to build up some solid things to say about Lord Caitanya.

Devotees want to hear how they can cooperate. I feel it's too relative for me to merely give an opinion. And I have no answer, no deep desire even within myself (or hope) that we can become a more ideal community Dr. Scott Peck says can happen.

I'm not the one to speak on that, so why pretend?

What I've got so far:

Say I want to speak of Lord Caitanya. I like that verse—you should apply your logic to the mercy of Lord Caitanya and you'll find that it's wonderful. But I don't feel a whole lecture is there in explaining. He taught eternal welfare. And you can hint that the world is raging with suffering and this is the movement and we should all cooperate. I'm feeling my actual lack of compassion and lack of ability to say something to change people's hearts.

My poverty.

All right, then don't dwell on that or attempt to do it yourself. You can speak how great Lord Caitanya is and your Śrīla Prabhupāda.

Gee gee

you gotta pick some verses, Prabhu, keep writing for now. Trying to free-write your way to a lecture topic.

(If M. opens the door—just did—I told him, “I’d like to keep writing until lunchtime.”

Hanker for depth.

May like the lecture or not.

Why not stick with your Lord Caitanya topic but build it?

The sweetness of Lord Kṛṣṇa.

The ease of Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra as the means of meditation.

The science of *Bhagavad-gītā*.

Hey, you do have a big responsibility and it’s crushing you somewhat, to represent the *paramparā* once again.

Maybe I’ll just say I can’t do it.

Let someone else lecture. But they would like you to do it.

A different approach. Talk with M. Something about Prabhupāda, something I feel.

The old devotees who are estranged. He said there are lot of them who come on Sunday. My heart is small and empty. I am glad I’m safe and in Kṛṣṇa consciousness and I advise that they ought to take shelter in this movement. My words lack realization when I say, “This is a great movement.”

Don’t refuse this chance,

great chance—

to speak here today

okay—but what?

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa.

I urge you all to chant Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra. I see you, long blond-haired guy, walking with your girl.

Scriptures (*NOI*) honor all people who chant.

Note, folks, how the process is so great, therefore we honor even those who take part in it at all.

There are six ways to exchange love and you could read those verses in *NOI* and say something together.

You don't have to be preachy
or big hearted
or phony or
appeal on strength on your
own self.

"Please love each other—
watch out for bombs."

But give *śāstra* and so as lecturer supply yourself with a good bit of it.

Don't deny yourself chance to find something usable.

Writing this before lunch on last day. M. is constantly seeing people who knock on van door. Disciples are leaving for their own countries. He's . . . Without assistance I couldn't live in these communities. But I do have the assistance. So I can do it. Tomorrow we go to Assisi. Calm down now. Don't be feverish. You'll get a lecture outline and after lunch take rest. Now this WS was all for making an outline. So you readers of artistic, non-motivated WS, please forgive me. It shows how immersed I am in the lecturing life. I *used* writing to help me out. No harm in that.

(20 minutes, June 18, 1995, Villa Vṛndāvana)

Session #12

4:46 P.M.

Nicholas of Wry. The force of that *Photo Preaching*. Wow. I like. It was true some inner calling out wanting to talk of hiding life and fear of new rule by GBC *sannyāsa* ministry. But I dare say it's art at work. The fear and GBC resolutions are not such great things but the writing-energy they produced is something more—and the way it went through the pressure of indirect (hidden) words and expressions. The poems, etc., the whole thing and mostly written only an hour a day while traveling and giving lectures in the temple.

It proves to me that the process works and should be followed. Write freely whatever you can. Be true to your muse, to your calling. Sometimes you will write something straight like *Japa Walks* or those series of morning walks on Śrīla Prabhupāda (March '95) which I'm just reading now and I'm hopeful for. Sometimes it will be notes not so usable perhaps. But you follow.

Notes while reading, whatever comes at any time. And it's based on life of devotional practice of reading and *japa* and also the going from place to place, lecturing in ISKCON temples. I don't want to make a legend out of it. Live it as it is.

So four days here in Assisi campground where we hope we won't be harassed by noise or worse. The woman who checked us in was scantily dressed. I eyed her a brief moment then put my eyes up to the posters and announcements on the

wall. She didn't look at me except for perhaps one second. They are social and businesslike. M dealt with her pleasantly, noticed when she used an English word, and then they switched from speaking Italian to English. I don't have to think back to her bosom and crooked line down her nose and all.

You come here to write. Just looked through art books, one with Giotto and one with holy pictures from Russia. What's that to do with my drawings? Naive art. Just do serious, but play. Let loose. Neither Picasso or ISKCON BBT or Walt Disney or even James Thurber. Be thy self. Thy own mouse.

And don't lament you write what you can.

It is slow writing like this. But it is as good in its way as radio show which speaks faster and maybe can cut through faster. Still

Words from pen
can grace my walls
of spirit down tapestry
into patterns to release
the mind.

Moslem

crupt

Romanesque centuries of art
and today the family in front
of us setting up their tent.

We are on plot 20

and they 21

and I will be the first one
up to chant as my master
told me. Red beads, heave ho.

I've finished answering all the letters and this time is mine to write before death comes.

I told them to read, to read everyday and I'll do it myself. I at least will follow what I taught.

Nikel the Elder, shown receiving the transcribed fountain pen from his patron disciple from whom he begged it. Note the Cross, note the *tilaka*, *not* the inferior composition. It may not have actually been written by the author but one of his helpers. He appears to have fallen in trance and had no time to ink a sketch of Quixotic figure bearing fountain pen-like spear.

Had no time or genius.

Had eyes

and memory and prayed to
his own angel.

When he spoke of his master
that was his victory and
vindication.

Plan to mostly stay in this van. When we go to Roma, it's apart from the actual city. I won't go there but live in the van and temple farm grounds and continue to write. More books will come and letters in the mail. But you can take time to write, please do.

Writing, your writing is not drawing. Don't bluff. There are twenty-four *brahmacārīs* distributing books in USA. I said good. Do you note I've grown old, do you laugh to see? I don't much mind if you do. More important to me is whether I have bodily pain. If I'm okay in the liver and especially no headache, then I don't complain. And if I can write, then it's very good. Very good.

You will say, please not. I have no writing plan. None at all. No timed book, no nothin'. Just crusin' here. When an inspiration comes, you work it and

then it leaves you. They stay for a while. You should stay true to them. Capture them later.

O saint of Russia. O present day devotees. Don't look to me to do great things, but if I can help you in little basics, I'll do so. While we live. Saw an old painting of a saint (Martin?) at his death. So typical, surrounded by people as he lays stretched out. Ideal depiction. Some looked heaven-ward praying. Were there angels present? Gold halo. Bishop hat and septer on the death bed. And the pic of Saint Francis as a dead body and Claire and nuns coming out to kiss the body of their holy father. That one. That one. And others.

I would like to see if you could draw pictures of devotees and Lord Kṛṣṇa from your mind. Do you have devotion? Whatever you have, let it come out. Authentic voice is most important.

Later you can recall. First warm day, summer. Now sun and heat are the obstacles, whereas it was cold. Put things over the window to keep out sun's heat. Dress in shorts. Turn on electric fan.

I am here and the scrolls are writing themselves. This is a mere warm-up hello, starting from inertia, saying write now, I have no plan at all and no upcoming retreat. They draw satans with bat-like wings. I want *Bhagavad-gītā* art with Kṛṣṇa in the center. May I try it. I am doing that with colors. Life of a devotee.

St. Francis. You've been going less than a half-hour. You know what it means to put on pressure?

Concave St. Anthony of
the cave

St. Andrew the holy fool,

St. Nick-O

Uncle Nick, uncle

Vince, spit, vest, gold teeth. Dark Italian man in Brooklyn and me amazed to see such exotic dark uncle Vince, a real ginzo, the likes we never saw in our nuclear family of Americans, Americans in holy USA during the War and after. I've lived all that time in relative social tranquility and escaped Vietnam for ISKCON. And my mere two year degraded in the Navy with porn and grass in locker. Tell it, man.

Tell it . . . (too raunchy to tell.)

I think of it and don't want any more. Want to be free of the forgetfulness. So I'll rise early and write and read with some notes. That will be my duty and be nice. Can you keep especially that reading in temple life? Maybe a briefer time, at least. But mostly you scramble and hustle to get rounds done and read for the class. Thank you, thank you.

I need to live my own life. Sweating now, It's actually summer and we keep going more south, paint and draw and write in Italy for a month more. Then what?

Mister, can you spare a moment? I will write here in hopes that something will come toward better, next things, like future inspired books or whatever. Not much now. Okay.

(28 minutes, June 19, 1995, Assisi International Campground)

Session #13

1:30 A.M.

No theme or project, the freedom of writing. You are in campground. You are not ready to braisen it and become a full-time writer. It's not good for me (John Updike etc.). I need to purify myself by travel and lecturing to devotees. They appreciate, receive help by seeing me come to their place and speak of Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Also the books I write are based on solid platform of *sannyāsa* life. I write of it and from it. I'm not a full-time "professional" writer. I acknowledge one could enter the world of imaginative literature if you had no other duties, but many great books, novels of imagination also, were written by authors who found time away from other duties and cares.

It might even be favorable as pressure builds and I don't have time to write. Or as I pay dues in lecturing and travel life. Then comes a *Photo Preaching*. Right now, nothing like that. Maybe a poem on the run here in campground.

Bhagavad-gītā reading just done forty minutes. That's good for you. Cheerios, the breakfast of champions. At 2 A.M. you begin *japa*. All these acts are necessary to be a Kṛṣṇa conscious person and from that you write. But I will be mindful to express myself more in writing in days here.

I hoped in June even while temple visiting to keep my hand in a series of poems but it didn't happen. Even the WS became scarce and a twenty minute session every twenty-four hours seemed a good enough achievement. In previous years, last year, I

did a fictional story while at Prabhupāda-deśa and other places. Thus if you are already on a strong roll, you can continue to write even while in temples. But so far in June you haven't been. Nothing to ____ [indecipherable] your truth about but I wanted to be aware of it at least.

Helmets of medieval soldiers, spears. Horses. Drums. St. Martin gives up his military career. Expressive paintings. The Madonna of the sunset by Loren Zetti. I too can paint and draw in colors.

Confined to this cell of the van. Come out of it at your risk—see flesh and tones of the campers, their mundane way. So as the sixth chapter of *Gītā* tells, be the yogi in sacred place, neck and back not so straight, but like the sage Yajñavalkya says, be *brahmacārī* in all ways. Abstain from sex.

Encyclopedia of Hinduism, ISKCON paper. The need for Kṛṣṇa consciousness is evident. One writes not out of vacant head or heart. I told him he can put my writing on his reading page of Internet computer system. They want to know where are the ISKCON centers and they read *BTG* magazine on their computer screens. Very well. I too am part of the network to distribute Kṛṣṇa consciousness. It's more than broadcasting the word to newcomers. That's the all crucial first step. We all work together in ISKCON. I'm in the army of the later waves, where we sustain those who come by example and precept. You may call it further training or whatever but the real point is how to continue a life long Kṛṣṇa conscious commitment after an initial enthusiasm has worn out and after one experiences disillusion from the other devotees, the institutional life *and* the disillusion with one's own self,

when you see how hard it is to conquer your *anarthas*.

So I keep at it myself and speak to those who feel waning or I help refine the ongoing life of those who are committed to staying in Kṛṣṇa practices but who are going deeper. Don't become complacent, I say.

Come hear my lecture.

Four days here and travel to Roma where more mail awaits us. I can respond to Matsya-avatāra's essay. He said I could take my time. I have no actual desire to read it. Authors foist their manuscripts on people. I do it too. We hanker and demand an audience and don't want criticism either.

Rādhā-Kanta dāsa in Guyana writes newsletter mentioning himself at least six times and always prays. It's humorous; he's so transparent about it. Writing to glorify one's own self, to be seen as a good devotee, to justify one's life. In our case, we do it on religious terms.

These thoughts flow in a half-hour session. Then light your candle and go for it. *Japa*.

Sound of the page turning as I finish one and start another. Illuminate your page like a Book of Kells. The *śāstra*. The simple person I am, no scholar, no manager . . .

Romapāda Swami lecturing and Satsvarūpa too in ISKCON seminars to add juice-life to the temples and congregations. But they want something special, eh? Just did a four-class seminar on private reading of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. Good for them. Some will write to me and let me know if they are doing it. I said my last lecture was like reading the menu and not feasting. So now each goes and reads

or not. It's a personal experience and you know how it feels good and how you need it. One who doesn't know this.

One can be Kṛṣṇa conscious in other ways, such as emphasizing traveling *saṅkīrtana* selling books to the public. Sublime life. Dīna-dayārdra dāsa at sixty years old plus going to the university to speak to kids and professors too. Such a nice man. He's doing it somehow.

Not afraid. What's the difference, he asks, between material fear and fear of *māyā*? I said even if we are afraid we must discharge duties of Kṛṣṇa consciousness in material world. But be always afraid *māyā* may capture us and so stay aloof. I gave some description of it.

Dogs bark in distance. My buttocks sore as I sit even with pillow. Delicate prince can't remember my dreams.

No special thing. Just say I want to be a devotee. I read and do projects. Do projects.

The time has come, the walrus said. Radio show. Poems, springboard. You in the center of existence. The spiritualized dictionary. The cone of knowing. When words come and you don't know what they are. The medieval monks copying in pen old scriptures. The monks drew animals eating each other in the borders of the scriptures. Special ink to make colors.

Cruel world killing animals. The cows and the truck you saw at Villa Vṛndāvana were not being transported for killing. Just a fun ride. In the devotee's world we protect the cows and use their milk and the ox plows the field. Balabhadra and others.

Where is the fraternity of writers? You know no one your speed like you, no Murray or Kowit to look up to. No one. Just you trying to serve Śrīla Prabhupāda this way and hoping he will accept you. Your disciples broadcasting and printing and selling your books. You write to them please continue doing it. They have other duties but this too.

The books of SDG. Be grateful. You've been at this for a half-hour and so should stop. I'm also completing another notebook. Modest proposal. No news is good news? The non-sequitur.

Non pressure
of eyeballs or any
sex I restrain my hands
and words also.
I'm not WCW or Mickey Mouse.
The walrus I
mean the Kṛṣṇa conscious truth
of *nirvana* is that we
don't accept void anywhere.
We serve the Lord
of the senses with our
God-given senses.
He didn't look enthralled
when I lectured on
love by serving together in
Kṛṣṇa conscious activities. He wanted
to hear it's love to forgive
to eat pizza and joke
and not be sectarian Kṛṣṇa conscious
but I read and said what
Nectar of Instruction says—
love and serve together
and Kṛṣṇa conscious acts is the
way to share love and don't

do it with Māyāvādis.

So they ate it up who like

that and the other he wanted what he thinks is better, maybe Christian or simple virtues he finds missing in devotees. It's also missing in him. He asked me how come I gave up intensity I had for Christian writers? Oh, that was long ago, 1989? It waned a natural cycle.

(32 minutes, June 20, 1995, Assisi campground)

Session #14

3:35 P.M.

M. planning our moves and stays for rest of year. I want to write, and of course, it's also my duty to lecture in temples. We are planning to go to places like Slovenia and Zurich and Dole and so on and so forth. As he went over it with me, so many P-stops overnight (where I can write more in Travel Diary) and ferries, I thought, "Well, if we live through it."

There are a number of one-week breaks here and there. Maybe I can pick up some writing way to accommodate for these one-weekers. You could go into the one that's ahead in Palamo by declaring a timed book. Hard to declare an inspired book. They either come or don't. You want to go on writing, that's the main thing.

These days in Assisi camp, maybe I'm dangling my fishing line (sorry for bad image) and waiting for a bite. Say I'm inviting the Muse. Waiting for a tingle of an idea for a non-fictive account poetic run-on like *Photo Preaching* with something to keep me going like a list or something and on you go.

A week in Palamo could be the title of a book and celebrate the fact that Śraddhāvāna dāsa is flying from England special just to bring you an electric typewriter. So you ought to make best use of it.

You could write a book, a week in Palamo. But oughtn't there be some theme to the improvised sessions?

An assignment? The WS in itself is a workout but I ask for something more.

Grass wet to feet in early A.M. This body so white
I lay on mat in direct sunlight but little critters
jumped on me from the grass. Couldn't stay more
than ten minutes on each side of the body.

Your own body and your friends. You keep life
inside and mean to ask, How much longer can this
keep up and what can I do before it's over?

Congrats to Hari-śauri and to Matsya-avatāra and
then back to your own well.

Wrote on a card I'm alone and don't complain.

Willy Nilly will he gather? Will he foister and
will be lost? Does he laugh elastic afraid to declare
himself an artist? Writer bold, pet of guru he ain't
so bold but knows enough to certainize the exact
moment is beyond him.

Draw draw the man in the tree. It's "Dave's day"
again only he's grown up. He's got a wristwatch on
and no hair on his chest or head, throws curve balls
and says things he don't mean like joining a con-
crete to an abstract—the lingo of despair, tennis
balls of remorse and

little hairy *sampradāyas*
of New Vrindaban
forest tent where Chris

Gregoreck is, I want to tell him it's real nice why
don't you accept one of those available gurus and
don't come after me? I can still be the author of
some books you like to read.

Then the ball and chain.

While I live. Palamo, the Mafia, the house we
stay in, plenty of sunshine there and I go on with
two steps, verisimilitude.

Bring the editor up-to-date.

Now, now, don't think much. You pretty much regard it as heaven to be in this van all day to yourself. Just calm down so you can sleep 7-12 and get into that routine, read more in your spiritual master.

Who visited Colombo in Coching in 1965 and wrote like a travel writer and then completely transcendental praying to Rādhā-Dāmodara of Vṛndāvana—I liked both kinds of his writings.

Oh mate, don't despair. You can come up with good books I'm shore.

You just have to read enough and put Kṛṣṇa in the center. Make another list. *The Hideout Diary* has been written, so you don't have to explain that anymore. Now write the actual thing in your heart, explode

or rose soft

angels

your flesh your fear

of the world even a

little inconvenience and I

get a bad headache. If I lived in material world as *karmī* or even ISKCON manager I'd have to resort to allopathic drugs and later break down anyway. You can't hack it if you have that head pain.

Is that a topic to write on? What I know, what I know.

Let me be peaceful awhile. And Lord Kṛṣṇa may appear more in my life as I chant and chant the *mahā-mantra*. Glories to the Lord of universe.

Be sbinks. Farragut high school. Boat canoe white water.

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, I threw out other books except poems. Good argument to keep them just for syntax of divided lines.

Lost verve drive to write hour-long WS. Can make a half-hour only with full effort. Seem to be unable to say anything. But will talk on the radio show today, my old friend says.

A word out of dictionary and goes with it. Mike means mike—Mike Tumminello, hero sandwiches. Mike Bavona, Sal, Mitch. Mickey Kelly. Mike mad Mike.

The microphone of Śrīla Prabhupāda
and I stand up and say
wearing sport jacket and *dhoti*
ladies and gents this
is the Hare Kṛṣṇa movement His
Divine Grace is in town please
come and hear from him it's
a *tīrtha* while he's here—
and they look back at me
the finks who never joined and
I dedicate this life to him.

He said he was loitering here and someone else (his disciples-to-be) were scattered here and there and the society brings them together like rejected parts to form a tambura. But he was from Kṛṣṇa and brought us all. But I liked him saying that—that we all were bereft but we make music together in the international string band. Eh? Eh? Yes, Śrīla Prabhupāda, it's true.

You and us are together in *saṅga* and I won't desert that *saṅga*. Please let me write in it. I have come out of the writing mode. It's time now I could get back into it. It's a subtle thing. In Cozille I could have gone on writing one inspired book after an-

other. But since then I've lost touch with it. But could easily gain it back soon. Hope for that in vital way to produce something for Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Hello hello, it's possible. Please send me help.

I'm living in fluent
affluent country as long as
heart holds out—go
to Zurich and Dole. The
the BBT Trustee said
I don't see you but hear
things about you and they are all good.
Well that's good news.

Here he goes dancing down street man with male parts not a woman but he's celibate. You lose attraction for sex desire by attraction to Kṛṣṇa. No more. You are a devotee of Kṛṣṇa not to be compared to any other. But all celibates are free of it. Here in this camp they have small tents and probably fornicate and get messed up and have to go wash afterwards and what do they gain for it? Nothing.

I here do say I'm looking
for a lift. If you can please give me a ride to Rome where I'll begin the story of a type written week in Palamo. What drive, what cause? What is the nature of it? I think it will come a little at a time. Rest your eye. Rest in care.

The sunlight is no longer striking hard against back window so I can take the pads off it and let natural light in this day, enough earplugs to last,
oxygen, food, no milk but water, *prāṇa* therapy none, I ain't proud.

Give me two minutes. Lord, I read I chant and cool off indoors in late June. We've made it this far.

If we have to quit before all plans are played out, so be it, as Kṛṣṇa says in the *Gītā* . . . what more I can do in remaining days, preach to someone in the world as instrument of your Gurudeva.

That's it that's all. You can't imitate and go to America on the Jaladuta or to the moon, the first Hare Kṛṣṇa to outdo all the rest. No, rest and be a little guy with voice prose poem. Muse will tell you, Kṛṣṇa and Śrīla Prabhupāda you serve.

(Half-hour, June 20,1995, Came Internationale, Assisi)

Session #15

Power lawnmower outside the van. Grass. Hot in here when I woke after post-lunch nap. Rounds take almost fifteen minutes per round! Three last ones. So sleepy. Early morn much better.

Happy to report I'm living again in a writing project although it has no title yet. Started both an intro and first chapter today first day of summer. You wanted it, beg, allowed and it has begun. Has no plot as such but features already are 1) Lots of spontaneous drawings—of *kṛṣṇa-kathā* and other. And . . . nothing else yet but belief in improvising the process.

Maybe it will get tighter.

And here is the old WS. Wrote some last year in Prague, read one today. Truthful about being alone and also being in ISKCON. You admit disappointments in life. I also have a biding sense of having escaped outer disasters so far. Read in news that KR sends me so many massacres. Soldiers kill refugees, citizens, bomb and stab and shot the innocent citizens or not innocent citizens. War and threat of more war. Condemned places get it worst but civilized, privileged places too, one hundred and fifty people killed in bombing in Oklahoma. More and more and what about simple death taking toll of everyone? America, you worked your ass just to live.

Maybe I'll get out of life. What you put into it. Arrange my writings. In WS in Prague last year I said writing is most important thing I can give to

others. I also visit places where people may want to see an old codger like me and hear me simple lectures and answer a question like, "What was it like in '66 with Śrīla Prabhupāda?" Tell it and it's good for me. With that in mind, we'll go to Slovenia although it's near Zagreb. I don't suppose there will be trouble. Who is to say? This campground in a holy Catholic town we chose for peacefulness and it's like that. But even here . . . death can come. And time does eat away.

So you write in warm afternoon. Drink a little water, eat twice a day. The *yogī* doesn't eat or sleep too much or too little. Doesn't fast unless.

He said he will try to get me to stay in Guyana longer. But what can he offer? Screens on windows, drinking water in bottles, nice meals, fresh flowers—but so many lectures I'm expected to give. Could you ever take a writing retreat there? I doubt they could appreciate it. They'd want to take your time and then you hear all their squabbles. It's a dangerous place where black men prey on Hindus and might mark a white Yank as especially lucrative.

Anywhere

Anywhere time, I am ready to fight any man said JL Sullivan, if he will put up twelve thousand dollars in prize money.

Then he was knocked out by gentleman Jim Corbet.

Śrīla Prabhupāda as travel writer in Columbo in Cochin. And praying after thirty-five days at sea off the coast of the US, may Lord Kṛṣṇa get out this fog. Read it again and mark what you'd like to comment on.

"Attention, the bus to Assisi is leaving." Three times a day they announce it but we don't budge.

Have, have. Kṛṣṇa consciousness. I read you are a staunch devotee of your spiritual master and you faced and overcame doubts. I read you are truthful. And is it true you have no teeth and can't kiss girls? Is it true you are a celibate for thirty years? Does the semen actually go upward and increase memory, and if so, how come you don't remember me or details of your composition of *Śrīla Prabhupāda-līlāmṛta*? Is it true you went on the USS Saratoga and bought Jean Genet books in French Riviera Cannes? What about Paris and marijuana and Chet Baker? Is it true you sat on a *vyāsāsana* above all your brothers? How could you do it? We had an elevation problem. The others didn't see it wrong either. Not in the beginning. A charitable way to view it.

Now tell how come you mention Henry Miller in your books?

When you look in the mirror, do you think you are good looking?

Some old people I know, devotees. Someone mentioned to each of them that they ought to be more serious in thinking of the end but they just do their service. They asked me, "Should I think more of death? How can I be more serious?" I mostly told them to go on with their service. D. sells books and talks to people at the university. A *dāśī* is an old lady but sews clothes for Deity, does some cooking and looks after grandchildren. What to tell them, to be more serious at death? They can't read as well when they get old. You don't suddenly

become a renounced sage just because you are sixty or seventy years old. And pal, dear Police Athletic League baseball player, you too are getting near to sixty, to the end and this point—getting more serious, contemplating the end—applies to you as well.

I'm happy about the new work. First day was today. The eighteen-day wonder. The naturally inspired flow. Swimming down to Sicily. The day-by-day illustrated journal of an ex-cop. Begun camp. Annual groundhog day blues in B-minor. I await the mail but hope not to be interrupted, not to stop even in Rome temple. I'll get in my "forced" one-hour some how early in the morn, because the commitment has begun, die is cast, shape is set and each day cement mixture trucks will pull up and dump wet gray cement down the chute and you have no choice but to start spreading it out with hoe and shovel and cement trawl is it? Mason's plain, pat, pat push it, shape it. Your enduring chapters.

Hey cement mixer,
putty.

You know I am so young I almost forgot Kṛṣṇa is the center. I told a few *kṛṣṇa-kathās*. Of Sankachuta, of Kṛṣṇa and the *gopīs*, and more coming up. But sixth chapter of *Gītā* doesn't seem to lean itself to putting into a lyric book like that. Think back to times you read and were a trooper. A true-per.

Now in a temple I stood up
as GBC *sannyāsi* and
made an announcement: anyone
don't bow to others in
the temple room. And don't
chew gum. I'm tellin' you.

Yeah, he was a guy, didn't manage, and Uttama-śloka wondered what kind of a GBC is this? He didn't know a *brāhmaṇa* is also a sort of leader. But I recall being in anxiety that I didn't come to their standard. Someone like Lakṣmi-Nārāyaṇa appreciated me in Houston and I accepted and liked him although he wasn't a big hot-shot manager. He tried his best, and his wife was a burden. I liked the guy. Later he dropped out. I heard he became an accountant for rich people in Beverly Hills. Very likable smile.

Others in Dallas they liked me just as I am, to come and give lectures and not put a trip on them. But those who wanted a strong manager to train them, like Mahā-dhyutī, found me lacking. They had no loyalty and friendship, although Śeṣa did. And Mahākrama climbed up the ladder to success in "my" zone. Oh, you wrote a little on this honestly in your *Litany*.

Old days, gone now. Of a summer day while drinking a cup of water alone, barefoot, in shorts, you sit and talk to yourself in back of the van to pass the time. I like this sort of life and especially look to chapter two tomorrow of the eighteen-day total book to be done in Italy. Title on the way.

(30 minutes, June 21, 1995, camping internationale Assisi)

Session #16

4:23 A.M.

It just flashed by another minute. I like to do everything on time. So I'll be late to go outdoors for exercise because I began this 4:23 WS "late." I am not John Brandi profane flesh. Spirit is in body.

Bind the sinner.

This is what I'd like:

the sins get washed away.

First ISKCON gets cleaned,

strong, the devotees are

humble and non-competitive.

They like each other.

They allow Satsvarūpa some

space and even suggest to

him, "For our good

and yours why don't

you get a little house in rural

Ireland and stay there writing

novels and poems—if anyone

wants to see you he can make

an appointment or you can

come to Dublin once every few

months and speak some lectures."

They mean it and I think it over.

This is what I'd like:

they stop making nuclear

bombs. They decide no more

war. The leaders and followers

start coming to the conclusions

of Kṛṣṇa consciousness,

save the earth, save animals.
Religions of the world unite
in Kṛṣṇa consciousness.
People just start getting
enlightened and we know it's
Kṛṣṇa's mercy.
As I said, the first thing is
ISKCON becomes clean and
strong.

The acts of John the Barber. Forty essays, forty
reviews. He flies to Zagreb and then Moscow, to Ze-
rbia too, to tell people, "You should not think the
Hare Kṛṣṇa movement is destructive."

Śaunaka does good work.

But don't endorse all he

says. Listen, I got a visa

card, a card that lets you speed past the booth at
the toll gate, *autostrade*. I got a box of Kleenex. And
Tampa, Florida ain't my zone. Haven't heard from
Turiya in awhile, who wanted to sit on a simple
front porch and chant *japa* watching the sun go
down. People bother him and expect him to work
as if he were healthy. He says . . .

And Indulekhā's eyes are going bad. What if we
go blind? Like James Thurber, first you try to draw
very large but then it's too late. So like Bhakti-
vinoda Ṭhākura you shut up your room, put bar on
door and study the Vedic classics of BBT, the new
Caitanya-caritāmṛta, the *Mahābhārata*, *Rāmāyaṇa*
and the zany works of SDG (is he a *goswamī* if he
can't control his mind?).

Starting with *Radio Shows* and *Cāṇakya* and *My
Relationship With Lord Kṛṣṇa*. Listen, I'd like this:

Permission to boot the ass

of the scientist? Take the
nasty stuff off Internet. I'd like a change of heart
so people wouldn't want to harm each other. But
neither would they sink in sense gratification. John
Brandi thinks a chaotic sex orgy will bring happi-
ness but he must know it won't work. So his advice
that monks and nuns copulate is just his own
gourd cracked by too much semen-letting and con-
coction. He thinks he's free but has bought a wrong
propaganda slogan.

Blessed that he tries to talk his way out of it. As if
he knows just as much as any scripture and any
sage before him. Why should he claim it?

Never met a guru. No one ever took a shoe to
his mind. Or it happened but he ran away. But now
he'll learn his lesson.

Grand gourd nightmare comes
true.

Wristwatch unbinds. I won't
say the cruel and violent
blood-spill words—leave
that for Hollywood producers
titillate and ruin crowds just to
make bucks.

I'd like to give a class. I'd like even more to see
the world change. Start with ISKCON. Fresh view-
point. Managers and *brāhmaṇas* embrace and recog-
nize each has a valid place. Kardama honors Svāy-
ambhuva Manu and Manu honors Kardama Muni
and gives him Devahutī has his chaste wife.
Kapiladeva appears to teach *bhakti*.

If that can't happen, then at least *kīrtana* and
saṅkīrtana will continue. The devotees will distrib-

ute Prabhupāda's books. Don't you see? They are right! If they hustle a kid to sell the book, it's no big thing. You cannot expect different. And it's important to get the books out. So work in public, get a good name for ISKCON—at the same time you *brāhmaṇas* try to purify it—let the publicity improve.

Food For Life—buns made of white flour distributed in the men's shelter. Bring back what's-her-name who blooped, respond to my free-written books.

If you cannot have complete change of heart, at least allow me room to sing.

And if you won't invite me
to live full-time as writer

I could do it anyway or
go to Roma and speak in

a class and talk to the t.p. who says, "My guru is Purī Mahārāja and he said that Prabhupāda told him in 1977, 'My disciples won't be ready to be gurus for ten or fifteen years.'"

Yeah? And what is? He said (I heard a controversy about Mahārāja Purī. Keep my mouth shut).

One Supersoul are many?

If I could change the world, I'd take away the Plutonium. I'd make people take to Kṛṣṇa consciousness so it became much more influential and respectable, although not necessarily richer and more power structured and more official.

Now I hear birds chirping. That means first light of dawn. Why not slip outside van and do your vigorous exercise? But pack a Walkman so you can hear Sadāputa and for breakfast (without milk or cereal) you can hear Śrīla Prabhupāda speaking in New Vrindaban 1969, pick best excerpts to share.

(23 minutes, June 22, 1995, Assisi)

Session #17

3:11 P.M.

Red light on behind clock number. I don't know of the world of computers. Just as well. You die and leave it all behind except devotional credits. We ISKCON devotees believe in *śāstra*, whatever it says. But how lively, how deep and realized is our belief? Śrīla Prabhupāda says it is not belief, it is fact. You may believe or not, that is another thing. Gold is gold. Religion as "a kind of faith" may be taken up or rejected; you may convert from one to another.

All right, it's a science. How much of a scientist am I? How much a devotee that Kṛṣṇa has revealed to me His own form?

Sky darkens and the little van space also darkens. I cleared from twinge by resting an hour after lunch while electric fan motor rolled on out to the world. Bliss, is it? You want to say. Quiet.

Read a WS from a year ago in Czech Republic farm. I was asserting that I love the writing for itself; said from writing practice I keep alive for other kinds of publishable writing, I fight against rigor mortis of prose (or poetry). Is it true? If you believe. There we go again, belief and fact.

The new book, got two small chapters today. See M., and the Post-its he has say, "Shall we go over the notes?" He's on the phone sometimes, to find out if the sweets we are carrying are non-Ekadasī and other important news. In camp you don't expect all amenities of food. Stiff *capātīs* went stale,

biscuit also going stale, no milk, but so far plenty of water and it's usually quiet here. "The bus is leaving for Assisi." They announce.

Drink water. Writing pen.

The next drawing, the next chapter. The challenge to execute something with your hand. The white-white body of mine in sunlight; it will gradually pinken. But even fifteen minutes on one side can cause a headache. Two chapters per morning. The book is a cascading poem-stream of pictures that come to mind. I could show it to M. and tell him be careful not to throw me off the track. I don't know how long it can last. Maybe a little "precious," meaning you have to be hardy to keep it going, may have to make a deeper and broader furrow in the earth to keep going eighteen days. But I "promised" I would. I want to. A book of pictures.

Picture: Hayfield Smith about to go up for reelection. "Attention please. The bus for Assisi is leaving." Do you get a return bus from the Basilica? Cokes and hot dogs up there, so far from original spirit of St. Francis. But still, the people here are in a lot different mood than those in casinos of Los Vegas.

Passion.

Ink. You say. In a few days enter Roma. It was overrun by barbarians and the Christians reeled. They thought it was a holy empire (founded by apostles Peter and Paul—and Constintine) and could never fail. But it did and they should not have thought a city on earth power made the basis for the religion. Spread all over the world. I just read that in a book. It doesn't matter.

What matters?

State of your body and mind?

Temporary condition doesn't matter in the end.
You produce books of interest.

I was saying Roma in a few days and some mail awaiting. You answer it and get back to this routine of your own time.

Bhaktivinoda Ṭhākura with hand-over-chest pose. Like Napoleon. Heavy-set. In jacket like the magistrate. And the silky, dark shirt pose with big beads around his neck and white beard sticking out in all directions, square beard. Sitting on a little *āsana* half-lotus, and his books propped on one knee. Bhaktisiddhānta Sarasvatī Ṭhākura in sweater.

You dare to tell all the pictures in words and a few you actually sketch. I think it's okay.

This water to drink. Feel hot. Ask M. I'm thinking a third bath per day to cool off, maybe 4:30 P.M. at peak of heat or 4. To do a radio show too. And can speak with you a few Post-it notes I sent out. Don't eat in afternoon. Never do. A little juice? Cool?

No, no, keep drinks warm. Be satisfied with mineral Aqua Water non-carbonated.

Kṛṣṇa. Christ died for our sins. Kṛṣṇa didn't die. He came to earth to enact pastimes. He appeared to die and leave a body. Partly He did that to bewilder the atheists and give them something to foster their misuse of free will upon.

In heat I can't write well. The *Śikṣāṣṭakam*. Lord Caitanya *līlā* in heat of Pūrī. Imagine how hot they are in India now. You'll go later in the year. Avoid

the heat and revolutions. You can't expect to never get diseases. So I am grateful to get time like today to get licks in, reading and writing. I am grateful. But the record I leave may show nothing special. Still, I was here writing in hot afternoon, jock itching, but not much light in back in van, etc., but basically okay, okay to say Lord, thank You for allowing.

Seminar service. Show up at temple and give your brand of lecture. And show devotees there a way of life that is simple. She could come down for a few days from VV while I'm in Rome, but they won't, I guess. If they did, I'd hold a meeting for them. They don't bother anymore to tell me, "I do not have a husband, and no authority in the temple seems to be concerned for my personal welfare."

It's perhaps too much to expect. Just because someone tries to do service as temple president doesn't mean he's empowered to love and care for a hundred people. He tries. He manages the money and departments and tries to grasp a vision of community. I told them the art of loving according *Nectar of Instruction*. Afterwards my translator said he'd been reading Eric Fromm's *Art of Loving* and said he had a similar conclusion to Rūpa Gosvāmī's, "except it's mundane."

If it's mundane, then how is it similar? Śrīla Prabhupāda stressed loving dealing on the basis of pure Kṛṣṇa conscious exchanges. Put this in your letters tape and in "Among Friends."

They mail by airplane. FedEx can send you back to Godhead for an extra fee? Deliver on Saturday. When you absolutely positively must have it on time. Give them extra money and they will see that you enter the Lord's most confidential *līlā*. Tell

Session #18

5:16 A.M.

Spot of ink, be glad it's not blood or you bereft of Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

KC

KC

KC

The initial only on your baseball cap. I take time to communicate

a long poem

short haul.

Was out walking in rain started, I could smell it in the summer earth. Tennis court soon covered with dots of water and then all wet. My pants covered with dots of water. I hustled fast walking around the tennis court, heard the rain. Decided I'd better get back into the van although only 5 A.M. and I could write this. Motorcycle man and woman disturbed by rain, came out of tent speaking Italian to cover his bike.

Indoors I at desk with light on. Heard Atma-tattva on tape:

Śrutī means what

smṛti means how

yaya mean why

he explained 3 years ago. How is my old friend Amala-bhakta? Is he sixty years old yet? Still going to Hollywood studios to sit in a theater reading Śrīla Prabhupāda and waiting for they may call him for a bit part in a movie and a few hundred bucks to stock his refrigeration with health food? No more gals, eh? Or are you still? No, I think you are not

them, "See when I die that I get sent by Priority Mail to wherever Śrīla Prabhupāda is. I'll pay the highest charges. Put my soul in a box." But nowadays, they are afraid of bombs in the mail.

Bombs bombs to blow apart your limbs. Pow! Where is the bomb of love? Explosion of book to write to appeal to everyone.

O mind,
a book of pictures
is a mine of gems
not artificial but not
pure Kṛṣṇa conscious either, give
it a go, all the way,
make a happy face
deliberate and
say choo-choo.

We are going you-know-where.

This one is at a half-hour so stop. I took account of heat and no pain, was grateful, thought of new book, a little on temple life, that's all. Straw. Water. Jive.

(29 minutes, June 22, 1995 Assisi campground)

but I won't inquire. You didn't much like my writing, so how can we be soul brothers?

Like that
a friend
moves over to read
what I've written and sold at table at Ratha-yātrā.

Clear away John Brandi's brand and put my own instead. I repeat what my master taught. Atma-tattva says Vedic knowledge is not added but is already in us (in detail?) and by removing dirt it all comes out again.

You write to look at later, reduce weight, to get out of the rain. Poem time comes
drops of rain smell
like dry and sweet
summer can't say in words
it's order
or on tennis court and agricultural field to your nostrils.
Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, I say
the words quick, I want to believe it's not adding but returning to the original chant. You may believe it or not but it's a fact, he said.
Teaching a seminar
gosh I'm tried, he said.
And fastened tight his dentures.

If I live long enough, I won't stop writing. Good books will come. Give me a chance to keep at it. Many titles. I did turn myself. The truth of the matter is uncle Smith, Irv. Wore tights, wore tights.

I can't remember but in a big auditorium I was a little kid with grown-ups attending an amateur school production of a drama about Lady of Fatima. The kids recited the rosary and when they heard an echo they counted that as part of their quota. Then the virgin appeared to them, the auditorium darkened in blue light. She spoke but I can't recall any of it and at the time I doubt I had any religious feelings.

Neats foot oil for leather baseball glove. Four-fingered glove. A good one, shape it, use it, it's yours. You can catch a fast ball in it; it's a great glove, fit into your own little hand. You never were an athlete but gave love to the game, baseball. And heroes of Brooklyn Dodgers.

A game in a box too, baseball. You played it by spinning a metal arrow around, gambling involved and you put baseball cares over the spinner. Spin it and then he hits or strikes out. You play like that and it's arranged, calculated mathematically to be like the actual thing, the team wins and loses just as it did in life.

Planet X

Kṛṣṇa is God. The *yogī* can't know Him except by Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Oh, we know that, they say. But I think it's new to me.

Writing bleary eyed, teary eyed.

A resumé of what you read this morning. But on higher stage you hear once or twice and you recall it forever.

The tail gate and
fish, follow
into the ocean to swim,

Jayādvaita,
dreams daydream
forget, lethe, receive Fax from America
wax in ear, in can,
what *Vedas*? Are you blocking
people from going to God? No I am
helping them.

God help them. God, God, I will eat an Ekādaśī
breakfast and go to sleep. You could try to capture a
dream awhile, it's always interesting.

Kṛṣṇa knows and I know you can't stay awake on
jumping beans.

Master, please reveal to me
at budge prices the
perfect knowledge. I joke
because I don't really expect
or want a deal of discount.

It's not attainable except to the surrendered or to
those whom He wishes to bless and that's all there
is to it. In the meantime, go on in the mood of the
last verse of *Śikṣāṣṭakam* and all will be okay.

Plastic lens cleaner. *Bhagavad-gītā As It Is*. The
walk. Bird in small tree providing a little shade to
my side of the van. I startled him with early exer-
cises outdoors.

Sorry, sorry.

Scratch asleep violent pen.

You can stop this one no sense when you are so
groggy.

But good news, God is love and you are at work
on a new book. Later today I'll do work in it.

(22 minutes, June 23, 1995 Assisi)

Session #19

3:01 P.M.

Office opens at 3 P.M. so M. just left to send Fax. Said she'd send another today about publishing. Little Söran was a passionate author whereas Kotzger threw his writing into the fire. I don't do that but seek to distribute books in attractive covers and good bindings, hold them in your hand and re-read and imagine the good they do and get some letters, someone says I like it.

Hideout, I don't think of it nowadays. Just do it while I can. When it's over, when it's called off, you say it's been good. And you will count yourself lucky to have got in as much as you did. Then under new rules you can continue writing.

Burps. I did. The day was rainy and even windy change from sunny hot. Friday night may be quieter due to chill factor, less Italianos out. I got yellow earplugs. At 3:30 A.M. we walked so close past trailers and motor homes and tents where they are asleep. Count up, count down, push button to flush toilet and to bring hot water free, don't waste it.

Hope you are well and in a peaceful place. After this take a little break and then speak radio show.

Dalus Weir hope. Speak to him on letter a *dīkṣā* initiation lecture improvised. Mean it. He goes through suffering. M. back seven minutes (six) later, maybe he couldn't send Fax. I won't poke my nose in and say, "What happened?"

*Om pūrṇam adaḥ pūrṇam idaṁ
pūrṇat pūrṇam udayate
pūrṇasya pūrṇam ādāya*

*Īśāvāsyam idam sarvaṁ
yat kiñca jagatyām jagat
tena tyatena bhuñjīthā
mā grdhaḥ kasy ssoḍ dhanam*

Everything is controlled and owned by the Lord. Knowing this one should take what is given to one according to one's quota (as arranged by God, *īśa*) and one should not take more than this, knowing well to whom it belongs. Does it belong to the bank of America, California branch, Los Angeles? Or—a bank floor . . .

Then Karandhara showed me that letter, keep it quiet.

Bromo. The time is 3:10. You are one-third done. Here's another picture of the gone world, high school, Ferlinghetti imitator, plagiarist.

The big oil drum floated up with heavy rains. Not my problem because I was less than ten years old but Dad, dear Dad, had to figure out what to do. His house, not yet a lieutenant in the fire department. My house? I just shared a room.

Ate the spaghetti and white Italian bread with butter and watched T.V., and meatballs, Kraft cheese. Remember? If any danger comes, your old man's strong arms and US army will protect you. But at PS 8 no one can protect you if a bully pushes you.

You are a shrimp, third smallest kid in the class. What to do? Joan Balavia said, "If you weren't so small, I might "like" you as a boyfriend." She lived behind a wall on property, was, they said, a Jehovah's Witness. I was a Catholic who went to re-

leased time for religious instruction every Wednesday afternoon.

The gym. Gumpers. M. is back at 3:14. This time he must have got through. Did you get through, I ask him (his own expression) when he tries to make a phone call—re Naples, Goiway, Como Switz doctor, Bala, letters, books, money, insurance—are the sweets Ekādaśī sweets? It doesn't matter now.

I hear voices nearby. I am not worried about that.

This day near ending, I'll speak for the spiritualized dictionary. Closing my eyes in prayerful way to let what comes in a net of spoken words.

In (hale!) tomorrow at 1 A.M. you just start in with more pictures. Say and justify while you keep writing on this. But then put that explaining and justifying and gremlin-taming aside and just go for what comes. This A.M. it was homely art, homely vision of divine, an interesting angle.

Perimeter, permit me sir to go for any picture. You are being more demanding, telling yourself it ought to be *śāstra*. Tell a picture of Kṛṣṇa.

Yes, lots of *līlā* pictures, never mind if they are well executed, just take whatever you can get. Use them up, got a pic of Śrīla Prabhupāda? Then use it, man, use it.

Like that, greedy for pictures.

But the words will come, pictures in at sense. Cars peal out Friday night in Assisi, car horns beep. Not a wild town, dominated or spotted at least by

brown habit of the Franciscan brothers minor. The brothers and friars and nuns in same costumes. They must be proud of it like US Marines. I too be proud of soft saffron and light cotton we wear from India not so suitable to Northern climes, we adjust with any coat permitted, any shoes, any hat. Any long socks or pants underneath.

Tilaka on forehead,
beads in hand they look
like they've come right from
Vaikuṇṭha.

But in his heart is
the desire to preach? Śrīla Prabhupāda says it
must be there to be a genuine devotee. You care
and you go door-to-door to tell people about Kṛṣṇa.
It's the quickest way to catch Kṛṣṇa's attention.

Yeah, I say (whenever I read that) my writing is
also preaching and I go lecture to the temples. The
dragnet catches them. Attention please, the bus to
Assisi is leaving, even if cold gray weather. And
you, why aren't you a resident of a temple and go
on *harināma* despite drunks and police? I told you, I
am an old man. The t.p. spends Saturday afternoon
reading psychology instead of going with the *hari-
nāma* party. I got my excuse. How then are you
preaching?

Because
nose bleed
headache eye
a sore reward
excuse
Romapāda Swami
excuse alibi
sore foot

sure cold don't like cops and robbers I get headaches, have to prefer to

study for next class. Got my excuse, mainly headache or it ain't proper for a guru to get shoved and accosted possibly.

Sure. No one tells me I have to. It's like fasting and "no sweets" policy. I am not convinced that this will cure me.

Oh you better

compensate it some way for sure.

Guilty Ken, feel bad? No I—

One guy said I listen to the news on a radio and that's my *saṅkīrtana*.

Or just say I don't like to go into the streets, I'm afraid. I'm afraid I'll get beat up and fist break my denture. Or I won't be brave and expert to fight back, run away like the women.

Oh, I could take it, but since it's not hard to get away with, no one says that I must go.

Didn't intend to write all this. It came out. Maybe you ought to consider going with the *harināma* party next time you can.

Substitute for an author

suitable for a *dhotī sannyāsī*

who likes sweets, bed rest

early rise to write and read bit we never see him doing things he don't like.

Getting close to half-hour on this one. Keep going for it. Allen Ginsberg not on *harināma* either or Professor Hopkins. The weather has to be good. I'll go in Belfast. You see, if there's a long car drive to get to the streets, I'd have a headache most likely when we got there. But when it's not far as in Newcastle, Belfast, Dublin, etc., I'm willing to go for it.

Until then, I'll try to write daringly, not as recompense but as what I ought to do.

Yes, Kṛṣṇa consciousness isn't just for what you want to do, but what you ought to do, to satisfy the Supreme. *Sakama* devotees are selfish. Pure devotees act only for Kṛṣṇa.

You put a bee in my bouquet

with the *harināma* thing. M. is back with water for my bathroom. This young old man noticed he's close to sixty years old and at that rate he could reach sixty. Another good excuse for not going out. Too old, retired, leave him alone

to count his donation money and do the one or two things that he does well—the writer, the reader, prayer-maker

in the cold campground hideout.

(half-hour, June 23, 1995 Ekādaśī, Assisi)

Session #20

5:09 A.M.

Atma-tattva Prabhu speaking on *Vedas*, a time and way to do everything, write with meter, paint, cook, etc. I think how today any damn fool can write a poem and that's good for me. No one gonna tell us how it has to be done only in a certain way. That kind of structure can't hold. Besides, Lord Caitanya said no hard and fast rules for chanting Hare Kṛṣṇa mantra.

Keep rules the Swami gave us but don't need more than that.

(Pause to check out a Brandi poem.)

Okay, he's over with the native Americans and his own saying be celibate then screw a girl and wide awake the climax, live in a cave, live in town, walking around clown eclectic. Let him go and people will listen to some to his ranting poem, get sick, get well, imagine in your own God and death and next life . . . he can't put it all together and you better not follow him as a teacher. They make doctrine out of debauchery like old tantics of India. Śrīla Prabhupāda knew them well, had their number.

Vedangas, *Purāṇas*, *Viokares* logic, Nyaya. The *Vedas* boil down to "four books are enough."

Angel of mercy flight me the words, I was out and it was sprinkling down rain, all day yesterday rain left cement tennis court wet and I was walking around and round when a man was suddenly near-

by on other side of fence opening his van door, he looked at me I murmured, "*Bonjoura*" forgetting this is the country of, "*Bonjourno*." But he didn't seem to hear me. He definitely took note of me and may have wondered what the hell is a guy during walking around a tennis court in drizzle dark 5 A.M. Thinking he may have been thinking like that, I walked away and said in my mind, "Fuck you" to him. That felt good. My "Fuck you" wasn't malicious our upscene, but my way of saying I don't have to become intimidated or guilty that I'm up so early exercising for Kṛṣṇa and Kṛṣṇa consciousness.

Still he was puttering around his van too near so I quit the tennis court and made exaggerated exercise motions so he'd know I was out for that reason.

It was drizzly so I wanted an excuse to come back to van anyway.

Padangas and badrangas and *mṛdaṅgas* and *jyotistha*.

Four books are enough
the one Swami gave carry
First Canto it's all you need
throw out so many New
Age and world culture books.
Just read this one or
Bhagavad-gītā As It Is.
My "Bible"
my God's eye,
my woman my country,
ego and
sleep and God
is nigh—all in 4
books.

Keep going, a WS is a way to work out, similar to walking or deep knee binds and deep breath (*prāṇāyāma*) of the spirit.

Don't forget to be,
to eat breakfast,
don't hound yourself.

Don't be a turkey or man or marvel. Just write your "book of pictures" all day.

Rilkan plays ball, helps him to empty the mind, no cares, use what he calls himself, doesn't want to get entangled in worldly duties. Plays ball with the kids, that's the legend. Did they? But better than that is know God is a person, supreme intelligent being.

Cakṣuṣ

Sanskrit is our friend and mother. I can't learn it in this lifetime. Am a vagabond uneducated by Vedic brahminical *Vedānta* standards? Yes, for me four books is enough. Kind spiritual master gave them to us and he even allowed me to type and "edit" them. Fortunately I respected him very much and didn't want to edit him in any way to change his style. So I learned what he had to say not in an "objective" way of Gauḍīya philosophy and syntax that anyone can use—but learned just what he said and how. "Don't be afraid, don't be afraid" said Kṛṣṇa to the residents of Vṛndāvana.

Go ten more minutes. Walked the wet court. If a book arrives, will it allow me to write something special? No, that comes from your heart. You should value life more than books. For me that

means life of *śāstra*. You go to it, get enriched, then come into life and share it.

Be careful you don't hurt yourself.

Empty garbage bag. Eat—offer first and then go to sleep. In this you don't look to nondevotees to tell you what to do. But if some docs want to diagnose me, they can. There must be so many things wrongs, toxins, and so on. But a Verona specialist said I am not sick. You ask was he paid or told to say that? He let us have it free.

I want *Vedas*
as taught by our master
saved from being a John
Brandi wanderer. I'm so
impressionable I could have
met a guy like Kowit and
Murray and become college prof.
Or gone to Mesas for tribal
dances, my tendency was not to
be so wild, looking for a girl to
love but Catholic guilt origins pre-
vented me from diving into the
flesh of original sin. I was waiting
for him.

The origin, he said. Pus and mucus. Swami could tell him. My eyes are tired. I can't quite count this as one half-hour because I did some time reading a quick poem.

Virginal overpass. Bypass. Next will be that sleep which you get up from and your rounds are so sleepy. Try to do better, friend, in that hardest part

of day. Wild of subtle life may exist. But I want You.
God, I want to be his servant.

There is nothing like the . . . take a look at peppermint and yerba reuma words. The time is . . .

A poem
is saying God I love You.
You are all pervading—
please let me serve You
in best way—your sweet
Vraja pastimes.

I go running to anyone who says he's "God" and
half believe him. Stop.

Our sights
A heave
stay away and don't want
to dream in a ferry.
Swami crossed ocean in
smoothest sailing ever.
Write letter to Dalus in jail,
say here is your initiation name:
Dhira Kṛṣṇa, Dhira dāsa, Dear one,
doodi do, Das, dāsa goswami,
Vaiṣṇava dāsa anu dāsa
these are good ones.
Web footed
balloon man.

(25 minutes, June 24, 1995, Assisi)

Session #21

3:15 P.M.

You can take it easy, this free-write. You have well-wishers. You are writing when you could be reading or poking a fire or managing money. Yet you pause to blow your nose. Welcome to the club. It's not enough to live and die "like the cats and dogs."

Śrīla Prabhupāda said it the way we want to hear it now. He convinced. So we speak in his footsteps and say, "Śrīla Prabhupāda said." It's good to do that. I don't want to tell many details about Jagāi and Mādhāi if he didn't tell them. Give my audiences the Bhaktivedanta Purports expanded by me in my own words. He has given enough for at least me his direct disciple to pleasingly speak for twenty more years if I have that long. Remain always his disciple with your "*brahmacārī*" or *gṛhastha* name with "dāsa Goswami" tacked on. That's what he wanted. Following him I get lenient treatment; not so many rules and regs and rituals. Oh, not so much *gopī-bhāva*? Then so be it. That will come when he wants to bring me to it and it will be private; I have already come out with enough of that for this lifetime in terms of writing and preaching. If it comes at all, let me give off no scent of it.

Writerjī

keep on truckin'. Cash yourself on a wares. Yeah, I write my career but as his follower. Navadvīpa dāsa said you're asking me to give up my Sanskrit scholarship, that's like if I asked you to give up your writing career. But I'm not asking him to give

it up—but to render it as service to ISKCON, not to Mahārāja. My writing is for ISKCON folks. And ISKCON is a growing phenomena. Any people attached to Prabhupāda, claiming allegiance to ISKCON, but maybe not all of them come under its thumb in terms of local leaders telling them what to do . . . That growing culture I appeal to with my books. Now let's get them out there.

Steve and Sal and Mary and Joe, Ralph and Better and Heave and Ho. And John Franko too.

Let's have a ball. Be quiet folks, although it's Saturday night, we are in Saint Francis's town. They say, Yeah, let's have loud fun like Francis did before he became a saint. No, they are fairly quiet and I have earplugs.

Tomorrow we go to Roma, just a few hours from here. Van travel. Get out your travel dictaphone. Say, "Here we go. Had a five-day stop in campground and off to a good beginning in a timed book."

Artists. Devotee. Shrimp person.

I know. The way of Tao, the way of Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Belong to it and get the benefits of Śrīla Prabhupāda's books and assurance of going back to Godhead if you perfect it. Best way to make quick progress is to speak Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Yes, Nārada told Vyāsa, you have not concentrated enough on Kṛṣṇa, only mentioned Him as a side-light in your other books. So this was the cue for *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam*. How come, someone asked, why is so much of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* not on Kṛṣṇa in Vraja? It's to get us ready for that in nine cantos, I said.

But also I don't know. I just accept in faith that Lord Caitanya called it the spotless *Purāṇa*.

"Attention please, the bus to Assisi is leaving."

Well, I'm not going up there. I am not driving up the turning hills with Catholics from Poland and Ireland and America, a Hare Kṛṣṇa odd ball. No, I'm staying right here with you, dear *ātmā*. Save your *ātmā*, your soul. Link up your soul to the Supreme.

Heaven's the kingdom of God
means all nice things but
not without God. You serve
Him in bliss and enter
paradise now and forever. Pure
devotee feels it even now.
But if we have to be born in
another womb it's hellish and
diseases and old age? Yeah I
guess that's always true but
the not-perfected devotee
can think of the Lord and

mitigate pain that way. We are not yet perfect,
free of dirt, still self-centered and lack perfection. So
let's try for it in remaining years. You comfort
others. Yes, you can grow in Kṛṣṇa consciousness in
your own way as I am doing but let's be sure to
dovetail it in the Lord's service. Make ISKCON a
home where all can grow and they will not feel

we didn't get love here we
didn't get sweet balls and
flap-jacks and lemonade or
lemon-meringue or
speed balls.

(What?)

Wasn't allowed to run in
 grass or jump in waves.
 Well I say it's better not
 to be frivolous. They say
 What about you Jack?
 I say did you ever see me
 swimmin' in the surf at
 Trinidad (except one time
 with Tarkṣa and Adi-keśava?)
 Uh no, they say. But
 you play in your own way
 with words and sometimes
 music. Then with serious
 face I say That's my
 Art. Can we do it? They
 ask. Sure why not I
 say, but make it into art.
 What's art?

3:33 is an odd moment in the day, eh? It means ten or more minutes more on this one.

Track the flight. Ānanda dāsa may want to talk with me his controversies. I have nothing I'm trying to convince him of. Be a mild hearer to whatever he wants to say.

All the letters I've exchanged with Brother Elred are all about Christian-Kṛṣṇa conscious dialogue. Nothing about my writing, always his writing. A one-sided relationship. Same with who?

No, anyone who reads my books is okay with me. We can't seem to *talk* much about them, though. How I can do further, what is it about? Well, maybe one day, but it's not something I hanker for.

I hanker for improved *japa*
and to be able to tell people
that good news.

Hanker to keep writing books
like *Photo Preaching*,
A Book of Pictures and
inspired ones that go.

I hanker to be able to

remember the Swami and be with him and
evolve in positive way in my relationship as his
cela. I won't to be able to go to America on the Jala-
duta, I say. But maybe I can write a book, another
like . . . Svevo, a mister piece, a blister taste.

I say to Gitā-nāgarī dāsa it's okay (time is 3:37
now, the name of an airplane) you go to India, I
bless you to go to Naimiṣaraṇya and read *Śrīmad-
Bhāgavatam*. And spend your time well and write a
journal of it. Salute thee, grow lean and get off lust,
trust in Kṛṣṇa when you get back in USA.

Śrīla Prabhupāda says they work so hard and
don't know (like *mūḍhās*) they don't have to do it.
Save time and chant Hare Kṛṣṇa. How to actually
surrender to Him? The art. Stay in His books.

Prabhupāda, thank you,

I do want to preach. Get pang of guilt in a retreat
house, "What am I doing here? Why not in a tem-
ple or on COM and lecturing everyday?" But it's the
essence of movement—

action in inaction

that when sitting outwardly in a nowhere place
like Kerry farm house I write and draw the Kṛṣṇa
conscious world.

I experienced enough of it that now I can write it.
Let it come out. Remove ignorance and let the
Vedas come out of you. Ātmā says all *Vedas* and *smṛti*

are in us and they can come out when we purify ourselves. So writing helps that. Tomorrow at 1 A.M. I'll do more and do more and pictures may come from the gone and floating world. Be not feverish but let it flow, one pic after another. As I did one person after another in the *Litany* book.

But I stopped. Enough was enough. Keep you going eighteen days of pics.

Typewriter may change the way it comes. I'll see.

Poem to thee

persisomin

peach, cherry

mango king of fruits

Lord Caitanya ate them and distributed
love of God

grew a tree instantly when

His devotees wanted it.

Serve fresh fruit to

Prabhupāda, his *mūrti*

soon on an altar again—

I'll be happy for that.

So thank You, Lord, for allowing me this free-write at WS in good health. I will serve You always as my *dharma* in writing or not. In speech (lecturing ____) or *japa* as You like. Been going almost half-hour. Stop and do radio show and last roundup for the day.

(Half-hour, June 24, 1995, Assisi)

Session #22

5:11 A.M.

No great wisdom claim for me. But great wisdom in the *Vedas*. (Pronounced Wedas). No great this poem for me but love of God by those who love Him and poetry means to please Him with what you write or do.

Dew on grass
bills due
shoes put in rack ready
for van travel
to Roma today all roads
lead to Coliseum and
outdoor cafes and Church
but we're not going there—
we go to Nārādavana, to
Roma ISKCON farm and

if I'm not in headache I can give the Sunday feast lecture on the first. It is regretful that people don't talk of Vaikuṇṭha but waste time in material world.

I'm writing this while back door of van is open and chill air but M. has to arrange it for our departure.

Today by surprise it occurred to me I'd come to the end of book *A Book of Pictures*. It's only two microcassettes long with lots of illustrations. All right. That means for the week in Sicily we'll be free for something new so please be ready for it. I expect you'll at least be able to write a writing session. Say we are in this house and hope to get some sunshine.

We will pick up mail today and maybe some books in the mail.

Stay out of reach so no one can get me. Stay unimportant so no one will call on you. Stay unwilling to be on any committee so they won't lasso you. I thought to add, "Stay in headache syndrome." But I don't want that. So Mr. Pain, you don't have to harass me all the time. I get your signal and I send repairmen to the scene. They swim into the injured area. It's up to their shoulders. It's like blood, a channel, in a tunnel, in the head behind right eye. They swim in there, a rescue team, and start the delicate work of trying to normalize the vain-piping. Is it contracted? Was it spastic and expanded and then contracted? Does it hurt because the blood is forced to a too-narrow pipe? How to ease the vein so it's normal? Maybe deep relaxation that only comes with sleep, in time. They go there and I encourage them from brain and heart centers, "Go ahead, heal. As best you can. Chant over the injured part. Show him we love him." They hold flashlights over the trouble spot and try to gently croax it back into shape.

This is the way it goes.

Fog horn

clear sky. Campers in tents on early Sunday morning. We heard one group loud like partying at midnight but now all are quiet. Maybe they'll get up and go to a Mass or sight seeing with a religious purpose.

St. Francis got a blessing from God that on a certain few days of the year. Whoever came to Assisi gets what? Goes to kingdom of God, I think. He prayed for that, to make it easy for them. Some now

dwelt in the certainty that they'll get eternal salvation.

Someone was surprised that I said I don't know if I will go back to Godhead. They (Christians of a sort) seem to take it as an article of faith to believe they are going to heaven.

Hippies. I'm asleep while writing. Quiet, this one. Before long.

I'm happy the little book ended as it wanted. I thought it would continue but it said, "This is enough, it's sweet but ended and we'll next get into another."

Boo I can't keep awake.

So may I believe in rockets. But I want Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Let me speak of Vaikuṇṭha to Sunday group of Romans.

They may come around me when I've done the lecture and ask a few more questions. Then M. will put me back in the van.

A genuflect.

Roo

Ruru cried. Śiva destroyed. Viṣṇu rebuilt. Śrīla Prabhupāda built a house for all. What you do, we follow. Please excuse me.

(25 minutes, June 25, 1995, Assisi campground)

Session #23

12:04 P.M.

Start writing running till lunch. But not so fast. 6 P.M. walk with Ānanda around his farm. We won't utter a word about my writing. I'll pretend to be interested in the farm, land, trees, plants, can file away the info so I can pretend in another circumstance.

"Yes, I was at the Roma Farm and they have olive trees. It's a miracle, predicted by Śrīla Prabhupāda." Many-sided Kṛṣṇa, high tech is okay, said JS, if used in service of BTG magazine. How about used for GNP?

I thought I might have to stop for one reason or another. Completely stop travel. Okay, would you go to live in the cabin at GN? Well, it's possible but I couldn't be much of recluse there. How could you?

You could give up your reclusive nature. Spend your energy listening to people talk of their problems and it drains you. Bolder would be to live out of their grip in a place in Ireland not so accessible. But a *sannyāsī* is expected to be available to give instruction to others. I do that best by writing and to write it's best I stay apart from daily socializing and trouble listening. Do you believe that or do you just say it?

If you believe it, do you have the courage to do it? You are doing it now without having to braisen it. You don't much like walking around the farm with Ānanda but you do it.

Would you braisen it?

Therefore until I have to braisen it (expose myself as strange, not orthodox living in temple or traveling from temple to temple), it's better I keep up this strategic work of move and appear, move and hide, move and appear.

Up periscope

we are spying in your harbor, we are taking an art retreat near your neighborhood.

We are not telling. Buddha and Christ you can follow, but actually follow, he said. We prefer . . . to be with Śrīla Prabhupāda.

Lavan baskar jar. My legs don't fit comfortably under this low desk. I have to squanch, sqwanch, sqwunch to fit at the desk and slightly curved spine and neck down to look at page.

Spoke of *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* 7.5.23–24, fourteen-page long purport. Same verse tomorrow. Ānanda was sleeping during the lecture. If he spoke, I might do the same. Even if Śrīla Prabhupāda spoke, I might do it. Śrīla Prabhupāda saw me dozing off and saw me sometimes not present when he spoke in his room. We, Bhagavān dāsa and I, were not terrifically eager to catch every word he spoke. It was heavy to sit and hear "the same" basic philosophy, so we thought. We sometimes preferred to work for him outside his room. That was also devotional service. Carry out what he was speaking. He asked for temples, book distribution, and so you left his presence to manage, write letters on his behalf, arrange for his travel or comfort, the expansion of his ISKCON. Not that we were complete nonsense just because we didn't always sit in his room when he conversed with guests. Yet sometimes he noticed our absence and didn't like it.

Don't feel guilty. Admit your lack of taste, lack of love. Hari-śauri had a high capacity to go on hearing from Śrīla Prabhupāda. That's to his credit. Śrīla Prabhupāda himself loved to listen to his Guru Mahārāja. But Śrīla Prabhupāda's outstanding quality was his carrying the order of his Guru Mahārāja.

I live as his *cela*. Writing this to pass the time. I am doing this, busy through the day, busy yesterday and a little nauseous, still I went out to give the Sunday feast lecture. It was held outdoors. As I spoke, I began to feel better, breeze nice, and I didn't care if people were entertained by me or not. It was more important to speak the truth according to *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* and to preach to myself also—on the need to speak on topics of Vaikuṇṭha.

We are waiting an overdue FedEx pack. Even if it doesn't come, we could get it later, after Napoli or something like that.

Don't be fried. Eat your lunch after offering it to Śrīla Prabhupāda in the form of his picture.

Jaya jaya, heavy eyelids, om bhur bhuva . . .

The sound of farm machinery, truck and sounds like tractor with plow clanking. Not so pleasant. Little midge flying in the van room.

Do you recall trying to draw a man holding a pen? Rādhā-Kṛṣṇa forms? And a _____cruising by. Ninety-two year old His Holiness Bhakti-pramada Purī Mahārāja in a new luscious covered book, *The Heart of Kṛṣṇa*. I look at the cover and photo of him in back and set it down.

Any car or movement, you glance outside to see if it's the FedEx pack. But it will probably contain only predictable mail from disciples, the chore of answering them all. Plus a few surprises.

Ninety-seven seventy-seven sixty-six, fifty-six, how long can you go? Simply the wheel of fortune, click click click click click, it gets very near your lucky twenty-four . . . click . . . click . . . click. Stops at twenty-five. Dawn!

Śrī Kṛṣṇa

trap, paper towels, avocados, last year's writing, tell Ananda, "This farm is nice and it's wonderful that Śrīla Prabhupāda asked for it in 1974. But now what about my writing?" No, you could never speak like that. The truth is bearing down on us. Dark break. Hot sunshine. Get out of its glare. Grateful to be well enough to speak *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* on *sravanam*. Tell them we should hear. Hear. Do you do it yourself? You listen for an approaching car (FedEx? O Kṛṣṇa, where are You?) FedEx.

Sleep. Earplugs. Been up again. Lifting a stone. He's at office, at temple, at home, talking on cellular phone in Baltimore. I am not telling fictional tales. Don't see the point in it.

Now the truth is I want to live 130 years like oldest man alive in France. Sir, to what do you attribute your longevity?

My what? Fact that you are so old.

I kept away from people like you. Distributing books in Christmas season outside stores in Dallas. Grit teeth and do it, approach someone but you have little verve or talent to convince anyone. At least you are there. How slow the clock hand moves. When can we go back? Grind it out, very little money. No sense even trying it, it's so death-like for you. Do some work in the office, counsel devotees in your mood of sacrifice—you see from the attempt at book distribution how hard it is.

So be honest, drive tractor, take wife, or the cabin at GN or hundreds of chances. I'll end this.

(28 minutes, June 26, 1995, ISKCON Roma Farm)

Session #24

6:30 P.M.

Waiting to board the ferry. Light here isn't so good and pen is about to run out. (Put in refill.)

Write in comfort in back of van; forget the world if you can a little—keep it distant. Italian voices out the back. We are facing the open maw of the ferry "Massino" with "Agit" ads painted on it. Half a dozen crewmen wait inside for the loading to begin. It's been raining. You wait.

We're going to Sicily to drive up to the hills where someone is letting us use their house. It's on a crowded street in an old village.

I may write and read there and drift into concerns. These are the last ones of the June series of WS. It's been hit and run this month. This is mostly the only writing I did in June except for four blissful days in Assisi when I did *A Book of Pictures*. So you will hope to start July with a week of your own time. A proposed two sessions of WS per day. I have no other timed book or inspired book in mind.

Read an Erickson tale how you try to change your usual patterns of mind. LSD would do that too. But this is gentle, little ways to think differently. Is the WS too much pattern so it goes in a rut?

I'm feeling a warning signal just now behind the eye, that maybe I can't pursue this session a full half-hour. Waiting to hear M. turn the motor over. This can be a time for creative thinking, even this waiting and the overnight boat trip. Travel itself changes the patterns of thinking. Living for only a

week in a house in Sicily hills should also provide a kind of change to be reflected in writing. But, "If you go to East Bengal, your fate will go with you."

I think of ISKCON and me in it and what's the best thing to do. I think how I lack in any fervor of prayer. The very word "fervor." Is not something I seem to like. I prefer peace.

But Śrīla Prabhupāda said the body and soul get so much in a painful situation at death that the soul can't bear to live in that body anymore. So where is peace in this world? Peace is only with the *śāntas* who know that Lord Kṛṣṇa is the object of sacrifices, the controller of all worlds, the best friend of everyone.

I lack that love. But I will not allow this lack of spontaneous feelings to cause me to drop the routine of reading and chanting. Any routine I'll seek the nectar for which we are always anxious.

Now twenty minutes to seven. Sounds. Warm. It's precarious, he said. The body-soul network is so complicated. Anything could go wrong, especially in old age. The woman who died in her wheelchair while waiting for the airplane.

Well, what to do, stay in an old folks home? Go live in the holy *dhāma* to die just because you're sixty years old? We have Śrīla Prabhupāda's example to follow, although not to imitate.

Hare Kṛṣṇa Hare Kṛṣṇa. Three kinds of *pramada*, crazy inattention in chanting: laziness, lack of fix-ness, distraction. I lectured on them.

Who is your spiritual master?

It's Śrīla Prabhupāda.

No other?

No, no other. No other is necessary. We got out of that.

Irish poems, passports, stills and wills.

When you board the boat, then you get out of the van in your wrinkled *sannyāsa* clothes. (Second day I'm wearing them.) Some deck hands and passengers will give us the eye. But it's Italy so they let it go. Or I don't feel intimidated. They are more easy-going. Maybe in their minds they reject us, put us down, think we are crazy outsiders. But somehow it doesn't show or I don't fear it as I would in Germany or even America.

Hare Kṛṣṇa. We are flesh and blood people. We are also religious. Monks in wrinkled saffron cotton. And we sweat like everyone else. We carry some food with us but no wine or cigarettes, no illicit sex.

Plane overhead. Darker in this van. 6:45 P.M. We wait. The madness of the conversion cars have quieted down. We are right up front but they may ask us to wait because we are a van.

Let's see.

Pasta vasul—pasta and beans, do you remember eating that as a kid when visiting Italian relatives? I ask Italian devotees but they didn't know "pasta fazool."

You can stop this in a few minutes. It will be the bare twenty minutes. When we are better located we can go for longer.

Prayer. No Christian or Buddhist meditation. I hold on to the beads. I don't know anyone but Kṛṣ-

ṇa as my Lord and He shall remain as such even if He handles me roughly in His embrace or makes me broken-hearted by not being present before me.

Kṛṣṇa Kṛṣṇa, Kṛṣṇa, my heart is yearning to taste the nectar. I feel dry but go on chanting. The round goes by in seven to ten minutes and I think of something else during that time, you know this. I try.

"Si," Madhu says. He's talking to someone. Will they let us board?

(20 minutes, June 27, 1995, just before boarding the ferry to Naply-Polamo)

Session #25

5:34 A.M.

M. was topside and said it's very pleasant. I was in the cabin with lights out, curtains open, watching the sea. I got all the benefit except the fresh air. Maybe I'll go up after breakfast for awhile. But here I am at my traded.

Maybe buy some art reproductions in Sicily. Get into the mood for the upcoming art retreat. But again, everything should be dovetailed in Kṛṣṇa consciousness. For example, almost no western artist depict Kṛṣṇa. So it doesn't impel my Kṛṣṇa consciousness. Then what good is it? Raoul Duffy paints a music hall concert, a day at the race track, seashore, part of aristocrats, a naked woman . . . Roualt is more soulful, some faces of Christ, but still.

Well, the idea is maybe I can springboard. I who have no talent to "hamper" me can paint or color or draw my way direct to a primitive expression of Kṛṣṇa consciousness. I am taking it seriously, playfully too.

But everything will be tested at the time of death.

I'm hoping to be able to paint Kṛṣṇa's form and pastimes seriously, from visions within myself. And also acts of a devotee in *sādhana*, from Baladeva or Madhu too, sketch them. Sketch devotees at prayer or memories in myself of myself practicing or others as I see them. Try to practice seeing visions and portray them onto a page.

Life-boats hanging just outside the window. Photo of Śrīla Prabhupāda on *vyāsāsana*—red pillows and ornamented, carved cement or stone behind him. Yes, it's Vṛndāvana, his Krishna-Balarāma temple. I want to learn that art, of Kṛṣṇa and cows and Prabhupāda and *samādhis* and paint in a guileless way. Just as I can. Same as how I write.

Then in this place in Sicily. This morning I did something that could be a promising thing. It's random reading, picking up anywhere in his books and then making some notes with an equally random air.

Dreamt Hṛdayānanda Mahārāja came into my room. He was gentle at first. I thought he wanted to talk of his own project, Vaiṣṇava university, but he didn't much. Wanted to see me. I neglected him in the first moments because I was preoccupied—my eyeglasses were the wrong ones or something. Then I paid attention to him.

But on waking I frankly think I have no close friends. Some arrogance on my part to think this. As if I am better than others. But without arrogance I ought to face the fact that I have no close friends. It seems to me I'm not attracted to anyone. I used to think certain persons could make me strong like a GBC man or preacher should be. Or I saw some as spiritually advanced. Now I'm disappointed in how people have not known what is best for me, never encouraged what is unique in me—and rather they led me into being a different sort of person than I actually am. Such friends are disastrous. Now I look for the friendship one can have with disciples. Aside from that, I correspond with a few in a

friendly way. Don't be puffed-up about this, but accept it and see how it is also beneficial.

What to write in the months ahead?

I'll have to eventually work up ten classes for a new "Prabhupāda Appreciation." Like to think of him writing his books in Vṛndāvana. Maybe present some of that early writing, *Message of Godhead*, *Renunciation*, *Easy Journey*, and then especially *Śrīmad-Bhāgavatam* First Canto. Also that little book search for the ultimate goal. Go over what is special in them.

Tell his life in India trying to produce the book. Going to Delhi and then Vṛndāvana. And then the going to America and the first year there. It's nice to speak of it.

And excerpts of his tapes.

Man out on the gangway, cat walk . . . the Saratoga, they say is going to the scrap yard.

Dream of going back to the Navy, but not the Saratoga. Scrap medal; dreams can be scrapped too.

Why does dream producer want me to see Hṛdayānanda? It's not the real person but what he means to me.

LMdd asked me about her own diary. What if you always write about yourself? I said it's okay in a diary. But it should be to help yourself to function and be happy and confident as a devotee. Not that you get all consumed in gazing at self, one's body, psyche soul and even Kṛṣṇa is not as important as your own *ātmā*. No, Kṛṣṇa should be (is) predominate reality.

Reading His books.
The Lord who controls this
Italian sea and allows this
little boat comedy-tragedy
to exist, metal floats in
water—whose energy makes
the sea rough or calm
as it is this morning.

Rattling noise in this cabin as the boat vibrates
and sea moves us. M. taking a fifteen minute nap.
My own WS is just about over. It may go all the
way to six which would be twenty-five minutes.

Pray. Thank you, Lord, for giving us a week to
read and write. I hope I can do it nicely and not
forget You. If I see a painting of Raoul's, let me use
it to make a form of Kṛṣṇa, maybe Kṛṣṇa killing the
watcherman or accepting a garland from the florist
named Sudama. A kind and shy Kṛṣṇa in mind
who comes out as I attempt to draw Him. Maybe
with a quick stick-figure sketch first. So time is up,
breakfast now.

(23 minutes, June 30, 1995, on board boat to
Valamo)





