

Every Day, Just Write

Volume 41

# Trust the Process

March 16–April 5, 1999

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## Also from *Every Day, Just Write*

- Volume 1, Welcome Home to  
the One Big Book of Your Life
- Volume 2, Songs of a Hare Krishna Man
- Volume 3, Search for the Authentic Self
- Volume 4, Our Group at Nilacala
- Volume 5, Room 42
- Volume 6, A Writer of Pieces
- Volume 7, Simplicity in Irish Spring
- Volume 8, The Primrose Path
- Volume 9, Something Reading or Writing,  
Something Reading or Writing
- Volume 10, Choosing to be Alone
- Volume 11, Sacrifice for the Bhagavatam
- Volume 12, My Secret Life
- Volume 13, Accepting My Limits
- Volume 14, The Diary as Devotion
- Volume 15, Econoline Preacher
- Volume 16, Put Yourself Out
- Volume 17, Blackberreies
- Volume 18, Free Kartikka
- Volume 19, Radha Govinda, We hardly knew Ya
- Volume 20, The Lord Reigneth
- Volume 21, Getting Through
- Volume 22, Return to Quiet Heroics
- Volume 23, The Best *Goshtyanandi*
- Volume 24, Approaching Gaura-purnima
- Volume 25, The Ocean And The Desert
- Volume 26, Moving into a House
- Volume 27, Sips At The Fount

Volume 28, Living for the Quota  
Volume 29, Krishna is the Life Force of My Words  
Volume 30, Seeking the Easy Way  
Volume 31, All You Need is Krishna  
Volume 32, Going on Holidays  
Volume 33, Beloved Routine  
Volume 34, A Lease on Life  
Volume 35, Karttika Flame and Shadow  
Volume 36, Prabhupada's Gift: Stay in Ireland  
Volume 37, Going Out and Coming Back  
Volume 38, Winter Bhajana  
Volume 39, What I Have Been Given  
Volume 40, Seeing Krishna Within the Cloud

March 16, 1999

2:25 A.M.

Fifteen rounds. While chanting I thought some day I might become aware that I'm making up for lost, wasted time—and I'd go on chanting beyond the mere sixteen minimum. But why don't I do that now, see I am desperate, stay at the very heart of Krishna consciousness, call out to Krishna in the *maha-mantra*? The answer I came up with is that I need to write and writing is also chanting. Shrila Prabhupada did much of his chanting off the beads, speaking Krishna's teachings, listening to those he was speaking to, managing the money and manpower (and quarrels and obstacles) of his ISKCON.

Like father, like son. I write too. It is the first duty of a person in the renounced order—to write.

Faint, weak feeling early this morning but at least I'm able to swallow water and pills without vomiting. Today is my phone call to Dr. Krohe, scheduled for 11:30 A.M. Irish time. I'll tell him I am decisive that Ultram doesn't relieve headaches and may be the cause of nausea. Give me another drug, Doc. And Doc., I love ya, I'm grateful to God that I've got you to guide me. Yeah, otherwise I'd be lost in the sea of options (opeiods) and experiments.

Sati wanted to go to the great sacrifice with her husband, Lord Shiva. She knew of the tension between

her father, Daksha, and her husband, but still she asked Lord Shiva, “If you desire, we may also go.” (*Bhag.* 4.3.8) It’s a woman’s nature that she wants to decorate herself with ornaments, nice dresses and accompany her husband to social functions. Says who? The purport. I’m just reporting what I read.

Lord Shiva wasn’t at all attached to material enjoyment or social functions “because he was always in ecstasy with thoughts of the Supreme Personality of Godhead.” *Jaya*. Sati’s jewelry was the gift from her father. Shivaji didn’t give her such things. What good was he then as a husband? He gave his wife the best spiritual knowledge and personal association.

Sati admitted she was not on the plane of eternal consciousness where one sees all material varieties as illusion. For me, I try to claim I’m dovetailing or practicing *yukta-vairagya*, accepting material phenomena as usable in Krishna’s service. The motive of your act is important—are you doing it for Krishna’s service?

Sati had heard the eternal teachings from Lord Shiva, but still she hankered to go to her father’s house and take part in the social affairs.

I am a fool. But he keeps me engaged in devotional service. Face your reality. The process you live in. Face your fallen-ness, your ease-loving nature. Uplift yourself by confidence that creative arts can be used in the service of the Lord. One at a time look at what is real, at least as much as you can.

“The music we play, listen to, hear in our heads while waiting for the bus, is both an expression of a most intimate psyche makeup as well as an important element in shaping the internal self, the soul, if you will.” (Editorial, *Cadence Magazine*, March 1999)

4:05 A.M.

You will remember me at the time of death. Who? Krishna. Then put the M in caps. He’s in caps and taps either way. He’s the little soul and the Over soul. I want to remember Him. But you have to fully surrender to Him to get His protection. Yes, I want it.

Singing to my Lord, dear Lord Krishna. His horn is bright gold, and he plays to Krishna. The pain of the head is gone, the vomiting is not here but when they come that’s another way to be Krishna conscious. Listen to the joy we feel. It’s all right.

Krishna is in red-brown with Radha dressed the same beside Him. White lace. I put it as best I could. Now you have to move on to the next stage. He’s the top boss performer, giving it, reaching for more expression to love God the way he does.

But God tells us, “Love Me best like this.” No one can know Him with the material senses. We can’t even know the pure devotee. *Vaishnavera kriya mudra vijne na bujhaya*. No, don’t try to understand Him or him. But if you begin to chant Hare Krishna mantra with your tongue and restrict your eating to only *krishna-prasadam*, then Krishna will reveal Himself to you. I promise you, He says.

Don’t confuse me, a rascal, with the Supreme Lord, the flawless infallible. Shrila Prabhupada giving hard

sayings—the murderer must be hanged, even the killer of the animals. I think, well, yeah if we could have the whole Vedic social system in tact, *then* we could do it.

I'm true to ya in my fashion. I better learn how to do it to Krishna's satisfaction. There is no other way.

Sounds peculiar  
 you forget the need  
 to be pure as a choir boy  
 we let you listen to jazz  
 and drink water and your friend  
 plays Irish trad as a  
 devotee dressed in saffron.

I'm piping hot acrid and he's  
 gentle macho, together we  
 make a pair of musicians playing  
 with harp and voice I'll

read my EJW, all lights out except for one on the lectern while I read, "Oh, today is a great opportunity. On morning walk I saw the swan paddle off from the shore toward the middle of the lake. I'm happy to be alone but living in a community of devotees on ISKCON land." Yeah, we'll let you come over and check the samovar. **[sp?]** We'll talk of the latest *Shrimad-Bhagavatam* readings. Where Sati is and Lord Shiva. Krishna lifted Govardhana Hill. I listened and got it, thank You, Lord! Thank you Shrila Prabhupada, for not kicking me away, let me help serve your movement.

6:55 A.M.

Sati addressed her husband, “O never born, and O blue-throated one.” By calling him blue throated she was recalling his kindness to others when he kept the ocean of poison in his throat. She hoped he would also be kind to her and bring her to her father’s house for the great *yajna*. When Lord Shiva heard the words of Sati he felt sorrow within for the sharp insults made by Daksha and others. He was affected because he has some connection with the material mode of ignorance.

Lord Shiva warned Sati that if she went to her father’s house, Daksha would be angry with her and she would find that intolerable.

Henry. Emory. Write on through the morning light. The bird sings. I said hello to Chaitanya. I’m an old man. I write anyway. Have letters to answer. Some of them are very long. I have to read and read and see what they are saying and how I can make a meaningful reply. Hare Krishna Hare Krishna.

You are not able to say much. God grants ability, otherwise you are dumb. Everything depends on Him. So Krishna said and Arjuna said. Arjuna didn’t want to fight. Krishna wanted him to fight. Finally, after *Bhagavad-gita* was spoken, Arjuna did too do what Krishna wanted.

Oh boy. This misty day. You are feeling weak from yesterday’s vomiting. Lying around, haven’t a brisk walk or done stretching exercises. Limits in many ways.

The sound of words in your head. Are you all right? How much burden can we place on your back? Don’t you know that Krishna consciousness is meant for



carrying a burden of love on behalf of Krishna and guru? If you don't carry their burden you'll have to carry another burden and it will be bitter and filled with karma.

No release or relief. Dreams float away. Today's seems lost as yesterday's. Gone in the wake, disappeared forever. Oh boy, sigh, I'm in a coat and sweat pants with *dhoti* over that, sitting in the shed. It is not very cold out. Winter . . . gone. spring not so clearly present. The crocus and narcissus are bowing their heads on stem necks—they look bedraggled. Do I look like that?

Krishna Krishna, the man on earth looks for relief. He wants to go back to Godhead. But for that . . . more greed, more mercy, more evidence that you are finished with material desires.

Hare Krishna crawl along. Sraddhavana will come over and cook. It's no big deal. A family is suffering because one of their members is very ill. Can I help? Go tell them something about God that one can hold onto.

In twice the time it took you to dress, three hens laid four eggs a piece. If the current price of eggs is forty cents per dozen, how many chickens would be required to make a hundred and thirty-nine dollars worth of eggs if the interest rate is four per cent on each egg and if farmer Jones has a bad habit of breaking every third egg? Remember I used to ask my father to work out the math problems with me. It was hard for him and well as me. We sat together at his little table in his bedroom. He was an expert at carpentry. Once made me a camera out of wood for a Boy's Scout fulfillment. And the marble

heaven box he made. Also, drilled my chestnuts with the drill press, so I could string them for chestnut contests at school. Stevie Rogers excelled at that sport. Smashed the other boy's chestnut. Yours become a twenty-killer, a thirty-killer, depending on how many chestnuts yours has smashed.

Back to the spiritual world. It's above heaven. It's the eternal abode. So this is a new volume and you see my focus is tight, fixed on the fictional plot that once upon a time . . . a man decided to stay put for at least five more months and he would face the reality of his process. He would warn and sigh and lie down and get up and write a poem.

He'd tell us what the *Shastras* say bit-by-bit. He writes to music in his head and the nature sounds of birds or wind or rain. How bright the green moss on the rock wall and on the thick tree trunk. How peaceful a day. The bird calls can evoke memories that ache, inchoate feelings of the past.

You know I wish I could help others but without too much expenditure. Your letter answering voice spews out some typical instructions of Krishna consciousness from speeches you heard the master make. Tell them they can depend on Krishna. Say, even when reverses occur it is a way that the Supreme Lord is drawing you closer to Him. You have to learn how to see through the scripture.

And so the regular reading of *Shrimad-Bhagavatam* is required for a railroad conductor like you. I'm ready to tell the doctor, "Give me a new fix and I like you in any case. I'll try to follow your instructions, but give me

something good will you? Or else I can go back to my Esgic which I know work for me.” “No,” he says, not that. And for gaining weight eat a pie on the sly. Don’t sip sugar and don’t take caffeine, do the *surya-namaskara*, that’s fine. Whatever you like and whatever I say.

That will free me. I’ll behave. Until my grave. Too much music spoils the brew of many cooks. I want to be thinking of Krishna when they take me away. Yamadutas don’t come for devotees. Who comes if one is trying to be a devotee but isn’t qualified to go back to Godhead at the end of this life? Who comes to him when he dies?

I’m not sure. It will be taken care of. Get ready by serving your master’s instructions.

9:30 A.M.

Tired of them and their anti-religion,  
pro-sex, pro own voice like Prometheus,  
anything but submissive to the gods.  
They have their own gods. Everyone is  
pushing something, selling something.  
So why not me?

(skip)

The message should plaintiff or  
no “message” just what is but in  
a life that has an example for  
those who want to follow it.

(skip)

He’s here to cook, I’m here to eat.  
His letter is here. “Put it on my desk.”

At 10:15 I begin the worship

of my Prabhupada *murti*. I haven't told you any story, I haven't explained even the little bit I told.

You are an acrobat, I am the flying trapeze. Big horses of Toulouse-Lautre racing around the circus circle. I don't want to do something forced. He implied maybe I'm doing my own thing and lucky and maybe I should be more surrendered or unlucky like him and forced to do something I don't like.

My answer is maybe I've paid some dues and taking it easy but what otherwise? We take what we are given. Yes, I'm very lucky doing what I want but there's a price for everything. I hope we do well and avoid hell.

Each one working out his karma, spending his pious credit or being purified. I like what I'm doing, is that wrong? Is this my message?—be happy in Krishna consciousness I thought that's what we're supposed to do.

10:10 A.M.

Five minutes. The window open. Cool air and sunshine and birdsong. A rectangle of sunlight on the floor. My last (sixteenth) round was done as I walked on the *parikrama* boards. It was very misty then. Letters. Time schedule. My life so little a phone call to the doctor is a big event. Speak up and make it clear the rescue med is not for me. Each one of us. S said he read EJW Volumes 1–3 and what resonates for him is “the search for the authentic self.” He’s searching; doesn’t want to get married just on the basis of a functional persona, but wants to live as a feeling, true self. Felt he’d become a victim of social reflexes and group conformity. I’ll talk with him a little after lunch. Am I a person too, the Guru, for disciples? Try to make it real.

Sir, your five minutes is almost up. Okay, I just wanted to share it with you. We have no pure drinking water here. No storage against disasters. I tell them just chant Hare Krishna. Another person said, “I’d spent years counseling many devotees to accept reverses as Krishna’s mercy so now that it has happened to me I find I am practiced to it and take it that way.” Sounds good.

2:10 P.M.

Lord Shiva informs Sati that Daksha is envious. He envies Shiva’s exalted position as one absorbed in the Supersoul. Shrila Prabhupada explains that when Daksha entered the arena, Lord Shiva was absorbed in trance on the Supersoul and may not have noticed Daksha. When we offer obeisances to a person we actually offer respects to Lord Vishnu who is in their

heart. (Thus when a disciple offers obeisances to his guru, the guru in turn offers obeisances to the disciple—because both are showing their respects to Lord Vishnu who resides within the temple of the body.) Since Lord Shiva was already offering obeisances to the Supersoul there was no need for him to separately offer obeisances to Daksha's material body. But Daksha was puffed-up and couldn't realize this.

4:03 P.M.

Get me to the church on time. Whatever tune you were humming at the time of death that tune will take you to your next song-body. Well, I was singing, get me to the church of universal love of God, get me to the Krishna's temple out of the bad luck of my nightmare. Please deliver me to the spiritual world on time. We can have a party the night before but then please deliver me. He wanted to go back to Godhead. In former times the whole purpose of the society was to go back to Godhead. The kings ruled for that purpose and the *brahmanas* brahmaned.

Oh yes. I have just come from the art room so you have to excuse me for being a bit blarney. I painted a woman with a blue dress and her hand on her hip and she was looking seductively one way toward—Lord Jagannatha and on the other side a blunt man walking into Lord Jagannatha and toward the woman. I don't know what it means. It just came out that way. Don't accuse me of blasphemy. It is juxtaposed persons and

God is always great and triumphant in all situations. Daring fellow, eh?

Another was “Yashoda-suta,” a royal blue not-so-successful baby Kṛṣṇa but at least you tried for the holiest of all forms. Another was two dogs and a man, the word “Rama” and another small voodoo-kind of doll man. *Tilaka* on all human beings but not on animals. Another was a self-portrait I did with the mirror. I made my skin nice pale wheat colored and wrote “Fool number one” under the picture. I almost dared to go over it again with a white gray to make me look closer to death. But I let it go. Another was a rather botched Shrila Prabhupada portrait but at least is recognizable, the great person sitting and it is a little different, not irreverent, but it doesn’t look beautiful. So there you have it. I was a little shy because Sraddhavana was pacing outside the house waiting for M. to return and take him to catch his plane. So I didn’t play any classical music and was aware someone was near. Still, I painted in my own world and no one interrupted. Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare. *Haribol*.

4:15 P.M.

No no We are getting the sweet ready  
then serving it (to you to your Deities)  
look respectfully at me because the Super-  
soul is within. I look at your worn face  
with veins showing because Vishnu is  
in your heart. Otherwise there is no need  
for respect? Figure it out. Without

God all is zero. Souls link to Him.

We're bringing you the sweet. It is warm  
and sunny today so unusual, it will trick  
the flowers into blooming and then smash  
them with cold driving rain and  
wind.

You can't trick me I'm only the most  
naive fool. I play the role. Don't  
put me down. Don't mistreat me don't  
let loose my gremlin. To run over me  
and I will not turn myself in to the  
local committee of active devotees  
saying "Direct me."

You know all this. How are you?  
I'm all right. I did a painting session.  
*So, who cares, you think you're an artist?*  
Nevermind. I did it for myself.  
Somebody, a few love me.  
Krishna gave me that. I want to  
give Him my free spirit  
my holy will, my delight, here  
Lord this is my best and  
dedicated holy to Thee.

5 P.M.

Balmy day, window and front door open. Strawberry  
*halava* for evening snack, special treat from  
Sraddhavana. I weigh 8.3 stones. Translate that. Madhu



laughing with his buddy Godbrother in the house. If I come into their presence they sober up. You've got no friend to goof off with and tickle? I do it on the ivories, on the paint canvas, in ink on legal pad. Will Chaitanya come over tonight to wash the brushes? He can see what I painted.

No one makes any comments. All these startling shapes and crude baby looks and stickman ginger bread mud-pie faces. You serious?

'Bout what? 'Bout somethin'.

I am serious when it gets too cold or hot. When it gets too dangerous or sexy or too long away from *parampara*. I'm serious about my self-survival, my sixteen rounds and three *gayatris terrible*. About drinking water, the sublime life-sustaining act, and breathing in and out and sleeping and rising and continuing. To write.

A baboon can't be serious about God consciousness. That's the difference. We can be. We are humans and that's the dif.

Now the brightest part of the day has past and the warmest. You won't want to keep that window open. Picked out Deity's clothes for the 'morrow. If I played a wooden recorder or lute, I'd play a twilight song soon, in these peaceful hills. In these hills on high.

March 17

3:05 A.M.

Sleepless night so I stayed in bed until almost 2 A.M. I was alone in the house. Thought I heard sounds a 9 A.M. so opened the front window and stood there looking and listening. There were plenty of stars and cool but not cold. Saw a truck with lights on somewhere in the distance. My bare feet on the floor. Then back in bed wide awake thinking what is it like to leave this world. And what is it to join the spiritual world. You have to be intensely desirous of Krishna. The demons who hate Krishna are better off than devotees, Narada said, just to emphasize the power of intense absorption in Krishna consciousness. I don't have that. Body concerns. But at least I treasure my twenty four hour schedule, and within it the midnight beginning *japa*. *Japa* deserves the best. But today I had to start so late and now everything runs late. While awake I also sensed I don't write as much as I used to. Fear of diary-itis.

Devotees return to their original shape  
when they hear the  
Hare Krishna mantra

Many, many devotees have become unrecognizable taking grotesque shapes due to their association with the material modes and with religious pursuits. But Jayadvaita and myself and a few others begin persistently chanting and chanting. And when these

devotees are exposed to the sound vibration gradually begin to change from their exotic material ridiculous forms into their forms as devotees again and chant Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare/ Hare Rama Hare Rama, Rama Rama Hare Hare.

4:17 A.M.

I am used to falling asleep on my feet (sixteen years old) in the Food Farm working nights. I am used to sleeping and weeping. He doesn't know does he, whether he wants to be a good boy? Doesn't have that deep absorption in Krishna as Bhishma and so many devotees attained at the end of their lives. And then there are pure devotees living in the *dhamas*. Glad they are there praying for the world.

Hare Krishna, his mother is very old and they are going to live with her. Hare Krishna motions to the man in the back, "You, you come forward and receive Krishna consciousness." What's this, a fictive spiritual book? I want real stuff, peanuts and ripe pomegranates, *ascinuados*.

Fly into Venice. Don't die. You are able to be a good fellow, aren't you?

With questions like this, who could go wrong? We dress Radha- Krishna in peach colored outfit, light weight and necklaces of the same hue. I'm not assigning you to the lower berth. I just want . . .

Krishna man He's the top. You were afraid if you chanted, you'd be overcome by the sandman modes. In the temple, they'd poke you and say, "Wake up Prabhu, you're in *maya*." So young you'd listen.

Talking to a man half my age he says he's searching for his authentic self. I said, "Did you find it?" Not yet. I said it will take your whole life and still you'll be searching. But he says he doesn't want to get married until he finds the deep living feeling being he is. Can the wife help you, I asked. But he says he doesn't know if she knows how; maybe she would think it's all word jugglery when he says like that.

I tell them you just chant Hare Krishna and then I change the subject. I don't know how to help folks except in the simplest way. They come all the way to see me and that's all? Yeah, chant Hare Krishna.

Oh boy, here is Persival. Here is Bach and Mozart too. You are afraid of arrest, sir? Do you steer to Krishna? Yes, if you'll show me the road sign. But Krishna is everywhere. Yes, but I want to be where He's known and celebrated in Deity form and *nama* form and where *Bhagavad-gita* and *Shrimad-Bhagavatam* are read and discussed and where devotees gather to preach. Oh, that place.

I can't hear what may be going on outside my head. Face your reality as last night in bed wide open eyes at the skylight and the night, aware it is teaming with beings and you just want to be left alone. A lusty dream. You say, all right, don't berate yourself. That's not really you. You want to be a devotee so take care of yourself.

Oh boy. The time is being kept. The scale doesn't work. Krishna, please help us, we want to improve. We want to buckle up. We want to hear the right words and write them. Will you allow us? The dark night is over

and I haven't slept. Neither have I learned some big life changing lesson although there was an inkling of that. Bye-bye he said and the train pulled out. We were sad and then went back to work.

(skip)

8:25 A.M.

Now here we go with Krishna conscious writing in the shed. It will be absolute truth because that's where I'm at. In a dream, they were looking for a man. I had to go through the halls of the prison with cells on both sides and prisoners sitting in front of their cells. I had to hurriedly carry my Gaura-Nitai and other Deities on a tray and not lose Them because They might fall off, or a prisoner would steal them. The red flag was up signifying a wind storm. I was angry and annoyed but we were rushed this way and so I said, "Before we do this again we have to arrange to do it right." (Not rushing to put the Deities onto a shaky tray and carrying it in a kind of balancing act while hurrying through the prison.)

I agree, do it right next time. Go to a secure place where you don't have to dismantle your altar and rush off like that. Hare Krishna chanting today is not so good because I'm not doing it in the ideal place and time. And I feel nauseous. Nausea spreads a mental attitude of sourness whereby you find fault with your own EJW and find yourself unable to be cheerful to whoever you meet. They feel this themselves some days and that's why they're not cheerful to you.

Hare Krishna. A fair sunny day again and it's no wonder you don't know what to do. You are not going

to play soft ball or even take a stroll in a park. No one to do it with, myself included. A fair day is lost that way. But if you can chant Hare Krishna simply, very simply, without disgust, being strong enough to face the dryness and go beyond it, then I say good for you, bravo.

Ask him what is he doing? How many people in your life? Is Krishna the most important? Factually he is. Your life is meant to serve Him and thus return yourself to your natural, deathless position. Better to be free of all relationships so you can give your time to knowing Krishna. But then you share Krishna consciousness with others. So it's not just you and Krishna (vertical) but everyone seen by you in a Krishna conscious way (horizontal).

Oh, my mouth is dry. I don't know how to use the day. I feel bereft and just a crumb. I don't want anyone to traverse on my property, on my body, give me room because I'm a little sour smelling, sour looking and nauseous. You're not a *maha-bhagavata* or even a plain *sadhu* who is *titiksha*, tolerant at all times and doesn't get disturbed. You're not *karunika*, merciful.

Then what are you? You are in the best position. Oh, the Sankhla came to mind and the youngest one's dream of how the world, especially America, could become Krishna conscious. Froth and daydream of a Krishna conscious U.S.A. president and closing all the slaughter houses. I was little a mean to her in public saying, "This is a dream. But we can dream, can't we?" Me, the answer man, the opinion giver, the supposed

last word, but actually they don't follow me that way and neither do I ask them to.

Give me a Vaishnava calendar and other supplies. I want to see when Ekadashis occur and other days. Give me peace.

Bonker. Relax. Drink water. Be yourself. Use your pen to write out a cast of characters people can follow in a crafty game or novel or short story. Yes, once upon a time a man held a marble. Once upon a time Pee-Wee Reese was marble champion as a boy in NYC area and then he grew up to be Harold "Pee-Wee" Reese, a short-stop for the Brooklyn Dodgers. Pee-Wee, a good guy if ever there was one, in 1950s style. Rarely made an error, but he too was human, as evidenced by his fairly low batting average.

Now folks, to keep us on the Krishna conscious track I'll be reading *Shrimad-Bhagavatam*. It has taken me some time to reach it today because of various factors. I hope to reach it and you will hear the unmistakable ring of truth and narrative. We left off in the middle of Lord Shiva's speech to his wife. He warns her that if she goes to the festival at her father's house it could turn into a disaster. She would have to meet the anger of her father directed toward her and Lord Shiva. But it looks like Sati will disobey her husband's advice.

I'm not reading it just yet. I need to say good-bye to this page. We have discussed briefly my feeling out of sorts and so we don't dare venture a discourse on how I feel about EJW or anything because you'll put a sour blanket over it. Just say I heard a bird chirping and it's

spring despite myself. The universe runs on beyond me. I cling to clicked rounds of Hare Krishna mantra.

9:55 A.M.

Beautiful day for a St. Patrick's Day parade. Hare Krishna chanters not allowed in it this year. They didn't make a concerted effort to get in. They don't cooperate so much in group efforts which require someone ordering someone else what to do. I'm a by-stander. Don't accuse me.

I don't write about that. Concert news banned fighter pilots rescued out from behind enemy lines. You want an exciting life? You want a literary life? Rilke tells the young poet, don't blame your life for not being rich enough to write from. Blame yourself for not being enough of an artist to mine the riches. If nothing else you can give memories of childhood impressions.

Yes. Sassafras headed the Boy Scout contingent deep into the woods. In *Krishna-lila*, the boys suddenly notice that the cows have wandered off. So they go searching for them. Krishna calls them by name, "Hey, Shyamalini!" When the cows hear Krishna calling, they become ecstatic and run to Him with affection. Shrila Prabhupada says Krishna loves all the residence of Vrindavana absolutely.

11:40 A.M.

While shaving my head he tells me a GBC man wants some disciples of mine to stop criticizing a temple. Thank God I've disciples on both sides of the fracas. That's not my



role anymore, to manage, tell them  
how to relate on that level. But maybe the  
GBC will say, “You must do something, he’s  
your disciple.” That’s not my role I say. I’m  
too fragile, I just tell them all to be  
peaceful. If they fight I cannot fight.

They may be displeased with me. They may  
talk bad about me that I don’t cooperate.  
I hope not too much. But I won’t be  
disturbed. The weather is changing, soon it  
will be April. I want to stay here and every two  
weeks sit on the edge of the bath tub while  
he shaves my head.

No nonsense. Poems. Read *Shrimad-Bhagavatam*.  
Keep

fighting to regain your schedule. That kind  
of fighting I will do. To be myself, to learn  
how to chant in the best hours and sneak in  
reading of Shiva-Daksha before a head-  
ache closes me out.

Move in the bath water, in your saffron  
clothes, in the Deity worship, honor  
*prasada* and write yes that you  
could do better and more. And paint each  
day even if they say you’re crazy or  
whatever they say. This too—the  
happy and strange figures I paint—  
arms upraised,

this too is Krishna consciousness. Not that  
it's all owned  
by managers, GBC, quarrelers.

12:04 P.M.

You don't take walks. Haven't recovered from something, piles or headache or nausea. Can't walk. Someone may hit your with their jeep or car. Walk with a flashlight and reflector clothes, not black sweats.

You don't walk but do you talk? Believe in the adventure of each day different than another. It's a new ball game. Watch it, participate in it, create it, flow with its inevitable turns. Something he said disturbed me a little, reminding me of how they want to plunge me into their controversies. I stay in Ireland to be removed from it, but then there are controversies here. Can't people be peaceful? That's a political act—I hereby declare I won't get dragged into controversies. If they arise here I don't intend to run away. I'll keep acting my way, staying apart. This is a good house and neighborhood for that. Someone cooks lunch each day.

Krishna Krishna no jokes, alarm. “Thank you, Gerry Mulligan!” says the Gerry Mulligan all-star tribute band. He is gone by his music remains and they do it the way he would want it. We'd like to please Shrila Prabhupada in a similar way. Be a tribute to him. Don't shame him. He can't be shamed but you know what I mean. Even Krishna said that to Arjuna—if you don't fight as I ask then they will say Krishna's friend is a coward, dishonorable. I try in my way. It's not like your way? It is my offering.

1:08 P.M.

Sati disobeyed her husband and went alone to her father's house. Lord Shiva's followers', headed by Maniman and Mada quickly caught up to Sati. They seated her on Lord Shiva's bull Nandi, and accompanied Sati with a royal parade. When Sati arrived at the festival most of the people did not receive her well out of their fear of Daksha. But Sati's mother and sisters warmly greeted her. Shrila Prabhupada spoke earlier of Sati's disobedience of Lord Shiva as due to womanly weakness. But now he praises women who are usually soft-hearted whereas men are sometimes hard-hearted.

4:10 P.M.

My own music you see. I composed it on the sly in the bathroom, in between lectures and meetings whenever I could . . .

Could you tell us a little about the harp? The harp is my buddy's. We intend in the future to do live readings accompanied by the harp. But I was saying, this music of mine is the real thing, it's the life soul and I want to go to Krishna and the people with it and . . .

What about these paintings? They seem messy and childish. Are you pulling our legs?

Hey, what? These are my paintings and they are part of my music, see? This one over here is a swan, obviously, and this is like a black tall Godzilla walking through town or cities. I put in the holy words just so it wouldn't be *maya*. This is Prabhupada, I can't do his

justice but to paint him sincerely is a joy or satisfaction. I care less how it comes out as long as I try. But I don't fuss and fuss over it. This is a bunch of men walking, they got pants on, see, no naked because a human being is meant to cover his lower parts. They is walking and I'm not exactly satisfied. I tend to get staid. You may think it's wild but it's staid. I wanted to let loose but didn't know and so built it up and left it. Maybe the next one next time . . . this here is two temple domes and some people in front of them.

How come the floor's a complete mess of paints splashes?

Oh, that. That's my music, I was telling you . . .

You really are indulging in your freedom, brother. You know today is St. Patrick's Day and there are big preaching opportunities in the city?

Like what? Anyway, I'm preaching here through my music.

Okay, thanks for the interview.

Don't mention it. Don't mention me. My name is Sats.

5:40 P.M.

They're talking downstairs but what I have to say can stay. The little birds out the window very warm day for Rathgorrah.

On this day in central PA it snowed ten inches and yet was above freezing, soft powdery heavy on branches and the robins could not find their meal.

(skip)

On this day 350,000 jam the streets of  
 Dublin. I can't hear them, I can't hear  
 men calling for Guinness in the pubs.  
 I hear only that bird twittering. The  
 open window, and Chaitanya cleaning the mess  
 I made in the art room.

Shall I go down and look with him at  
 the paintings? Fishing for a compliment.  
*Cadence* sends a CD wrapped in a  
 twelve-year-old copy of their magazine—  
 picture  
 of white-haired Charles Rouse on the cover.  
 That's in the trash now.  
 And we read together some *ashṭakas*  
 from Rupa Gosvami's *Stava-mala* I always  
 read the first three "Krishna -kunj-bhihari" and  
 Madhu the middle three and Chaitanya gets to  
 read all the *Shruti* phalas which we all like  
                     and pat ourselves  
 back—oh that's a good one (He who  
                     listens shall become the  
 associate of Radha.  
 (skip)  
 Whoever reads this poems of mine  
 I thank and may he gain the eternal favor  
 of Lord Krishna who stands with splendor  
 in His pastimes in the forest. May  
 the reader remember  
 the Lord at  
 death and go to His abode.

6:35 P.M.

Another EJW from 1997 to proofread. Life and writing, writing and life. For me, I can by-pass literature and declare it unreal. Don't be puffed up about your privilege to do so. It also makes you "less than" the literary creator. But to have life in writing is more important to me. And you can constantly include fictive flickers as your imagination plays through life.

Talking with C. about the sand he is putting into the acrylic paints. "You're getting a grasp of it," he says. Yes, I say, it's three dimensional but I don't know if it will come across in the photos.

Writing letters to devotees who have just returned from India. A young married couple say they like the mood in Vrindavana and maybe will spend six months of every year there. Yes, yes, I say, it's auspicious that you feel at home in the holy *dhama*. One wonders why I don't go, but I know why. For now it's here, the bird out *this* window, this peace to write at will each day and call Dr. K once a week (for awhile) with quick access to meds from America and most of all—what I can't duplicate even in Vrindavana U.P.—the privacy and living at my pace which means not attending a morning program in a temple. Or rather I *do* have a morning program of my own, more rigorous than any ISKCON temple, but my way and conducted without show for others, no one in attendance by myself. That I can't get as well if I leave this white cloud house.

*Haribol* good night. You have your ups and downs I know. So be steady as you can and turn to the Lord in

the heart. Please forgive me. Please release me from  
lust, fear, anger, stupidity, slouth. Make me Your  
devotee, O handsome Prince of Vraja.

## March 18

3:07 A.M.

After twelve rounds I felt very sleepy, took rest again and I'm up now but nauseous. The hot water is boiling. What are you going to do on March 18? Are you going to read some scripture? Are you going to just write about yourself?

4:10 A.M.

I had something important to say. It occurred to me as I was dressing Radha and Govinda in Their blue and silver Vrindavan outfit. What was it? In *Bhagavad-gita* Arjuna calls himself miserly when he surrenders to Krishna and asks to become His disciple. Shrila Prabhupada explains that if you have some means and you don't spend it, that is miserly. I thought of art and writing—it could be called generous to give it in a Krishna conscious way. Don't keep it repressed; gift the world with whatever you love, but in Krishna's service.

In Goloka Vrindavana the *manjari* learns her service from her group leader. Bhaktivinoda Thakura told his own vision of this. So at that time you are willing to take up menial services for the Divine Couple. You don't serve on the condition that you be the temple president. You don't say, "I need disciples to carry out my work."



Remember when you were are in Bombay, Mumbai? So what? Did you get an inkling you could write and write? They say it's good or bad. The Ayurvedic doctor on the phone to his boss says, "He has such and such, but I took his pill just after he ate." Down in a temple room you stand before the Deities. Godbrothers there. Big social religious scene. And always some controversial issues of ISKCON in the heavy air.

Do you mean you want to stay here and just execute some of the nine principles of *bhakti* from here? Yes, Radharani's abode is attained by pure loving attitude. That could be encouraged by living in Vrindavana, Radha-kunda. But maybe some of us wouldn't flourish there, not right now.

*Haribol*, make a list.

(1) Wist, twist Turkish taffy at Atlantic Ocean, the boardwalk.

(2) Tygers, tyres

(3) Incense in a Radha-Krishna pack.

(4) Happy permission to serve your way

(5) JS saying the cloth is made up of only its horizontal and vertical threads and similarly everything that we see is Krishna.

(6) Me hearing that explanation and thinking it's not so exciting but it stays with you later as important for faith. God is everything—yet He is apart as an individual, the chief one.

(7) More catsup, mustard, forbidden foods.

(8) Happy list forever. Song of myself. Poem of qualities of Krishna, *sayujya*, *nirvana* condemned.

(9) “I am *nirvana*,” said the forest goddess. My five sisters have gone to Vaikunṭha and left me here and I am confused. Running away from her—the total annihilation of soul.

(10) Hare Krishna sentences and fragments.

(11) Black Africans beating on big Congo drums—call it a *kirtana*. Brahmananda giving out *prasadam*. Your fantasy puts you as a mailman in federal gray uniform . . .

(12) Come back to senses. The GBC man is angry and wants you to do something but you say that’s not your role. It’s against your principles.

(13) God of all people and religions. “In my opinion,” said the bus driver, “only Krishna consciousness can get you out of this material world.” “Uh, I agree,” conceded the main speaker.

(14) The girls and boys grown up as poets. “Take responsibility for what you write,” said the teacher. But the writer replied, “I can write whatever I feel; it doesn’t have to be what I personally advocate. Give life.”

(15) Oh, oh, oh, peppermint. Tell him I’m no longer interested in that. I want simply porridge but something nice too. Hare Krishna toast and butter and jam and in the afternoon a thin juice with my snack.

(16) Call up the doctor if you’re dying. Ask him to be sympathetic. You have a right to be pain-free, said the nurse. Ah, but is it in my karma? Doctor, give me four more years so I can carry out my plans. You nonsense, he can’t give you four minutes more than you are destined.

Extended a little longer on our visa. May I stay in Ireland? Yes, why not? I don't know . . . But listen, if you had to leave here you'd do something else but similar. You can change. The world and you *do* change, every seven years a new body, every moment a change as the oxygen eats away your duration.

It can be used as a typewriter. It can dance a jig. There is no other way. Hare Krishna Hare Krishna a.

Oh boy, Hamburg write on a card in a pad, a moving car. Hare Krishna is the sonnet form of prayer meaning, "O Lord and God's internal energy, please let me serve You." The mantra is itself the first service. Say it, sing it, to yourself and even better, for others. But what if they don't want to hear it?

That may be. We then force them, Hare Krishna Hare Krishna. Force. Gentle. Melodic. Pass it out into their ear and heart. If you don't want to . . . Be quiet then. But the bold chanters will lead the way. Some people may become annoyed but if someone hears and likes that's great.

He parked his car in a lot at JFK and the windows fogged over. I peed into a wide-necked jar in the rear seat of the car and thus relieved part of myself for the long flight ahead. It was less than six hours, five and a half, because we had strong tail winds pushing. I am now writing this at my desk in Wicklow after two clear days.

7:03 A.M.

Daksha had re-begun the sacrifice but had not invited Shiva. Nor did he offer a share of the *yajna* to Shiva.

And when Lord Shiva's wife arrived, Daksha ignored her. Sati became very angry with her father. Now we learn that her real purpose in attending the festival was to see whether Lord Shiva was being respected. Her anger at the insult delivered to Lord Shiva, the great Vaishava, is applaudable. She then spoke out loud, condemning the behavior of her father, Daksha. She accused him of being envious of Lord Shiva. Daksha tried to find fault in a great person. Lord Shiva is just the opposite, he finds and magnifies good qualities even in a faulty person.

7:13 A.M.

Colder today and no sunshine. The sun yesterday coaxed some flowers to bloom. A little group of yellow ones, in the family of daffodils, has burst open near the shed. But they are hanging their heads. It is a hard life for delicate flowers. Never do they get long days and weeks at a time full of sunshine. Having said that, I duck into the shed and put the heater on. One of the pens won't work. Hare Krishna Hare Krishna. I am standing and sitting for the exam. The first question says, "Make a list of at least ten items. Compose it in Sanskrit and speak them like Sarvabhauma Bhattacharya did when he composed his one hundred verses praising Lord Chaitanya.

(1) The Epicure Epicenter restaurant catered to fools who also attended Disney Land. No devotees of Lord Narayana are interested in going there.

(2) The truck dumped many tons of first-class topsoil and we converted our flower garden into a vegetable

garden. A man appeared and said he would be the gardener.

(3) Elephants were not seen. An old tiger in the zoo, bad odor from the big piece of meat they threw to him.

(4) I carefully replied to the letter accusing me of creating strife and holding back preaching..

(5) Emerald Isle sells bottled liquor in Duty-Free shop. Priests purchase. Do Hare Krishnas? Do they think they're better than others? Silk or gold cut cigarettes in a carton. It used to be so cheap. A kid like me could buy a cartoon for an uncle as a Christmas present. Each cigarette pack so neatly put together.

(6) Godiva, Godzilla, Govinda. Pick your favorite word. I prefer Govinda; He is also the source of all other words. *Go* means land, cows and senses—He satisfies all.

(7) *Go brahmana hitaya ca*. Glories to Lord Vishnu who is the friend of the cows and *brahmanas* all living entities. Say that mantra while initiates stand with bananas in their folded hands. Folded?

(8) Ate. Ate. Eeight. The eye doctor asked the patient if he could read the sign starting with the top line and going down, reading from left to right. Here is what he saw and said:

A CERTAIN  
MANGOL ALLOWED FRITTERS  
IN BED BUT AT LEAST HE  
OFFERED THEM TO KRISHNA.  
BEWARE OF RED ANTS  
AND SCHISMS LIKE GRAND CANYON.  
After that the lines became too small.

She then increased the power of magnification for his eyes and said, “Now read and see how far down you can go.” In a loud but slow and halting voice he read:

BETTER BE KC AND  
NOT FRITTER AWAY YOUR PRECIOUS  
BOWTIE POTATOES FOR EMERGENCIES  
LIKE Y2K OR STORM AND  
SCHISMS LIKE A CRACK IN  
THE WALL OF CHINA.

That’s better, she said. You owe me ninety dollars.

(9) The list is endless like clothes on the line in the backyard of the Guarinos in 1952. The snowstorm would come. If it happens again I will chant Hare Krishna.

(10) The battleship Pequod met the ship Angus and they fought for the earth, like two bulls. The *kshatriya* are active and like to fight to show their prowess.

(11) Wucker [sp?] ink removed.

(12) Blarney

(13) Cabbage and potatoes.

Enough. You are a party pooper. Let’s see you answer all those letters, mate. Clear your throat. If a pain comes, you know what to do. Like a rat in a maze when he’s shocked by the psychologist (I’d be shocked myself if I met a rat while I was walking through a maze—“ Krishna!” I respond to the shock by reaching for the anagelsic bottle, Shri Vishnu, Shri Vishnu, Shri Vishnu.

(14) Angels cardboard, Gandharvas, Jins, acrobats, eunuchs, carolers, little people, elves, ghosts, goblins

*yaksas* and *raksasas*. Keep away, don't even think of them.

(15) Angel fingers, devil dogs, harrup apples, thigh bone connected to the ankle bone with many in between. The bridge that floats in Guyana, the bridge over the river Kwai got blown up in suspense ending.

Now people, we devotees declare war on crime and all who are not devotees. We are not powerful enough to kill them. By argument and flattery and *prasadam* and logic, *Shastra*, piety, good example, we hope to change a few.

This is a good day. I am planning to come back to the shed for a second time, right after lunch each day.

Mud pies. Billy Tuttle in cowboy boots on his tricycle, peddles down Samson Avenue hill, to our house. His father I told you, was tall, had a short walrus or Hitlarian mustache and was a ferryboat captain. I was—better not dredge it up. Your memories are of a corrupt young man. No illusions about that. We have been saved. Caryle, Argyle socks.

In Italy I wrote that EJW volume *Put Yourself Out* and I'm reading it again. He wants to come home to Ireland and rest and write without all those lecture obligations and people to see and miles to drive. This one is used up. *Haribol*.

(

9:15 A.M.

Ecology note pads, protect nature  
I write on them and it's okay because my  
words repeat Krishna consciousness.

“Giving back to the future.” This message is durable, most needed.

(skip)

We start with the *Bhagavad-gita* second chapter

“You’re not this body, you are spirit soul” and we conclude with

“Give up all religions and surrender to Me”

chant Hare Krishna.

My message bawls and stalls

I can’t get enough of that shoe fly pie and apple pandowdy/ makes your eyes light up and your stomach say

“Howdy!” I can’t remember the verses but a few songs,

Tulasi-devi, *Samsara*, *namah om*.

Don’t ask me, don’t embarrass me with my short memory.

I want to tell you my life and don’t want to hear yours because what if you out did me at my own game?

I wanted to be the only and best honest writer of his daily life, the first and last to say I’m not pure, I was born in Brooklyn.

I wanted the other writers in the Krishna consciousness movement to



be mere essay writers  
and dogma re-staters. But now  
some are talking as I do and my  
own is not distinguishable or  
why I write this way is not  
so singular anymore.

(skip)

I'm making this up hour by hour  
a boy with bangs, like a pot on his  
head for haircut, his mom  
is almost ninety, you'd never mistake  
me for someone else/ and besides  
we all have the same God.

10:20 A.M.

You are so sweet. Who is talking to who? Why are you roundabout, why are you envious, why are you competing? Can't you be ordinary and accept that? Why are you trying to be special?

Something, something. In ten minutes I will begin the worship of Shrila Prabhupada. I listen to him lecturing. I've almost completed hearing his lectures in the late summer of 1973 at Bhaktivedanta Manor. Next is where, France? And then? He remembered me at the end of 1973 and told Karandara to phone me. K reached me in San Antonio.

Hey man, tell us something. Krishna is God. Tell us a confession. You've got to keep paying dues. Do some novelty. How would you like another of those eye test charts? Don't manufacture them but if it comes natural. Yes, I can do one more and also I'm going to soon be

writing on those calligraphy boards. So here goes—Johnny dasa Prabhu went with his friend to the eye doctor. She said when you get pains you should pray because you are a religious. For that reason she also didn't charge for her examination. She pointed to the chart at the end of the room and said Go ahead, read out loud as much as you can. He read:

RHUMBA IS TRUE UNCONSCIOUS  
FATS WALLER FATS DOMINO  
I NEED TO FORGET ALL IMAGES  
AND MEMORIES AT END AND  
SEE ONLY Krishna MY PROTECTOR WILL  
THIS HAPPEN SOON ENOUGH? DON'T  
WORRY 'BOUT YOUR EYES!

11:40 A.M.

Madhu cooks today. Just *kicchari* and bread from the restaurant. All I want is to somewhat fill my belly. You want to go back to Godhead? Krishna the Supreme. What about all the almost countless beings, both those who really lived and those in fiction?

You mean like Kris Kringle and Scrooge McDuck?

Yes, all of them. Eugene Gant included. And all the microbes that fill space.

Well, they are all part and parcel of Krishna. When we say “Krishna” it doesn't mean an ordinary cowherd boy who some claim is God. That Vraja form of Krishna is the topmost of all conceptions of God, but you'd better not try to understand Him too quickly. You will

think of *avajanti mam mudha*, like the *mudhas*, that He is a human or a myth. So slowly and carefully and understand first what is *bhagavan*, the Supreme Personality of Godhead. He includes all beings and all things, all material elements and all that is spiritual, all worlds. Everything comes from Him and is sustained by Him, and after annihilation everything continues to exist in Him. He alone exists.

Therefore, if you say Kris Kringle or the current mayor of NYC, they are not in competition with Him. Neither is Allah or Jehovah or Christ or the void in competition with Krishna. They're all different understandings of the one truth. It depends on how much you want to know, how much you are capable of knowing. That depends on how pure you are, and it depends on whether you have met a pure devotee who knows the science.

This is an interesting discussion just before lunch while my stomach feels a bit unsettled and I sense an early warning behind the right eye.

I'm telling you for your own good: Krishna is God and take it a step at a time. Read *Bhagavad-gita As It Is* over and again. I wish the best for you as a student of *bhakti*. Krishna, hear from Him.

12:40 P.M.

No one should disrespect or create enmity toward Lord Shiva. He's the friend of all and the greatest Vaishnava. Sati said to her father, "Do you think Lord Brahma doesn't know the person Lord Shiva? Even though Shiva lingers in the crematorium and wears a

garland of human skulls, still Lord Brahma worships Lord Shiva and places flowers at his feet.” Sati was establishing Lord Shiva’s supremacy by facts and out of the sentiment she felt for him.

O Shiva picture on movie billboard in Indian city or village. He is tall. Nandi. Parvati. Demons. Religion. Lord Krishna, the Supreme Personality of Godhead. It’s states in *Brahma-samhita* that Shiva is like curd, the same ingredients as milk and yet transformed.

The sunshine is here but a heavy, audible wind whooshing through the bare trees. I ate to my full satisfaction, little potatoes boiled with some *ghee* on them, *kicchari*, *kerela*, scones, olive oil, jam. Drink and eat, be merry for you have to die. But the self can go on to the spiritual world. Or he will have to take birth in another material body.

Forcing this writing. You must say something, like a speech maker at the high school graduation. Dear parents, thank you for attending. We are happy to be graduating and moving on in our careers, our lives. We thank you, our guardians, for raising us and educating us. And what have you taught us? It is actually all *maya*, “that which is not.” You have not given us the knowledge required for a human being to elevate himself above the level of the animals. Fortunately I and other students here tonight have made contact with genuine transcendental knowledge. We didn’t get it from our teachers Sanda and Amarka. We didn’t get it from the books in the school syllabus. Nor did we get it at home by watching TV or from our peers hanging out

in the cafeterias and such places. We got this knowledge from the Vedic scriptures translated by A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada and distributed on our campus by some of his followers . . .

Imagine a valedictory address like that. Shock the parents and teachers. Score victory for the cult.

A man can write with a full belly. He doesn't have to fall asleep after his lunch. He can seek enlightenment in Krishna consciousness. Express what's in him. Later this afternoon I plan to go into the art room and allow the arm to move as it desires. He likes to construct a frame, solid beams interconnecting, network of angles, cells connecting, erector set, And come back to it later. See, impose the vision of living forms onto your designs. But must they be so child-like, babyish? Distorted, simple comic forms and faces. Yes that's what I see. The colors come and go changing, like a kaleidoscope. Then you rise up with emotions and move your hand more daringly. At the right time, put down the wet paint brush and pick up the stiff Siva oil stick. Cut sharp lines, there's Shrila Prabhupada's face.

*Haribol.* Wind. M running off to the garage to get the van serviced. Me ambling out towards the shed. A coconut-yogurt *chutney* made two days ago by Sraddhavana. Eat, eat, *manja manja*. They do and stain the white table cloth with red wine, tomato sauce from the spaghetti, butter smeared from the Italian bread and butter, scatter the table with walnut shells and refuse of fruits . . .

Hail Krishna. *Haribol*. I want to be a leader or a follower. Chant with attention. The senses went on strike against the stomach but later they had to take up their service again. They learned that you can't ignore your obligations. Hands can't enjoy food independent from the stomach.

Blow, wave, move back and forth, treetops. With more force a tree could be lifted out of the ground. Krishna Krishna. The men did run. Give us a list before you go.

(1) The list is your marching orders. You carry them in a 9x12 envelope as you travel. Under federal orders, this man can be given some preference for travel connections. The ordinary citizen is also important. Even the dogs and hogs and monkeys are not rejected.

She turned her face away disgusted. The rancid smell of the open sewer offended her. Her sight was blasted by the black muck flowing freely by the curb side. A goat with his head cut off. A mouse runs out of a temple. The bell strikes eight. India, water chestnuts. Black Ambassador cars for taxis. But some enterprising guys have cars from Japan.

Now, Stephen, tell me, do your mother and father allow you to behave this way at home?

No mam, no Miss Egan they don't. I have respectable parents. Shagrind. She put me in my place, my desire for our whole family to be respected. We came up from working class to middle class and we wanted to be respected as such. Probably no harm if son or daughter get masters degrees. I doubt I'll ever go back to school and do that. Wake up. Jesus is eating a piece of fruit. He

is sitting by the outdoor fire. He is turning water into wine—you save the best for last.

No tripurary. Water from Evain source. God is source of all, like pearls on a thread be good and remember Him.

4:18 P.M.

“Those who aren’t perfect have to come back. But *bhakti* is never lost.” These words were overhead on a cream-colored background. The picture shows five people imploring, just being . . . They wear *tilaka*. They are the same kind of people who appeared in my collage series “We want to be devotees too,” “Can we also be initiated?” etc. They are raggedy, colorful, alive, imploring, *but far from perfect*. That’s my story.

A darker one shows a piece of forest, a black bird in a tree, a man on his knees praying at the base of the tree and another, a cow, looking on. Is the man a tree or bird or cow worshiper? No, he’s praying to God, Shri Krishna Chaitanya, who is not pictured. We pray to God even when we can’t see Him with ordinary eyes.

Are you bluffing?

No, these are genuine paintings. One is of Shrila Prabhupada playing the gong.

Well that I can make out. But it’s no good, doesn’t look like him. You ought to go to art school and learn. That is, if you have any talent, I dunno about that.

This one shows a man bending way over—  
his head is at the wrong angle.

No, it's not wrong. You're just looking at it from the wrong angle. Bliss, passion, blood in me, almost faint. I was so pulsating when these came to their imperfect conclusion. We will give you a snack. But what about words? Can you use words with the same fervor in color throughout the day? Can you do a word equivalent of those five imploring imperfect person? Will you make it clear in your word portraits that you are a devotee and want to preach Krishna consciousness

5 P.M.

Lean over and write you are not  
expert, don't be ashamed, what do you want?  
A man who eats two pieces of cake,  
and a cup of water—can't be expected to  
write another *Bhagavad-gita* or Bhaktivedanta  
Purports. Nor would he want to.

He wants to herald his time, too much  
writing they can say. I say it's not enough,  
a mere ten or twelve pages per day as long  
as I live adds up and you expect people  
to read it? Don't worry me with that.  
The sun is shining on March 18th.

The minnows they are called, same  
name as the fish but they are yellow  
flowers like daffodils by William  
Woodsworth. Just outside the shack  
where I write twice a day now.



Dive into sincere expression  
and everything will be all right, at  
midnight just dive into buttering  
*hari-nama* and fingering beads.  
Chanting alone is not as good,  
said the lecturer, because it's a war  
on *maya* and Chanakya said When you  
eat eat alone but when you go to  
war, have as many people as possible.

(skip)

Plunge into *japa* alone and you'll  
join the *parampara* of chanters. We're  
never alone and always alone.

The minnows outside the shack are so  
briefly alive, you wonder if it's worth  
it—but it is. And none of us live  
so long but the soul is eternal  
and God is eternal and service in love  
in His abode is eternal.

#### 6:03 P.M., Night Notes

Before someone comes to interrupt, say goodnight.  
Go to your bed and pray to sleep well. I no longer  
believe dreams are worth recording. I awake from one,  
review it in mind but don't spend the extra energy to  
record it. Also, if I record it, I may wake up more. When  
I review a dream, it doesn't seem explicitly Krishna  
conscious enough. Then down you slide to more sleep  
or at least rest. If I can rise at midnight to chant fifteen  
rounds in a row, that's a good day. If not, make it up  
later.

Two visits to the shed today and I aim to keep it up. Prior to nursery, an FW man wrote whatever he liked. He worried that he said the wrong thing or wrote the wrong thing. You mean worried that he lied. No, they weren't lies but they don't look good. Oh. If they're not lies then why worry that you wrote or said them? Because they might hurt someone.

Pie and cake and frake and freckle. The man lived on the bank of Radha-kunda and that's a lot better than living at the foot of the Wicklow mountains. But . . . but . . . if and but.

He was there when we last looked, the haiku poet of bufferin spirits. The hell-gangling youth of sixty pounds. He was there when he knew it, hooting a horn, before he was born the karma was already determined. When he was new to ISKCON he was a straight shooter and now I don't know what to say. He didn't listen even to Ravi Sankha or George Harrison. What do you say? I say . . . goodnight. May Krishna protect us. Go kneel before the Deity and thank Him for entering your life.

March 19

2:04 A.M.

Hike high hi. I just chanted fifteen rounds on my red beads. How are ya? Oh, I'm okay. I hear you've been working for that company for twenty years. And they fired you, gray hairs. No, I was always a devotee on the railroad. I didn't have to make sense anymore because I'm a FW *maha-bhagavata*. No one can know the mind of a Vaishnava (me); no one should inquire into his past life or make a judgment on him. On Him. The drinks are on me. No blasphemy. The wires short out. My head feels some pressure. I think I'll go to bed and sleep and dream. If I get a headache, so what?

I didn't read yet today, but I'll get to it. We have a lot of chores. *Haribol*.

4:14 A.M.

Don't feel guilty. Just be who you are. I don't want to be a bad boy. Then attend *mangala-arati* with the devotees. Yes. Yes. And Krishna will be happy with this sailor onboard. Ūrīla Prabhupada *murti* suddenly looked like my dad, Stephen John Guarino. But—then at death I cried out, "I'm sorry I neglected my own father and mother!"

With paint and ink you cover the page. You are the best person to do it. While the fog horns drone. They know best. In a trance of dullness, I was spaced out. So I asked myself, Please get up and talk about Krishna.

Krishna said, “I am the source of all material and spiritual worlds, I know everything past, present and future but Me no one knows.” Read that *Bhagavad-gita* day and night . . . Who is advising who?

The fog horn crept like cats’ paws . . . upon Carl Sandburg dead . . . Those who are still alive and even those dead who have left us their music and writings.

We believe any word you use . . . I said write me only once a month, but you can write more frequently. Are you gonna start telling on your correspondence now? No, not if you don’t want me to. But then what will I say, it’s either me and/ or them. I don’t know anyone else. There was a terrible rumble in the skies. They say humans have ruined the atmosphere. Make last ditch attempts to save it. Ecological balance—does religion help? Serious persons, please consider. *Haribol bol*.

Krishna Krishna wants the energy of man used in His service. You have to follow His law, that’s religion, not the rituals.

Prabhupada preaching strong and stern against all rascals. Can I take it? I want to. I sit on the toilet and receive the sound vibration from the tape recorder. It’s not the same as being there in 1973, so submissive and packed in with Godbrothers and sisters competing for fame and attention of the Guru Maharaja.

*Haribol*. The chanters went on-stage and sang so charmingly everyone loved it and it became a famous hit song. The dream of young Sankhla came true that Hare Krishna was suddenly in power and all reforms easily made. The people weren’t “tricked” but convinced they should give up meat-eating. And

gambling and intoxication. Why aren't you more on the ball? I don't know what to say to that.

(skip)

Yes sir, I was salutin' and drunk on wine and beer climbing up the ladder and saluting the officer on deck and then making my way to my bunk on the Sara. You like those days? I don't.

I'm a devotee in Timbuktu listening to Charlie Rouse's artistry. I have my own. Each one is part of the long tradition. Go back to your original roots. Lord Vishnu and Lord Brahma and Narada. It's from them that Shrila Prabhupada comes directly from his own Guru Maharaja, Bhaktisiddhanta Sarasvata Thakura. So when I speak and write I go back all the way to them. Not ten years old but timeless. I am a shoulder patch that says "ISKCON."

I'm a volunteer in Lord Chaitanya's army fighting *maya*. We broadcast the news that Krishna is God in rainbow colors and tasty flavors. Good-looking girls and boys, fresh scrubbed faces and no one is sick because we have a good *kaviraja*. No fighting, no falldowns.

Utopia Pollyanna. Oh, we have sick and falldowns. But we compassionately help them, bring them back to the place where we non-fallen are presently following, furrowing.

Carl Furillo is my uncle. No. Really. He was the right-fielder in his spare time but actually he was Italian and so is my paternal side, therefore he's my uncle, a *paisan*.

Up and at 'em. The choir. The old lady said she thinks she will be reborn, have to come back as a *sankirtana* book distributor because she didn't do it in this lifetime. All glories. I will come back as a *gurukula* teacher, as a GBC man who doesn't quit even when he gets headaches. I will father children or perhaps give them birth from my body. I may come back as a temple dog or hog.

Or a saint split in two by the bomb of Atom. I may be a cruiser hawk, a falcon multese, a Baltimore Oriole. A Baltimore congregational member in a quarrel. A hot telephone wire. All there, a ghost, a host of the Olympics and a GBC emergency meeting to pick the next winner and loser and confer blessings on the project of novel and short story writing for ISKCONites, \$5,000.00 prize, come back as the blood you gave.

Because you didn't complete your work. But to "enjoy" in hell because you were attached to this place of jazz and baroque

classical romantic music. Because you didn't like or understand the poetry of Alexander Pope.

Come back to learn Sanskrit and French. To fight the Germans, to defend USA. Live in Washington D.C. and personally collect to pay the mortgage. To enjoy sex and fry in hell. To sell and earn money and go to jail for it. To be beaten and to beat—the insects and cows and masturbators and queers and folks with hepatitis. To run a Koa campground and allow devotees to park free and call the police on them when they make 4 A.M. noise—and thus ensure that you'll continue perpetual *samsara*

for many lives more. Hell, it's hell, the only way out is shelter at the lotus feet of the Supreme Lord Hari.

I want to go back to Godhead, don't you? Yes, he said, I certainly do. Krishna is the accent and spice. We want that man. He is the best Supreme Personality of Godhead and loved by His dearmost, and you, pale reflection, poor excuse for a *bhakta*, Steve, you are writing your tune in intense devotion.

7:17 A.M.

Sati says it is a sin to hear blasphemy against a great devotee. If you hear it, you should either block your ears or argue against the blasphemer or leave the place at once. Or if you are strong enough you could kill the blasphemer and then give up your own life. Sati decided to give up her life.

Sati said, "It is better to execute one's own occupational duty than to criticize others. Elevated transcendentalists may sometimes forego the rules and regulations of the *Vedas*, since they do not need to follow them . . ." (*Bhag* 4.4.19) Lord Shiva doesn't have to follow all the rules as an ordinary person does. Don't vilify him! Lord Shiva is above the *varnas* and *ashrama*. He is a *paramahamsa*.

Sati said that Daksha and his flatterers cannot even imagine the opulence possessed by Lord Shiva. His opulences are *avyakta*, not manifested, he did not like to exhibit them.

7:28 A.M.

So you read a little, sport, I'm glad for you. The worshipers of Lord Vishnu don't always gain in material opulence. They may decrease. But the Lord guides them to increase their spiritual advancement. Very well. I am a would-be worshiper of Lord Vishnu. Lord Krishna in His original form. Tuka said he cannot praise Lord Vishnu because he has no realization. But then in another poem he says the Lord speaks through him.

I'm going to pick daisies and raspberries and cucumber combs on the top of the hill. I'm going to gather gorse and boil down into a gumbo paste for reducing piles. I will avoid the deadly night shade plant but pick the favorable herb for curing snorts, sneeze and snoring. I will look for Tulasi but don't expect to find her in the wild. If you are serious about Tulasi then you can get seeds from an ISKCON person and grow the plant in your home. You have to be careful. Tulasi needs water, but not too much, warm and sunlight, or artificial light. Don't try it unless you are prepared to dedicate yourself to the plant. She will reciprocate.

We are hellish bent not. We are five of us singing together in the choir. We forty are on the black list. We ten immigrants are registered with the Justice Department, Aliens branch, in Dublin. We have a right.

I could live in America on how much money per day? Who would cook for you? Don't worry about the details. Krishna Krishna Krishna. The rapid transit rattled over the silvery tracks while Sats thought of his new life as a devotee of Krishna. His parents didn't want it. But he'd already given himself to the Swami



and he couldn't tolerate his father's, mother's and sister's blasphemy. Go then, lad, join your Swami and the Hare Krishna movement. Live that clean and transcendental life.

Oh boy, oh girl, print dress, blazer jacket. Win a vacation to Hawaii for two. Reserve your seats on the banana boat. Here we promise you . . . Shiva said. Sati said. I'm not injured. M. has to go see the surgeon in the hospital about another operation. It will hurt.

Sati said, Uncle Jim said, Don Juan opera roared upstairs, Don Wyon in hell! In hell forever, giggle. You don't believe it? Take a little dose of hell on earth and maybe it will convince you there's plenty more where that came from.

Vibble and bat. Take that! He hit his face in the all-color cartoon film for sadists—Bugs Bunny buried alive by black Daffy Duck. I saw it on the airplane.

Sati said. I said I'm sorry what I said. I wish the best for Satya in Satya-loka in Satya-yuga. Oh boy, the endorphins get encouraged by my sighs.

No book plot, just earth, just life and sky and *shastra*. The pure devotee is a truth, a force. He's also a person. Tell stories about him. Set me up; to do that in an ISKCON temple or home gathering. People come together to eat chocolate chipped ice cream and to watch the football game on TV. The visitor was disappointed because he had come to hear about God and renunciation.

Oh, that. We do that every morning from 4:30 to 8:45. Now we're on free time.

*Yoga yogi sradhavana, yogi mam api siddhanam.*

The rangers went out of control. The doctor said to me, “It’s a personal challenge. I want to see if I can help ya out.” He wants me to get better. Use his considerable knowledge of headache treatment to get me free of them, at least not so often. Going good right now.

The process is fw and trust. You let your hand move. You sigh and fill up with tears in eyes and yawn widely (not in ecstasy)—and belch and holler and grow silent. Oh! Oh! The football colors are red and green on one side and blue and yellow on the other team. Now go! They kick and run up and down the field; the field and the knower of the field and the Supreme knower (*Bhagavad-gita* chapter 13, very important).

God. Why did He create the worlds? There must be some purpose. It’s so you can fill out your desires apart from Him. And it’s so you can learn your lesson and go back to Godhead. Yipes and yikes, I didn’t realize it. It’s not too late now. I signal for my Sudarshana Chakra and then remember I don’t have one. I fall on my knees and ask protection from the supreme carrier of Sudarshana Chakra, the wielder of the *sanga* bow, the player of the conch horn and *venu*. The enchanting cowherd boy who is the controller, *jagadisha*.

May Krishna be pleased with me. He’s the Lord. He gets the capital letter when speaking of Him, not me. I am a lower case person, lower caste, low-minded rascal. But Swamiji has favored me so I want to live up to that.

How are ya? How is the medicine working?

Oh, I didn’t take rescue med this week. I’m on a course for a ring-dinger of a week with forty paintings

and four hundred pages. Naw, you can't write that much. More like one hundred. You shouldn't exaggerate in your head. Tell truth—

I love Krishna

Krishna loves me

Swami loves me and us

I love and serve him. I went around U.S. on his behalf lecturing, for my own credit in the movement. So I'd be known as good.

9:15 A.M.

You write in a shed what comes  
into your head, words and rhymes and  
don't ever let yourself be judged by critics,  
stay clear of that. Walk around the  
outside of this house chanting. The weather is  
gray and feels like snow except it's too  
warm, it's Ireland.

Read of Sati's last words to her father  
condemning the blasphemer of Shiva before  
she takes her own life. Walking then and  
chanting not noticing. I notice so little,  
my attention scattered so widely and thin,  
on boots, around on the boards which  
are covered with chicken wire  
so I don't slip while chanting  
on the slippery mind.

I come inside and Chaitanya is putting up the  
blank white canvases for me, with one

of them painted dull orange as a background.  
He says the paintings are a private internal,  
and externally it is a revolution. I . . .  
agree or softly let him say it. It  
gives meaning to life . . . Hare Krishna.

You took a nap and don't remember  
where you went in dreams,  
not a trace left, not even a  
rabbit. You wake and still alive  
come to the purpose poem.  
The morning is mostly gone,  
the mechanical man smiles,  
the voices must be real at least  
and for Krishna, for Prabhupada,  
my . . . Don't get caught by the  
critics being judged either good or  
bad. *Bhakti* is exempt from that  
as long as you are sincere—  
and he is, Chaitanya, that is,  
and me . . . I am tired.  
(skip)

11:35 A.M.

Bathe hot and cold. You are not the center of the  
universe. Your body is a covering over the soul. Shrila  
Prabhupada saying *Death is very painful* to devotees in  
his room in Paris 1973. One had said casually, as if  
asking a question for “them”, “Why should we be so  
afraid of birth or death? We'll just think of Krishna. . .  
”

It is very painful because as soon you die you'll immediately be put into a tight bag in the womb of your next mother.

Get out of this cycle. Don't be inquisitive to go to higher planets before going home, back to Godhead. The strong devotee has no interest in any intermediate planets. He is extremely keen to go to Krishna. Yes . . . Why not me?

Yet I like to write like this while I am living and able. Hare Krishna Hare Krishna. I told Ani (who is here to place a table and light on the second floor landing so I can do Bristol board ink pic in calligraphy there)—that I've started going to the outdoor shed twice a day. He asked, "Are you using it for *japa* on the second visit as well?" "No," I said, "I'm mostly writing." Writing is my *japa*, my penance and delight, my way of being with people, way of access to self, purification, essential art and life. Writing is. Writing is for Krishna and guru. How? By telling of a sincere attempt at Krishna consciousness by a foolish person.

Become humble not proud as you write. Simplify your life. Remember what you forgot—the importance of hearing *Shrimad-Bhagavatam*. Hare Krishna, put the words Krishna and Chaitanya on your page and it is not so bad.

Epson salt, anusol ointment, pepcid A.C., these things . . . The man with worn slippers and toothless gums. Sixty-year-old roundabout. Imagine advertising a sixty-year-old machine for sale. Who'd want to buy

it? They'd want a young, strong model. They? Who are you thinking of? Women? No, no, I'm just saying, I'm just thinking, I'm just biding my time with a soft shoe dance and song act before lunch.

You see, I was born under the star Rohini-nandana. I found my *rasa* with Krishna from a book or a guru. And then I decided it was premature. I'm interested in *sankirtana* by the bigger *mrdranga*, the first and most important act for a person in the renounced order. I want to meet Shri Krishna, the Supreme Personality of Godhead, in *Bhagavad-gita*. Authorized. Coming down. Deductive knowledge.

I'm a fanfare fool shoot from hip. I paint with acrylics mixed with sand. It won't be long now. Keep hearing your spiritual master. More and more devotees come and go to Vrindavana. It's like a revolving door. ISKCONites go there and juice up, touch transcendental reality of Krishna's land. I don't deny it. I reach for it from here in the poems of Rupa Gosvami we read each evening, if I'm lucky.

Brandish your wit.

12:54 P.M.

Sati said her body was contaminated by her relationship with Daksha, her father, who was a blasphemer of Lord Shiva. She tells Daksha, "I feel very much sorry that my body, which is just like a bag, has been produced by you. I shall therefore give it up." (*Bhag.* 4.4.23) Sati then sat facing North and became absorbed in mystic yoga. She raised her soul through the chakra centers until it was between the eyebrows.

She then meditated on the fiery air within the body. Sati practiced real yoga. This is different than the practice of *asanas* for physical health which today goes under the name of “yoga.”

Vrindavana. *Gayatri*. Esoteric secrets. I’m going back to Godhead but I don’t know when. In fact I don’t even know that I am going there. I know almost nothing for sure. I’m scratching with this pen. My left hand in a black woolen glove. Sati. Me. Prabhupada. This unvarnished desk. A light bulb over the desk in the house. Can you write there? Yes, sir, I think so. Don’t hang a naked bulb like that. Make it nicer than that. Light, light, give us more light. We want to be enlightened. The sunshine comes and then goes away in Ireland. You have to expect many days of gray and rain. That’s how it is.

Krishna Krishna. The cornet player, the player in *kirtana*. Raise high the banner and the long twisted horn. Blow it for *sankirtana*. Dance alone together, worship God by singing His holy names. Tired after eating, the aborigine looks for a bed. He finds Goldielocks bed but it’s too small. The three bears had been in her house while she was out. She felt her sacred space had been violated: “Someone’s been sleeping in my bed.” Or was it the other way around and Goldielocks was the intruder into the house of the three bears?

Shri Krishna. Here’s a book on the meanings of *gayatri mantras* for Gaudiya Vaishnavas. Learn what to

do. A *sannyasi* should never let his *danda* touch the ground, and so on.

I'm asking you friend, please don't bother me. I have to believe in something and decided I shall believe in You, *Vedas* and guru. Be ashamed when you doubted. Pray for strength, *bala*, to surmount those doubts.

Ring in, ring in. The new year is already mostly through its third month. Cowboy hat, Y2K, how are you doing? Got stash of canned corn and potatoes and berry and pineapple. Get the water filter. Don't accuse me of foolish things. I only write what they tell me.

Krishna then exited. The *gopis* exited. They met in another place for *danakeli* pastimes. The man said, "Don't cross me. I may not know all the details but I'm basically aware and strict in the foundation basics." We believed him. We were afraid he might become violent and then what? The bird is chirping and singing about spring. An animal, a bird, can't have high knowledge of God, not usually. They know eating, sleeping, mating, and defending. Beyond that is the privilege of the human being.

How wasteful is a human life spent only in the animal propensities. Tears on cheeks of sleepy head. Pearl-like drops of brian. He said I want to go to Krishnaloka but with chanting I have no connection, day and night I'm burning in this world without seeking to make the connection.

Now what? Next play the part of a merry mailman. Deliver to SDG all his mail for a week. Give him a toe massage, the latest news in brief. What will become of



us? We don't know. Please brief me. Okay, here it is—one brother is dying, another needs an operation. And you get migraines.

Oh yeah, I mostly know that already. Some sausages are meatless, made of dough. Burgers can also be fried cheese in a bun. No fish, please, or meat, eggs, garlic, onions, chocolate. No caffeine, tea, cigarettes, no booze of any kind.

Don't eat or drink anything that has not been offered to Krishna. Only a devotee can offer the Lord food. The most affectionate devotee of the Lord lived to talk about Him and thus they become great preachers.

Last page in notebook. Once upon a time a man sat on a porch in Santa Domingo. His friend said, "You haven't been here in a long time. We could not find any persons initiated by you. They have all flown the coupe."

Then what shall we do? Since you are still alive, you could preach a lecture or else sit and hear a lecture delivered by Ramananda Raya dasa. I said they have all scattered. That was how it used to be and now it is no longer. The building was sold, the one you used to climb to the roof of and commune with the dawning tropical sky and see the rats in garbage across the street.

Oh, oh, open your mouth wide. Tell us the secret. I tell you Krishna is the Supreme Personality of Godhead. Highest *rasa* is *gopis* and Krishna. Among the *gopis* it's Radharani and to serve Her as a *manjari* in *radha-dasya* is the eternal mood of the *rupanugas*. That's the conclusion even though we shouldn't dwell on it.

Smart smile. The ex-devotee temple president is now a millionaire in business. He won't go back to ISKCON or donate any money toward it. He feels the society has been hijacked. Or perhaps he is no longer interested in renunciation and spiritual life, next world, etc. Getting by and hopes that will please God.

Grab your hat and run out the door. Shout, "Hare Krishna!" and "Govinda!" to the air. Be happy and tell your folks it sure is good being a devotee. We take breaks and naps and eat nice *prasadam* and say our prayers Amen.

4:22 P.M.

Back aches, spirit happy. Collapse into easy-chair after two hours of painting and moving ink and pen gear to the second floor landing. Now I hear C come in the front door. He can bring up the 4:30 snack offering. Keep moving while you can. Prepare Radha and Govinda and Shrila Prabhupada to get their plates, tape of JS for me to hear. Eat, eat your face.

Hare Krishna. It is all right. It is all right. One painting says, "Read *Shastra*, you bastard." Because that's what I wanted to say. And the picture—sand in acrylic base—shows a profile man with the yellow book in his grubby hand. Another similar but more sane, a devotee at a writing desk. What else? One that says, "Yogi tortoise falls in love." And one strong man, "Krishna was here" that never resolved itself. I'm happy for that play, work and exercise.

5:38 P.M.

A poem about the floor-boards. Start anywhere, in between the floor-boards JS lecturing in Mayapur last month said devotees see Krishna everywhere. In a king, in a lion. In anything He's there.

Do I have that vision either to see His actual form or to be reminded, "This too is God's, His energy"? No, I see something else, yet I see opportunities.

Pretty much I have but one or two weapons, so use them. Write and write. Whatever comes. That's also Krishna, in the aura, in the error, in Erin, the empty lane. I especially like Him in quiet places, in pain-free and rain on the skylight.

In night when I can sleep for hours and wake up to the alarm at midnight and get up and go in and chant on beads, hour after hour until 3 A.M. Krishna in the dark cloud of my unknowing, Krishna in my master's voice.

Krishna is in the poems of Shrila Rupa Gosvami so overflowing, pictures

of the transcendental forest, the caves,  
the beautiful *gopis*, His earrings,  
the son of Nanda, peacock-feathered  
crown, black locks,  
the handsome prince,  
supreme controller,  
these words we borrow from  
the poets who know.

I see my Lord and He sees me.  
My hand is not my own  
the poem is given by Him.

#### 6:18 P.M., Night Notes

Sweet sixteen, facing the reality of your process. You write what comes. Is that the *bhakti* process? It is a writing method used in His service. It's a way of life. It's writing as life, not a formal literary game. No fear.

6:30 soon. In the bed, head on the pillow, don't go after news, it will find you. Use your days the quiet way. Make your little events the big events in your life, such as my going twice a day to the shed. And the relative freedom from head pains this week. Setting up a desk for ink word-pictures. What a nice apple pie it was at snack time.

Do you hear the van coming back? No, not yet. To whoever writes me I write back, as long as he's not attacking me or that one who wanted to attack our *sampradaya*. Write where it can do some good. Hare Krishna. Where will you go in the year 2000? That's up to Krishna. Here I write as if everything is normal. I

might do this even if the world was turned upside down. I've been able to retrieve a large percentage of what I write. Krishna's blessings if that's what I want. *If* you had to choose between publishing books and going back to Godhead—if it was and either/or thing—which would you choose? You say, "I don't have to choose. It's not like that." But I should be willing to give up publishing for going back to Godhead. A published author has to die and take birth (if he's going to be a human next life, which is a big *if*) immediately in the womb of his next mother. It doesn't do you any good, not if your writings are minus God, minus Krishna.

Mental speculation, sense gratification, forgetfulness of God just as you wanted it.

*Haribol*. Pancakes you can't digest. Maybe the soy drink with the porridge in the morning.

Your prayer book. Your holy knave. C. fills up my drinking water and puts my clothes out for tomorrow. The *kopins* are symbolical. I never thought of it that way, Vishnu in the knot of the right side, etc. They are different ways to remember Krishna even when you put on your underwear. You see your *kopins* as protecting your *sannyasa*, no sex desire or arousal.

Now get last things ready before taking rest. Hare Krishna. Clock, cup of water, urine bottle, preventative meds, put the Deities into Their beds. I can't think of anything else. Chant Hare Krishna.

March 20

1:04 A.M.

I've been thinking of using the title *Trust The Process* for this volume. It may sound mundane, referring to process-oriented art or writing, rather than production-oriented. Thus the trust is in a psychological method. I do believe in that process. But I want "process" to mean something spiritual, the process of Krishna consciousness. The process of chanting and hearing and remembering Lord Krishna. The process where I strip away many unnecessary social and political dimensions and live with the basics of *sadhana-bhakti*.

I trust that I don't need wife and children or fixed income. I trust that by a simple and quiet life, writing what I can in each day from the only life I know—good will come of this.

It can be a good password or motto, trust the process. It sends me back again to the writing desk, notepad or typewriter. It coaxes me to spend another one and a half hours in the art room. Sure, nothing so great will probably come at any one session, but I trust in the ongoing, accumulating process. I trust that transformation is taking place, even if I don't always notice it.

Surrender to Shrila Prabhupada and the chanting of sixteen rounds. Hear his lectures, and nowadays I'm hearing lectures by my Godbrothers also. My tendency towards fault-finding can be overcome. Hope against hope. Trust in the process.

Exchanging process writings in a  
classroom

We're in a classroom writing a paper about history. When I get to speak in the class I say, "What I really like about this is the process of writing. You know my major study is writing and within writing I love the spontaneous nature of writing. The process we're doing in this class is that everyone writes in a tentative way. Even the teacher submits a paper which is like a work in progress with a theme that says in affect What do you think? How do you like my paper? What do you grade my paper? And if the paper is well the student replies, "This is good; this is far-out." And you need some staunch writers, but while I explain this everyone appreciates it very much. Then we go on exchanges papers—students and teachers.

3 P.M.

*Bhakti* is self-sufficient. If one falls down while on this path he doesn't have to perform separate atonement to rectify himself. All he has to do is resume the purifying process of *bhakti*. Krishna consciousness is better than atonement because it removes the desire to commit more sinful acts and it fully engages the senses in transcendental service even before the devotee is completely pure. This one process, *bhakti*, includes everything that is needed for advancement and liberation to the spiritual world. Even though I

sometimes commit offenses, or fall into doubt, I have faith in the process and so I continue in it.

Some of the key phrases in the artistic creative process also apply to *bhakti* and visa versa, *bhakti* principles operate in the Krishna conscious artist's life. For example, giving ourselves permission to create, relaxing in periods of uncertainty and trusting that the creative intelligence will find its way—these are important in writing and in devotional service. The artist often neglects to identify and thank the Supreme Lord as the source of his inspiration. In that case he becomes a zero and all that he does is accumulation of naught. In *bhakti* we put the One (Krishna) before the zeros and it becomes a thousand, a million, a trillion . . .

It is all right to experiment in Krishna consciousness. Take a chance for Krishna. It's also all right to repeat yourself. Trust in the process is based on a belief that something valuable will emerge when we step into the unknown. As the artist's expressions come from his individual experience, the same is true in the process of Krishna consciousness. Improvisation, spontaneity, experiment . . . These terms may seem alien to the process of knowing the absolute truth, but they actually belong in a devotee's life. As long as Krishna is in the center.

3:50 A.M.

The process is a rhythm shout, the steady beat of the conga drum under the hands and the heart beat which is supplied by the soul which is empowered by God. The



process includes whatever gets in. Fate wills, and a tiny free-will. I have a tiny body, not like God's gigantic Vishnu and universal forms. I get entangled in the web of *maya*. I beg to be released so I can serve my Lord Krishna under the orders of His pure devotee.

The process is the hear about Krishna from His pure devotee.

It repeats the mantra again and again Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare/ Hare Rama Hare Rama, Rama Rama Hare Hare. New, *purva-raga* feeling. Don't hesitate. Relax. Pause. Get onto your thing, your voice, the truths you have received from your master coming out from you in natural way.

Boy, Krishna is the best. His dancing is transcendental to Africa, U.S.A., Detroit, Wyoming, the India of this world, the dance hall in Moscow ballet. They're all included when He stomps and pirouettes upon the hoods of Kaliya. Nataraja He is. As Gaurasundara He dances in *sannyasa* dress and brings all on-lookers to ecstatic tears in love of God. Krishna! Krishna! they shout. That's the way it goes. Gaurasundara.

In Trinidad beating the cardboard box as a drum, Madhu and Patita singing and dancing and others join in under the tin roof while the sun beats down and I write some of it from my perch under a mosquito net in Vishvarupa's house.

Trust that your memories, even the shameful ones, can come out. Trust in your dance and offer it to Him. Trust in God and the process to reach Him. *Sadhana* is

the way, the practice, and S ----- [research as used in chapter 8 *Madhya-līla Cc*] is the goal.

*Priya*, dear to the Lord are those who stay in the line of *parampara*, execute duties nicely and don't forget Lord Hari. Remember Him by chanting Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna.

Process and product. The product are also important, to be shared. Hare Krishna marches, cane field cutter, office clerks, policeman, executive, school boy, *pandita*, mom, school child, Army and Navy and sports—hey, let's stop wasting time and just dedicate all to Krishna and see what happens.

I wanted to tell you I can still walk fast sometimes. We are beset with troubles in this body. When you feel free take it as a respite and use your time to please Lord Hari. You know you have no lasting reason to be here. Except . . . accept the service He gives you. Tell me how you feel to be doing what you like for Krishna.

Don't apologize. Okay, I like it. I like to sing in the band. I like to be the one who goes out alone on an errand to the store. I come back into the light and deliver it to someone. Then I go apart and read and as a reward Lord Paramatma lets me enter the *shastra*. You're not in the place-room but in the spiritual consciousness.

I believe you, I know what you're saying. Radha-Govinda wore cream-colored clothes, and smiled to me. They are charming, They look good. Cups of water before Them, necklaces, one, two, three.

Lord, Lord, Lord. Be on top, go take a nap. Pray for a better dream.

What is this process? You work according to the model given by the *acharyas*. It's a science, just try it yourself. You chant and serve. Lord Chaitanya said this is the only way in Kali. So we are trying it and it's working on us. It's bigger and better than any one of us. It's the way and the goal at the same time.

7 A.M.

Sati “quit her body in the blazing fire by meditation on the fiery elements.” (*Bhag.* 4.4.27) Her meditation on Shiva brought her such bliss that she forgot everything else. When Sati destroyed her body a great roar went up all over the universes. Learned persons think ill of Daksha for not having prevented the death of his daughter. The attendants of Shiva who had accompanied Sati now readied themselves to kill Daksha and others with their weapons. Seeing the attackers, Brghu Muni chanted mantras “by which the destroyers of yajnic performances could be killed immediately.” (*Bhag.* 4.4.32)

“Reading” of the *rhbus* coming out of the fire, I fall asleep.

(skip)

Oh boy, Somadatta fell asleep. The demons and the *rhbus* are fighting in my territory. Let me be free of it. Who betrayed who? The thing is to broadcast the names of Hari. Work to maintain the Krishna temple. What can't do? Host people on the Vaishnava holidays and every Sunday. Aside from that . . . Krishna Krishna, chirpy chirpy.

Krishna, be kind to the people. I will, I will not tell anyone a secret. Six men and five ladies. A partridge in a pear tree. Roaming mind bleary. He wants to be an improved model of devotee. *Yat smaranam yat kirtanam yat vandanam*. Do these simple acts of chanting and hearing and you can greatly change your life. Then you can go on to do active service. Bhrgu. *Man manah bhavah mad bhaktu*.

Krishna yawns and process and fancies He is loose when actually He is not. Lie down and rest baby. You'll get inspiration to tell people the truth. When we die it's not all over, as if we are nothing but a combination of material elements. If that's all we are then after death why can't the scientists combine the physical elements and produce life? That they cannot do. Yet the rascals, "I am God, I am moving the sun and the moon." A first-class rascal declares himself a Bhagavan and other rascals agree.

No no, he must be all-powerful as Lord Krishna showed in the eleventh chapter of *Bhagavad-gita*. Don't want to strain anything. Mechanical man sheds tears over cheeks they roll. The bare tree, the close by chirping and warbling and twitter whistling of the garden birds. Welcome, it is spring.

Now what is next, my friend? A judo or karate chop? Do you expect to be feted wherever you go? You are not so beloved. At best you are seen as the link in the chain. Possibly a devotee of Shrila Prabhupada, the same Prabhupada they are hankering to know. "If you want to know me, read my books." Half-way mark or soon in the race against the elements. Yes, surely we

shall overcome one day. Krishna people with beadbags on campus. Say a round in between classes, not ashamed to be who you are. In yourself you know you are a devotee. The brook flows in mind, Hare Krishna Hare Krishna. . . Yes Sir, I will believe you when you tell me.

The phantom strikes. Animals went on strike to see if they could overcome the tyranny of human beings toward animals. But the elephant spoke and said, “I’m the biggest but man controls me. I think it’s useless to plan an overthrow of power.” Imagine, mankind pulling a plow for a horse master.

Krishna Krishna, the ink comes out only a little at a time. No more news from that part of the world. He is feeling better now that he is married but doesn’t want the old stuff to come back at him to humble him.

Krishna pictures and words. The turf. The grass backyard. Run so hard and play, you feel exhausted and fall to the ground, look up at the sky and smell the grass. It is for this that we came into the world. That is, to hear from Krishna.

Do me a favor, will you? Yes, I will. Here, mail this package for me, you pay and let me use your telephone for a call to America. Serve me soy drink *warm* in the breakfast. Live for service, flow gently. Do not live to eat and sleep. Those are things necessary for upkeep but not more than that.

Drew a clumsy man. Why did you insist on those harsh words, “Read *shastra*, you bastard.” Better you left it alone but you had an impulse and so obeyed.

Bastard is a shocking word to write so deep and indelible. Scratch scratch from moment to moment.

When something happens in Guyana it's all over, because the country is one big neighborhood, blacks and Hindus. Good morning, sir, good morning, dandelion. Krishna Krishna. The effort to go.

Make list of distractions and desired focused.

(1) Fatigue distracts me from *samadhi*.

(2) Fear of next headache spins me around.

(3) Flowers of springtime, a metaphor for devotee's life.

(4) Sympathy, he hid it.

(5) Get a better pen, get a life. He doesn't expect a hundred percent, said the doctor. Dr. Atkins head clinic welcomes all patients who have lots of money. We will write scripts for med to knock out your headaches. Be sensible, be now, it won't be 2000 year A.D.

8:45 A.M.

Two a day. The process now he says as if it's something new and interesting. Don't be disappointed in me. I claim immunity from a literary criticism. But then you can't expect only praise. That's not reasonable.

The crocuses didn't come up. The garden is ugly brown earth all year except for a few patches of blossoming flowers. Their names on the stick before them. Walk around, notice the wind. Praghosha's car parked outside his house only in the morning, otherwise he's

gone to Dublin, the restaurant.

Me here alone. Madhu playing the melodeon  
in his little separate house. Fierce privacy.  
How come I don't hear from you anymore?  
Is it because you feel your privacy gets  
violated by a figure like me?

Wind roughs itself against cement  
walls outside. No ferry to catch, no  
plane to fly on, just walk this  
little patch, up and down stairs.

Let's draw, let's write, let's  
merry be and quiet be. Push  
out another letter reply.  
It's the process, trusting in the  
flow and shape life makes  
and my handwriting traces it,  
Hare Krishna.

9:15 A.M.

Each new piece you begin poor as can be. And yet  
the gift of speech occurs in you again. You can reach  
out. Say hello. Leave behind the critic. Let yourself talk  
free. It's not literary pose although there's a persona  
working. He may be self-pitying, he may be self-  
conscious. He is imperfect. He's the same fellow who  
chants the rounds and the *gayatris* with inattention. The  
same one who envies others and finds fault in them.  
That person is writing this page. Or can you claim there

is something coming through you despite your imperfection, something that is perfect? Shrila Prabhupada used to say, “I may be fool number one, but what I say is perfect because I repeat like a parrot what my Guru Maharaja has said and what Krishna says.” That speech . . . each new paragraph, each sentence begins it. Two rugs on the floor. Vacuum cleaner stowed away in the hallway. Dust accumulating. Time passing by and nothing stops it, whether you watch it running or not, whether you notice or not. Time runs out on the universe and on each one.

I’ll tell on you. I’ll tell the secrets. I’ll take the moments away. Shrila Prabhupada didn’t like it that the ISKCON photographer, Bhargava, kept taking the pictures, ruining the moments. The writer is doing something like that. Catching you in a meditative repose, or an awkward angle. Betraying a confidence. Uncovering the shame hidden in a box in the earth. He knows where the key is and where the spot is and nobody cares. I hear the wind.

Pictures on the wall, Jagannatha, Lord Chaitanya, Prabhupada and I sitting at his feet in 1971. Coats hanging on hooks back of door. M. leaves his house and enters this one. I expect he’ll come up the stairs and ask if I want a neck massage. But I want to finish this page first. Give me a little time.

Hare Krishna chanters sing the Lord’s name and people get injected with eternal realization. To hear the name has potency. So let us chant and hear.

11:31 A.M.



Dictated letter to a Godbrother. You find it difficult to speak to them in letter form, and days go by like this. Then you suddenly find a way. Sometimes it's the realization that I cannot be entirely open and honest, so I find a suitable voice for communication. I think we all do this, try to be likable and helpful even though we are not speaking with complete candor. Don't worry about that, just try to be helpful. At the same time, one wonders what affect it has on one's integrity if you're always speaking with some blarney. "Yes, I am very impressed by you . . . you set a good example . . . you are the best in this field . . . your work is very important." There are different levels and this is one of them not necessarily untrue. The lone voice can become too selfish, self-absorbed, doesn't care for anyone, wants to employ everyone in his own projects, isn't interested in anything but his own work. That guy needs some balancing by a more social voice.

Oh, very good, very, very good. You are talking so nicely, please go on with some more constructive remarks here in your diary. It will make for beneficial commerce. You are going to go down in history as a very constructive thinker and balancer. I likes you, I give you merit. You are dancing so splendidly and superbly and—what's the word—so awesomely, so auspiciously, so terrifically and superexcellently. You're the best dancer and singer I've ever seen in these parts in the last six months. Really, you are awesome, you are just great, you're the top, you the coliseum, you're Louvre museum . . . you're the New York Yankees, you're the pres.

We had a few warm sunny days and now it has become cold again. The poor delicate flowers . . . they get different signals from nature. The hill is not moving, I see it here through the branches of the “pole penance” tree. Look out and see. We are entirely dependent on electricity in this house, heat, cooking, lighting, all on the electrical wire. When it blows out by a violent wind, we are at once in an emergency situation. I do have a gas heater for one room and now cooking is also gas . . . candles . . . I guess we can get through. But we haven’t bought hurricane kerosene lamps yet or a good stock of fuel for the wood burning stove which is our only source of heat, and that’s in Madhu’s house not mine, when electric power goes out. Are you saying this for some reason, pet? Are you predicting a blackout, a Y2K at its worst?

Talking, talking, my man is talking. When I’ve got the blues you’ve got to hear me out, by talking I can make it go away. You garrulous fool. I do look forward each day to the painting session. It’s like a religious ritual. I put on the jumpsuit, I put on the gloves, I open the paint jars, open the window a little bit, turn on the tape recorder, shut the door. Everything else has been prepared by Chaitanya, six canvases ready to go. You start moving your right hand and tell the arm, go, go, you know what you want to do, find the foundational forms and gradually connect them and find the harmony of colors and mix and grind and try to be bolder. Don’t settle for a flat plain of one color but mix them and dip them, and of course, here comes the usual simple

cartoon-like faces. I don't know how I will ever go beyond that.

Hare Krishna is straight from Krishnaloka but with chanting I have no connection. Day and night I'm burning in this dark world without seeking to make the correction. Trying to enjoy the holocaust, deliberately taking poison. Narottama sings and asks the Lord to help.

12:43 P.M.

Live in the present moment. He said it's a practice for the time of death. Renounce this world because you'll have to leave it at death. Break the ties. Absorb yourself in thinking of Krishna.

Very well, but what about living in the present moment and *loving* your little life? Can't that be done in Krishna consciousness? That's also a practice. Practice to love so that at death you can leave here, go where you are sent and love Krishna and what He has given you.

Image of someone stuffing their face with food, cheeks bulging, they say, "Yeah! I'm enjoying while I can." Or several senses blazing at once. I don't mean live and love like that. You know what I mean, blessed routine, writing and writing. Living and breathing. Whacha got? I got a persimmon. Lunch was so brief, fifteen minutes and you can't eat more. It's intense. I'm aware that I'm eating ferociously, no one I have to appear before politely. And yet Shrila Prabhupada, I'm right under him and Radha-Govinda. I'm aware they see me diving into the rice, *dal* and bread. Oh boy. Yeah.

Wow, this is great, (smacks his lips, chomps, wipes his mouth with napkin, eats more, mixing, enjoying) you call that honoring *prasadam*?

I'm in the moment, I do. Do you take this moment to be your lawful wedded wife? I do. To protect and provide in sickness and in health, in joy and sorrow to face the reality of your existence, do you? Yes, I do. Marry the moments.

In Krishna consciousness. So too much, "You're gonna die! Get ready!" doesn't seem appealing to me. Some of it we have to hear, but that's not the only way to preach. Too much of it may turn off your audience. Awright awready, so I'm going to die and whatever I like will be taken from me. I know that. I'm living moment by moment, that's Krishna's grace.

You like to write, is that part of living in the moment? Are you happy? Are you enjoying? Is that right?

I reply I do enjoy. I'm flying! (as Wendy said and her little brothers). And I'm the most happy fella in the Napa Valley.

Most happy? A little happy? Blissed out? Sense grat? Joy of service? You better be a smiley Hare Krishna person, not depressed.

So it goes. Grip that pen. Tot that barge. Coat on in the shed. I found a new baby. Sing hymns at bus stop or while walking downstairs to the bathroom—I was humming Brahms violin concerto number one and I died at that moment. Big controllers of the world, Napoleon and Hitler, can't control their own lives. They get vanquished. Gee wee *Haribol* dance club. People

are happy or trying to be in the sense grat way. Pour it on, enjoy with gadgets, with sex, with money spent the first-class treatment for number one, best music, best lit, best anything everything . . . !!

Oh, that's the way to hell. You should go quietly in your joys. They should come as part of service to Lord Hari. You're happy to have such a master. You're happy to see He and Radha smiling and charming. They accept you and that is your heart's desire.

Draw a pic or make a word. Sphinx. Egypt. Read and weep. Lions of Africa. In a book, Shrila Prabhupada said, he read that gorillas eat a berry that is as hard as the iron bullet. They chew them like peanuts. God provides. You don't have to pay for daily bread. Everyone gets it.

Hand grip. Yawn and slow down. I don't think we will have done everything. The preacher who warns you is not wrong. But to live, to love in Krishna consciousness is also right. Live to play a tamboura or beat a drum, build a brick house for Kṛṣṇa's service.

Not enough time to do everything you'd like to. Not enough. Oh boy. I'm getting tired of this crap. She said I probably love to write and she knew why, it was this acceptance of your own life in a loving way. My headaches can help remind people of that. We're growing older. I got the flu, I got the heebe-geebees. I'm new at this. Please excuse my lack of finesse and my mistakes. Please teach me, *rupanuga*, Rupa-manjari, how to do the service.

In the evening I pick out tomorrow's clothing for Radha-Govinda. Beep-beep, up at midnight and grab

the beads like a fireman sliding down the brass pole, fast as can be. Hang on tight and down you go! Oh no, you're holding on too tight. Do they still have those poles in the firehouses? Dad, you took me and we went through the whole routine.

Hare Krishna, 17:52 and keep going. Little midges, flying insects, knots in wood, dresses of Radha-Govinda. Think what Shrila Prabhupada gave. Don't hit me with a rubber band. The Lord as Varaha indifferently killed Hiranyaksa. Flap flap, is your man feeling better? He gets those headaches I know. Here, I'll give him a shot of Demoral. Give him a twenty-eight inch twin bike. Give him a punch, a brief, a respite, a cracker by Ritz or a Saltine. Give him a little marmalade. Alice in Wonder. Give us all Hare Krishna chanting and food. I am sorry . . .

4:20 P.M.

Thrilled happy, waves and waves of it. It must be right or is it *maya*? No, it's right. "Gaudiya *babajis*" says one painting, white haired, white short cloth, hand in beadbag, white hair. Everyone is primitive. That's all I know but small hints of subtle expressions. The process is more important than the product. But I love the by-product. The passion is doing it while you're doing it, discovering it. "Why not try this?" says a little voice of visualization and then you see it and you paint it red or white and outline in black, spray in golden-yellow.

A big *kirtana*, each person happy, unique, a punk woman, a straight *brahmacari*, a black man in suit

blowing a tenor sax, a little person behind him jumping and crying, “*Jai Haribol*.” More and more, I apply the sandy paint and build and mess and connect all abstract. But then I have to resolve it. That’s a moment of come down, I can’t think of anything but the usual primitive people. Once I surrender to it, I like it. I draw them like the ancient Egyptians did, both feet pointing one way and the chest facing forward and the head profile but the eye facing at you. *Jai*. Each man is bare except for a small orange *dhoti*. And I am happy. I am ready for a snack.

5:12 P.M.

Early night notes. Just sitting back. You worked out, your passionate evening out in the world, your sport, your speeding, your daring, your energy goes into the canvases. Now sit back. Look into the camera, into the mirror, Narcissus looking down into the stream at his own face. The faces of the ragged people singing *kirtana* for Krishna. Who is the third from the right, is that you? Who is the saxophonist? What is the meaning? The meaning is process, I felt like doing it, they came to me. Execute it.

Remember (is like a dream now) you get an assignment as a welfare case worker to go to a strange part of the city into a run down tenement to visit a client. Is anyone home? All you really care about is getting credit for the visit, writing up what happened into the record so you are covered for your supervisor. Walk up the stairs in the slum, in your suit and tie, hope you don’t get attacked. Mr. Guarino, slight build, knows how to

conduct the interview and what to say to the clients. It's a job of giving away the city's money and trying to make sure they spend it on authorized items like a refrigerator or stove or bed.

Remember you were a devotee and then it was different. You were doing it for the Swami.

5:45 P.M.

There's barely time for a night song  
in a cold room. I'm up here and  
Chaitanya is downstairs cleaning up the art room  
and Madhu is in Dublin singing and playing  
melodeon at Govinda's. My bed is warming  
up with the electric blanket on "9."

Ate four cup cakes at 4:30 P.M., weigh  
8.5 stones, must ask M to translate that  
into pounds, about 118 maybe. Little  
life, take it as it comes. Try to make  
your words as interesting as your  
pictures, as passionate and colorful.  
Hold onto this pen while it rolls  
along, munches, punches, sings,  
swings.

Words fly loose, but a serious  
man guides them. Gone are the  
days of my ItM poems. They came  
and stayed for a year then flew away.  
Now I've got these more discursive.  
I don't know.



Read of Shiva and Daksha and Sati  
killed her body but she's the  
eternal consort of Mahadeva  
as Parvati, Himavati, Durga . . .  
Read of Lord Vishnu's Appearance in the  
arena. I don't come from the culture  
of India or mid-East (where Christ  
lived). I'm a Hare Krishna by  
theological adoption. I'm a *goswami*  
in the cult and admitted to many  
Indian homes like Patel, Mahajana, Shah,  
Singh, Gupta, Bhattacharya, Guarino.

I'm a believer yes in Krishna as  
Bhagavan. I can give a lecture from  
the books. I just have to  
assume the pose as most lecturers do.  
Shrila Prabhupada was amazing, so convinced and  
no duality between his public and  
private self—always preaching and  
being Krishna conscious for Krishna.

March 21

1:13 A.M.

Process means my whole (little) life in all its dimensions. Face facts that you have chosen to live this way in Ireland. What does it mean to face and accept this reality? What about the fact that reality keeps changing?

*Japa* still hopeful. Reading in *Shrimad-Bhagavatam* is reduced lately. I'll try . . . to up it, find a way to induce myself. The nagging diary, the literary spree. The quiet important process of writing whatever comes each time you sit to do it. Accept his not as a compromise or come-down but develop it into the art of best literature.

This volume, do it. Each time you write it's a beginning, a challenge, a home. And bring together life and writing . . . more.

You are in process but Krishna will take you before you're "done." Mr., my mouse amp is better than yours. Krishna is God. He's in the paint and the objects painted and the painter. Everything is Krishna. He's the God of gods.

How do you believe all that? You don't really seem convinced of it. You just say it. So they say, but I said, "The fact that I'm repeating it is a testimony to fact I believe it." This is written on an agitated level of the mind. I'm trying to churn out prose chiefly to sell it by the mile or as long as a toilet page roll. Per minute. Poets

writing all day at a booth in a fair—for one dollar they'll write a poem for you on the spot.

Allergic, agitated. Then what is deep? It's when you're calmer. Calm as a deep ocean. You're a dolphin in it. Sport. But old age. Says something.

We senior citizens want our fun too. We want to be able to play tennis without a net. And eat any damned thing with sugar and milk in it. And even flirt and have sex with each other.

But I'm different. I'm holy. I'm supposed to be wise. Cute. Funny. The perfect speaker. I have these propensities, you see. Rain on roof.

I want God to be my master. Wrestle myself to the ground and submit.

Only if He wants.

4:40 A.M.

You come to the page naked but ashamed or unashamed? To be able to write something glorifying Krishna and Radha, for Their pleasure, is the only intention of a pure devotee. Are you a pure devotee? And if not, then why write and pretend? I am not pretentious and I am not pure. I am mixed in this material world. I suffer when the body is pained, or so I imagine.

The pen can flow. If you get in the way with your false-ego you'll obstruct the flow. It can naturally flow like a stream or blow like the wind. Krishna, Krishna, a man is tired. He plays a flute. He remembers Radha and Krishna and says something about that morning's *puja*.

Something that will inspire, not something stupid, in detail, about nothing important, nothing peaceful.

Men on the march bring us peace. You will faint, you will feel you may lose all potency to speak (write). But I don't think you have to worry about that. Krishna is the power of speech. If He does withdraw it from you, you'd be in a new phase of life and would be content to only chant Hare Krishna mantras. Hare Krishna.

Krishna is the dark sky and the sunshine. He is the man in the moon. This free-writer went serious and musical. Doesn't want people to perceive him as rebellious. That's nice but the deeper concern is to actually be submissive then how it looks to others comes secondarily. The fellow was kicked out and he's living with that. He is free to approach Lord Hari. No one can take that away. *Haribol*.

Krishna, this way to the madness that doesn't please the Lord. Only the devotees please Him. I wish to be with them and avoid association of others. The pure friends of the Lord. The holy, authorized teachers. Renouncers. Lovers of God. Vedic students of *Vedas*. Vyasa, Narada, Shuka, Parikshit, Suta, Yudhishtira . . . My master and his master and his master. Myself a soul.

I am fallen and yet have written this book on the highest subject, Radha- Krishna *prema*. I will advise you to meditate that you are a *gopi-manjari*. But only do it if you are pure and have *ruci*. I don't take responsibility for your rascaldom, dear reader. I'm just

spurting out the nectar. I am nectar man. So saying, he dove into Radha-kunda. Did he slip on the step or intentionally dive? The commentators do not agree.

As for me, I prefer to dive into old memories of buying ice cream from the Bungalow Bar man who stopped his truck, and in white uniform, dispensed the frozen nectar out of the back of his refrigerated Bungalow on wheels.

Seriously folks, I prefer to serve Shrila Prabhupada. I am an oaf and an oaf removed. There's gold in them thar hills. I am so foolish. He said, but actually thought himself better.

We want to see him in association with Godbrothers and in active service, then we will know he's not heading for falldown.

Oh yeah, you guys know everything, don't you?

So windy and cold I fear the little flowers will die. It's a harsh Nature we live in, therefore Shri Krishna asks us to get out and go back to Him.

6:55 A.M

I've had five days in a row with no headaches. Now one has begun across the top of my head. I'm going to write anyway. If it gets worse I'll lie down and take a Zomig. Shazaam! The pain goes away, Peter Pain green faced, stubble bearded, runs up the side of the building away from me. Ben Gay. Say what?

I say that the process of *bhakti* and the process of free-write are one. I come to this page expectant, a beggar, a nonce. I run out of steam. Krishna gives me a second wind. We all depend on Him. These are the

precious moments of life and this is how I'm spending them. Don't waste. But don't work too hard either. Just stroll along. I am writing on the ruled line of the legal pad. I don't observe the vertical left hand margin. But I do stay just on the line that's horizontal. You don't have too. But it's the neat and orderly way to go.

Communicate with my soul. I told him be concerned with your actual remorse, not how your remorse is perceived by others. *Haribol*. You give good advice for a guy with a head band. I would have thought you were loonier, more under influence of Christians and maybe even LSD. I would have thought you had a romance with a woman by now. Or be dressing in *karmi* clothes and eating *karmi* cooked grains and watching TV. At least I'd imagined you were binging on poetry of nondevotees.

No, you see by nature I am strict. Water seeks its own level. Given freedom, this is what I want to do: Obey my master.

Shit, my head hurts. I better go inside. Yes, yes, but just give us five more minutes.

It's raining hard and wind—fist fulls, bucket fulls, it could knock over a plant or a hesitant old man or woman. Rain, blow, crack your cheeks, I tax you not, ye elements. Then who is to blame? Sort it out.

The poem long. The poems short but hundreds of them. The narrative of the man without a country. Our story is said in Ireland and sometimes in America in the last year of the twentieth century. The main protagonist is Erstwhile dasa Farooni, a notorious fink who has joined ISKCON as an undercover agent for the *garda*.

He wants to find out what the Krishna's are really doing in private so he has pretended to be interested in the philosophy and way of life. He has shaved his head and studied *Bhagavad-gita As It is*.

Now here he is, EDV saying, "Gooma gooma, Hari Hari."

Hey, you got the mantra wrong. Are you a real devotee or a cop in disguised?

"How does the mantra go?"

Like this: Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare/ Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare.

Thus they tricked EDV into chanting and he got more benefit that he'd bargained for. In fact, despite himself, his heart began to soften and he was attracted to chanting and to the pastimes and teachings of Lord Krishna as given by A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada.

Jeez, I like that story. Is that the end of an installment? Yes, I can tell more another time. But I've got a headache now.

I know, I know. It must be hard for you, poor fellow, poor doggie. Why don't you take one of those expensive designer meds and lie down?

Yes, I will. Don't gosh. This is for real. Krishna is in everything.

The Process, I trust, is that if I start a sentence I can finish it. I think that if I wait and ask, I'll get food. I trust that Zomig won't poison me. I trust in the process of chanting and transforming. Writing what comes as *bhajana*, my service.

10:47 A.M.

Took Zomig and two hours later no relief. So I took Esgic, which Dr. K. doesn't like me to take. Now over an hour later I feel a little relief. I want to be here, I want to be happy. "You have a right to be pain-free." I believe when you come to a blank page and start writing that it will fill out and fill up. It will read well, provided you let it flow. Allow yourself.

M. told me of his gig last night at Govinda's. They were playing their music to a mostly empty restaurant and no one was applauding. Then a group of loud and drunken Scottish men entered. They wore kilts and had shaved heads like skin-heads. They were physically very big and in a raucous mood. Yesterday Scotland defeated Ireland in a rugby match. To make a long story short, they were at first interruptive to the music M. was playing and began singing their own songs instead. When M. recognized some of the Scottish tunes and began playing them on the melodeon, they warmed up to him. They put fifteen pounds in his cup and rubbed his head. No fighting.

That's adventure. I just hear about it in my chair while talking to M. about my headaches. Imagine—no doubt, please—big Scotsmen entering my world. How would I behave? Dr. K. says my taking pills so much is behavioral. He gave the example of rats who get stimulated with an electric shock. What was his point? Was he saying I have a weak character? Was he saying I was drug-seeking? Ask M. what he thinks of Dr. K.'s remark.



Dear Readerji, I want to tell you what Guru-seva said in her letter to me, about the joy of living moment to moment. It's related to this proposal to trust in the process, to write what comes and to live for it, seek your intensity and fulfillment in it. Please Krishna and guru by the process of writing because it's the best thing I have. A Godbrother wrote to me and asked my opinion on how one may be not satisfied if he's limited to a service which is indirect, that is, is not what he really loves to do. Let me tell you what I said.

Guru-seva had a realization during the time that she had a severe flu. She said somehow or other it made her think about the fact that she doesn't usually live in the present moment. But as the flu wore off she began to think, "Somehow that blanket seems to feel lifted off in a way I feel convinced that I should live in the moment as *much as I can*. When the pain comes, I'll be forced to adjust. But now while I have my health, my little life of my own routines, I should embrace them and love them. I should allow myself to *feel*. It gave me a renewed appreciation of what you are giving us when you write out of your own life. As you called one volume of EJW, *Beloved Routine*. It is beloved, our flawed life. It is meant to be embraced as tightly as the way we embrace those "high" moments in Krishna consciousness . . . I feel I have some glimpse into your happiness. It has made me understand how your personal writings are very, very important, that we need this understanding given to us again and again and again so that eventually we will stop running away from ourselves."

I think we have a tendency in ISKCON to be suspicious of *jyoir d'vivre*. It's easy to think that the philosophy is teaching against it. After all, this life is temporary and miserable. Krishna says so. So why should we love it? We want to go to the eternal spiritual world and place our love there. One might say that living in the moment is sense gratification.

But it's easy to just turn that philosophy around the other way and say if we live in the moment in Krishna consciousness, then certainly it's blissful. And we should treasure it. The *yogi* or pure devotee attains the stage of happiness in this life and goes on to continue it in the eternal world. He's happy preaching, chanting, worshiping the Deity. Giving up sense gratification also brings him happiness. He's happy to help others. He's happy to know his Lord is the most beautiful Shyamasundara standing beside Shrimati Radharani. How can he not be happy? And it's natural also that that happiness occurs in moment to moment. That's also stated by Sanjaya at the end of the *Bhagavad-gita* that when you hear the dialogue between Krishna and Arjuna you will thrill at every moment.

As for my Godbrother's remark about indirect and direct service, yes, of course I love to do what I like. I offer it to Krishna. But if Krishna takes away my vocation then I'll have to love Him and serve Him without it. As long as He gives it to me I take it wholeheartedly.

12:15 P.M.

Waiting for lunch. I'm pain-free now because I took the Esgic. Dr. K. doesn't want me to take it. I'll confess to him on Tuesday that I did take. This is who I am. One could argue, "You had five clear days with no headache. Why not just accept the pain today when it comes?" But I didn't want to. I saw the Zomig didn't work. I know, from years of experience, a pill that does work for me. Zomig is a more expensive and potent pill for a migraine, but it may work for eighty per cent of the people and I may be in the twenty per cent for whom it doesn't work. To find a pill that works for you is important. But Esgic is not a friend; it can't be taken daily. In rebound syndrome you may think, "This pill works for me. I have pain and when I take the pill the pain goes away." But it's an illusion. The headache was actually caused by the pill. That's the theory of rebound or medication-induced headache.

What's this got to do with Krishna consciousness? If I have pain I can "serve" but it doesn't feel like that. For me, service means ability to chant out loud, to write down thoughts, to paint in the art room, to enjoy taking *prasadam*. I'm looking forward to talking with Dr. K. Our relationship is similar to a guru (doctor) and his disciple (patient). But if the patient thinks the doctor is not giving me what I need to fight my actual battles, then he will reject the guru. He will think, "He's living in an Ivory tower of text books clinical treatment. I'm the one who is suffering and he isn't giving me what I need to deal with it." I don't want to be seen as weak in character or as drug-seeking. But it's too much for me to just accept pain when I know that medical research

has produced medicines that can relieve your pain. Talk it out with him.

(skip)

1:10 P.M.

Each time you start new. In the shed. Shed tears, shed snake's skin, dry transparent sheet left behind ten feet long in the attic. O Krishna. I told M. I want to read *Shrimad-Bhagavatam* to he and he to me at our morning meeting. A way to get my readings in. I was reading more regularly before we left for America. Haven't been able to reinstate that *sadhana* since we returned.

Roundelay. Will you paint today since you "lost time" in pain this morning? Yes, I intend to paint even though I could be writing more or reading. Getting addicted to the painting. But writing comes first. Prayer (*japa* prayer) comes first. Health comes first. Krishna comes first. What comes second? Going to Guyana.

Hip lip crip. You are a good boy in pale blue ink. You can't follow your guru-doctor but you confess to him, "Bless me father, I have sinned. It has been one week since my last confession. I took an Esgic." For your penance don't phone me anymore and now take a solemn vow that when you get pain you should endure. Plan in advance. It took me by surprise after five days. Like a snowstorm in a city where they rarely get snow, we didn't know what to do. Behavioral means you responded automatically to the stimulus. Pain shocked you—your response was to take a pill. Some great saints say it's all karma and purification so they don't want to lessen pain in any way. From a medical point of view, the doctor sees anagelsics as counter-productive. The

sufferers only know they feel pain, have lost the quality of life and they want it back. The doctor must be sympathetic to their condition. But if too many times you show him you aren't obeying his orders, he may dismiss you as a guru might dismiss a disciple who disobeys. Psychological angle on the relationship and in my treatment for headaches.

Oh, the head aches, the soles don't, but they could. Write your hieroglyphics. Paint warm and red and brown. Let it stick onto the canvas—my image for the people of the world.

Coming soon to the half-way mark of this piece. This morning I tried to write twenty minutes but had to stop half-way through. Now I'm clear. Bought my way for that. Should I have accepted a painful Sunday and told myself you had five good ones now take a bad one? I didn't do that. If I had known in advance I may have planned for that. At least it gives me something to talk about on the phone with Dr. K. If I had been pain-free there would be nothing much to say to him except, "I seem to be all better now. Thank you and good-bye. Maybe I'll call you in half a year." He says he's willing to talk with me because I'm trying to wean myself of rescue meds and succeed by preventatives.

Mr. and Mrs. I won't think of the U.S. President. Put it out of my mind. Bombs and plutonium and elections and obits and sports too. Hear *Shrimad-Bhagavatam*, hear what Krishna says. Don't live to eat but eat to live. Take a Bicarb, take a Pepsid, take a Fibercon, take a walk, take rest, don't take a wife. Don't take poison deliberately (or by mistake). Take your time. Take a

capsule. Oh, take rest. Take the book off the shelf and read it. Take five, take ten. Take a look. Take a took. Tock a tick.

I am the one who has to pay for it. I am the lieutenant and the private recruit. Just hear of Krishna in the bowers of Vraja. In the moonlit bowers of Godruma, Bhaktivinoda Thakura wrote his realizations of Gauranga. Esoteric KC of *radha-dasya*, of the secrets of *Gaura-lila*. As to the origin of the *jiva* (that question we don't ask) Shrila Prabhupada said it happened at the time so remote there is no point in inquiring.

Strong gail force winds here but now the sunlight breaks through. Sun and wind and then clouds again. Five minutes to go. Whip your horse's flanks. Dig your heels at his side. Poor mare races for all she's worth. Cruel to animals, cruel to the self. It's the same self in all beings, not that the animal has no soul. That's ignorance. Vague idea. Krishna consciousness gives accurate and exact information. But they won't accept it.

Want your books in New Age book stores? But it's a Hare Krishna book. Those people are sectarian, not live and let live, not all paths lead to the same destination. Okay, but I'm a person too, as much as Merton was or Thomas More or somebody. I got a story to tell on a genuine banjo. See hee? I see.

Meeting in Guyana. They send me a photo of the long time disciples of SDG. One has gotten very large and fat. Another is slim. Gray. Smiling. Few. Makes you want to go back and be with them and speak the

philosophy, a guru who is Prabhupada-centered and humble.

Into the home-stretch it's Prabhupada-krpa and Self-conscious. Neck to neck. It's Prabhupada-krpa pulling ahead by a length—we want him to win. Come on, PK! Come on, baby. Yes, across the finish line in a dream race it's PK before Self-conscious just as we hoped.

4:25 P.M.

You can hate what you just painted, tear it to pieces in your mind or with a knife. But why? You lived with it, it came through you and at the time you thought it was witty, endearing or whatever.

But maybe they weren't worthy feelings. Maybe I was in *maya* when I painted.

But aren't I always in *maya*? Forgive. Forgive me. It is a brown man with *tilaka*, what's so terrible about that? And then all those very close-ups of eyes and nose. You just felt like doing it. They all have Gaudiya Vaishnava *tilaka*, one has a black hog and *govindam adi purusam* and one has Hare Krsna. It can't be all bad. Just accept it as an exercise, a process. Trust the process.

Chaitanya Chandrodaya said his wife doesn't read my books. She says my books are more my disciples and friends but the drawings and paintings are universal. Also Bhagavata dasa, a Russian disciple of mine in India, told Chaitanya that my drawings cross the language barrier. He can't read my books because they're in English.

These things were told to me by Chaitanya as a sharing of enthusiasm for the paintings. He feels satisfied helping me in it. But it was disappointing for me to hear someone say my writings are for disciples and “friends.” We at GNP don’t think that way. We feel the books are for everyone. EJW too. But it made me hesitate and maybe tremble a little inside. A reminder that many people *won’t* want to read my books, won’t love them—and neither would they like my paintings. Don’t be crushed by such opinions. Stay as far away from critics as possible.

Write that process, man. Each time you go to write it’s a new ball game. Each day, each piece, pray to Lord Krishna that *He* accept it. He’s the universal audience. If He likes it, then potentially everyone can.

5:27 P.M.

On to a good thing, the process, in which we write each time in confidence that we will go through something and something will come through us. Just told M (who is leaving early tomorrow for two days) that I won’t take an Esgic tomorrow, even if I get a headache and even if I take a Zomig (very expensive) and it doesn’t work. I’m prepared to endure the pain because how could I face Dr. Krohe on the phone Tuesday and tell him I’d taken Esgic three or two days in a row? His whole instruction is based on the assumption that I’m suffering headaches from taking Esgic and ff-caffeine. He’d be disgusted with me. And yet, if the meds he prescribes don’t remove pain, what



choice do I have? I have good and sympathetic doctor and I don't want to blow him out.

Apologize. He apologized twice to me, call me sir, for prescribing meds that didn't work. He said he hurt me and he's sorry. In the same mood I can apologize for a behavioral weakness which sends me to my friend Esgic.

But am I actually convinced the Esgic is wrong? No. I'm going on blind faith in Dr. K.'s superior knowledge. See how long that lasts. After having dared to take my old pill in order to get pain relief, what did I do with the precious hours of this day? I painted a large canvas with a close-up of human eyes, eyebrows, nose and Vaishnava *tilaka*. Is that worth it? Yes, I say. It's all I can do. Hare. Hare Krishna.

Now . . . We just read together some beautiful prayers of Raghunatha dasa Gosvami. One was too intimate in Radha- Krishna pastimes for me to appreciate. That is for liberated souls like the dear friends of Raghunatha Gosvami. Another was ten verses of his vows. He says again and again he will never leave Vrindavan. But then he says if hears that Radha is with Krishna in Dvaraka, he'll go there at once and as fast as Garuda. I thought of Shrila Prabhupada who also stayed in Vrindavan, but when he heard he could spread Krishna consciousness in America he went there as fast as he could. He leaves Vrindavan on Krishna's mission and later returns.

“My food a little of Vraja's milk, my home, a leaf hut, and my activities, honest austerities and scripture study, I shall at Radha-kunda by the best of mountains, and I shall die at that dear lake in the company of Shrila

Jiva Gosvami and the other devotees.” This struck me as very personal. We shouldn’t try to imitate him. I can’t claim austerity much at all. Or scripture study. Or residence at Radha-kunda. Can’t say I’ll die in the company of Jiva Gosvami. But I can make a vow to remain Shrila Prabhupada’s disciple always, to go on hearing his lectures as long as I am able—as long as I can *hear* and as long as tape recorders still in this world. Also, I have already vowed and I will renew it—to chant at least sixteen rounds a day. I will eat *prasadam*. I will write these words in the process of giving my best love to the Lord.

How am I *giving* it? By saying Hare Krishna Hare Krishna. By writing the conclusions of *Bhagavad-gita*. Because I am staying as an aspiring devotee I am witnessing to that. May it help some people in this world.

5:56 P.M.

My dear Lord Krishna, I can’t honestly write beautiful verses like Raghunatha dasa Gosvami or Bhaktivinoda Thakura. I try to be clever and appear humble and sweet before You, but You can easily spot a cheat. I claim this writing is my service. I shouldn’t even speak.

Hare Krishna Hare Krishna.

6:45 P.M.

Write as much as possible with faith in the process.

Try to include reading of *Shrimad-Bhagavatam*. But until then, you still have to write. Make EJW your *bhajana*, your process (*bhakti-kirtana*). Steer to

Krishna. Even when you don't consciously steer, be assured it will come out Krishna. That's what it means to trust the process.

March 22

1:15 A.M.

Woke at 9 P.M from a dream of Prabhupada and couldn't get back to sleep. Then more dreams, a big public function in India but they discovered it was not to be held until the next day. Typical mismanagement of India, and the U.S.A. TV coverage played it up. I was returning from that canceled ceremony when I got caught up by some lions a man was leading like horses. They kept scratching me. In another dream I was with my Godbrother Jagadisa, swimming in the countryside. Oh, all their jumbled unrealities were strange realities. Better to be awake at the midnight alarm and do your *japa* right away.

Writing this after eight rounds. Were they attentive? I'm alert, going at a fast clip, expecting I may poop out soon so keep going. But I had to pause and say hello here. I'm excited about the possibilities of faith in this writing process. Come home again to admit it and embrace it—I'm a writer, writing is my *kirtana*. Therefore, give it much time, get better at it, find Krishna in it. As in my last Night Notes— Krishna, please accept this service. *Haribol*.

When you're sinking call out  
"Prabhupada!" and revive your Prabhupada  
Consciousness

Prabhupada's followers are all in a row. I'm trying to find my room but because I meet up these devotees who're trying to find Prabhupada; trying to remember him, I have to go down a long row where they are. I'm annoyed at first and have to pass them on my way to find my room. Sure enough they stop me instead of letting me pass along and say, "We're trying to remember Prabhupada and you knew Prabhupada, you knew him well, so tell us what is the difference between being and remembering Prabhupada?" So I say, "When you remember him then he's there; the essence is there just like with any person. Only in this case you remember him as like a pure devotee." I even give an image that it's something like tea kettle. It's going along, starts to sink and then you pull it up—Prabhupada! and then he's there again. I show them this motion with the object in the water—it's going along floating on top and then it starts to sink and then Prabhupada! You call Prabhupada and he comes up again. Then it goes along and it starts to sink again and you pull it up—Prabhupada! They're all quite struck by my image.

I say, "I think ISKCON is like this too. I'm like this. We're all like this. I go down in my Prabhupada consciousness. It starts to go along, starts to sink down and I call Prabhupada! and it comes up. So they all appreciate this analogy. I say maybe once a year only at

the GBC meetings and ISKCON comes up, Prabhupada, but it should be all the time.

Then while I'm talking Prabhupada himself, in his body, is carried into a room and I see him briefly. Then I realize this is another form of Prabhupada and he actually still living in his body as in his instructions. These are different ways of being with Prabhupada.

Then I'm walking with TKG, he's like following me to show Prabhupada but we're following somebody else. I ask what you are doing and TKG was angry with me and I say don't blame me.

6:53 A.M.

Lord Shiva became greatly angered when he heard that Sati had taken her life when Daksha insulted her and that Lord Shiva's followers had been driven away. He decided to kill Daksha. Lord Shiva created a demon and ordered him to kill Daksha and his followers at the sacrifice. The demon arrived at the Daksha *yajna* and began to destroy it.

It is not monotonous to live here month after month, day by day. But I need some physical strength and energy. Stay above the mode of ignorance. The modes fight each other for dominance. Lord Shiva's men were representatives of the mode of ignorance. Daksha and Brghu and the *brahmanas* were supposed to be in the mode of goodness but they became degraded.

Not monotonous. Not one tone only but many tones. Or even if just a few, I can expand on them, just as an

artist starts with red and blue and yellow and expands from that into the spectrum of all colors. Yessir, I'm writing in the shed. I took a Zomig. You were not to supposed to? Did it work for you? Yes, it brought down the pain. But still I am sleepy.

Thirty men under charge of Sergeant Wiggles. Tell their story in a war novel. Or one man with a benign ailment talking to his doctor who is coddling him but trying to say, "Stop taking pain-killers, just gut it out. There is no other way."

And the birdies of spring, the sparrows always afraid, even when eating, "What if someone is coming to attack?" Such as a cat creeping up on him: "I taught I thawy a pussycat." Yes, he's on the run and may get caught. Our man Sylvester dasa Swami and his non-brain tumors, his thank God for no cancer or heart disease yet. How much can he write and how good?

He says he trusts in God, as written on the U.S.A. money. "Oh, take that motto off," say atheists today. Did they trust, do I?

Snake oil, Pepsid, Ergot, Zommy Triptan is all right for you unless you're a heart patient or you get some adverse reactions or it just doesn't work for you. Krishna Krishna. The confidence is that Krishna is God and can come through your words. Sati was long ago but don't think of it as a myth. Lord Shiva will do the pralaya dance, with his hair locks waving wildly, at the time of universal flood and destruction. No one can stop the power of Lord Shiva at that time. It is Lord Vishnu's will.

Confidence and littleness. The humble man is not puffed-up over his own powers. But he may be confident that Krishna is in him, will protect and guide him. Please reveal yourself to me, the devotees pray. Lord Krishna say to those who worship me in love, I give the understanding by which they can come to me.

Henry. Penny. Blue pen. Tears of distraction and fatigue. Wearing a bulky coat. The little desk lamp with its flexible neck, pointed at page. Light enough to rhyme by, if you had the inclination. We are more than half-way through this canter. Krishna is God at every step, whether you walk or trot or run and fly fast as light or the mind. You can't get away from Him and if He doesn't want you to catch Him you'll never be able to no matter how fast you travel.

Modern men puffed-up with electronics and war gear. Why not live more simply? No, there must be war and the weapons must be high tech as far as possible, smart bombs, smart guys and dull, stupid guys too, in the ranks.

The picture of Haridasa Thakura facing the Jagannatha temple. Me. Alone. No gal. No gripe. I'm trying to take what comes and think whether I ought to change it. M. is going North for a doctor's appointment today and tomorrow. Chaitanya will do the needful here. Can you hear all right, old man? We're not disturbing you, are we? That's a painful story. I identified with the torment of the old man harassed by young bullies.

Now turn to Krishna and hear the words of solace. You won't hear Him say stay here and be happy. You



can live off your pension and Social Security earnings. It will be all right. Take a vacation, read fun books and relax. Go to the beach sometimes. No, it won't be like that. But a transcendentalist is supposed to free himself of entanglements.

Whose side are you on? We want to all claim that we chose Krishna and the Pandavas, the sure to win side. But are we fully His, doing as He wants us to? Don't be a discredit to Krishna and guru.

Coming into the last turn at the three-quarter mark it's Benign Headache followed by Sadhana Bhakti and further back a space there is Be a Good Writer and Trust the Process. Now as they come into the home stretch *here comes Trust the Process* moving up and attacking the lead on the first ponies! It's still Fable and Benign in front followed by Babit. But here comes Confidence and now it's neck and neck Confidence in Process and Benign Headache. It's a photo finish! We'll have to see the picture. And . . . here it is: Confidence won over Headache!

Yeah, we wish. So be it.

8:45 A.M.

Nausea but no vomit as you walk  
around on *parikrama* boards clicking a round,  
the daffodils all bow their heads, not one  
stands up straight in the gray chill March.

March is going by and I'm not much different.  
Keep writing and call it process but it's always been  
just writing and God allows for a certain time

then over. Were you kind enough?  
Where do you go from here?

Today: Chaitanya with his staple gun putting  
up new blank canvases for me. I ask  
him how is he, he's so young. And  
Madhu is driving his white van fast and  
late to reach an appointment with a surgeon  
to talk about his upcoming prolapse  
operation. Did you chant with devotion?  
What will be left?

Today, quiet here, you savor it,  
know you're not much and yet you have  
to care for yourself. Limited *sadhana*,  
limited means.

Wicklow cold. Sheep bleating.  
Will they be giving birth soon? When  
is Palm Sunday? Where is my  
Vaishnava calendar? When is Ekadashi?  
What will they say of me?  
Are my books good just for a few?

Should I have gone out? No I think this is best, but  
it is not so much. Lord Shiva made  
a giant demon, Balabhadra, who marched  
to the Daksha *yajna* and tore everything  
apart. Please spare me from  
such offense and reaction.  
May I be small in envy,

cure me.

9:50 A.M.

Relax and spout off. No gigs nothing for process. Just be. The fingernails and skin, the body, the metaphors. The ink flow. How close are you to your spiritual master? It can't be measured physically. Do I know him? Does he know and accept me? Does he demand that I change, that I do something I'm not doing yet? Is it permissible to say to one's guru, "I can't do more. If you ask me to do certain things I'll have to say I cannot. But I want to serve you whole-heartedly. I want to hear the message of Krishna from you and chant Hare Krishna mantras."

My eyelids are certainly very heavy and I want to close them and lay my head back. No reading . . . no writing.

11:25 A.M.

Selling yourself the bill that you are confident about your writing. Instead of that just go ahead and do it. It is a gray cold day. People who are sensitive to weather might get depressed from it. I say I don't get that way but maybe I do unconsciously. Are migraines triggered by the weather? Look up in the latest book. Esgic is dangerous they say, can be addictive. And you should eat regular meals and don't skip. Each person has to find out their triggers as best they can and try to control them. I don't even know if the headaches I get are classified as migraine. No one knows but you yourself what you are feeling. Are you feeling love of Krishna?

Rain on the skylight. Pick up your spirits. Think of Lord Krishna, the best friend of all living entities. Pray to Him, dear Lord, You see my predicament. I can't budge, won't change from this. Can You come to me as I am? Or can I reach to You from here? In the verse *jnana payasya udapasyamanta eva*, You said that I don't have to change my social position but just hear about Your Lordship and give up my impersonal speculation. That indicates I can reach You even from this house, in this sort of semi-invalid *sannyasa*. But I need to read the books with more joy, do everything with joy, quiet joy but real spiritual upliftment. Not like a reptile under a rock. Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare. Now chant your *gayatri*s and don't skip and don't jump and don't sleep and don't capsize. I'm trying to tell you for your own good.

Hare Krishna comes straight from Krishnaloka. Each sentence runs along the iron rails like a train on the tracks. Each sentence comes out of you, out of the lining. You sing for God with God in mind. In this world which denies God or teaches Him poorly. In this world where there are some good examples and I can follow them. I'm not a great person, I ask for mercy, for special treatment.

12 noon

Waiting for lunch. You can write. Nauseous. The old body. Puke it up. I'd rather not. Please treat your readers to a nice time. Bland melody or simple drum beat on a log. The writer is the host, the reader the guest.

But this here book is different. Blow as deep as you want and satisfy yourself—it will be transferred to a better kind of reader. A myth, the reader, the writer.

Go. The body. The aches. Can he get through the day? Can you really expect to improve at this age? Minimize pains. Everyone has them. Stress and pet grieves. The cold dank day in Ireland. No one you want to talk to. Sugar level drops and rises. Not too much sugar please, do everything in regulated measure. Talk to yourself, Dear oaf, dear elf, I love you. You have so many pains of body and pain of enemies and nature, why did you come to this material world? Why don't you work to get out? Try Lord Chaitanya's formula.

Tinkle on the skylight. The body of a prude, a rude paprika. The jungle of sounds. I am a devotee of Krishna, you see? Or rather we don't claim that so directly. We say, "I'm trying to be a devotee of a devotee a hundred times removed." Come off humbly, really.

12:40 P.M.

Hare Krishna, so cold and gray and rainy, it gets you down. Ninety-nine per cent of the people think they are their body. The real self is the soul. Do you believe it? Yes, the soul takes another body. I think it must be so. The *acharyas* say so, *Bhagavad-gita* clearly says so and *Shrimad-Bhagavatam*. My spiritual master says so. I myself have repeated this teaching for thirty-three years. I ought to believe and know it, have some knowledge of the soul.

I used to not like the scene where the followers of Lord Shiva cause so much havoc and cruelly punish the *brahmanas*, kill Daksha, knock out the teeth of someone else, mame and cut, pass urine and stool in the sacred places. A terrorist attack. But now I don't mind reading it. Inevitable reactions. Vishnu's will that it happens. A stern lesson against those who offend the Vaishnava.

But you want a quiet situation. O Lord. Let words come to soothe. But words have a limit. Words and pictures, I've always been satisfied with them. But the taste of satisfaction also comes from Krishna. He could withdraw it and then words would have no meaning or power to purify, make from, satisfy. Everything depends on Him. So you should render thanks and express gratitude. Do something to help Lord Krishna's mission in this world. I'm in line to do that.

My paltry reality like bits of junk I see lying around in this yard. Gather them together and throw them out or burn them.

Krishna gives and takes away. Shri Krishna Chaitanya Prabhu Nityananda. The Lord as Varaha indifferently struck the demon Hiranyaksa who died on the spot. Man, I sure do hope . . .

4:27 P.M.

Painting, a joy. At least for the time being you forget your imminent nausea and aches of head and worrying what's the best thing to do. You just go into the paints and with the music pushing you or giving your head a

place to rest. *Patita-pavana*, a bigger man helping another on his knees. Almost all today were people on their knees with hands together in *pranamas*. And one awkward but loving portrait of His Divine Grace, Shrila Prabhupada. You cannot say that I wasn't there on *harinama*, on book distribution or worship and scripture study. Too much of a claim? Yes, probably. But I did lose my pity-self and extreme body consciousness. That's why I like so much like to paint each day.

The process is enough, but you also get an interesting product to share with others, maybe with people too busy or harried to do this or think or feel like this. More please, more. We are praying to Shri Krishna.

And now you've earned a snack of pie made by HK dasi and served to the Deities by Chaitanya Chandrodoya, honored by me and Them too. Eat and run—then we will read something.

5 P.M.

Two pieces of pie is enough. Now hearing the  
wind beating against the corner of the house.  
Pay attention to this, what you are writing.  
Be happy with some news that  
you're reaching the night and you'll  
read Raghunatha Gosvami.

Each day so much time wasted  
in weakness or nausea and inattention  
and worry. Foolish worry over this body.  
If I had strength and taste  
I'd read in *Shrimad-Bhagavatam*.

Hearing a brother lecture I think I  
couldn't do better, maybe I can't  
lecture on the philosophy comprehensively  
not refreshed with lots of recent facts  
or extra research, but I can  
remember something Prabhupada  
wrote or did  
so it's good to lecture sometimes.

Down, down come the canvases I did,  
    instant exhibition  
on the wall in the hall of our  
house for two days and then we  
replace.

Pay attention to this. Chaitanya is  
eating the pie remnants then I'll  
call him up. We live to  
eat but also to read and  
live and breathe and sleep and  
rise for *japa* in cycles  
a little longer. The wind  
beats and beats against an outside  
corner of the house and I'm  
content for now.

6:18 P.M., Night Notes

Hare Krishna dasi sent me a note about spring in the  
gardens. Of course, I noticed some of it here but not as  
much as she. She writes, "From my limited experience



of life on this one little planet in the material world, springtime in Wicklow is pretty near perfect . . . I am grateful that I can live through it and experience it. The warm weather really made the garden burst into life. . . . Once the wind swung round to a warm south-westerly the whole atmosphere of the garden changed. You could feel even if you stood outside with your eyes closed . . . You could smell all the scents of the earth and the shoots, and now the birds are singing so beautifully. . . . Each morning last week when I went out I could see how things had advanced from the previous day. Plants which I had completely forgotten about, which disappear above ground during winter, seemed to have sprung up where there was nothing the day before. I love to see the new little leaves emerge along branches from the hard bud cases which have protected them all winter. It's like seeing tiny green butterflies splitting from chrysalis-covered twigs. And flowers are appearing too. . . . I hope your garden is coming to life."

I think I've been more absorbed in the art room. We each have our way of meeting and loving Krishna. But I would like to be more aware of spring. Maybe soon I can go out for longer walks. The garden here seems limited with big spaces of brown earth, unattractive. And I find the rainy, cloudy weather oppressive. People who are born and raised here are more used to it. They expect some flowers to get knocked over and they're grateful for a few sunny, warm days in between the rain and dark.

Chaitanya said the spring lambs are all over the place. They are conceived by artificial insemination at the

same time so they're all born within a week. How cruelly and hard-heartedly the "farmers" use their bodies. What karma for that? No wonder they don't want to hear or understand the teachings of transmigration. They would shutter to think of what would happen for maintaining the slaughter house. I'm not much better but I should be because I know the truth.

Can you garden for Krishna? Yes. Can you paint freely for Krishna? Yes. Encourage us. Do it then, rightly. Make it a devotional offering. I felt confident it would be so this afternoon. And the kneeling men with hands in *pranamas* came out, chunky, solid, in orange *dhotis*, flying through the sky or on the earth.

Good night. It is spring. I've got a sluggish body. My viewpoint on life is somewhat dark and troubled. Dealing with pain and worries, inside my head. A gardener comes out of the self and expands into the elements and the rebirth of plant life. She joins in the secret life of plants and actually loves favorite flowers like cowslips—"My cheerful little sweethearts"—and sees lessons of penance in weeding the thorny roses. I don't see much. I see the flowers hanging their heads and feel sorry for them, that they have to grow in such a harsh climate. Be hardy, get through.

Good night, good night. A tender plant salutes you. The sheep found our yard door open and rushed in. They were there only a few seconds. They appeared very happy with their discovery but C. chased them with a stick, "Hut!"

March 23

1:55 A.M.

You don't have to write every damned thing that passes through your mind—Clinton scandal, my sexy dream, head pressure on top of skull, floating nausea—but you do have to write something that is life, your life. I have made that pledge. Trust, trust. Yesterday I peeked at the published EJW, Volume Three, *Sojourn In Tapawomi*—I was surprise how I gave the names of Godbrothers and what they looked like (my impressions) and how I felt toward them. It could descend to gossip. It could become shallow, boring, censored. But I love life, my life, and persist. It can get better if I keep doing it. I insist, I believe.

Better. Stay with me, read me. I advertise. I coax us on. A Godbrother wants me to study the enneagram personality types which divide people into nine different categories. He says I'm a number four, the artistic individual, who is always analyzing his own feelings, introverted and dependent on his feelings and having those feelings validated by others.

Ho ho. Let's not dwell on it. I chanted thirteen rounds. I don't realize *hari-nama*, not yet. Don't love the names. But I can't do without them. Somehow I've accepted this practice as compulsory in my life. I accept that they are the best, easiest form of meditation. I "accept" their absolute value, even if you chant them not well. I believe in love of God the person (*bhakti*) as

the true and only goal of life. I want it. But . . . I don't realize it. Still . . . Thank you, Lord.

The shmo, me, have a laugh. I'll paint you some funny faces and people. Watch my stuff. The merry-go-round is starting again. Choose your horse. Want an up and down one, or a stationary loin-chariot? Here goes. I think I'll go back to bed, at the risk of increasing the head pressure. Today I make my weekly confession to Dr. K. Hey, give me those pills or I'll take them myself.

5:35 A.M.

Some key words Dr. K. used in last week's phone conversation are *weaning*, *behavioral* and *personal challenge*. He's trying to wean me off frequent use of analgesics. He sees me in a behavioral mode, acting instinctively to the stimulus of headaches, the way rats in psychological tests react—like a knee-jerk reflex—when stimulated by electric shock. How could a person *not* react to that? Therefore, it's a personal challenge for him to get me to a more long-term attitude, a thinking man's response. Like changing to *sreyas* instead of *preyas*. But am I willing or able to do that? Here I am third day in a row taking a Zomig to get out of a headache. 'Fess up, you are dependent on the meds. But I'm also dependent on food and water and air and a house for shelter. I'm dependent on Hare Krishna mantras to see me through the day guilt free. Can't do without them. Dependent on my guru and Shri Krishna.

Hare Krishna. He's determined (the author, some guy or Ms.) to disappear in the course of the story. But other authors make no distinction between their living self

and what they write. Sharon Oldes in an interview said, “I have absolutely no interest in creating characters.” So she writes personal and yet objective poems about herself, her husband, her children, her father. She wrote a whole book or poems about the death of her father. A poem about the pet mouse who died and how her son cried.

*Haribol*, the death of God is only for the fools who think so. My God is fine, sorry about yours, say the pert Christians. And what do the Krishna say? Do we say my God is better than yours? Shrila Prabhupada said it doesn't matter whether you're Christian or Muslim or Hindu, the test is whether you have the symptoms of a lover of God—no interruption in your service, no motive but to serve Him for His pleasure.

6:50 A.M.

All the priests and women at the *yajna* were put into immense misery by the destructive violence of Lord Shiva's followers. Virabhadra tore off Bhrgu's mustache. V also knocked out the teeth of Daksha and Pusa. V beheaded Daksha, using the block by which animals were killed in the sacrifice. Lord Jiva's followers devastated the whole *yajna*, set fire to it and returned to their master's abode, Kailasha.

The injured demigods and *brahmanas* went to Lord Brahma and told him what happened. Brahma said you can't expect to be happy if you offend great persons. He advised them to go to Lord Shiva and surrender to him. This is similar to our position as conditioned souls. We have committed so many wrongs and sins, but if we

surrender without reservation to Lord Krishna, He will forgive. In the purport to *Shrimad-Bhagavatam* 4.6.25, Shrila Prabhupada states that wherever a pure devotee stays, that place is a *tirtha*. I'm not a pure devotee, but I'm trying to make my place of residence a *tirtha*, a site where I am engaged day and night in Krishna's service.

You are a writer but that doesn't make you holy. There are so many writers. The sheep are baa-ing nearby. As long as they don't get into our garden. Spring is coming, almost here. The flowers with bent heads. The gray blue sky. Same things every day. Oh man, oh sir, I need meds to get through the day. The house is cement, our endeavors are hopeful. Please find time, sir, to paint and draw words and quick pics on your Bristol boards. Time for essentials.

Lord Shiva under a tall tree on Mount Kailasha. Mount Kailasha with many varieties of deer and other animals and birds and trees, lakes, waterfalls, forests. Beautiful place. They are going there to ask pardon of Lord Shiva for their offenses. I ought to go too. Ask for forgiveness. You are a nonsense.

Shrila Prabhupada says Arjuna was acting as a nonsense. First he sounded enthusiastic to fight, asking Krishna to bring his chariot between the two armies so he could see the other side. Then he says, "I'm not going to fight." Krishna is smiling.

Krishna is smiling. O aches and pains me. Small-time hurts and I howl and seek relief. Can't work, can't play, should just lie in bed at times like that and don't demand that you have to stay active. I have that will, however.

Although I don't lose a day's pay, have no boss to phone and say, "I can't come in today I have a headache." Nevertheless, I feel like that, I *want* to work and chant and sing and play in the day. But perhaps you have to face facts and just relax and be with the pain. Wait with it. Nothing else to do. Krishna is in control. Heavens . . .

Ah oh, the sheep. The blue pen. I took out my lower denture because it hurt. Placed it on the table, writing now with gums. What happened to the grand epi rock opera of *Ramayana* and Maha-bharata? What happened to the feature film of a young man who joined Shrila Prabhupada in 1966? What about those mornings in '66 and '67 January when Shrila Prabhupada was lecturing on *Chaitanya-charitamrita*? The snows of yesteryear, the roses of past summers. Vain hopes and dreams, petty wandering.

I'm in the shed in a big a coat that's starting to feel too warm. Take off your cap. Your body is heating up this space. O Lord, I'm about to eat up all the Zomigs. I can get relief. I am not going to tell that doctor everything I do. He cannot live my life for me. Shrila Prabhupada: "I am not Dr. Dasa. I am Krishnadasa." Krishnadasa does what he wants for the service of Krishna. No room for mundane authorities. Oh, sigh. Endorphins won't work if you take too much Esgic. Then what? You'll be so dependent. Krishna Krishna, the man is chanting in the cool bird-chirping air. He's walking around singing Hare Krishna mantras to the sky and to the land and plants, in his mind. The Supreme Lord is called Hrshikesh, the

controller of all the senses. Only God can claim that. We little ones have to accept our subordination to Him. It's true, a fact.

The Mr. Fed on Govinda bulbs grown in the swamp. The fictive team won three rugly matches in a row. On TV a woman advertised her book and breakfast nook. An author recommended Nabisco-Shredded Wheat for migrainers but said there is a "uneasy alliance" between migraine and vegetarianism. They shouldn't eat or drink soy and all beans. Oh, then what will we eat, our cold teeth?

Leave us alone. Let us cope. Don't damage your liver or kidneys. Don't expect to live forever. You need more time to improve. Sing, sing birdie, outside my shed. It's morning and I wish I could sing too, without self-consciousness.

The merrywink bird plied his art. The artist wrote down the birdsong into an aria or concert, a little tune. There it goes, sing it lightly. The elves and doves, the peat and turf, the sneaker clad thief running through the streets. I am here in this year 1999 A.D. Believe me, if I didn't have to write, I don't know what I would be doing. I'm satisfied, I said with the decision of the GBC and the National Board. Don't expect more from me. I don't want to agitate.

*Haribol*, six hundred meters to go before we reach the New York border. Now it's 599, the timer says 17:10, means three minutes left. Columbus discovered America or at least Santo Domingo where there is a place to see where he landed.



Men believe, Krishna is God. You have to be convinced or you can't help the Swami. So are you convinced? Yes, we are. We believe in our Lord, the creator of heaven and earth. We are trying to get it together. Write a little in a persona voice. Simulate a race to the finish and trying to keep the writer in first-place. Out-distance headache because if headache wins then we have no fun, can hardly even eat. I tell you, it is sickening. Don't complain. Say that benign headache sometimes wins but today I paid for pain-free and have it at present. There are sixty guns in battle, shoot off the wall. Writer wins the race. EJW first-first place. Don't give in to critics.

9 A.M.

Lie in bed not forever, get up  
feeling shaky, to this page. Talk with  
the doctor. Chaitanya smiles like a young  
boy because I seem so nervous and  
expectant that the phone call will connect  
from here to America, a live doctor  
on the other end say It's spring I've  
had my ups and downs this week.

And which are you now, up or?—  
why so much fussing over a non-cancerous  
headache? Because it's me. He's paid  
to care. Cares for dozens, each one has  
their data in a cardboard file. He  
may confuse me with someone else.  
I'm Stephen Guarino from Ireland, I was

in your office wearing the Hare Krishna *dhoti*  
and collar-less shirt, with a white cord  
over my torso, fungus on toes you  
said, it doesn't matter, I bet you forget  
what my benign piles are like.

Hello hello, here is the personal challenge  
and you may be sick of me now—I  
couldn't follow. I took the Esgic when  
it hurt in the head. Even today to talk  
with you I took something, so I  
could function. There, I told you.  
Now what? Imagine he says it's okay  
but you're not my disciple so don't  
call anymore, it's not worth it.  
Do whatever you like.

And left to my karma I descend to  
rebound syndrome and paint and  
write a little longer and don't  
call it quits, write the eternal  
Lord Krishna and soul in all of us,  
never dies, work  
for back to Godhead  
the only happy goal.

9:20 A.M.

(Words written on calligraphy-drawing Bristol  
board)

You have time at last to talk to me, the blank white  
Board, thank you,

I will reward you in a simple way with pleasures of now and hope to connect you

(*yoga*) to Krishna. Proclaim His eternal Self which allows you to move your hand. As long

as you live you should recognize Him, His goodness. What we call evil comes from Him indirectly as He allows you to do your limited evil thing.

Hello, hello, who's there? This is the doctor speaking.

It's me, Stefan. I take pills when my head hurts. Whaddya think?

Krishna Krishna on the phone or not pulse beats the live wire, the *atma* self is spirit eternal spark of God. I pray to keep my faith in eternal God and yet the flesh hurts be it veins expanding or contracting or sugar level drop or serotonin something—no one knows for sure the cause. But God is over all. If He wants me to hurt to experience and learn something then I'd be willing to endure. But I like to stay active, we call it preaching, even this on Bristol.

So saying he prayed and prayed. Do you mean just to be alive (pulse and heart) is to pray? It CAN be like that. O spiritual master, I know you are always with me. Please excuse me. I am an offender like Daksha was to Shiva. I misunderstood your greatness. But I never really did abandon you or my position as your *shishya*. All of us have had a hard time since your disappearance. I am not the hero to save the day. But I worship you. I do tell people Krishna is God and *Gita* His best message in brief which they should learn. Please be with me at death and now. Hari Hari.

10:50 A.M.

Heat water for bath. Who is President? Go down and bathe. How long will we live? Do you want to hear a piece of music called “The Sinking of The Titanic”? Do you want to come back again into the world where this happens? Shrila Prabhupada says when you forget Krishna for even a moment *maya* beckons, “Please come here.” Therefore, we should always chant Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare/ Hare Rama Hare Rama, Rama Rama Hare Hare.

Will the wrong memories go away at the end of life? I hope so. I’ll be helpless. Practice to that end. Hearing my master, I realize I don’t really know him. But I cling to my connection with him.

1:05 P.M.

Good talk with the doctor. He’s a good man. Said my med taking was “appropriate.” Now I’m smoothing out the afternoon. You don’t have to suffer. You can be a devotee and happy too. Get out of the house and walk a rapid half-hour saying Hare Krishna mantras. Be . . . a devotee in spirit. The doctor said, the nurse said, the tenor sax man said, the editor said, the letter I received said. . . . the *prasadam* was very good and so was my appetite. M. keeps me thin. Me gotta get fat.

Dir Diry, I’m going to stay in bed an hour longer starting tomorrow. ’Til 1 A.M. More sleep makes a strong devotee. More to ward off them headaches. And you eat more, ya hear?

Trombone it. Beat dat it. I'm due a certain amount of pain. But I've got my work to do. No wonder he wants to write this wonderful Krishna conscious message. All is temporary but you can use it for the eternal service of the Supreme Lord. That would be good for you and for those you tell it to (as Bhaktisiddhanta Sarasvati Thakura wrote to Shrila Prabhupada in that letter of 1936).

Bhaktisiddhanta Sarasvati went on, Shrila Prabhupada went on, we all leave the body. The eternal soul goes on and where it goes depends on our desires. We should definitely try to get out of the cycle of birth of death. Do what Krishna wants. Please Him.

I'm hopeful I'm gonna improve my migraine management. More up time to face the tests, to enjoy the hours of creativity. Give, share Krishna consciousness more with people.

I'm writing this to keep score. The Dodgers are ahead. They're winning in a night game at Ebbets Field in the 1950s, Carl Erskin [sp?] is pitching a beautiful game.

I'm not there, I'm here on March 23, in beautiful Wicklow. I'm fortunate. I love life. But you've got to leave, right in the middle, just when it was getting interesting. Before you get mugged. Got to leave just as you start getting a little wisdom. Krishna knows best where to take you and for what.

Yeah, that's the news from Littleville. On this Tuesday in Jamaica. From the body. What's the *Shrimad-Bhagavatam* say? It says don't offend the devotee. And if you do then go to him without

reservation and surrender, ask forgiveness. I didn't know your greatness. Please excuse me. Let me serve you.

5:55 P.M.

Madhu came back after a painful experience in the hospital. He bought lots of mail for me. I feel crushed by it because I want to write my simple version of the process I am going through. Of course, I have to take a burden like everyone else. But it's hard to deal with many persons personal trips. I say "trip" not in a sarcastic sense but it is literally a trip to go into anyone's psyche and to be a good listener and to dig out of yourself some sincere and helpful response. I ought to beg off if I really can't do it. Don't pretend you are Superman. Hey, okay, you're doing okay or you're not. I'll try to help with a few words. Not compassionate . . . Say something. Mainly go on chanting and keep your understanding of your relationship with your spiritual master and Krishna as foremost.

March 24

5:45 A.M.

Already took a Zomig, which didn't work at all and two hours later took an Esgic which did work. So I'm temporarily headache free. Doctor said don't just stay in the house waiting for the next headache. Go out and take a walk, a half-hour walking fast. Okay yeah, when I can, I will. I've got to do so many things. Got to keep clear of as many controversies as possible, which all come boiling up in the institution. Yeah, got to answer letters and write this and read *shastra*. And rest and eat and all that. Oh, you've got a tough life.

I know, I've got it easy. I'm not complaining. My book is longer than the Maha-bharata but with no cast of characters like the five Pandavas and other devotee-heroes. But Lord Krishna *is* in my book and Shrila Prabhupada. Modern days we write a book where the main protagonist is just you or me. Amateurs become authors, flawed beings practice Krishna consciousness, and even after thirty-three years they remain largely flawed and floored.

You cupid, you kewpie doll, I've seen you somewhere before. Aren't you the Sally of some girl's eye? Weren't you a sweetheart, a cowslip in a former age?

Yes, I remember when I regressed in an instant trance, I was Cinderella at the dance in the seventh century. I was poodle of Chowpan. A concubine in

Japan, I hanker to understand Basho and solved the Koan to my satisfaction in ancient China. I was Walt Whitman's "I" in part, in cracker animal soup. Ulysses Grant was the subject of the term paper I wrote in high school history. Grant and his dog, Determination.

Hare Harry. Here's a day. Don't bemoan it, come what may. You so scared of pain, take what you can to chase it. Now let's see you dodge the silver bullet of death.

Got a letter from someone in Vrindavan. He says . . . gossip . . . devotees are going there to other gurus outside of ISKCON. Militant women taking their rights for *darshan* of the Deity and not waiting for the male parliamentarians to vote in their favor in the year 2058. Also, Y2K fever builds and some think Vrindavan or Puerto Rico would be a good place to hideout when civilization collapses. I, of course, can speak since I have chosen a bunker. But it's up to Krishna whether you get caught in the city and whether it is as bad as they think who think it will be the worse.

7:34 A.M.

The *Bhagavatam* narrator is describing the beauty of Mount Kailasha. There is much natural beauty there and also heavenly denizens flying in *vimanas*, airplanes. These planes run on the power of mantric hymns. Yes, why not, gremlin? You think your 747s and Stealth jet bombers are the only things that can fly? Shut up and let me talk some more what I find in the *Shrimad-Bhagavatam*. I know you're the cynic at every step of the way. (Madhu this morning mentioned that I've been



in the US Navy and there I gained a healthy kind of cynicism. I guess it's true. And I was already cynical as a New York City would-be intellectual, leftist, Bohemian-inclined.)

But no cynicism please toward what you read in *shastra*. If that kind of doubt arises you say, "That's the gremlin." The forests in Kailasha are filled with desire trees, "it is almost like the residence of Lord Krishna." The forest elephants there are incited by the natural atmosphere and they become agitated for sexual enjoyment. Shrila Prabhupada points out that this is a key difference between the material world, even in heavenly planets, and the spiritual Vaikuntha world. In Vaikuntha, "the spiritualistic minds of the inhabitants are so much absorbed in the spiritual vibration of chanting the glories of the Lord that such engagement could not be surpassed by any other enjoyment, even sex . . ." (*Bhag.* 4.6.31, purport)

The demigods led by Brahma traveled in Kailasha until they reach a place where there was a great banyan tree. The tree was eight hundred miles high with branches spread out six hundred miles around. What? Yeah, that's what it says. Pretty tall tree, huh Grem? Ever see one like that in your home town? Where do you come from anyway? They got trees like that in Cincinnati? There was also "no noise of birds" in this tree, and so it was just suitable for meditation. I remember trying to meditate under a tree at Ramana Reti that was full of chirping and excrement-dropping birds.

And under that tree the demigods saw Lord Shiva. “As grave as time eternal, he appeared to have given up all anger?” (*Bhag.* 4.6.32) Many *yogis* were there in meditation on Lord Vishnu. Lord Shiva was surrounded by Kuvera and the four Kumaras.

7:51 A.M.

Off and running. We didn’t read *Shrimad-Bhagavatam* aloud at our meeting after breakfast. We did all the business first, from my Post-its to Madhu. By the time we finished it was too late and my brain was exhausted and agitated. Tomorrow we’ll *start* with the *Shrimad-Bhagavatam* reading. And do it after lunch also. Read, weep, be happy, learn, be dutiful. Someone says reading Shrila Prabhupada’s books is merely entertainment, you have to *study* them. Boy, I don’t know if I can study anymore. I don’t think so. I’m lucky if I can read, sit back and hear the purport flowing and try to take some of it in.

I battled through the early morning hours to subdue the headache, the fourth in four days. It took up time I could have used in reading and writing. Maybe I won’t be able to paint in the afternoon. But why not? You love to do that. Move your arm to music and catch the words of Shrila Prabhupada. Put *tilaka* on them. Yesterday I painted an underwater scene with various fish moving in musical rhythm. There was no *tilaka* on the fish and no verbal caption or catch-word. Chaitanya said that’s okay because people will know it was done by a Hare Krishna person. Yes, like Madhu’s singing and playing Irish traditional music in his shaved head and *dhوتي*.

O little world within the big and bigger worlds. O devotee haven protected from the outside crudities. O invitation to walk in the morning. Be with the Manus, great sages meditating under tall trees. Me and mine. My body, my dear head, my medical diary, my weekly report to the doctor of my choice. He's permissive. He said that if I get a headache it's all right to take a rescue med. If I get many headaches and take many meds it's an indication to him to do something better to help me. I appreciated that angle. Maybe M. will try to speak against it. Cynical. See through. But I want to preserve this sweet trusting relationship I have with the doctor. He's not merely treating the disease but the afflicted individual and that's the way of Hippocrates, the father of medicine.

Oh please, soon it will be April. And then May with the May-poles in Central Park. (I saw them once, school children with their teachers, poles with long streamers and the children walked around in a circle. Did it get tangled?) O March, go out like a lamb. Daylight savings time. Me go to lecture. Me American Indian scout. Fetchum scalps. Make flint stone arrowhead and poems and fox medicine and witch-doctor for the headache. Bring this fellow back into the community with health to participate, this Steppen Wolfe.

Oh oh, it's gonna run out of ink. It's gonna rain. The birds are singing, for me and my gal. Somebody please help me to return to sobriety. Like Shiva, a little. Sit with grave persons and you'll become more serious. Not with silly dances and hip tunes in your head. Calm down and be a real devotee, or at least an aspirant.

I'm thinking of lecturing Sunday (at Bhadra and Shilavati's house) on forgiveness. The verse where Daksha asks for it, begs pardon. Clinton asked to be forgiven. Was it sincere or forced? Should the people forgive him? Krishna, please forgive me. Of course, He can and will, be confident of that. I can give the example of my being sorry that I wasn't more sorry when I made a secretarial mistake and Shrila Prabhupada reprimanded me. And maybe the example of feeling guilty that I broke my pill regimen with the doctor and his releasing me from that guilt. Ask forgiveness for our basic neglect of chanting. I'd like to focus on that because that's the context for using this verse as mentioned in the purport to the Seventh Canto *shravana kîrtanam vishnu smaranam*. Be sorry you chant so poorly. Or be sorry that you're not more sorry.

What to do with that regret? Just chalk it up as a permanent shortcoming? No, try to do something. Shrila Prabhupada pushed me to that realization. Do, think, practically. Surely you can think of some way to improve your chanting. The help will come from the Lord and He will forgive you. Read more the purport to the verse where Daksha asked to be pardoned by Lord Shiva.

Talk about the glories of this so easy process of meditation and prayer, Hare Krishna mantras on beads. Oh, oh oh oh, oh oh you beautiful, you great big beautiful—

This better stop soon. They are at the half-way mark, the three-quarter mark of the race of writing practice and it's EJW in the lead and Headache is second and

Cynic and Gremlin are fourth and fifth, and after that there's Mundane and Sleep and Doubt and Enemies and Death. Death in the rear but catching up. As we come into the homestretch it's EJW but the next horse, Headache, is making a worrisome bid. Come on, EJW! Here comes another horse I didn't mention, *Sadhana* with *Shrimad-Bhagavatam*, it's coming on strong too. But EJW is pulling ahead into the last yards of the race, kicking up dirt and the jockey Sats (116 lbs) whipping him, whipping his ass, his flanks and standing up in the stirrups, watch out there boy. As they come to the finish post—

Yeah, I fell asleep, passed out and when I woke up I asked, “Who won?” They told me EJW made a union with *Shrimad-Bhagavatam Sadhana* and they both won, but I didn't see it myself. I saw out the window rain dripping and me happy to live here even in malady and write and live and curse no one and be the disciple of my Guru Maharaja Shrila Prabhupada, and be the disciple of Krishna through Shrila Prabhupada and worship my Radha-Govinda.

11:05 A.M.

Harp lesson Tuesday for Madhu same time I phone the doctor again. Did M. hear the tape of our conversation? Tell him “Be careful what you say. I was vulnerable and open with him”—so don't cut it down with your analysis or interpret it a different way than me. Some things are sacred.

Told Titiksa in South India I don't understand Postmodernism but do I have to? She's a postmodern academic. Try to understand faucault. Get a simple book. But all I need is *brahma-sabdha* as explained by Jiva and Baladeva—what comes down from transcendental authorities. I like it, I want to hear from saintly persons but it's so hard living in an institution where people have a million (exaggeration) views, deconstruction, vote, policy, habit, loss loss. I better say something straight before this is over.

Was raining when I went out unprepared so wear your rain gear and walk—you don't need to put a *dhoti* over the rain pants. Just walk in any weather. Be satisfied with what comes in the joyful flowing spring, trinkle even in dry season and Ireland is never dry. You can write and find your way to Krishna consciousness in the process, trust the process, remember? The process is *bhakti* and me writing with faith from the heart and mind and day and returning to the canon to the source of the Ganga to *janmadyasyah*. And me and you.

11:23 A.M.

(Words written on Bristol board calligraphy-drawing)

So many things you could look at but now I'm writing with out-stretched arm. Hare Krishna explicit. You don't like some people's presentation of KC. They are too rough or really depart from the spirit of loving service. Use philosophy as weapon to smash. But please be careful, try to add something favorable after your inevitable cynical remarks.

When we rounded the bend . . . KC antics, same stuff, barrow of fun, work it off, man. Find something to say a little unusual or just the true wishful sport bouncing off. Devotees me too. Don't practice *mauna*, that's for the nonsense person who speaks nonsense so guru orders him, "Don't talk. Be quiet." That's a little improvement. But *mauna* is not for the devotees.

So we will speak and avoid *aparadhas*. Wish we could love God but then they would gather around you and push you up for worship and flattery and from that you could fall like old Sergius. So just work in your relative obscurity.

Where is your cast of characters? I told you all I have is me and the badger and lynx and mole and rabbit and toad and a house underground like *Wind in the Willows*. We have no plot or trickery. But folks want that? Sorry I can't avoid, can't play that, don't have it. Krishna muscles, I am a little, little spark of spirit with free will. Pray not to be misled. Pray Hare Krishna mantras.

12:46 P.M.

Lord Shiva was sitting in the *vira-asana* with his hand in a teaching *mudra*. He was speaking to Narada so the topic must have been *bhakti*. All the sages and demigods offered their obeisances to Lord Shiva. When he saw Lord Brahma, Lord Shiva stood up and offered him respects by bowing down and touching his lotus feet. I just read that much out loud with Madhu. We'll continue to do it twice a day, I hope. Listen alertly to what Shrila Prabhupada writes, pick up the Sanskrit terms. Don't get hung up on trivialities of grammar or sentence construction. Visualize what he's saying, that Lord Shiva is seated, powerful, his body covered with ashes so he looked like an evening cloud. All glories to Lord Shiva, the best Vaishnava. Lord Brahma was afraid that Lord Shiva might be angry and so he covered his fear with a smile and spoke.

12:55 P.M.

Reading, being a little bit in that world. Don't live in this temporary world. Use temporary things in the service of the Lord. Be Krishna conscious somehow or other, all the time. Covering the page with ink scribbles, he learned how to do it in school as a child. It was not hard to do because he knew these things from a previous life. Oh, really?

Yes, he writes naturally because he's a spirit soul. His job occupation (in the Navy) was journalist which is designated by a scroll and a feather pen. The guy who writes, like Thomas Jefferson and John Hancock across the document the in 1776. You are now a devotee in ISKCON thirty years plus three. Fifty-nine years



running on sixty. How much longer? Krishna Krishna. The puppet show, the rear action admiral. The officer's mess, officer's country. They sit in the ward room at the dinner table, the C.O. is at the head. The rule is no talking of women, politics or religion. The Filipino stewards are serving. Officers . . . And I was down in the enlisted men mess where we served ourselves on-line, grabbed the metal tray, put it out, actually you are served by the cooks who slop it on your tray. That's okay.

Did he listen? Do you want? What? Paint. Yes, I'll go there. The day is growing older. I went out the door and said, "It's delicious!" referring to the *kicchari*. I said it in my Ozzie Nelson voice. Ozzie and Harriot and Ricky and Davie. All-American Pleasantville. Very little plot but plenty of talk and people loved it. It sounded like slice of America to them.

Hare Krishna, I can speak now. I'm not out of sorts but a little tired from eating and having to face such little-ness. When they say one should think only of Krishna I think, "Oh, what about the jazz and classics I listen to? What about the fault-finding? The taking it easy? The seeking to be free of pain." So I could come here to this page.

I really love you. I don't want to exploit you. I have come to talk something. With a big yawn. In the *kicchari* were carrots and a few little chunks of sweet potato, orange, yellow, green, pale brown of the dreany (good) bread. Pour olive oil on bread. Save two pieces for mixing with rhubarb jam. Are you increasing your calories?

Seven misfits on a sea

you see, where I felt perturbed. Don't turn back to your sinful self. Don't list the crimes. The statue of something has run out. You can be free. Now Krishna, I wish to serve You, I say. But do it? Many religionists are still trying to serve themselves. Yeah, I know, it's a hard life enjoying in *maya* and then getting kicked by realistic hob nail boots.

He slams the door, exits the house and heads this way towards his shed. O Krishna it is a good thing we planned in advance to stay here. Now you please accept it. You are an expatriate.

Sam slob played a guitar at the Barmitzvah. Judy Sajonna held the apples aloft. Let us have no William Tell act. Jesus in the story of the Gospels. Therese of Lisieux reading it ardently. Me at the edge of consciousness, wishing, brooding, not able to say it. You don't have what it takes so there's not much to talk about.

U.S. Grant's Bulldog determination. He was wee *determinado*. He danced all night. At three o'clock in the morning. In the wee small hours. That mood is different for a devotee. He's meeting with Krishna with intense devotion. I think I know what you mean. Let's minimize so we have some dry matches and sparks for January 1, 2000.

Let's be an athlete of hope. Have your med Rx on hand. Krishna will not behave wrongly. God is all good. Now here's the skinny—a man like me was with Mukunda Maharaja doing preaching to people in indirect ways. Mukunda M was expert and kept

extending himself, sacrificing sleep and other comforts. I couldn't take it. I had to take a leak. I had to see what time it was. I wanted a straw vote, to be left alone, no turtle. I wanted to paint in the room, Scrape sandy paint onto the hard surface. No respite? You will be on tap. At the three-quarter point he admitted he had only beaten around the bush unless you can see some surprise good in this writing. He doubled his effort to win. FW pulled ahead of the pack, directly followed by Many Drafts Writing. Headache was far in the back. *Shrimad-Bhagavatam* was third. In the home-stretch, EJW felt the itch of piles. He sacrificed any relief and poured it on, tired and hobbled as he was he ran with his heart, sparing nothing. He was going slower and losing ground but hoped he had enough lead to keep him ahead. Headache and *Shrimad-Bhagavatam* came on strong, EJW kept hoofing, notably tired and hesitant. He looked like he wanted to be somewhere else, a cast of characters, he ran knowing it would be good to win and even if you died trying. He went over the finish line one and a half lengths ahead of the others. Amen *Haribol*.

4:05 P.M.

Painting 'til my back aches, that's good. Buildings, temple domes, churches steeples, white outline, black outline, neat then rough. A face gets discovered. I resign myself to some shape. I can't stay shapeless. A few words but not so many today, let it go that it's a painting and they can see it, it may grab them and say, "Here. Here is life. Here is a chunky man. It's this way. This is real and vibrating. Don't you feel it too, in life?"

Oh, oh, you're getting worked up. Now I'm calming down, waiting for the snack and then maybe we'll read a new book, *Prema-bhakti Chandrika* with commentary by Vishnavatha Chakravartî Thakura. Hanuman said, "I know that Lord Rama and Sitâ are not different than Lakshmi and Lord Narayana, but I prefer to worship Lord Rama. He's my life and soul." Similarly, Shrila Prabhupada said, the Gaudiya Vaishnavas worship Radha- Krishna or Krishna in Dvaraka with Rukmini.

A Hare Krishna at SMU. A white dot in the eye of the storm. Try out this new red oil stick, what do you think? Is it as good as the Siva brand? No, I say, it didn't stick on as well. Hands and oil sticks merge in color and goo until I make a new sharp point with the knife and apply it again. Another mouth, more eyes—who do I think I am, a pint sized Lord Brahma making people in the universe? Cool off, man, and do something more obviously *parampara*. Oh, you.

4:14 P.M.

Paint up your nose. That's all right.  
I've been away from Krishna too long,  
you can contact Him right away  
anytime you read. Even if it's  
dull and dry you're with Him, you are  
at the cloud, the outer covering.  
He's inside.

Forgive me I didn't know how great  
You are. I become self-conscious only.  
They ask me, "Why doesn't Krishna force

us to love Him? Why didn't He protect  
 His devotee who fell down and now wants  
 nothing to do with Krishna? Why?"  
 I say it's our free will, give them a  
 answer. I don't know.

Eat more calories. Sleep more,  
 get up later. Don't suffer on my  
 account says the doctor. I feel  
 redeemed. Now I can rest in peace.  
 But what about *prema-pumarta-mahan*?

Prabhupada ahead of us, waiting for us.  
 We don't know where we came from or  
 where we are going. We want to  
 find the spiritual world of bliss and  
 eternity and know our *rasa* and it  
 makes new sense—we want to  
 serve, we've got the right  
 body and mind all soul.

6:18 P.M.

Night. It's a magic process. You start to write and  
 something comes out. It's Krishna. The ability in man.  
 The intelligence and motor skill to shape the letters.  
 Even the instrument, the fountain pen comes from His  
 material elements and arranged by intelligent scientists  
 and inventors. It's all Krishna and you can feel that  
 when you write. I don't think I'm an independent  
 creator. But neither do I claim that I'm simply a  
 mouthpiece or stringed instrument and Krishna is

playing through me. That would be to claim my writing is as good as scripture, and perfect and true as Krishna. No. I'm here with my taints. But that's exciting too, because we can see where the rough conditioned soul is speaking and where the pure soul is trying to speak.

Each day. Don't be ashamed that you live. "Pardon me for living." Don't be embarrassed the sameness. The sun is not shy about the fact that it rises pretty much the same each day. Each event is new and exciting to one who appreciates the sun rise or sunset. Be alert while it happens. So, writing a life. Hare Krishna Hare Krishna.

March 25

5:33 A.M.

No more midnight rising and writing. My schedule now is 1 A.M. rising and right into *japa*. Headaches five days in a row but I'm able to abort them with rescue med. Of course, you can't do that every day or soon it turns into rebound syndrome where the medicine is causing the headaches. Dr. K. will have to reach into his kit bag and come up with something else, maybe stronger preventative medicine. He wants me to exercise but I'm often resting instead, too achy to go out. I can still try for it later. But writing is blessed, if I may use that word. I mean it's sacred time and act therefore I can't simply postpone it hour after hour because "more important" or pressing duties like lying in bed to coax the medicine to work. Go ahead, dear Esgic, make the pain go away so Johnny can play and work at his trade of writing and reading and painting in the afternoon.

He trusts in the process. That can include the process of drug therapy and other therapies prescribed by the doctor. The assuring feeling of knowing you're working with a doctor and not just wandering along on your own. He knows when I suffer I have to cup a pill. He says that means *he* bears the responsibility to come up with some other remedies. The burden is not on me to stop taking medicine when I have pain but for both of us to find other ways so that the pain doesn't come. Be

positive to note progress. But realistic. This is not a good week. Last week was good with five pain-free days in a row. I'm making notes of what to tell him next Tuesday when I phone.

Hello, it's me again, don't cut me off. Let me tell you my story of weakness to pain, tell you how I opted to stay active and how I love (am attached to) the things I do each day. Now I have no qualms in saying and believing that I love my normal life or activities I perform in this house and the freedom from activities forced on me by the institution or society or visitors, etc. This is bliss and I know it. I want to paint each day "forever" and watch the paintings evolve. And find impetus and taste in writing. Is it a kind of novel or history? No. A diary? More like that but it's more than that. It's plunging into "writing practice," the art of free-write, poem hunt, self-discovery. The lift, unburden of things on the mind. Talking to yourself and your best friend. Reaching into a bag of limited repertoire.

I'd like to not mention so much *about* writing but to some degree it's my favorite subject, so why hold back? As a horseman might tell of horses, a baseball player talk of the game, I talk of my vocation and service. It's like this, see? You take a pen and you write. It comes out what you're doing and thinking. It appears to have the fault of self-centeredness rather than Krishna consciousness, but you contend the self is also just a means to the end. The goal is to play the big *mridanga*, the larger *sankirtan* of Krishna conscious writing and publishing.



Writing comes from God, the source of creativity, who gives the letters of the alphabet, ability to use the God-given brain and other faculties. They will cease functioning and I write before it's too late. It's my story but I think it's valuable because it's the *bhakti* path *as given to me personally by Shrila Prabhupada*. This redeems me. Writing comes before and also after acts of *sadhana*. I tell of *japa* and reading. You say, "My chanting of *japa* isn't good, my *gayatri*s hopelessly inattentive (even though I have a book on the esoteric *madhurya* meanings of the mantras)." So it's a kind of chanting—"My Hare Krishna Hare Krishna is not good." O Lord Chaitanya, You said *ahanu nani anuraga*, You did not get a taste in chanting because of offenses. Please count me as a soul eligible for Your mercy, dear Patita-pavana.

7:03 A.M.

We read in *Shrimad-Bhagavatam*. Lord Brahma began his speech to Lord Shiva. He praised him and mentioned *varnashrama* and the role of the *brahmanas*. This seems to be indirectly a way to remind Lord Shiva not to destroy or reject the *brahmanas*. They also had done wrong and Lord Brahma implied that they would now rectify their ways. But the *brahmana* class cannot be neglected. Some of the terms Lord Brahma uses in addressing Lord Shiva, such as supreme Brahman, make it sound as if Lord Shiva is the Supreme Personality of Godhead. But Shrila Prabhupada makes it clear in the purport that this is not so.

And so our *Shrimad-Bhagavatam* readings are underway. It's not a deep study, just an out loud reading, but it's something and I'm glad we've got the idea and will to do it. Now be very regular about it and don't miss the sessions in favor of some other duties. The *Bhagavatam* will speak to us in relevant ways to help us cope with immediate situations. The last purport that Madhu read stated that if a devotee is in distress, he takes it as Krishna's will and goes on serving. Thus he becomes eligible for entering the spiritual world. How important that is!

Now I step off the deep end into my mind, into life itself lived on the surface as perceived by the senses. Cold air, I wear my rain pants. The minnows are blooming with bent necks and two new batches of them are just about to bloom. Before they open and blossom they stand erect, but as soon as the flower appears, the neck bends over and they look sorry, bedraggled and pretty and their bright bloom. Also brief, like the mating calls of the birds and the first innocent days of the baby lambs gamboling.

Pens on a desk. Pain aborted. I brought several projects out to the shed. First comes writing and then some letter answering, some reading in preparation for Sunday's lecture and maybe read a little in TKG's book of papers he wrote in college. He includes the letter he wrote introducing himself to SMU and asking entrance. He describes his career in ISKCON very briefly and mentions that although he is weary from thirty years of constant travel, he doesn't consider shirking his duties. He says the Hare Krishna movement is established but

people often misunderstand us. So he wants to understand better the ways of the cultures we live in (outside of the Hare Krishna movement's walls), because this will be helpful for a deeper implementing and influencing of the Hare Krishna movement. It occurred to me that I'm not doing that. I write for devotees (starting with myself) and help us to cope in daily ways with our minds, our reality. I'm not learning so much about the world outside the walls of Krishna conscious life. Is this too insular? But Rupa Gosvami and others were also insular. Besides, I do partake in some of the culture of the world, such as when I read nondevotee poetry.

Oh ho, oh Joe, whaddya know? I know the price of beans and how to dial a phone to America. I know the jargon of a migraineur. I know how to speak to someone about—my writing, his problems, and alive alive oh. I wheel my wheel barrow through streets broad and narrow crying EJW! Cry, “Oh, I don't regret but I regret *that*.”

No, you don't regret at all. Something's got to be done. We're in the rebound syndrome again with a board of meds everyday. Tell the doctor, it's his problem not mine. Can't expect me to suffer. Hippocrates said to future doctors, don't hurt the patient. Help me, doc. Surely you've got some miracle med in your black bed or some trick up your sleeve. Tell me the truth benign. Let me off easy. I must keep active, you see, even if it's not perfect. I “can't” lie in bed all day, not if I can help it.

To write this sonnet to a football player. To slay this dragon of doubt. He said (TKG in his letter asking admittance to SMU) time is running out; I have maybe twenty years left. Could be less. What's the best way to spend it? Don't think of something impossible as a great way to finish your life, such as imitating Rupa and Raghunatha Gosvamis and chanting a hundred and ninety-six rounds per day like Haridasa Thakura, living by begging, lying on the ground under a different tree each night at Radha-kunda. Don't. Then? Keep on writing and hope it will be good and better. Keep hearing *Shrimad-Bhagavatam*.

The time has all but run out of this session. Voltaire's *Candide* is witty and cutting satire on the Berklian philosophy of —no, on the leivnitz philosophy of Dr. Pangloss—that we live in the best of all possible worlds. Give me an “A” for saying so. I like this secular knowledge. I think I shall become an intellectual and English major with fashionable sweater and pants and shoes, if it is possible. This race at the end of an exam to put words down to impress the teacher. People need to be enlightened against the tyranny of church and religion and big government. We need Socialism and Communism. Poetry, free sex. Education for the masses. Music as we like, no restriction. Romantic idea, Shelly, Keats, no boorish stuff. Sensitive alive feelings. Is that okay, teach?

9 A.M.

My story forgotten mom and daddy, no longer  
my story told as much of it as I want.

My mother is close to ninety now and doesn't  
want to hear from me. Close the book  
don't open it. You're a guru, bachelor,  
Reverend Satsvarupa, girls and women I write  
to see me as guru. And I do.

I'm chaste to Prabhupada despite a  
few deviations over the years, got straightened  
with time. Don't tell that story either  
but the present, uneasy with your self as  
the subject of your poems nor can you vault  
to a Whitmanian "I." Then what, daffodils  
of my adopted Wicklow? Holy self  
of *Vedas*, me a *gopi-manjari* or  
at least a resident of Vaikuntha?

Me the scarecrow in the crows, frame  
who wears orange painty sweatshirt  
and clean *dhoti* every two days.  
Me the schedule-follower, the  
writer. Me . . . and you fellow devotees  
Don't go nowhere, phone the doctor  
once a week. Me the pill taker waiting indoors  
for the next headache. "Get out and walk!" he  
says, walk for aerobics. *Shrimad-Bhagavatam*  
tales would make a better topic.

Social issues, busy body, reformers not.  
Don't attend the Prabhupada reunion or women's  
club  
or *japa* reform or committee for justice.

What do you do? I hide from you, you  
 wouldn't understand. I sing this song I  
 find. I cleaned my floor, answer my  
 mail, remove influences. I am  
 as always. As "Tuka says" ends his  
 poem, mine is Prabhupada *cela*  
 hope he's still on a list.

9:34 A.M.

(Words written on calligraphy Bristol board)

9:21 When do you write on Bristol boards he asked  
 me. I said I have no schedule, when it feels right. I know  
 the story will be interesting with KC urgency, teachings  
 and maybe some fictional small.

More earnestness, sincere, leap frog from paragraph  
 to paragraph. Krishna army startles Morocco, takes over  
 Mauritius and Trinidad, short lived as Hare Krishna  
 fought among themselves and drift into power.  
 Prabhupada said Krishna could give you control of the  
 world in three days but you're not humble enough. No  
 organized or pure, would mislead them. At least we  
 would tell them, "Chant the names of God." But what  
 do you do with the surplus garbage and warming and  
 aging effect of planet earth. Politicians need sabby,  
 can't just always say, "Chant Hare Krishna."

Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare  
 Hare/ Hare Rama Hare Rama, Rama Rama Hare Hare.  
 ISKCON farm. Y2K garden—keep out!

Started again to give nourishment in sentences,  
 disprove doubters. The one story of life in thread of  
 blood in veins. Inside. Shrila Prabhupada says we don't

die but if you kill someone you create inconvenience for him as he has to leave one body for another. But Krishna says we always exist in one form or another. *Nityoh nityanam*, like Him only smaller and much less knowledge.

Spring comes to the garden, see the pretty flowers and think of Krishna who made it all. A garden in the spiritual world would be ideal. He will let us serve Him when we are liberated. Now it's just practice, going through the motions. In spiritual world it's real thing. But don't imitate now. Study and read and spread mission, spread roots of your own KC.

This is going to be good. We'll keep telling the truth. Good now and when we look at it later. Spring is here. Do you notice? Feel more alive. Hare Krishna. Please. Okay, I do.

11:35 A.M.

You grow older. Shrila Prabhupada said at age forty you are primary old age and at fifty you are an old man. It struck me as he said it. He said one can live utmost seventy or eighty, although there are some people who are ninety, ninety-five. Calculations. What will you do with the time? I have been thinking of my Sunday lecture. Doubtful about the topic based on the verse Daksha speaks to Shiva that I didn't know your powers but please forgive me. I would focus on prayer to Hari-nama and ask the holy name to forgive us. My hesitation is that I myself don't this remorse, not even remorse that I don't feel remorse. But it that a reason not to preach it? You can openly say I'm not even at the first

stage. It is an important topic for discussion. We ought to be dissatisfied, not complacent. If someone can stir the complacency then he's doing us a favor. I hope by speaking on it to stir this and maybe if it doesn't work for me it will help someone else. Even if I don't say that I can think it. It's all right to preach something even before you have realized it. It is our duty to repeat *parampara*. I do realize theoretically the importance of chanting without offenses. Since you have agreed to lecture you can go ahead and do it. And in a discrete way you can drop a remark that you are preaching to yourself as well as others.

Are there other reasons not to speak on that topic? Well, I'll have to be careful not to get too psychological with it in talking of remorse, the attitude of asking for forgiveness, the practical business of actually rectifying. Although I'm not tasting it now I can tell moments in my life with Shrila Prabhupada in ISKCON where it did occur and some change took place. First I can mention the Bill Clinton phenomena, of his asking for forgiveness for what he did wrong. Then I can tell of my chastisement by Shrila Prabhupada who drove me first to regretting my lack of seriousness and then to do something practical. Action. Then tell something about *Guru Reform* and the mood of the booklet and one quote from it. You could then read from a letter that I received where a devotee quotes my book about *japa* reform where I said we know how to reform and we should turn to the *japa* genius within us, the reformer within ourselves.



12:44 P.M.

Lord Brahma said to Lord Shiva that saintly persons are forgiving. He seemed to imply that Lord Shiva should forgive the offending *brahmanas* headed by Daksha. Saintly persons are tolerant on behalf of everyone. They want to do good for others. They never resent how Krishna treats them. A devotee has spiritual and material prowess so he could retaliate when someone puts him into trouble. But we see in the case of Prahlada Maharaja, Haridasa Thakura, Lord Nityananda and Lord Jesus Christ, “he is tolerant for the welfare of the entire human society.” When Maharaja Parikshit tolerated the curse put on him by the *brahmana* boy, this set the stage for the recitation of *Shrimad-Bhagavatam* by Shukadeva Gosvami to Maharaja Parikshit. Everyone benefits from that, even today.

My father and mother . . . Don’t confess. Just stay right here, it’s after lunch and you’re still burping and belching to get the meal down. In the shed, wind blowing outside. Don’t write primarily to communicate to a general or academic audience. Don’t try to catch their attention. But use all attention to say as much of the truth as you can.

Here comes the words and thoughts. I trust in the process. I screen out some of the onrush. But some of it must stay. Again, not a paper for a college course or to pass the policy of a magazine editor. Not selling it. Small and progressive. I garble words so fast they don’t make sense, sometimes. Soon I’ll go inside and spread

gritty paint and smooth paint across the canvas. Scrape, scrape, I like the sound and the feel of the sand-with-acrylic against the stiff canvas. And then the thick and smooth paint, then water it down, smoother, lighter. Search for the form within the formless. It's not so grand or expert. What you settle for.

Oh boy, crackers, jammers. Oh my, this is the best. This boy sure has a hammer to hammer us home with his point. Oh my, what can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the fair. He promised . . .

Krishna consciousness is not a political organization. It's a state of being moment to moment. A Krishna conscious person thinks of the Supreme Lord Krishna. He dwells on Shyamasundara in His beautiful three-fold bending form. Krishna with the flute, cows, *gopas*. Krishna alone with Shrimati Radharani or Krishna with many *gopis*. Krishna killing Kamsa and other demons. Krishna talking with a dear devotee—Arjuna, Devahuti, Uddhava, Shridhama and Subala and Madhumagala. Krishna and a few *gopas* blocking the path with the *gopis* in the Danakeli pastimes. Krishna in the temple painting and the *arca-vigraha*. Krishna in sound vibration of His names and in the Sanskrit *shastras*.

Oh yes, give us Krishna and Krishna *prasada*. Are you East or West? He read a paper. They applauded. He thought, “Good, it's becoming clear I'm the best.” Now I can rest. Every day early in the morning the pressure starts building in my head and I take a med. Can you just let it build and not take one? Yes, I could but it means I'll have to go most of the day in pain and sidelined. I just don't want to do it. No, I won't. At least

tomorrow I'll take a Zomig. And if that doesn't work I won't take an Esgic. I'll just stay in bed—no writing this or painting—just take the day off and look at the pain and wait for it to go down. Eating isn't fun, and you can't answer letters. You get a bit depressed.

Village in India. City in India. Oh, are you going to tell me what has to be done? Are you going to sell books or read a book or dance and sing with *karatalas*? What do you Krishnas do for fun?

We make jokes and pies. We're actually more normal than you might think. We're not entirely transcendental or entirely Indian-religious minded. Not entirely focused on the proselytizing mission. Complacent. Chant but don't do it well. Yes, we are like that.

I studied the books more than three times. Or maybe I don't "study" according to your standards. But I read. I know about Daksha and how he got the head of a goat. Many things happened.

Krishna Krishna Krishna, the crow and the hawk and the tanager, the king fisher catches fire, the sparrow, birds of winter juncos and titmouse and chickadees of Gita-nagari.

Make a list of things you're not doing:

- (1) I'm not having sex intercourse or sex with myself.
- (2) I'm not breaking a window.
- (3) Not crazy.
- (4) Not making money.
- (5) Not running or walking away.
- (6) Not sitting at the root of a banyan tree.
- (7) Not eating walnuts.

(8) Not talking with Tosan- Krishna Prabhu or Rupanuga Prabhu. Not embarrassing them.

(9) I am not balling the jack, jiving the gore, drinking Rum Vat '69 or any alcohol or dope.

(10) Ain't Misbehavin' just saving my love for You.

(11) I'm not about to fully surrender all material attachments today once and for all. They say I should admit where I am at and go forward from there.

Things I am doing:

(1) Sighing for Kilarney and happy and hoping to enliven my endorphins.

(2) Sometimes remembering old days.

(3) Sitting in a shed writing with a pen.

(4) A man but feel like a boy.

(5) Planning to take a wee rest and then get up and paint.

(6) Writing EJW forty-nine always.

(7) I am Francis Macamber.

(8) I am reading his book.

(9) I am making this up.

(10) Went up in smoke the dirigible and then what happened? A catastrophe of sorts. I want to believe in God and asked Him to help me pray. He seems to say you are not serious enough. You don't try hard. I see you chanting your *japa* early in the morning. You are mostly just *counting* the rounds up to when you will stop.

Into the last minute. Professor says hurry up and finish. Voltaire was a Jew who hated God. I don't like

his book. I want to be a devotee of Krishna consciousness.

5:10 P.M.

Madhu gone to see doctor, it may be serious with prolapse. My CD player is broken, maybe by my rough handling in the art room. House empty now but I have missed a beat or something and feel disoriented. A letter from Daruka, just back from holy India. A main impression for him is how *noisy* it was in both Mayapur and Vrindavan, “Loud music and general noise.” He’s grateful for the peace and quiet which is prominent in this neighborhood of Wicklow. This is an interesting point. Many people wouldn’t even notice it until you brought it to their attention and then they might think it is a negligible factor. At Mayapur the temple plays loud *bhajan*s of Shrila Prabhupada all day over the loud speaker. At Vrindavan there’s a lot of noise on the other side of the wall, buses, cars, scooters and radios, videos and cassette players. Of course, there are benefits in the *dhama* which can’t be found even in a quiet mode of goodness place. But Shrila Prabhupada also says a devotee can make any place like Vrindavan by execution of Krishna consciousness.

The beat I missed was to write down a few impressions after I painted. Today was a full two hours and intense. But it is too late now for me to write my immediate impressions. Why didn’t I do it? There was some pieces of mail on the desk when I came up here and I opened them and got distracted. Before I knew it it was 4:30 and Madhu brought in the snack and then

said he had to rush to the doctor. I shouldn't think saying a few words about what I paint is too repetitious. It's valuable, an essential bit of repertoire. I want to go down and look at them again; I want to love them and let them go and paint a new set tomorrow.

Five mornings in a row I've had very early morning headaches, an unusual time for me. Took some combination of meds and manage to abort it each time. But I can't keep that up indefinitely.

#### 6:20 P.M., Night Notes

Gone is my midnight rising. Now I set the alarm for 1 A.M.. I don't reach this page with my pen until around four or five or even later. And then only briefly. I give first time on rising to *japa*, two hours, then immediately to the bath and then the *puja* and soon after that I want to go out for a walk. But even that schedule has been interrupted by early morning headaches where I take a pill and go back to bed for an hour.

If I can I'll write early again. Also, no early reading of *Shrimad-Bhagavatam*. Fit it all in somehow. Life.

But don't complain your life isn't interesting enough or that your writing isn't structured enough, isn't adventurous or substantial enough. I don't actually feel that way. I like to write what comes. I'm not attracted to built-up writing forms where the person writing is too much playing a persona, reaching for an affect. I want the person himself in the writing. So that's what I'm doing. It gives me satisfaction. Does it please guru and Krishna? I have to face that question no matter what I write. In defense I say to be a real person in writing is a

service to the Krishna consciousness movement. It shows we are not zombies, fanatics, pretenders. That's my hope.

So if I actually like this then why do I keep thinking, "Maybe they won't like it but will find it repetitious and too long?" You're worrying what others will think. Don't bother. If you like it and live it fully then you'll keep some readers. Do what you need and want. It's a gamble in any case; in any case you are dependent on His mercy. The test is whether Krishna is satisfied, so you just try to do that with your best.

6:45 P.M.

(Words written on calligraphy drawing Bristol board)

Go to bed. Why you're writing this? Because the house is empty, I want to try to get a different, a vocation. Because I'm a writer. I'll got to bed right after this. I think someone may come to interrupt me. I want to get a few sentences in before that happens, before the next H.A. Or the next . . . doubt and lack of confidence. Tomorrow another day. I'll prepare more for the Sunday lecture—don't be complacent about your *japa* but try to improve and one step is to realize you need to improve and feel that lack.

In his autobiographical essay for college class, TKG told some of his childhood in Harlem. He lived in a tough neighborhood and grew up in it, whereas I . . . Don't compare. Just take his story for what it is. I admire that he became a fighter and used it in Krishna's service. He went through the school of hard knocks.

Hurry, write this into the book before someone comes. Let the ink dry overnight. No fright, no stage fright for Shilavati, a pro and me an amateur with hand. You think you're so great but . . . goodnight.



March 26

4:12 A.M.

Watch out for blasphemy toward guru and Krishna whether it comes from others or from myself. I've been thinking of Sunday's lecture. First I plan to give a repeat on the verse describing Krishna within the cloud of dust. Then I planned to lecture on theme of asking forgiveness for the wrong of inattentive chanting. That's a good one, but I'm hesitating because I myself am not at present asking forgiveness. I don't feel remorse. Why should I try to inflict that onto the audience of devotees? It may leave them uncertain what to do, thinking they're supposed to feel unhappy. The Krishna in the cloud lecture is more positive. It tells us that we can see Krishna everywhere, *even where we don't see Him*. That may sound like word jugglery, to say Krishna is present in our perception of the absence of Krishna. Or it sounds like mysticism, as expressed by Christian mystics. Am I imitative and pretending here too?

They are both pretentious lectures. I'm feeling the gap between who I actually am and the more heroic or perfect message that you project when you lecture. The lecturer can simply say I'm feeling all right by practicing Krishna consciousness. I may be complacent and I don't try real hard to see Krishna in the cloud. I guess I am complacent. But for now this is who I am and I'm not going to knock it.

You want to make music. You want to paint. Produce Krishna conscious artifacts. The EJW is the big one, the

small one. Go ahead and be confident with it. Each day my life turns one way or another. I'm hoping Madhu is not in a dire situation with the prolapse. He says the inner lining of his bowels is hanging out his rectum. Will he have to get some operation?

The day is something off, something missing? I'm looking to get my first clear day after five in a row where I had to take a rescue med. If you take every day you'll get stuck in the rebound cycle. So we'll see what the day allows. It's beyond my control. I'm not the controller of my health. I can do some things to try and keep it in order.

Boy, you can try new things. I like it. Krishna I want to dedicate myself to You. Keep writing and reading little bits. Get through each day in best shape. Live here and go out only twice a month. Start taking vigorous walks. When it gets light enough you can walk fast uttering the Hare Krishna mantras. Hare Krishna as you go down the rocky lane, maybe you need a flashlight and take a dictaphone so you can say how you are unrehearsed, and another dictaphone for more shaped "morning walk" reflections.

Oh boy the hand wants to say things and sometimes break free from the movements of handwriting into drawing. But they also come out in limited ways, usually my simple human figures with a dog or cow. Lord. I heard an ISKCON speaker in a stern way insisting that we have to deeply study Shрила Prabhupada's books if we want to be Prabhupada-centered and not fall down. The whole talk harped on this and he said unless you are learned and scholarly you are not a devotee. I don't know, it seems to me there is room for a devotee being simple, hearing *some* in the books, but not all are scholars. A simple *pujari*, a cook could also be within

His grace and get direct realizations. But it's true we all have to regularly hear the *shastra* from the realized soul.

This way please, I indicate the man can just drink water and breathe and be who he is.

He doesn't walk away  
with the prize—he's cooking  
on the base. The quick lines  
we are like chickens in the yard  
we, each one has the same soul.

So don't kill animals. How can you claim to be religious if you don't even know the soul is in each living being? How do I know? It states so clearly in the *shastra* and the *sadhus* and gurus say that. So we just accept them and live it out. Do it, don't kill animals and then you'll be on that transcendental platform. Hare Krishna.

Say your *gayatri*. Put on your sweat pants and rain pants and two jackets and grip your metal counter clicker and go out the door—in boots. Down the hill, one man making the song of God. Ideas flowing to creative service for your master. Create? You mean tricks and devices like an artist in short story? No, not so much simulation as life itself.

But then where's the art? Art is inevitable, fictive touches too. But the main thing is the flow.

Oh, but if you draw from life then what is your life? Is it just a going through the motions of loyalty and oath and *sadhana*?

I don't know, I try to put a layer foundation down of Krishna conscious life. I am complacent, yes. But until He pushes me over the precipice, I'll be relaxed.

Relaxed. Outdoors breathing in and out. He likes to be with the artists. He says I offer this to God too. Don't think

there's anything but Him and if you can't see Him, *adarsanam*, then know that He's still the Lord of your heart. Playing games with you.

Be a straight shooter. Don't loot the bootie. Be a bugler on the hill. A pied piper. Like Blake's boy piping reed song rural pen. Write for Krishna. And don't stay around to get adulations.

Down the rocky lane uttering the Hare Krishnas, that's where you belong. Blow. Fast. Well, an old man can't go so fast. Give him an H.A. You don't do that. You can watch clouds and the tropic sky in Trinidad. I've been to those places.

Krishna. In sneakers. Krishna, me looking for Thee in all places. But I'm afraid of You because You are so demanding. How foolish of me. I should trust You.

When I botch it, that's me, the real me. Otherwise, you go through the changes and motions as a good workman of the same *bhakti* rap.

Sacred shouldn't be profaned. Propane gas bottle yellow sitting at our door step. What if we run out of electric and gas and breath and life? Then lie down and die and hope Krishna will take you like a cat takes the kitten, not as she takes the rat. Krishna, be mine.

10:05 P.M.

I did some circumambulations on the *parikrama* boards in our monastery and then I went out the front gate and down the hill. It was like running away from home. Into the big world. The local Wicklow single lane road where if a truck came you'd have to jump over to the side onto the shoulder. So dark I needed a flashlight to go down the hill, but once I

hit the road I could see the sky. Way down on the road the only light I can see is the light on our building up on the hill. Go back there now. Walk fast like that doctor said, get out there. This is called trying to make the environment favorable so that you don't get headaches.

I was thinking of what Daruka said on his return from Vrindavana and Mayapur, how it was so noisy there and how he appreciated on returning to Wicklow that he really wants peace and quiet. You have to admit that to yourself that you value it. It doesn't sound so exciting, maybe it makes you sound like a old man or a too sedate, somebody who values quiet and peace. But I'm willing to admit it openly. It's a beautiful quality to life. Yes, in one sense it may be an illusion that you think now you're safe because you're in a quiet place. The very thing that you like about it could be taken away at any moment. Some robbers could come and knock you out and steal everything and kick you out. And anyway death will do that, and if all you've accomplished is to love quiet then maybe you'll be born in some quiet place like an animal. You could be born a snow fox in the Arctic and you wouldn't hear anything but the wind. Okay, not only peace and quiet but peace and quiet can be conducive for spiritual life. Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare/ Hare Rama Hare Rama, Rama Rama Hare Hare. You can hear yourself chant, hear yourself think. Hear your boots on the walk, thud thud, but when you stop and listen it's very quiet especially before dawn before the birds wake up. All I could hear this morning was a distant sound of the mountain streams which is even better than complete silence. It's a kind of soothing vibration.

This morning I proved that just a little bit after five o'clock there enough visibility so that I can walk. But I heard that this Saturday the clocks go forward. That means you'll have to seek darker mornings until gradually the nights grow shorter. Anyway, I do want to get out and walk and the best time to do it is very early.

10:10 A.M.

I want to write and tell my story. Remember that manuscript I wrote years ago, *Forgetting The Audience*? Why not get into the mode? I wrote that in Castlegregory Ireland and it was really a process oriented thing. I wrote on legal pads and didn't even dictate them as I do now onto the dictaphone. Of course, that's too labor intensive for typist to have to type from my handwriting, but I'm just making a point that I really wasn't looking back, wasn't looking at the reader over my shoulder. Now if I'm staring to think too much about readers I'll defeat my purpose. A journal written with all expectations of publishing is a very suspicious thing. I have to kind of block out that thought when I write. I think there's no harm in publishing, but there has to be a division between writing without worrying how it comes out and then deciding to publish it later.

So here's my story today. Again a headache, but this time later in the morning. So I took the expensing Zomig, the supposedly designer drug for migraineurs, the very latest thing, around 8 A.M. One-hour and fifty minutes later my headache had gone up sharper and into the right eye. I was lying in bed dosed off and woke up and saw that it was climbing alarmingly to sharpness. So I went and took an Esgic. This is the third day in a row for an Esgic and the

fourth of the week. I can't help but think back now to what I was doing before I met Dr. K; feverfew and caffeine everyday and Esgic no more than twice a week, and Depakote for my preventative medicine. Was it really so bad? He's got me experimenting and this is now the third rescue med I've tried on his recommendation that hasn't worked.

11:32 A.M.

Forgetting the audience, but doing a better service to them. Life intrudes but life infuses—life *is* the writing. When you got to write a selection from total life, what comes out? What determines the selection, what is it that you select? I don't have to analyze all these things (you might kill your simple creative urge if you do), but at least be aware of what's happening.

Do be do. Meds are my life. People in my life. Expecting to be served meals, to be given a bed and time to rest and quiet. And clean clothes, and publishing and opportunities to lecture and submissive hearers, people saying I am good, I am guru, humble, artistic, speaking in a way to encourage the best in each person.

I am not a rejected, despised person. Not undergoing severe austerity. Complacent. I like myself. I could do a lot better. But I'm not in the mood to push myself or Brother Donkey (the body) to do more and more for satisfying the Spirit (guru and Krishna). Easy-going. Not sure what is best (in addition to not being willing to fully surrender if I did know what the best is). What does Krishna want of me? St. Francis asked this and said God the Father conveyed to him, "More. I want more." Give yourself totally. Detach yourself

from material desires. Easy does it I say, as in the Frank Sinatra, “Nice and easy does it, every time.”

12:40 P.M.

Crunch. He got nothing to say. The process, trust the process. Means sometimes blindly you proceed writing words without apparent rhyme or reason. Is this a Krishna conscious faith or faith in something less, something mundane? Mundane should not be trusted to an absolute degree.

I think it’s a Krishna conscious connected process. If I speak and write it will be *sankirtana* because I have been sufficiently trained and touched by Shrila Prabhupada and Lord Krishna and *shastras*. I assume that. I’m not a great scholar in the *Vedas* but I am immersed in it enough so that my identity is “to be a devotee.” Therefore when I speak it will be beneficial. I’m committed to preaching. The message will come through. I’m not entirely an original thinker; I don’t presume I am my own man. I represent the *parampara*. Even if I don’t do it in a very straight forward way as in the *Shrimad-Bhagavatam* lecture, still I’m doing it in another way. This is a branch of the Bhaktivedanta Institute, the free-writers association, the person who lives and tries to write his life as a testimony.

I said it, the secret I don’t like to admit so much even to myself. But you have to answer the question, “Is this Krishna conscious? Are you trusting in something spiritual or material?”

The shape it takes is oblong or egg-shaped, but takes other shapes also. It’s grip in your hand with the pen.



I won't paint today. "Catch-up" on writing. Hear the sounds in quiet Wicklow and scratch the pen. Hare Krishna chant another round. You eat and eat until not much is left on your plate. You eat quickly too. This morning I spent much time in bed from eight until eleven. Going through the headache phases. Waiting to see if the Zomig would work, but it didn't. Maybe he'll say, "Okay, don't take it anymore." It's not so affective for me. Three Esgics a week. No, he'll say. Let him prescribe what he likes. I'll take it, I'll try it, be positive minded that some good may come of the regimen he's giving me. It's up-to-date allopathy from a compassionate doctor who is connected with a first-rate hospital and university.

Krishna in *Shrimad-Bhagavatam* with Lord Shiva. I wanted to read each day with Madhu but now he's gone away again. Try to read on your own sometimes. And hear carefully when tapes of lectures are playing. Don't be a fault-finder, Hare Krishna Hare Krishna.

Now people, we want to tell you that Krishna is God and you can find Him wherever you turn. That's Him under the covering. Pray you may enter the cloud of cows' hoofs where Krishna is. Even before you are able to do that you may see various clouds or coverings and have implicit faith that Krishna is within it. See Him even in the dark. I know You are the true Lord, even though I can't see or realize. Say this to them on Sunday, say more but don't bluff it.

Krishna crashing down the dishes in the cabinet. Krishna ace pilot careens off in the sky screeching low and dropping smart bombs and carpet bombing Iraq. Chris Murray, Crisp Eaties, Kool Kandies. The sound of K and the relationship of all Kais to Krishna. Kai Winding, Kailith the proprietor

of the sweat shop (maybe pelled caliph). Conk them, cook them, cookies for all. Careless love, cool Krishna communes. Krishna saves you in Y2K.

Ask for Krishna the one who is God. I better believe I can write a shaped topic sometimes and then examples of the things I'm trying to prove. You select your facts to disprove some theory and uphold your own. Logic prints. Fight that way. But I prefer an honest prose free of hype and politics. They say a poet's job is to liberate the language from its exploitative uses which deaden it. How? By speaking truths without attachment to a creed. Or just say being as honest as possible, in words. Respect words, play with, admit they have their own control.

Now Krishna is taking us on a tour of the island. Look around, this is Inis Rath. Manu invited me to come up there and see the lake and the full moon. But I will stay here although I cannot see vistas of water and island and as much sky. I will stay here because I'm alone in my own house with no pressure.

Keep account of the headaches. So many this week! Not enough time to write. You declare you're going on a hay ride? I mean on a writing retreat marathon? Well, not to the exclusion of painting or other things, but somehow making enough time for writing.

Now we have two minutes left so sing your aria. When I'm in a hurry at the end of an art session, I finish a last canvas quickly. Choose whatever paint, or form as quick as possible. They come out bold *muy primitivol*, thick pastel affect. I like. In the last minute he refused a cigarette and asked pardon for all he did wrong and tried to save his neck (soul, destiny) by chanting Hare Krishna Hare Krishna,

Krishna Krishna Hare Hare/ Hare Rama Hare Rama, Rama Rama Hare Hare some last times although it was not *Shuddha-sattva*. They could tell he was an ordinary soul by the way he died, but some made a story that his last moments were divine, beatitude, BTG.

2:30 P.M.

Stop complaining and apologizing or being guilty but you really can't go on taking narcotic anagelsics every day. When will it stop? I just can't drop out of the human race however. When pain comes I miss out on all the good things of an active day. Yes I do learn something else valuable. but given a choice, I opt for pain-free any day. Walk around outside it's could. My friend taking his own body to a hospital up North. You have to be patient in the waiting rooms and four to six weeks before they'll see you again. Patient. After all, it's going to end anyway.

In the meantime I must try to get good work done, that would include regular practice of *japa* and hearing the transcendental teachings. What I learn by writing maybe be uncertain but I must try more and more because it's my service to the Lord— if He will accept it and readers too.

Now I hear a car coming up the rocky hill.  
Soon a key in the front door and  
Chaitanya will enter. Quick write  
this down: We want to be  
well, we want to touch  
Krishna, we want to learn but  
our desire is small compared  
to . . . My desire is not so  
brave. But I must love my  
little self and not disown him.  
Come on, fly. Issa is here,  
don't despair.

2:45 P.M.

(Words written on a calligraphy-picture Bristol board)

The benefit in writing on a Bristol board is it comes out of a different place and you don't forget to be Krishna conscious. Ink tells me once upon a time I had a life. Write to a friend and ask, "Could you tell me again how you tell a myth, write your life as a story?" Probably I can't use that either. Krishna consciousness stinks, says a jerk. I say your feet stink. You don't even know . . . writing this without a script. What to say? Reading about migraine and why it happens. Who knows? Diet triggers and other triggers. Trigger towns spark you to write a poem. Home. Back to home eternal spiritual world is the only safe and happy abode. Rebound syndrome is really a trip and trick and a trap. I'm in it again. But what would you rather have, righteous pain three days a week? Sufferers know their story, fallible, weak and yet they're also strong to insist on quality

of life. Don't want to drop out of life. Okay enough words, take a break and draw a pic.

This ink blot was so fat and amorphous I don't know what you expect people to think. Better you learn to paint like writing practice with no audience-pleasing just go for the truth—the best you can do.

Rebound I'm sick of having it. But you better learn how to cope. Everyone has their opinion. Be a good guy. Read some *Shastra* and tell us how it comes out. Material miseries will never go away in this world. No solution. So before it's too late go straight to the transcendental source and hear it, every day. Did you get a dose today? How many milligrams? Just take at least a half-hour and two hours of *japa*. I don't know. Whatever you can manage, go to it with love and shelter. Vyasa, the doctor.

3:30 P.M.

Fed-X package with some meds arrived. I printed the name "Maurice Foley" on the man's sheet. Packed in with the meds was some Internet print out by a Dr. Bucholz of Johns Hopkins. His tone is somewhat dictatorial and he knows everything. He was absolutely down on what he calls "quick fix" medicine for chronic sufferers. That just about include all rescue meds. He says the worst thing about them is they block the potential for preventative medicine to work. They also make your headaches worst. Even if I say this doctor is too much anti-rescue med, those who do (compassionately) recommend them say no more than three a week. I've already gone over that this week.

Maybe Saturday, Sunday and Monday I have to just not take anything. Cancel my Dublin lecture, because the only

way I could do it is to take a rescue med, Esgic probably. When asked, “Then what can I take when I get a severe headache?” Bucholz replies that there’s no good answer. There are plenty of bad answers—mainly the many drugs that cause rebounding. It’s a bad question with bad answers; so don’t ask it. Instead, ask how your headache can be prevented. What does he mean don’t ask it? He sounds like someone who doesn’t suffer from migraine, who doesn’t have the desire to enjoy good quality of life but finds it impossible because you’re getting so frequently side-lined with chronic pain.

Maybe he’s right but . . . At least right now I’ve overdone it. Stand by and just ride out the headaches until Tuesday so you can tell Dr. K. that you did try to follow a long-term path.

You mean you’re just gonna suffer? Yes, I guess so. Taking pills won’t really stop the thing or I’ll be dependent on them constantly. Let’s just take it one day at a time. Say tomorrow at least, no pills. Just live with it. Okay. That means I won’t be able to write much. Today I felt a revival of dedication to EJW, write more, less care for effect and yet desiring the find the art of it. But I can’t buy myself writing time if it’s bad for health.

5:40 P.M.

Too much talk of medication and headaches, I know. Headaches and talk about them go together. One brother says reading one-hour daily, and not just reading but systematic study—is compulsory for all devotees. What does compulsory mean, we get kicked out of ISKCON if we can’t do it? What about the failures, the people who are

sincere but “can’t” read that much? What about a mother with two baby boys? A man who drives over an hour each way to work? He listens to lecture tapes, but what you might call merely entertaining, not studying? And what about some old-timers who have read everything many times, now have some chronic aches, do some service they like but somehow they don’t get in an hour of systematic study? Kick them out? Take away their status? Don’t let them lecture?

O Stevie, yes, I’m going to face tomorrow with no quick fix painkillers. Let it come. I’ll go to bed and look into the eye of the pain. My *japa* rounds will turn silent. The writing minimal. But Krishna will be teaching me something valuable, something very basic. On a day like that I surely can’t read systematically for an hour. How about listening to synthesizer “healing music?” No, probably not. I’ll listen to silence or maybe some winds and a few birds outside. It won’t be so bad, eh? I’ve seen worse. The old friend Pain, like a bird, perches behind the eye with no intention of leaving in a hurry. Don’t pity me. I’m a fortunate ranger.

March 27

4:15 A.M.

Let it come, the twinge, the pain in a small place behind my eye. I don't fear it today. I have no appointments I'll have to cancel if it comes. I'm ready to receive. I'm flexible. If the pain doesn't visit I'll go on with my writing and reading and painting in the afternoon. But if the h.a. comes I'm ready to lie in bed, sometimes on my back and propped up with an extra pillow and sometimes attempting to sleep. Hare Krishna.

Why do you come to this place, this note pad? To tell you some things. A Godbrother wrote to me, "I like a particular voice I hear sometimes in your poetry books. It is that of a wandering minstrel who is confident, happy, wandering and singing his songs about devotional service in ink on page. He doesn't care and he is a bit Bohemian. He is an old friend and has successfully mixed what he joined Krishna to do way back when, with his life now."

Hearing the poems of the Gosvamis while I dress Radha and Govinda. This quiet hour of morning. Dumb struck but you have to move along. Krishna comes to us in many ways including the *shastra* and the everyday affairs and phenomena. We don't want to be away from Him. Whatever we do, there is some form of Krishna we can worship and serve and observe. He's the source of all material ingredients. And the self that enjoys or



suffers is His part and parcel. Self-revealing or self-search is a form of Krishna consciousness. And most directly He's present in His holy names. "Study the books" commands a brother. Yes. And chant your sixteen rounds. Yes. Don't look at the women. Yessir. Be careful not to take too many meds. Gain weight but not by overeating.

Orders and commands. Do what you like also. Present to the Lord a unique offering, the sound you evoke from your horn. Here Krishna, I'm serving you with this. May the *gopas* and *gopis* like it. Don't throw me out of the assembly for doing the wrong thing. Hare Krishnas uttered in mechanical mood. He's pleased to stay awake and get them done early. But that's not much of an accomplishment.

The morning is cold. Desk lamps bright, maybe too bright for me. This Saturday short and stretching before us. Keep it simple. But do something.

Let's be up and around. Make the *pastich*. The pasta. Be who you are in pants and hood. He said two brothers were acting a role much better than who they actually were. They kept this up a few decades and then the Shadow leaped out and over-threw the act. How shocking that is, how disappointing. So be yourself honestly and proceed from here with whatever Krishna consciousness you can afford.

Words have no sure form  
a cluster or ball the clarinet  
of classical music puts us in a

mood with string quartets and cats and kittens mewling in a basket. The master is speaking straight Krishna consciousness and our minds are jumping around because after all we were born and raised a different way. As if the past doesn't matter. Kṛṣṇa consciousness continues. I am tired but must stay awake and depart . . . what if it's not good enough? What if I fail and fall? Don't worry, sir.

What if I'm not the world's best genius? Then live a simple life with shovel or pen, family or none, living in Vrindavana if you are very lucky or at least thinking of Vrindavana in your day, providing a kind of yearning.

Man, you gotta be . . . I am the same person you left long ago. I have the Lord in my heart but we have turned away from Him, unfortunately. Now try again to come to Him, my Beloved.

Walk down a road chanting and be ready for what comes. You are delicate in body so you'll have to suffer. But the spirit doesn't suffer or die. He's able to travel in fire or air or water and can't be snuffed out. Of course, we should care for the body, but not as much as we care for the soul. Care of souls, the servants of God, keep them lively in service. He'll awaken to it sooner or later.

If you had only a few moments left, better it seems to put the pen down and pray Hare Krishna Hare Krishna. But . . . be alive and fervant. Calm and accepting. Agitated and worried. What shall happen to me today? I think I'll find out as it happens. Lord Krishna's toes peeping out from under the *dhoti*. Radharani's short cape partly covering Her head and She's beside the Lord of the bowers, both in soft purple and silver today.

Collating in a precarious situation

I volunteer to collate different pages of some kind of publication or magazine as devotional service, personally for Ravindra Svarupa Prabhu in his temple. He does it himself as well as some others. There are so many workers who are doing different kinds of devotional service, I think for a festival. Our menial work is to put together this publication—one page on top of another page, on top of another page, on top of another. But where I'm supposed to sit is too precarious and too dangerous. I'm supposed to sit very high up surrounded by the pages. I protest and say I can't do it unless they give me a situation that's not so precarious. But they don't have any other situation, it's mismanaged. I try to do it and then stop after awhile. I say, "I feel like I'm going to fall over."

The next thing I know it's no longer those conditions—more of the devotional service is removed and I'm by myself in the middle of like a huge Japanese factory where I'm doing the same kind of work. Again I just want to get out of it and decide to quit. There's a process where you are allowed to quit but it's such a huge impersonal place and it looks like those who decide to quit can come down from their stacks but then it's not clear how you'll ever get out of the place.

Approximately 5:20 A.M.

Walk fast, walk fast as good exercise, what the doctor ordered. Get out of the house sometimes and move those limbs, get that blood flowing. Yes, it's all right to

say your *gayatri mantras* while you walk. No one is going to check up on you. You're alone in your freedom. But it's between you and Krishna, and you think that Krishna won't mind if you dispense with some of the formalities. After all a guy's got to keep alive and awake and not be deadened by all these formal trappings. Things should be streamlined, things should come from the heart. Somebody said, "Do you know how to make Krishna laugh?" The answer is, "Tell Him your plans."

Man proposes, God disposes. My big serious plans. My cute minstrel script. He may just turn it upside down and make you a barber in Seville, or make you a dog of Dogen, the Zen poet reincarnated. He could make you a piano player out of some irony. Turn you in and turn you out, Krishna can do it. And nobody can question Him He's so all-powerful. He does whatever He wants, it's always good and yet you can't even figure it out. You have to just bow to Him and say, "Krishna, You're the incomprehensible Supreme Person, or whatever I've heard about You I want to use my wits to serve You. Please let me do that and give up all these other things."

Morning walk in Wicklow, so dark you can't see. Tomorrow it gets even darken because the clocks are going forward, but at this hour today I see the slopy hills, gentle but big. I stop at the little bridge and mostly hear, can't see, the water rushing below. The sound of lots of water passing over the rocks, cutting through a stream. Walk and walk. Hope no car comes out and sees me, or doesn't see me and knocks me down. You can't tell what objects are, you look to the side and think

maybe it's a huge ox head, but maybe it's just a barrel. Something else looks like a spider or a termite hanging from the ceiling of the sky. Make believes and spoofs.

Walk on along the light colored ribbon of road—sky, road, land, that much I can distinguish. I don't really know one thing from another. Churn those legs partner. Keep walking as if in military discipline. Krishna is your captain in your heart telling you, go, go, left right, left right, do what I say. And so little rebel part in me says why do I have to do what You say? Why can't I do what I want? Then Krishna says back, you can do what you want, but you'll have to suffer. Do it My way and you'll be happy. If you do it My way you'll actually find the freedom that you want. It's a different kind of freedom. It's not possible to be free in this material world.

Just like that dream I had last night where I had to sit on a high platform and collate the pages, and then I wanted to quit but there was no way to get out of it. The material world is like death, what is freedom? Just unhappiness. But in the spiritual world you can actually be happy. That's what they say and I'd like to believe it.

6 A.M.

A debate in the On-line migraine journal as to the difference in dependence on and addiction to drugs. Some say there is no difference. Others point out the differences. To relieve pain . . . don't condemn us, we're doing what we have to to survive. One said, "I would rather not care what people think of my medicine taking

rather than be locked up in a dark room every time I get a headache. Another said, “If you can take your med in front of Jesus then you’re all right.” Be compassionate . . . Some persons were scaring the persons about their meds being bad for them. Others said it’s true, rebound and addiction do happen even if you only take them to regain the quality of your life. Fallible beings trying to cope. Me too.

7:15 A.M.

Now what’s the diff? Don’t write it out long-winded. You go to Vrindavana? No. Guys who go there say, “I’m going to stay alone and pray. I just want to think of Krishna, that’s all.” But I don’t know, is that possible? If you were in Krishna rindavanayou could write, but not like Rupa Gosvami. You’d have to tell the truth how you were harassed in body and mind.

Don’t phone the doctor in between the weekly calls he is allowing. Don’t bother him. Anyway, I’ve decided on my own, no meds today. I know I’m taking too much of them, but what can you do when you get a sharp headache? I’m up now so let’s not talk about it. When it comes I’ll cope silently as I have many times.

You going somewhere today? No, I’m staying in the house. I already took my walk. Lord Shiva and Lord Brahma spoke. Lord Shiva gave Daksha the head of a goat. When Daksha put the head on his dead body he came to life again. He looked at Lord Shiva this time with devotion and right away his consciousness was cleansed like a pond in the autumn season. He will pray

asking forgiveness, just as we should pray to *hari-nama*.

Up and down. In the shed. A blank head. No roller skates. More mail. Dear Sir, here are forty pictures taken during a five minute *arati* performed by J. dasa in our temple. Such an odd thing to send me. Devotees are quirky, some of them. Others are very level headed. You don't have to be a great intellectual to be Krishna conscious. Just accept what Krishna says, accept the inconceivable power and pray and serve Him, and He will reveal essential knowledge to you.

Hare Krishna Hare Krishna. There is no way around it, mister and misses are going on a holiday. I'm just writing spree words here. But I come back to Krishna. He wanted to write a drama to be performed by devotees in *dhotis* and *saris*. Fair enough. I am cast in the role of the spider. I want to be the fawn who Bharata Maharaja falls in love with. I want to be one of the unfeeling brothers of Jada Bharata and get my head cut off by Kali's assistant.

I want to trod the boards outside the house. I want to be a guru in Vrindavana where the *gopis* may trod on me and thus I'll get foot dust.

Dig, scratch into it. Yes you can rest later but be careful. Be on the look-out. More talk with Madhu about the various opinions on rescue meds. Don't take it at all, go cold turkey, says Dr. Ruscof [sp?] Someone else says you've got to take them or else how can you live? Wait until the preventative meds kick in, some say. I have to decide. My doctor knows I'm not so brave

or austere to stop completely and endure day after day, night after night in sharp pain.

Then sir, you want to change the subject. How about your spiritual master? Can you tell us some stories? Yes, one time he walked out of the house alone and Govinda dasi ran after him. It was raining so she brought the shower curtain for him to put over his shoulders like a raincoat.

One time he flew into New Mexico and said, “Krishna wants to know what *you* want to do.” One time I can’t remember too well, but they were mostly wonderful occasions and events when we were young and hearing transcendental knowledge and Krishna’s pastimes from our beloved spiritual master.

I don’t go around initiating people. There’s a thorough process in ISKCON before someone gets recommended. Krishna book, NOD, Iso, *Bhagavad-gita As It Is*, *Chaitanya-charitamrita*, SB. Learn those books. Learn some *shlokas*. Do some service, will you please?

The man came down the stairs quickly, looking at his watch. A boy watched a *pujari* offering the article to the Deity. Would the boy remember it later in life? Where do souls go after death? You mean you really can answer that one? But you just say what the *Bhagavad-gita* says. How do you know personally that it’s true? Faith. Acceptance of the most trusted authority.

The man in the moon smokes a pipe on my father’s tattoo on his broad Popeye forearm. Another tattoo shows a sinking vessel and the words “A sailor’s grave.” Is that what we expected. The rows of



something. Carry tattoos for a lifetime. Someone gets Hare Krishna mantra in Sanskrit and they chant. Nrisimhadeva tattooed over the heart.

You have three minutes, sir, to complete this surprise exam. What is the capitol of Columbia? Bogota. What is the main product of Columbia? Dope traffic. What is the letter capital L for ? To love and love is for Krishna. We have to read the books, I know. I heard it a million times.

“Finish up last sentences now, the exam is almost over.” Okay. Voltaire said once (when going to a brothel) one time visit you’re a philosopher, but if you visit twice you’re a debauch. Then he died, saw a candle and thought it was hell, “What, already?” He could quip even at the end. And as we go over the finish-line it’s EJW and no med tolerance. Me a good boy. I won the race? Tune in next week.

9 A.M.

Please, the cycle seems to be broken, he said. I only want to be a devotee in Krishna consciousness

But I also want to write, is that allowed?

And I don’t mean write ordinary essays.

This. Krishna, Krishna, you have given up hope of chanting with devotion or in anyone guiding you except the one spiritual master who is not here the way he used to be.

You will write and some will read it but before long each has to exit and be with Krishna the way we each do—or do not.

At least I remember the verses in *Shrimad Bhagavatam* where Maharaja Parikshit prays and the sages come and hear with him. Prabhupada dictating on the tapes about Shukadeva Gosvami and Suta Gosvami and the four Kumaras, all real to us because it came from him.

Now I still don't despair. I am not so Orthodox but ISKCON itself is strange. Anywhere you can be genuine and loyal, do it there, be Krishna conscious, repeat the message of Prabhupada the basic memory of what you're supposed to do:  
Avoid the nondevotee mood,  
go on chanting,  
*some kind* of witnessing to others  
your own example, prayers for  
faith and experience.

To be honest and simple  
to not waste time, don't cheat  
others. I wish I could lecture  
tomorrow but I can't—  
my head is too fragile and I  
can't depend on a pill.  
So I'll be Krishna conscious here and when better  
I'll go out.

9:30 A.M.

Day-O! Daylight come and me wanna go home. Weary of this world. But where is your single-minded devotion to Shri Krishna? Do you know Him at all? I've heard the lecturer speak of Krishna in a familiar way, especially when they tell of His Vraja pastimes. Krishna dove into the water to fight Kaliya, Krishna stole the *gopis'* clothes. Krishna opened His mouth and Mother Yashoda saw within it the universal form. Do you want to leave the world and enter Goloka Vrindavana? You need the *laulyam*, intense desire.

Chaitanya is stapling canvases to the wall of the art room, for me to use this afternoon. Will I be up to it? Scrap and paint on the gritty acrylic, search for the natural way to make a Krishna conscious image. At least a true drawing. It will come to you if you'll agree to accept it. Something simple and primitive, a cartoon version of reality, an earnest attempt at *tilaka* down the forehead in two parallel lines and an arrow point over the bridge of the nose.

11:33 A.M.

I feel a little disappointed that I can't go to Dublin tomorrow to give a lecture. I've already canceled it. You could go only if you are willing to use an Esgic and I want to avoid that. I want to be able to report to Dr. K. on Tuesday that after six days in a row using meds I decided not to use any for at least three days. I over did it. I was also experimenting to see if Zomig worked for me. It's been over a month since I lectured here. I don't want the devotees to forget who I am. I can help them, I think. They think that way too. But you've got to bring

your carcass to the room and face them. At least they have received my big book, EJW Volumes 1–3.

Reading in the latest AF about our staying in the yoga Nature Cure place near Madras. One of my favorite writings. You thought you would follow that light-eating path but now you are attempting the opposite. One misleader after another. The spiritual master is the one guide you can count on. Someone asked, “What about health?” He replied, “What is the question of health, you have to die.” Absolute.

You can go next Sunday to lecture, in April. All right. Use your time to be Krishna conscious in the writing and reading. Dig up but don’t agitate. You flow, just flow with the day. But what if it’s quite slow? Krishna consciousness has to come out. Who are you and what do you want?

I am Tiny Tim Crachet, I am Puck, I am Harry in *Steppenwolfe*. I am not Joseph K., I am not on the quay at Inis Rath ringing the bell for a rowboat. I am right here in the marrow, in the straight and narrow boat. I hope to be able to paint today.

Lord Chaitanya fingering His *japa* beads. Two different poses of Him. In one His body looks big, in the other also not skinny. They ate *prasada*. He is God in the form of a devotee. Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare, you chant and pray, please God, appear in me. I too am follower of Lord Chaitanya as my spiritual master taught. But I’m not getting more Indianized as time goes by.

(skip)

11:58 A.M.

Launch an eating campaign  
under Aegius of the minstrel  
needs to eat to sing to preach  
Chaitanya's blessing on the world  
he wants too to percolate.

(skip)

I don't understand some words in your poem like  
percolate. I thought that is a way to grind coffee.

Yes, but percolate was needed in my poem to rhyme  
with world.

Huh?

Percolate don't be late. Censor out what you doubt.  
Be on score for the Moor. You see, sense has to step  
aside for rhyme and time.

But . . .

Yes, percolate *doesn't* rhyme but it came to me,  
popped into my head.

That's ridiculous. It's not the Krishna conscious way.  
It should be *siddhanta*. I'm going to report you. You are  
bubble-headed and silly.

And you are too stern and restrictive. You don't know  
that fun and playfulness are *serious* part of Krishna  
conscious life. You're a dictator.

You're a fool rascal. I'll beat you. I'll get a committee  
on you.

### *Lunch Poem*

Laugh and eat under the  
umbrella of Krishna's feet  
never forget some way to connect  
chosen words to

Him. He's here.

1:05 P.M.

You are in the silent shed. It's cold. The minnows that haven't bloomed are holding back, waiting for some warmth and sunshine. One has already bent its neck over. The bloomed ones are all neck-bent. CCd asked me do my moods change with the seasons? I said I'm not as sensitive to the changes in Ireland because I hardly notice much difference in the cold and rain. I don't know if I'd be much different in America. I like a quiet place, a deserted place where I don't have to hear people and their machines and noises, their noisy, threatening lives.

Grumble and roar. We read out loud Daksha's prayers to Lord Shiva. He said . . . Shrila Prabhupada said a devotee accepts the punishment from the Lord gladly and advances in spiritual life. Daksha prayed with a goat's head on his body. Horrible, but this was considered a token punishment. The *brahmanas* then sanctified the arena because it had been contaminated by the obnoxious acts and presence of Lord Shiva's followers.

We're not going to change the clocks until 7 A.M. tomorrow because that will affect us less, won't lose sleep. Ekadashi breakfast two days in a row. Hare Krishna. The dark sky at 5 A.M. I won't be able to walk outside. All right I'll pound on the *parikrama* boards around and around. Give me more to eat. But Bhima fell while climbing toward heaven and the reason was—while eating voraciously he did not care for others.

Sigh and work. Like at any job you have push, push yourself or the foreman is pushing you and then you push your body, geeyap! Push to write, push the pen. He is nothing . . . dedicates his music to James Brown. All those wayward references. Tell us more about Lord Shiva. He is addressed as the representative of the Supreme Lord. But he is not the Supreme Lord. He's Shiva. Don't try to imitate him. Some of his ghostly followers blow pot.

Hey, Mr. Ginsberg was a follower of Shiva at one point, or told Swamiji something to that affect. He was a follower of his own mad whims and vices. 9:08 is the time. My eye on the clock because I can't do anything here. A Krishna conscious man took over the country but maybe he was shot. You have to go along gradually. Don't expect big success or popularity in what you're doing. It's just the ink scratches across the page in the scribble of your penmanship.

Krishna the Supreme Lord appeared as Kapiladeva. That will take place in Third Canto. King, Parikshit and the inquiring Vidura ask questions and the guru recites the *Shrimad-Bhagavatam* narrations one after another. Blank as we are we don't stop. But go on in the dark. Plan to go to Italy. Ship in the West. I'm tired man.

In March I stay back. I have no energy to do a letter. It's too late. I have no energy so I will rest a half-hour and then bounce up and go to the art room. That's my plan. It is possible so far. At any moment your plan can be stopped. Be aware Lord Krishna allows you to act. Your freedom is like that of a cow tied and petered to

the end of a long rope. You can run out but then no further. Your limits of the same subject, genres.

He knew he was a devotee by the presence of *tulasi* beads around the neck, *tilaka* on the forehead and wearing *dhota* and *kurta*. He had that look in his eye: I'm a Hare Krishna missionary.

You give him a dime or a dollar and he will give you a little book. Give more and you get a bigger book. Now you're talking. We don't want to be advised. Krishna dances at Vamsivata with Radha. Krishna couldn't fully understand the bliss and the position of Radha and He couldn't understand His own sweetness as She knew it. So He took the form of Lord Chaitanya which is a combined form of Radha (golden) and Krishna.

Krishna the Supreme. Cheap-skate, *mudha*, he calls them that. Yes, but they are troublesome rebellious sons. He loves the devotees and they love Him. They are the best *yogis*. All *jivas* should surrender to Him. I know these things. Did you find money in an envelope. Yes. Well, that belongs to me.

You will stay here and be satisfied? Yes, why not. I don't need women or a telly or alcohol and gun, I'm doing best in this quiet way. Now finish your piece. Thanks, folks, I have to run on. It has been fun. I'll bring baked goods for SDG if he will eat them and gain weight. I believe him. He is weak but okay. I'll end here and say Krishna is the Supreme Person in our thoughts and even in the dark he carries us to the next life. Pray it be Goloka although you're not ready.

4:25 P.M.



There's no bizness like Show. Painted and felt it was only a warm-up. Chaitanya will see ordinary work by me. But it's the process. Deep into it cut gorge and canyon and gingerbread man smile and *tilaka*, what else? The arms and torso and body all together. I don't dismember or blow apart or torture. I want them to be happy and read. They don't always "succeed." What is the desired affect? To become lost to everything else. Are you bathed in Brahman or just paint affects? Are you *parampara*? Yes, I could go all out in my last years further into art. Keep tied to ISKCON members and good spirits.

I can't go to give a lecture tomorrow although I'd like to. Go for a clear day with no meds. Please forgive me, Prabhus, I'd like to be with you. But even more I'd like to write deep gut gorge canyon red smile whites of eyes and bright round pupil they each have. Normal humans made in image of God. Two friends. A bunch singing *kirtana*. Always have *kirtanas*. And no animals, I couldn't remember to do one. "Hare Krishna" in two.

5:45 p.m.

Ink on your chest. A tattoo forever. A long endless scroll, an adding machine paper roller with narrow poem. Poems on doctor's prescription pad, and so on. The big ledger you brought in Italy for a diary but you never kept it and now you do. The "Record" black notebooks used by e.e. Cummings and sold in the same stationary store he brought them from in Greenwich Village. They used to be my own favorite, so well bound. And now here we are scribbling in yellow legal

pads. But Shri Krishna as the fountain-head of all *rasas* came to us only from Prabhupada beginning in 1966 in his masterful purports of First Canto *Shrimad-Bhagavatam*. Oh, those unedited books with many mistakes in English grammar and printing. And all of its sweet vintage. Clear and demanding, the science of *rasa*, the glorification of Krishna as Bhagavan, possessor of the six attractive features of Personality to the infinite degree. Thank you, Prabhupada, for writing those books in Vrindavan and in New Delhi.

You had great trust in the power of literature. You took time to write the purports even before you came to America. The Herculean task undertaken and well underway. You begged donations to print the books and Sumati Moraji and Dalmia [sp?] and others gave and so three volumes came out. My own personal history is linked to those brick-colored volumes which you brought to America and which I bought from you, six dollars per book. All glories to you! I bought it from your hand, gave you twenty dollars and let you keep the two dollars change. And began my eternal life of devotional service. Remembering it now feels nice.

But this is supposed to be Night Notes of my EJW. The tense day-to-day tight rope walking of “will I get a headache and if I do what shall I take for it?” Today was clear skies as if I never knew anything like headaches. Painted in the afternoon. Dovetailed modern classical music which played while I painted and I thought, “I don’t even have to put KC words into the painting, it will speak for itself, they will know I’m a devotee, just give it your best.”

Night notes in the present means Wicklow 1999, living out the duration in my chosen way of staying out of action and mixing. On the lookout for spring, if it will really come. On the lookout for the artless art to manifest out of a process of free-writing. Looking for the Lord in these days and nights. Looking to become more dedicated to writing and better able to express the truths and learning what they are. Of course, I can't capture Krishna by some writing process, but I think the process of *bhakti* is the best and only way to do it.

Rain on the skylight, 6 P.M.

March 28

4:10 A.M.

Hello sirs, report for action. I don't think I'm so wonderful but I am a little wonderful (Stevie Wonder), because of my connection to Shrila Prabhupada and Lord Krishna and His entourage. One preacher was emphasizing that we are not devotees yet, only students. He said to wear devotee clothes, Vaishnava *tilaka* and even to chant Hare Krishna doesn't mean you are a devotee. When you personally see Krishna and He pats you on the head, only then you might think you've achieved something. But Shrila Prabhupada was more encouraging than that. He reminded us that we are pure souls, we are very fortunate to be chanting Hare Krishna, and we have good qualities.

Anyway today is another day to be humble and to be happy in Krishna consciousness. Don't forget Krishna. Did I ever remember Him? Yes, Yes, at least a little bit.

Keep your heart, up and up. Don't despair. We will be with the Lord in our hearts, leaning in His direction. Hare Krishna. I was fortunate to dress Krishna and Radha in light green and gold. Don't forget to make Them as nice as possible. Words are not real things? Not like necklaces or hills? Not like porridge you can put in your mouth and taste? Not like that but they have their own value. You write them in longhand and later they get edited (polished) and put into 12 point print, in

a book, or it can be read and spoken out loud. They go into a person's mind and he or she feels and thinks things they touch off.

Death now. My mom's not in. I have no words for you. Memories flood in with no connection to Krishna. But everything is connected to Him. Where do you think you'll go at death? Don't think of it now. You'll be a good man, good copse. You'll be allowed somewhere. Don't be an atheist. Call out, "Krishna this, I leave my writings to the people coming and going on earth." That was my service contribution. Free it, be yourself. You have to be the naked real you but you'll be surprised to find out who you really are under the layers and disguises. All this material stuff won't hold, it's only gathered from this one lifetime. Whereas you are a person of many lives.

Krishna Krishna, chant the mantras. Brothers and sisters around you to give you some help. But it's really each one alone, I'm talking about the last days and hours. Give up all your secret sense grat, then you'll know what you're supposed to do.

(skip)

Let the memories go for good, and appreciation of things that were connected to Krishna but were temporary. You use them.

Oh boy, another Ekadashi breakfast and my good friend Madhu with his body troubles. I'll go out the gate for a walk. Chant your Hare Krishnas. Shrila Prabhupada is with you. No one can take that away. Yes, the time you are trying to think of is good too. Link it with Krishna the beauty, tenderness and as for power,

He kills them all. We are reading about Him. He's the fountain head of all *rasas* or zests. You can be His lover and the highest thing for the Gaudiya *acharyas* (followers of Lord Chaitanya Mahaprabhu) is to aspire for *gopi-manjari*. Don't even think of it now but I'm just telling you. All things can be used in Krishna's service.

When you walk and move your body out there under the sky, say His names. He's the Rasa-*raja*. I too have a special relationship with Him. Shrila Prabhupada tried his best to teach it to me in process of *bhakti*.

I want you to be attentive to the chances. Will I get side-lined today by a headache and my promise not to take a med? We'll see. Take it as an adventure. Try to think—if I “lose” it's not a major difference from if I win. Pain-free means doing what you want. Pain means you just sit or lie down and wait. Either way you are K Krishna's servant. I'm writing it down now while I can do it.

You wouldn't be able to paint pictures, read books, write here, take a walk, enjoy the honoring of *prasadam*. But you'll get more chances to do those things. On a day when you cannot work, let the desire build in you to use up health and faculties in Krishna consciousness. Let it be an opportunity for reflection on who you are and who is in control. The kind of Krishna consciousness that is limited but it is compressed and simple. You can . . .

Krishna Krishna, it's end of March. A Sunday and I stay home. The birds I saw yesterday with little white

breasts and darker wings. Singing and jumping around on the branches. From a distance I saw my first spring lambs. And I will be a devotee of the holy names gradually. My spiritual master promises me. He says the nondevotee cannot know but a person in the Krishna consciousness movement can gradually come to loving service of Krishna without interruption or pretense.

Hare Krishna Hare Krishna. You'll be coming to that point. I wish to be in love with Krishna. Dark and cold. Put on sweat pants and rain pants. Green jackets, cap, boots. Open the door. Night light, the garden sitting cold. You start chanting and saying the mantras and the circumambulation clockwise. Thump, thump, you're not in Vrindavana I know, you're in the traffic jam. Alone. The night out there, the hill outline. Tired eyes tired out. Hare Krishna.

Don't be a phony balony. Sing, try to give people hope. They don't have to be great scholars. I'm too tired now to go on. But you know Krishna consciousness is available to us and we are already in it moving along, much more to be done.

5:20 A.M.

Walk fast. Darker than yesterday. Your eyes become accustomed to the dark. You see the shiny puddles, you see the road. You walk fast. Think of it swallowing you up—the road, the darkness. But in practical reality I'm aware that a car may come and I'll have to step onto the

grassy shoulder without really seeing what's there. Keep walking now. It's sweet to hear the name of Krishna and to think this is the best kind of prayer even though I don't realize it. There's nothing better. You could theorize on another kind of meditation or on a different experience that some mystic had by reading about it in their book. But it's all just unrealized. However, Hare Krishna is something you've invested in and it's the best thing for people of Kali-yuga. Something they can really do unlike yoga or meditation. Walk, walk, reach the bridge. There's been a lot of rain so the water under the bridge is louder than usual and puddles stretched across the road. How nice to be out again taking this walk in my adopted home.

Walk back up the rocky hill. They say once a year Pragosha buys rocks and stones and tries to improve the road then it gets washed away in winter. Walking toward our house I can see the light shining off the van over the wall. I have to pant and pant to get breath. Let's see what happens today to your body, but try to remember Krishna. I don't even know Him to remember Him. I can hardly remember Prabhupada or even myself. So when I say "remember Krishna" I mean remember to chant His names, remember to read or hear something from the *shastras* or talk about Him. And then Krishna's presence becomes manifest.

7:58 A.M., Daylight savings time Palm Sunday

If I don't regularly read *shastra* my life and writing becomes thinned out like watery milk, gossip, body talk, and so on. Daksha prayed to Lord Shiva. Then the



*brahmanas* cleaned the *yajna* area which had been wrecked and polluted by Shiva's followers. Daksha began a new *yajna* with mantras and obligations. As he did so, Lord Vishnu in an eight-armed form Narayana personally appeared. The devotees of Krishna see Shyamasundara in their hearts.

Palm Sunday. Cold. Gravel I walk on out to the shed. The flowers must be felling pinched. Not a day to dress lightly and parade yourself at church. Next Sunday is Easter when they do that. Hare Krishna. I feel sleepy. Talk things over with Madhu. My little business. Chaitanya is here cleaning the brushes. He brought some new inexpensive ones, one and a half inches thick, at the hardware store. No comments about what I painted yesterday.

Krishna Krishna, the heart beat, pulse, blood flow. Let the guy lie down and sleep if he's so tired. Why keep him up, why push him? Because we have things to accomplish. But I don't have the energy to answer letters. Just this feeble expression on low batteries. Medleys, allusions, ad-libs, quotes, You know where I got that? My own life sewn together with patches from many places. It's a life of an aspiring devotee of Krishna.

He is the Deity for us, not a vague God. We want Krishna in Goloka, serve Him and go to Him. They say our inner secret goal is to be Radha-dasya, but Vis the source of Radha also. Learn His greatness and sweetness. The combined form of Radha and Krishna is Shri Chaitanya Mahaprabhu.

Krishna is God. Don't sob off on me some lesser person as God. Don't say there is no God or God is *completely* beyond words and personhood. Don't give me your Mayavadi *sunyavadi* rap. I'm here praying my mantras in Hare Krishna time.

Obeey obi obo obeey. I want my pie on time. Ofee OFie Ofly oh why do I have to go so slow? He can't see the goal. He collapses along the way. Pick him up, someone. "I'll pay you," he says. "I've got a few hundred bob in my room. You can have it." He's chanting on his knees. Draw a picture of it, write it down in diary form. Tell us just what happened. Yes, well I was walking away from the crowd when suddenly I stumbled and fell against a water buffalo. It stepped on my left hand. I'm all right now. It was fright. I want to go back to Krishna-Balarama Mandira and lie in bed because I'm starting to ache in my head. He said all this but we don't believe him entirely. He's one of those lairs and hyperchondriacs. Claims he's always getting headaches. He should work more as I do.

That was said by Jim Pepper who didn't like me. I convinced people that my headaches are a true biological chemical disorder, not caused by stress, not psychosomatic. You told them that? I'm tired, I want to go home. M. said, "Get out of this world." I just stared and couldn't speak. I thought, "Get out? But you can't get out just by fearing the world or disliking it. You have to have the positive love for Krishna a million times increased. I can't claim I do. Maybe He will make an exception in my case. Oh ride, ride the horse, the car, the jet. Be prepared to travel. But I hereby renounce

some things. I want to go to Krishna. I renounce my body and material family. You can use the body now in Krishna's service. Use it in His service. If something was so good, how come you forgot it? That's the nature of life in this world. Stephen, Etienne, Estebano. He's got a wire, a cable.

Listen, there is something about Krishna conscious books. You can read them and enter the spiritual world. I forgot. I lie down exhausted. It's an hour later today. Ants and spiders and monkeys and mongrel dogs and a few visible cats. Don't expect to see the fox; he's invisible.

Krishna pills, Krishna T-shirts, sell all items. All goods must be sold. Yeah, to serve you with a notice, appear in court to discuss. Are you the spiritual master behind it all? Take over command by the U.S. President and something better to do . . .

Finish this paper. Voltaire shits in his hat. Moliere in Frobiere. Let's hurry . . .

9:15 A.M.

Rain tinkling down, you get a good  
day and then a rough day. Might as well  
go through them all, what's coming to you.  
Then why do you write? To leave  
people good reading. Through their  
good and bad, especially if you can help  
them through bad.

You have such faith in literature?  
Don't blaspheme the *Vedas* or literature

in pursuance of the Vedic version.  
Krishna chanting solves London,  
Swallows sins, serious chanters  
before assemblies of students  
or on the street for anyone—  
a person became a devotee that way,  
hearing the *harinama*.

No more for me. All I do is watch  
the flowers in the rain and cold  
and write a little and read a little  
and measure it out. Don't imagine you're  
a beautiful handsome movie star.  
Just a little worn out self.

Wants mercy. They say the mercy  
is in the books, *shastras*, and you have to  
systematically study, no exceptions  
nowhere to please God except  
stern overviews, memorization  
and passing exams. The God  
of study. The science for  
furrowed brows.

Oh, my God dances and loves  
us all. Can be found in any of  
*bhakti's* nine perfections, even by a child  
offering a flower. But yes you've  
got to understand—but it's not so hard—  
the meaning of the *Gita* where  
Acyuta steers the chariot for

His friend.

11:15 A.M.

Zomig, does it work for me? Doesn't seem to. Heavy mist laying over these up lands and raining. Look out the window at the pole and tree and the buds which seem more like winter tight caps today. It could depress you, this weather.

What is the process? A hope and confidence that if you start out writing you will discover something along the way. Who are you and how to become more Krishna conscious. Krishna is your friend. I just wrote a letter to a devotee who is not doing so well. He's disappointed in relationships with devotees. So I told him don't forget Krishna is always your friend. Do I realize that in my own life? Or were you just spouting some theory to him, some homilies? I have an inkling that I'd like Krishna to be my friend and I imagine it could be possible. I conceive a scenario where a person like me could be turning to Krishna as a friend. I also think that my spiritual master, Shrila Prabhupada, was very dear to Krishna and he turned to Krishna as a dear friend.

Yes, but do you personally do it? Maybe. It is not something you can force to talk about so bluntly. Krishna is elusive, He is rarely attained. He remains inconceivable to most people. So I can't cheaply say, Oh yes, He's a good friend of mine, we have long chats everyday, I cook for Him, I love to sing His names. My activities of chanting names and hearing about him are not advanced.

Why don't you go live in Krishna's land? Because I don't think it would directly enhance my being close to Him. Too many obstacles there. But I will say that turning to Krishna as a friend is on my agenda, or I think of it (theoretically) as very important.

What about you being a friend to yourself? Yes, that's important too. The best way to do that is to give yourself spiritual life, make sure you practice chanting and hearing. Take care of yourself in that way, and also in human and physical ways. You want to be the devotee of the Lord and so take care of him.

Hare Krsna, what did you learn? Why do you paint? What are you going to do during this Christian holy week which starts today.

I don't think I will watch the Zefferelli film again. I will just do my regular business in Krishna consciousness. Don't attack me. Let me live. I want to be at ease. I want to write and Krishna consciousness is the life for me. Be serious on a rainy day. Can you cavort and play with words? Throw them up in the air like wildflowers? No, why do that? I will look down the trail and kick up what comes, like a dog, like a smog, like a smock, a jumpsuit you wear over your sweat pants and sweatshirt and go into the art room. Start applying the paint and waiting to see what comes out, and of course, you eventually settle for crude things you know how to do.

I wait until I see something in there or with my mind's eye, some attraction . . . it seems important to make human-like forms, people. I rarely do a little

landscape with a bird flying overhead. But mostly it's people, people interacting, near each other, touching, dancing, protecting, not fighting, talking one to the other. In my own life I don't have so much of that, not people packed together unless you want to think of the people as sub-persons within myself. I have a lot of that, direct intense vying for attention and dominance in myself. Maybe I'm projecting this onto the canvas where I'm making up for the interaction which isn't in my life by interacting with intense people in paint.

Is it real? Yes, it's a real world of its own when you make a form. It's process too, meaning the act of doing it is as important or more important than the result you get. I want to work that way. Same with writing, same with *sadhana*. Keep trying, put your best into it and don't forget to say Krishna.

1:05 P.M.

They're off and running eight seconds per round. Tell the truth. I don't know, I don't remember. I refuse to answer on the grounds that it may tend to incriminate me. Listen, be Krishna conscious. Did you have a good lunch? Yes, and I listened to Bhurijana lecturing on how difficult *ashtanga-yoga* is according to the Pantanjali yoga *sutras*. Gold is *bhakti*. Lord Chaitanya made it easy.

Zomig is not mentioned in the *Vedas*. You'd probably just tolerate it if you were a *yogi* or maybe treat it successfully with genuine Ayurvedic potents. Or your life would be so clean and austere you'd not get

headaches. Or you could tolerate them as karma. Modern age weak person tries the different medicines.

I read more stuff on headaches. Be patient they say, experiment with various medications, wait for the preventative medicine to take affect and don't quit on a med just because you get some mild unfavorable side affects.

Kardama Muni waited and practiced yoga ten thousand years before he saw the Lord directly. Yoga in the present age is a forest. TM. *Haribol*. Shrila Prabhupada writing those Third Canto Kapiladeva purports in 1968 and me typing them in Boston.

Heavy winds as I write this. You can feel it tugging against this shed and hear it, the aeolian harp, woosh.

Mister, mister, I am alone here and want the mercy of Krishna. Can you help me? Yes, I can help. I'll tell you to utter the holy names of God in the Hare Krishna mantra. This will help you to get rid of ignorance, illusion, lamentation, fear, too much attachment to sense pleasure and to life itself. You have to give up life so be prepared. Surrender to the will of Krishna.

Good advice. I will do that, chant Hare Krishna and follow *yama* and *niyama*, dos and don'ts. *Bhakti* is the direct method and everyone can practice it. Your writing is a case for impartial stalwarts.

Lean your backbone against the chair. Now, does that feel all right? Yes, I feel more comfortable. I want to be up for the contest. I want to

chant Hare Krishna words comes out—the process searches. We read *Shrimad-Bhagavatam*, two purports each. I read one that spoke of relief work. Krishna



consciousness is the best. And we heard that Shiva prayed to Lord Vishnu and said he wouldn't be angry anymore. He wouldn't allow the critics to disturb him when they blasphemed his way of life. I thought I ought to remember that—don't let critics disturb. What else? The *brahmanas* made prayers but they were in fear and veneration. God is so great, He makes you speechless. His beauty and gravity captivate you. The *brahmanas* continued their service bereft of auspiciousness but now they were serving the Supreme Lord and that would make everything all right.

Bicycle, tricycle, dentures. I'm a fellow who wants to be a devotee. You do your work for Krishna. He's unlimited. You cannot know Him completely. So offer your prayers and service, that's all. Whatever you can know of Him is wonderful. All suffering in the world is due to lack of God consciousness. "When we say Krishna we mean God." Best name describing the all-attractive.

Now go down, Moses. Now Shrila, now Stephen, now the wind and rain keep you indoors. No vigorous exercise after lunch but no sleeping either. Stay up for a little longer. Dear Sirs, please send me a Jiffy secret Adam topaz ring. I will try it in the closet, shut the door and stare into the strange, mystical brilliance of the ring even in the dark. A cheap do-dad trick you send away for with a box top of hot Ralston cereal and twenty-five cents. Jip.

Krishna Krishna I will see you in the dark, that will not be cheating. But it is very hard to attain, One has to

pure, non-violent, *brahmacari*, not afraid, learned in the scriptures. Many, many good qualities.

Poopy dog. Less than four minutes, keep moving the hand. We are doing all right but you can't live forever in this body. Teaching immortality. A human life is to learn of your immortality and live in it now and dedicate yourself to it. Don't waste time in temporary pleasure pursuits. Go for the eternal. That means surrender to Krishna, *sharanagati*. You follow the rules given by Krishna 's representative.

Oh, I'm fine but I get headaches so I can't go to a leaders' conference or ever to a cozy little setting at Bhadra's house. Maybe next week. I will read the scripture and apply it to us all—see Krishna everywhere even where you are told *He's here* and yet you cannot perceive Him.

We are racing with time. Take your knit cap off. See the rains battered window. The long cobweb hangs like a hair across a young woman's face. See the dandy dum. As we come to finish line it's caught unawares and EJW comes in first.

4:05 P.M.

You got some happiness given to you (like karma) so where do you want to put it? In creating a painting? But it will be a let-down later when you see in harsh life what you actually did. Put it in eating? No, it comes out the next day in stool. In love of God but I don't know exactly how to do that. I'd like to say every thing I do is geared to love of God, Krishna. But that's an after thought. Workout in art room brought these thoughts

because I was feeling happy, but when I finished and Chaitanya came in to clean, maybe I saw the paintings through his eyes . . . Better you just leave the place and don't look back. It's the process. The workout. But then *be Krishna conscious when you paint*.

You can't just turn on *be KC* like that. I say *be*. Plain be. And hope it will be KC. Work in all little ways to be a Krishna conscious person and then just be. You know what I'm trying to say. Genuineness.

All right. Put happiness in two slices of apple pie, Short lived. Put it in knowing you have your second day in a row without headache. Put it in a new picture, a new poem. Put it in soft and easy. Don't distract.

4:15 P.M.

I painted and it came out a poor  
amateur self portrait—No don't put it down  
just love it and leave it. Do the art room  
session as prayer. It can be not the  
Orthodox liturgy but a ritual of your  
own, Krishna lets you *be* and you  
take it and you thank Him.

(skip)

But He knows and you know this  
is not pure devotional service. But you  
thank Him and do some portraits of  
Prabhupada and always *sadhus* with  
beads and *kirtana* and meditation—  
recognizable spiritual subjects as a  
way to thank Lord Krishna for the freedom.

Let me loose and that's what I  
do. It's what I asked for.  
Lead me to better, Lord. I don't  
want to train to be a Lord Brahma  
but the dog of a Vaishnava (Bhaktivinoda Thakura).

Painted. Go down and look at them  
again. Give them your love.  
And think, next time I'll be  
more thankful, more wild,  
less caring for the result—  
and the result will show that  
and people will say I didn't  
know a Hare Krishna could be so  
free.

5:45 P.M.

Reading the “On-Line Migraine Journal.” Many women suffer a lot more than I do. I don't even know if I get migraines, but it seems I do. Chronic rebound. These seasoned sufferers say yes, they are dependent and perhaps addicted to the narcotic meds they take but they prefer to take them and get rid of the pain. The doctors who tell you to stop taking meds for relieving pain don't seem to emphasize with the sufferers.

Now what? We read some *Prema-bhakti Chandrika* with purports by Vishvanatha Chakravarti Thakura. He goes right to the heart of confidential *rasa*, *gopi-manjari*. *Gopi-manjaris* are allowed to enter where even the *sakhis* cannot go. It's the highest. Rupa and

Sanatana Gosvamis are *manjari*, Rupa-manjari and Lavanga-manjari. Shrila Prabhupada doesn't speak much about it because we can't imitate it. Yet he told us how special the *manjari* position is.

Now what? Pills and water. He wants to eat more and get fat. Look at the clock. The most important thing is to act for reaching immortality. We are immortal but it's covered over. Hare Krishna. Immortal means eternal servant of Krishna. You find your *rasa* and serve. Vishvanatha Chakravarti Thakura mentions that the guru may tell you your *rasa*. It can be revealed when you're ready. I'm still acting as if I am this body. That's the ABC and I haven't realized it yet. When a headache comes I think "I" have the headache. Can't distinguish the pain-free soul from the pained conditioned being. Can't separate the temporary—*matra sparsas tu kaunteya*—from the eternal.

Now what? Think ahead to the early morning when you can chant on the beads. It's a good thing. One of my paintings tonight was "*Japa Yajna*," a tall *sadhu* sitting with his beads in hands and a small *sadhu*, like a disciple, facing him and also chanting with beads in hands. A *japa* session in progress. Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare/ Hare Rama Hare Rama, Rama Rama Hare Hare

So we roll along. Run out of things to say. Literature on the skids. Trying to reach a high quota. Sometimes you've got some insight. Other times not. Thankful always. But especially when you don't have pain. Stop feeling guilty about the meds. That's the On-Line

Journal message: Take what you need to take in consultation with your doctor.

6:10 P.M.

Hurry write something for EJW. Post this entry, I think you're doing fine. Don't worry about how good it is, whether there is too much of it, whether it lacks structure, Don't worry what the GBC or the masses may say, don't worry whether your writing will be saved during the partial annihilation of the universe when there are floods and fires. Just try your best. It comes out of a life lived in Krishna consciousness. I don't feel like pushing real hard or pushing others. Do what you actually can do and speak about that.

Yeah, I'm telling you be as Krishna conscious as you actually are. Keep *Shrimad-Bhagavatam*, three, four times a day and listen to the tapes and keep on writing in this space whenever you can. Trust the process. The process includes *bhakti* and the writing art. Writing comes from Krishna. That's what I was always fascinated by—the creative source, the fount. And what is that source? It's God, Krishna. So for a devotee he wants to return the favor by praising Krishna and making Krishna *-katha*.

Getting late now. Put your clock on alarm 1 A.M., put dentures in cup with water, urine bottle in place on the floor. That's the way I like it. The dreams are weird and show me I'm not really Krishna conscious, not yet. Please Lord let me become so. Life is wasted unless you attain attraction for hearing Krishna's messages which

are pure and pious just to hear. Thank you, Shrila Prabhupada, please keep me and improve me.

March 29

4:21 A.M.

O good Zomig, funny sounding name like Zoom or Mig, you worked today. Are you the magic silver bullet? I've heard there is none. One shifts from med to med. The body habituates itself to the med. That is, it grows tolerate and the headache breaks through. I can't express it accurately. This is my literature. In the bath I thought of a short story I read maybe a year ago. I didn't like the values portrayed in the story and didn't even like the way it was written. But it stayed with me, the impression as the author intended. So I thought, "Hmmm, stories are powerful. Maybe I should write more fiction." But I'm not into it. Don't want to go to the school of fiction writing as a beginning. I'm sixty years old; I'm an inveterate diarist—and more than that. As I paint, so let me write every day what comes.

Trust the process. And be assured it's Krishna 's process. Make sure it is. You begin to write any time in the day, starting often from zero, and as you start to write shapes form and words come and concepts and it's a Krishna conscious treat, a breakthrough, a little life-saver.

Oh, all right, to music too.

I forget how to write a tone poem. Krishna the Supreme Person in all things. Don't be a separatist. See Him not only the Deity but in all hearts and all places.



Krishna the Supreme Person. Krishna. I am neat and sloppy, hot and cold, pain and pain-free. I'm little, not big. Part of God, not God.

You, God. Let's praise You, Your name and fame and pastimes. A brother said we should know the *Bhagavad-gita* like the palm of our hand and like a devout Christian knows the Bible. Think I'll go back to it and hear what Krishna is saying.

Yeah, I'm listening to ya. You want Krishna and everything else too. Well, wait a second. You can't have Krishna and sense grat. You can't just do and say any damn thing you want. Got to be laws and restrictions, *yama, niyama*. This is yoga.

Yes, but it is a permissive, *big* science with room for everything. I can use the sounds of free artists in the service of Krishna—as they remind me of how to be, be happy or sad in Krishna consciousness.

Tee hee, oh my. I don't see how you can be both black and white. Broad, man, expanse, hug it. Krishna Krishna is the center, not myself.

One year at Jamashtami Shrila Prabhupada spoke at Bhaktivedanta Manor after “his excellency the high commissioner” spoke on peace. Shrila Prabhupada spoke on the advent of Krishna and said we are immortal. Regain our original immortality by learning of Krishna. Krishna consciousness is the peace formula. He spoke many things and I was hearing.

Now you can go outside on your walk since you've subdued your impending headache with the magic bullet and lying in the dark letting it do its Zomig good.

But some docs say no rescue meds are any good. I can't believe that. We need to be rescued so *we can chant japa out loud*. We purchase free time for that. But you could say Krishna's name while you hurt, couldn't you? Yes, that's true, soft and slow. But the count up to sixteen rounds has to be done at a pretty fast clip and that's hard to do when you're pained.

This man went up a hill and met an angel. Asked the angel to please go and give peace to a troubled disciple. Drive out the evil ghost. I pray for welfare of persons in Krishna consciousness. May the demons be calmed. It's up to you, Lord. I will serve You. We all do. I ask to do it in love and very willing to follow Your command. Dear Lord Krishna, You're the best Supreme Personality of Godhead.

7:14 A.M.

Trust the process. You can speak and write. Not on your own power but God's. On my own I make mistakes as did the *brahmanas* and the followers of Shiva at the Daksha *yajna*. Lord Brahma and Lord Ūiva were also implicated in scandalous behavior in that episode. Only Lord Vishnu is above all fault. So we should pray to Him to forgive us. Therefore, when I say trust the process I don't mean trust in myself apart from Krishna. And I don't mean trust in Natalie Goldberg's rules for writing practice, although I may use them.

The trust is in God. He allows me. So I can trust myself as an instrument. A certain amount of confidence I have that I can start with uncertainty and wind up at the end of a piece having written something

valuable. It's a trust I learn by experience. It's God who lets the good things happen. Nondevotees won't give the Supreme the credit for what they do. But I will not forget it's due to Him.

Now you run "on your own." That's means I don't always go to the book, look up a verse and purport and quote it or paraphrase it. I talk from my own mind and senses. But as I do so, I acknowledge that I'm not alone, not independent of the Supreme. He's in my heart and from Him comes memory and forgetfulness. I know this because it is stated in *Bhagavad-gita*.

I told Madhu how I had a headache and took a Zomig at 2 A.M today and then went back to bed to give the pill the best chance for working. It succeeded but I'm behind in my *japa* rounds. M. said the main things I must do each day is sleep, eat and chant sixteen rounds. That comes first. True, but I feel equally obliged to write and hear (read) some *shastra*. I've been sneaking in the *japa* rounds by silent utterances because they go quicker. I don't want to take away this writing time or my painting in the afternoon. Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare/ Hare Rama Hare Rama, Rama Rama Hare Hare.

Each day you owe God and guru sixteen rounds. Pay up or be squelched. Do your rounds or you're an animal. Whew.

The cold rain has made many of the minnows bend their heads even before their buds have opened. Will they bloom yellow before Easter comes? Mating calls in the trees. I look up and try to see the bird who is the source of the song. Scan branch after branch and finally

see him up at the top. His beak opens and the song pours out of his throat. “I’m so fine and handsome, come mate with me, O pretty one.”

Hare Krishna Hare Krishna. Plough on with your work. Shri Krishna Chaitanya Prabhu Nityananda Shri Advaita Gadhadhara. I will talk with Dr. K tomorrow. I am fortunate to be connected to an expert doctor who is also sympathetic to my taking rescue medication. A doctor can’t just say in an absolute way, “Take no rescue meds or you’ll rebound headaches.” That’s unrealistic. It’s like a preacher saying, “We are not the body. Whatever we do should be to please Krishna and not ourselves.” A person might challenge him, “Why do we wear coats in the cold if we are not our bodies?” The preacher may say I am pleasing Krishna when I wear a coat. But that’s not necessarily true. We must admit that we do identify with our bodies. We’re not perfect and absolute in our activities and thoughts, therefore we should preach the philosophy with that in mind. You are just repeating what you heard some friends say. Chewing the chewed. Playing the old songs. Plagiarizing. Imitating Bob Dylan songs. Cavorting to the sound of Charlie Mingus. Keeping it a secret what you do. Coming out and telling people you’re pretty near perfect although you’re not at all. Let’s come clean, let’s say who we are. But let’s try to please Krishna and follow the instructions of our Guru Maharaja, especially the ones we vowed to follow when we were initiated. Whew. Somersault. Music modern erie age of complete well-being is over. It never was. But in old days, despite plagues and wars, Bach and

Mozart soared, Vivaldi thrilled to praise the high spirits. No disharmonious scraping or very fearful and dark admittance of the age of terrors (Kali-yuga).

You don't speak originally. Can you say something your own? Yes, I ate some candied fennel. Someone mailed it to me unsolicited. They said it's good for eliminating gas in the stomach.

Say something original but also weighty. Hmm. I will die, I thought of it again while lying comfortably in bed. I sense that I don't really accept my death as a fact, not yet. Wow, what denial.

19:16 is the time to finish up fast. Okay, Maharaja Parikshit heard Shukadeva and dear teacher, give me an "A" for my insights. We all will die soon and should listen to *Shrimad-Bhagavatam*. Krishna is the Supreme Personality of Godhead. We are all eternal. He is supreme and we are part.

9:15 A.M.

Krishna Krishna I'm asking You if  
my feeble utterances are heard by You.  
Do they count for something—could I  
get to know You actually by saying  
and writing—with little feeling of  
reality— Krishna Krishna?

(skip)

I think it counts, that's why I do it.  
I am not atheist, not even agnostic.  
Not even alone, don't suffer  
much, looking for the anagelsic  
cushion. Getting older and they leave

me alone. Lord Krishna, so slow I  
am to approach You.

Prabhupada my father, father of the  
Hare Krishna movement, says if you advance one  
step  
toward Krishna He comes a hundred toward  
you. Prabhupada's disciples, the society  
we live in . . . can't say right now  
what it is or where I live in  
relation to it. Secrets, unknowns . . .  
afraid to say.

A poet's not supposed to be afraid,  
bares his bosom. Cries out yawp!  
But discretion plays a part too—where  
you don't know, don't speak so loud.  
(skip)

Krishna Krishna I count the names and  
the years and months. Krishna, the  
raven cries, Krishna the quiet of  
Wicklów. Krishna Krishna Hare Krishna  
all my days will count as none  
when I am down to one and  
cry out Krishna Krishna, too late?  
Or just in time. What will I  
get? Krishna, I want You.

9:35 A.M.

Waiting for M to come up and give me neck and head massage. He's got two musicians to play with tonight at the restaurant, a fiddler and banjo player. The fiddler is an old pro, plays with a prominent band, the banjoist is a local kid. Twenty pound is all they get. Madhu plays free and gets a free meal. I stay home, happily paint if I don't have a headache. Compose my diary, my notes for tomorrow's phone talk with Dr. K. Let the time pass through my fingers. This seems the best thing to do. If only this literature will exonerate me. And the obligatory *japa* rounds, small daily reading in *Shrimad-Bhagavatam*, my claim to loyalty. Prabhupada is like a kaleidoscope changing within me as I look at him over the years since his disappearance. Each person has their own version. But we count on him and what he wrote and did, and we count on our loyalty to him—some hope to go back to Godhead in one lifetime, others hope at least they'll come back for another chance to journey toward pure love of God.

11:28 a.m.

Had a talk with Chaitanya about my art. I described how I do it. First let the arm make the foundation designs abstractly. Do that in several colors. Then look at it like a Rorschach ink blot or a cloud and what do you see? I see a head there and I see a roof there. Okay, then you paint it in very roughly with a brush. Next you draw it with an oil stick line. Then you decide on final coloring. Maybe put a label to it "Hare Krishna." This

process is all right and natural to me but I'd also like to consider alternatives. I could, for example, keep going from beginning to end in the abstract. I don't want to waste my time. But in writing I sometimes let the unconscious take over as much as possible. I call it free-writing or they used to be writing sessions. Let the Krishna conscious content come out spontaneously if it is to come at all. If you are not always Krishna conscious then let's see that too. It was a good talk and I'm looking forward to painting this afternoon (and many afternoons) and seeing if I can allow myself more freedom.

Dear Lord Krishna, I'm not trying to forget You but I'm trying to come to You sincerely through the materials, through the colors that are Your energies. And then I can earn more the right to say something Krishna conscious.

Don't expect applause. Don't do it just for an audience, even a guru audience. Krishna is of course able to see everything. But He can see your sincere attempts even if they are not obvious to other viewers.

Dear Lord Providence, I am thankful for these days and weeks in this house, in this quiet, and the creative flow from it in writing and painting. I enjoy it, but more important than that, I hope I will please You and the devotees.

Best thing possible—I gain attraction for the names and want to chant them more and more. Hare Krishna comes straight from Krishnaloka and I want to go back there, he said.

(skip)



12:49 P.M.

The sages prayed and *siddhas* and Pasuti, the wife of Daksha. They each prayed to eight-armed form of Lord Vishnu who appeared in the sanctified sacrificial arena. They prayed in different ways. The sages said the Lord is not attached to anything, not even the goddess of fortune. He is self-sufficient. Pasuti said the arena of sacrifice is not beautiful without Lord Vishnu, just as a body without a head has no beauty.

M. and I read these verses and we paid attention. It is hard to remember now all that we read. The main thing is faith, belief in what we read. It's not a myth. Krishna actually lifted Govardhana Hill when He was six years old. Men compare Krishna's act to their own and say He couldn't have lifted a hill because they can't lift one.

I accept Krishna. I ask for Him to give me more ability to hear and accept with my intelligence and heart.

Spring day or part of the day. Heavier dark clouds and rain disperse. The minnows—one is ready to open. You can see the yellow petals of the flower even though they are still packed up within the green covering. They will bloom with bent neck posture.

Hare Krishna, the important thing is to hear about Lord Krishna. And serve Him. Real civilization of India focuses on *sat*, the eternal. Material civilization focuses on *asat*.

Good, good, tell us more. Keep moving. Yes, well I must say this is a good day, a good coat, a good cake, a real good bad, a bad good, a baked good for my air tight

sealed food container. But I don't think you can eat more than you're already doing. Give me a try.

Ooops. Is that a plane overhead? No, it's the wind playing its harp by strumming through the branches and trowers of the trees. The wind moves unseen yet heard. Lord Krishna moves also in subtle ways most of us cannot see. But He may be perceived if you follow His teachings and follow His pure devotee.

Hop hop, my hair cut today. I'm a shiny-headed monk with Hare Krishna tonsure. All glories to the Lord. People bring me meals but don't see me. I stay in my upstairs rooms. Don't bother me. They don't. Krishna Krishna the wind.

Ready to talk with the doctor. Ready to vent, blow steam. Six hundred meter race won by the spider over the wordsmith. Henry Higgins insured broker. Beware of porno zone. Lawyers can't free it up. Soon March is over and April enters, Christ the tiger. April is the cruelest month mixing memory and desire. Oh, words.

Action on canvas. Lie down in bed. Kneel and pray to God. Looked at the pictures in *Bhagavad-gita*. I haven't seen in a long time, not looked at carefully. If you lived alone or in some oppressed place, your copy of *Bhagavad-gita As It Is* would seem immensely important to you. You'd keep connecting with the spiritual world through the book. Read it again and again. He says *om* is contained within Hare Krishna. The chant is recommended again and again.

I don't remember you, sir. When were you initiated? Eighteen years ago and you've been away from the devotees and the practices for eighteen years. No

wonder I can't remember. Anyway, you're back so just face it. Face the dryness, the need to discipline your senses even if you don't get an immediate reward. He shrugged and said what can I do? I'm a fool, I've got lots of *anarthas*, I chant a little, poor *sadhana*. Still, he thinks of me and writes me those lines in an improvised poem written in English, his second language.

Oh boy, what can the matter be, Johnnie's so long at the fair? He promised to buy me some . . . what's keeping him so long? Maybe he stopped on a park bench and he's chanting extra rounds. Or he could have fallen into a blind well. We hope for the best. Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, the baker's dozen mean thirteen or so. Krishna I wish to seek within myself. He said a devotee is humble. When he looks within he sees his disqualifications. Feels small before the all-great supreme person. Pained at his misbehavior. But also thrilled that he is able to come before Krishna.

Krishna will forgive, especially as Patita-pavana. He gives the Hare mantra and as you chant you feel better. Less than three minutes . . . I will finish my English lit essay in the exam booklet, handwriting becomes scrawl with long loops. The French Revolution, the English novel, the latest news—I didn't know of the Swami or I would have written it into my exam. Since we know it now we can hum the tune. Silent rounds are not recommended. Say it at least loud enough to hear.

As they come into the homestretch it's Stretcher and Decker and here comes EJW! EJW is galloping past the competition and as they go over the finish line it's EJW

by a neck. He did it again, won the game by attention to Lord Vishnu. Lord Krishna is all.

4:05 P.M.

Shaking from the painting. Good workout. What was the result? Don't ask. Let it dry overnight. I left them in the abstract longer and so when I did make human-like forms it was less . . . planned . . . less of a come-down. Two canvases I left in abstract. One was supposed to be trees, like the Chinese ideogram for tree. And the other lots of loops and balls and upright tree trunks. Freudians beware. A woman with her breasts and a phallic snake coming down near her sticking out its tongue, and at the bottom three little black rurus like offspring from the Mother Kali Bhaireva. Oh, you painted and had fun.

More fun than in writing? It's different, that's all. Words say. Pictures speak. Both fall short . . . both try.

I was thinking I need to be Krishna conscious but not in an artificial way, Just let yourself be, relax, do as it comes to you by instinct and be confident that you are a Hare Krishna person. At least I'm identified in the world as a "Krishna" so this is the painting of a Krishna. Like TKG's book, *A Hare Krishna At Southern Methodist University*. Whatever he does there, and he does first-class, they know it as the activities of a Hare Krishna. Paint like that and it doesn't always have to be explicit devotional activity.

M. is gone to Dublin to play music. Chaitanya will be here soon I expect. There are two or three pieces of pie waiting downstairs for me to offer and honor. Oh boy, I'll honor them all right. You worked up an appetite in

the art room? Ran out of yellow paint. Getting low on black. Get us the cheapest Tempora bottles, something. We need to spread it. This is why we take meds when I (what's the "we" stuff?) get a headache. Because I'd rather be active. Do you have your druthers? To some degree you can even though some Docs condemn it as the "quick fix."

O Lord, don't let them drop it. I need to serve You in everything I do. Please accept our offerings. I mean me and the actress Shilavati and the dancer Shyamananda and the gardener Hare Krishna and the others mainstream or tributary, well and ill, happy and not so happy—may we all come closer to Your word and depend and the chanting of Your holy names.

4:20 P.M.

(Words written on a Bristol board calligraphy drawing)

Keep writing in process. It means while you do it you pray. Help me, Lord. All glories to You. The . . . *siddhas* prayed and everyone prayed and Lord Brahma prayed to Krishna. Krishna is cute, is death, is the atheist in his arguments and his breath and shit I can't say the words that are coming through. Censored. I'm a devotee aspirant. I'm a disciple of A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada. I struggle to believe the Vedic version. I want to earn it, come through in flying coloring as I am. Real stuff, faith, and He awards me straight revelation of *some* kind so it's not just theory or weak.

Now go down and get the pie. Krishna, when I die please come to me. I will go to You. Now please accept

I am serving You with writing and Bristol boards with dovetailed false ego and passion to create. I control my senses. I love quiet and pain-free. I'm a weakling and tiny puffed-up alone. Oh boy, it's fun to be alive. I am hiding from the rough world. I'll have to take more punishment. Cling to Him, His names, no other shelter. I say it but don't know it yet.

5:15 P.M.

Tell him I painted abstract longer  
even the ones with people in them  
came about by a more organic process—  
or is that just bluff words now?

Three pieces of pie, while hearing a Godbrother  
enthusiastically praise Shrila Prabhupada  
in his lecture  
in Mayapur, I've got the tape of it,  
a little envious and fault-finding but  
at ease listening, taking it in—Shrila Prabhupada  
is *paramahansa* Thakura is incarnation  
is the only disciple of Bhaktisiddhanta Sarasvati who  
could do anything to spread . . .

Three pieces of pie is all right. My  
doctor said I didn't do anything wrong.  
I had some good days.  
What will he say tomorrow? I'm  
lucky to have him even though  
I can't follow strictly. Will you  
promise, "I'll suffer if you want,

if you say so”?

Pieces of pie apple with some raisins,  
flaky crust, flaky poet old  
devotee who listens to others’  
lectures and says his service is  
to write and paint. Will they let  
him get away with this?

The sun has come out.  
I like it here. I like this  
service. Take it while He  
gives it and offer Him your  
love, art, enjoyment.  
But it may just be exposed  
by a brother like that lecturer  
to be very lacking,  
very wanting—  
what I did and didn’t do.

I fear but  
feel He’s here.

5:55 P.M., Night Notes

Now it’s still light out when I’ll take rest. Eye mask?  
No, I don’t like them. The process is make sense when  
you can. With a little more effort you could have looked  
at *Bhagavad-gita* again. I will, I will.

You say that but your time is limited. Prabhupada.  
They are telling stories about him. That is interesting.  
They say he is greater than all the rest. We agree but

don't be strident about it and putting down the Godbrothers of Shrila Prabhupada. That doesn't seem right for a public speech. In private we love. In public we love. Rally the troops. Write as you like.

Paintings over the centuries. He dares to make some figures from his primitival palate. Mister. Krishna. The word Krishna is the best name of God because it means all-attractive. Unless God is all-attractive how can He be supreme?

Goodnight. Pen works. It comes from God. Please write yourself to death. I mean that not in a bad way. I mean write your life all the way, don't quit. And also I mean face death as you live. Whatever one thinks of at the time of death that state he will attain without fail. Indian civilization knew this and it was organized to help people attain to a better next life. The goal is *sat*. *Om tat sat*. *Om namo bhagavate vasudevaya*. Enter the eternal, come out of the dark.

Vedic, *Upanishads*, *Puranas*. You can't understand them unless you have a pure devotee guru to instruct you. *Vedesu durlabham adurlaham atmah bhaktoh*. I'm writing this in the last minutes allowed me, then I'll go to the bed. Bedroom, lie there and ask for sleep. God allows all things. Sedative. Sleepy. Peaceful, no intruders, hear the wind soft and birds chirp and still sunlight at 7 P.M.. Shut your eyes and don't worry. Tell yourself not to worry. Krishna Krishna one way or another.

The story is true. The moo cow, the atmosphere. The straight Vedic knowledge. Another lecturer stressed the chanting of Hare Krishna mantra. That's certainly a



good thing to say. Make it one with your heart. A saying. A doing. A risk. We make mistakes, trip and fall, get up, keep going. Be smaller, not puffed-up. Everything is a gift from God, not your own power.

March 30

3 A.M.

I'll have to tell Dr. K. today that it wasn't a good week, and yet I still feel optimistic or hopeful. I am willing to try his suggestions that I work on what he calls the environment. Exercise and increased calories. Make your body a little stronger to withstand the headaches. But the facts are I had six days in a row with h.a. and each day I treated it with rescue medication. I then had two free days, no h.a. But now again two days with. That spells rebound in the doctor's way of thinking. He agrees I shouldn't suffer. So I pop the pills. This morning as I write this there is pressure building in the front of the head. I can ignore it for awhile or endure it but not if it shifts to the right eye. I don't mind trying out a Zomig and I'll be pleased if it works. Besides if I let the h.a. go unchecked I won't even be able to speak to doctor on the phone.

Mundane talk to start the day? I don't see it that way. This is like *varnashrama*, stuff preliminary and necessary for *bhakti*. Without help you . . . are nothing. No, not nothing but seriously hampered in your performance of front-line duties and services. No lectures, no letters, no EJW, no painting, no reading of *shastra*, no vigorous out loud *japa*. If the rescue meds will enable me to stay active in these *bhakti* limbs, who won't take it?

7:13 A.M.

Chaitanya just told me, “Everyone is worried about the war . . . the war is on now . . . ” What war? Serbia. NATO has been bombing for several days now and Russia says if they don’t stop she will start bombing. Bombing what? Western-European countries? NATO bases, he says. I say I thought the cold war was over. He says Russia has fired NATO . . . what, embassies? He’s vague, a little incoherent and fragmentary, plus his English is inaccurate. But he leaves me with the impression of war, bombing . . .

I walk out of the house to come to shed. You can taste the peace and quiet. Would someone bomb Ireland? Disrupt my peace? It’s certainly possible. Don’t take it for granted. Will I still be able to talk to the doctor about little Stephen’s little attempts to control little headaches?

Is everyone actually worried? Is it as bad as he says? Or another form of going to the edge of the precipice and then coming back? Clinton . . . NATO jets . . . Yetslin . . .

Harmonies. Little life. Uddhava says I am generous to share so much of my inner life. He also notes that I sometimes don’t have ideas what to write about but I still write because that’s my service, everyday. It’s not exactly “ideas” I’m searching for. Search for release of the blocks so that the natural words can flow. There is always plenty to say.

The governors of the planets (*Lokapala*) prayed to the Lord and also the mystics. They cannot know the Supreme Lord unless they practice *bhakti*. In this age no

sacrifice can be performed except *sankirtana-yajna*. You have to rise above the three modes to know the transcendental Lord. He can be known in part by the devotees. These were some of the parts in the reading I just shared with Madhu. When I read aloud I paid more attention than when he read. But I tend to forget it all.

Shrila Prabhupada Vyasa-puja 1973 at Bhaktivedanta Manor thanking Pradyumna, Panditji, for helping him produce *Chaitanya-caritamrita* which was just published at that time. Shrila Prabhupada said I'm hopeful that if I die my disciples will continue the Hare Krishna movement. It's true, they (me too) are continuing it. The institution of temples, the government of GBC and also the essence of simple practices whether in or out of a temple. Those who uphold the institution, network of temples, farms, projects, ISKCON, are certainly carrying out Shrila Prabhupada's will. But everything has to have essential substance. Not just show bottle. I am depending on the essence of this writing as devotional service, and the essence of keeping clean, humble, alive, poor.

No more words. Bomb the words. Bomb the countries. Stop bombing. Listen to the super powers jostling and talking and not talking. Let them fight. Make peace. Whose interest is whose? Why are they fighting? Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare.

Don't disagree with me. Everyone is worried. I am at peace. I want a little more to eat and calorie intake. Give him some peppers and soy and MSG and meat and smokes and liquor and dope, then he'll be ruined. Give

him some barbiturates and Opioids and Methadone, Prosac Ibuprofen, Dermoral, Triptan, IV, ER, OTC.

Nueros recommend war on migraine with preventatives. Steroids, beta blockers, calcium channel blockers, pure oxygen, biofeedback, yoga, relaxation, fast aerobic walks. Meditate on the mantra thirty-two syllables and tune-out from the war or impending war. Tune-out from the astrologers, don't follow the pendulum watchers and psychics. Just tune into the mantra. The prison and hospital will not be bombed or maybe they will. The year two thousand has promised hard times according to some, and it can start in 1999.

This is my record of what I did in these days in March. I went to bed with a single Zomig at 4 A.M. and got up at 5 A.M. with no headache. Tell the doctor that. M says I should tell him all that I eat. But that's too tedious. I can't tell him the amounts. Leave that up to me. Environment. Spiritual practices. We're all in this together. Do something for the fun of doing it. Be careful what you say and eat and think.

Krishna as Lord Vishnu heard the prayers of the persons in the sacrificial arena. It was good that they came forward one at a time and said their piece. I told you *yajnas* are not possible nowadays, there is no *soma* beverage, no wealth in gold, butter, grains, no expert priest. So Lord Chaitanya made it easy with *sankirtana yajna*. Now finish this and go back into the house. Chant God's names, think of Him. Yes, even when I don't have ideas I still have to write. In the peaceful time given to me. Chant Hare Krishna. Ban on all legumes for migraineurs. My daily newspaper, headlines,

columns, funnies, horoscope, sports page—the race was won by EJW just ahead of War Worries and Pendulum Swings and Winks. He can't eat more. He's greedy. Lazy, prone to medications. Doesn't like pain. I hereby close out.

(skip)

8:45 A.M.

No war. What war? We won't  
go to Serbia or Russia or the NATO bases  
we'll stay here where it's peaceful  
and not even receive news except  
once a month summary. Assume  
it's all right and we are protected  
by Krishna.

No one knows Him if they are in  
the three modes. Why don't you spend  
more time reading the transcendental *Vedas*?  
Then you'll have a right not  
to know the international  
worldly news.

News of Vaikuntha and Lord Vishnu at  
the sacrificial arena receiving the  
prayers of the gods and sages.  
News of Krishna in Vrindavana always  
new even if it seems the same  
to you. Rid you of the cynic,  
the nauseous, the headache-bound.  
Stay tuned to Vaikuntha  
on your Victrola.

Prabhupada seems far away and me  
fading, get vivid again  
by the means and ends  
*sankirtana-yajna*, does this  
qualify? Does my keeping record  
of my own day account as a  
part of Lord Chaitanya's and ISKCON's  
army peace time, except in  
dreams?

Yes it counts. He  
assures you wherever you are  
if you are sincere  
and obey and chant and hear it  
counts a little, but why  
don't you do much more?

1:15 P.M.

My schedule is up in the air. Spoke to Dr. K. He's going to put me back on Depakote along with Neurotriptin. He hesitated whether to hit hard or not. I said let's do it, don't coddle me, my system can take it. Meaning—I can bear the side affects of the extra med. He wants to knock out the headaches and so do I. I like the aggressive policy rather than slow. A series of sprints he said, rather than a marathon, is how we are approaching this. I'm optimistic, determined. The phone call was shorter than usual. I can tell when he has said all he wants to say and I try not to linger. I'm grateful I get to talk to him once a week. We (me) build

up gradually with the Depakote from 250, to 500, to 650 and by the end of the week 750. You're a funny guy, so fired up with your medications. I wish you'd get so enthusiastic about preaching opportunities or participation in ISKCON.

Yes well until I get headache under control I can't do much. Avoid the Esgic, go with the Zomig.

So today I missed a post-lunch nap. Shall I paint or try to add some writing, since my writing quota is so low today? Nervous, alert—oh, and the GBC resolutions arrived. Reading them doesn't make me calm either. Will they get me, hang me on some charge, censure, probation, explosion? When I hear of someone quitting ISKCON or being kicked out I have mixed feelings. Part of me thinks, "That could happen to me." Is that a demon-rebel in me or some other sub-person? One almost feels he's like to be free of the institution and the fear that sooner or later they'll get me. GBC is The Authority figure in my life.

(skip)

2:17 P.M.

O hand, move along and make us a song, make a case for me to be a liberated, non-liberated guru *sannyasi* disciple member reprobate. Make a motion to free me of indigestion and stuffy verbiage. Grant me fire in the stomach to eat some extra palatables to gain weight despite the order of—who? You know who.

I hereby move by unanimous decision that I not be banished from ISKCON temples. But let this here cowpoke in the paint-stained sweat shirt be able to sit on the high seat in the company of his disciples but



never sit higher than a Godbrother or sister and in fact better he stay mostly alone away from them.

Let him bloom even though he's entering his seventh decade. Let him live provided others live and provided it's what God wants. Signed this day 30th of March by the official vertebrates, I mean the notaries public.

Stephen

Yipes.

2:33 P.M.

Sitting outdoors on the bench, first in a long time. Cool breeze, a little chilly. Old man, you get different, contradictory advice on almost anything, exercise, diet, medicine, rest, preaching, life mission, attitude toward Prabhupada . . . Krishna.

Robert Campagnola, he doesn't want to be called Harikesha. You want to be called Stephen? No, I like Satsvarupa dasa. What's your income? Submit a yearly report. Anything you get is the property of ISKCON. We want you to be accountable in every way. If you feel it's too much restriction then go your own way. But I have no way except to publish books and distribute them in ISKCON or near-ISKCON. Don't kick me away.

Don't kick yourself away. Comply with the rules for priests and monks in this Church.

The little flowers blooming, they don't have a name stick in front of them. Non-blooming but growing green are Parsley, Feverfew, Hyssop, Thyme, Sweetmarjoram (looks dead, just wood), Cotton Lavender and many

more. Let the green flowers grow. Sit out here like an invalid. Rest by sitting. Who are you? What do you look like? You wear spectacles and false teeth and take many kinds of medicine. You are not a football hero or retired politician. You want to be left alone but want people to hear from you. Write it down. Mad diarist. Plots revolution. Abstract paints. We hereby forbid him. It's not appropriate. What they don't know won't hurt them. But I tell, let cat out of bag. Can't be *mauna*. It's my way to glorify God, my preaching and *sadhana* and project.

My family and friends, the *sadhus* and gnomes and animals I paint. He said he'd like to love everyone.

Keep me well/ keep me tidy/ keep me in a box. I am clean, bathe twice a day. Drink water. Eat as much as you can digest. Imagine you are talking to a TV interviewer. Imagine your right hand is writing and the left is clenched. You don't get envious. You are humble, keep to yourself. Through the day plot your course.

*Shikasha diksha ritvik guru* reform, come down hard, unanimous vote. Public apology, Satsvarupa was given good advice in 1978 but couldn't follow it. Wasn't wise enough.

Catch the culprits. Lay down the law. Even the gentle one has to get in line. Accept his resignation. Let him rectify, humble himself, submit, do the needful swallowing what may feel like poison to him. Make him do it, it's good for him. We hereby decide on his behalf.

Imagine you are several other funny people similar in some ways to you. But you are not. You are only

yourself, listening to the birds. You're not a pretty, not a facsimile, and not Stambha, Madhusudana, Joey, Marjoram, a man-woman with crossed legs. No one like you but you and the same is true for each of us.

Marjoram-marjoram, *madhuram, madhuram*. Apologize to Pradyumna. Apologize to everyone. Apologize to your Guru Maharaja. Apologize to the earth and your material mother and father: "I was not in a right mind when I joined the Hare Krishna movement, please forgive me. But I must procecute the duties of *sannyasa*."

How's your bowel movement, intestines in order, mind right, soul is *nishtha*? How are your stars and hand lines, fate, longevity, life span, spark? How's you love life, low thoughts, aspirations? How is your mendicant dress, bank balance, acidic gas, aspirations, fears and programs? Is your heart good? Asthma? Oh, I know you. You were born in Queen's County Hospital, right? The little yalla baby? Grown-up, grown down, just this one lifetime. Eternal lives, in one life the soul has to find himself at the lotus feet of Krishna. Please forgive me. Now I think I'll go inside but don't know what to do.

5:45 P.M.

Kind of spacey day with my phone  
calls to doctor and nurse and Madhu  
away at harp lesson and doctor.  
So I sat on the bench in the yard,  
and got through the day peacefully.

I don't know what I want to say  
but could have written more. Read  
the GBC resolutions for 1999 including  
a 1978 letter Pradyumna wrote to  
Satsvarupa who didn't take the warning  
or was talked out of it by the  
others. It's always the others I want  
to blame, gurus, GBC, people.

What about me? Don't have the  
sense, guts, sabby. To do the  
right things. So now I'm trying to keep  
out, keep away so at least I  
can't say "It's his fault, he influenced  
me." Take it on your own.

A little boy writes his own  
toy poem, serious as he is  
in last hour before rest.  
Last years. Play lectures of  
brothers and learn what not  
to do, what I don't like  
and also learn the truth.

But the jostling is too much for me.  
I won't do it again in this lifetime.  
I'll keep this semi-hermitage,  
so help me God. I'll serve You  
best from here. I do my  
contribution  
from a dis-

tance.

6:12 P.M., Night Notes

Wonderful way Radha-Govinda look and I look at Them, readying Them in Their night outfits, hearing Shrila Prabhupada sing as I do so. Perfect, simple, clean, beautiful. I am the servant of Radha and the servant of Krishna. I dress and undress Them. Select His flute. The clothes fit so neatly on Shrimati Radharani. You may take it for granted now but it's a great privilege. Doesn't take long, transports you out of the body and world and for awhile. Then I go about my business like an ordinary, conditioned soul.

From the sublime to . . . take your evening pills, including ole Depakote again. Back to the lethargy that brings. I was glad when he told me. Let's hit hard with the meds. To bed in a room so peaceful. Maybe tomorrow another headache early in the A.M. when I'm chanting *japa*, to disturb my routine as planned. Or maybe not. Krishna Krishna, it's up to You. I can only respond.

March 31

3:40 A.M.

How can you be happy when the body aches? Frazzled you become. Headache and nausea. The spirit is all right inside, but he becomes boxed in, surrounded by physical pain. Who perceives the pain and discomfort? You could say the soul but actually it's the false-ego, *ahankara*. That's the point where the self falsely identifies with the body. It's madness. A transcendentalist wouldn't worry or even feel the pain as suffering. He thinks, "This has come and it will go. Let me not bother about it but continue with my duty." Duty is to chant and hear and be Krishna conscious. I get sidelined from active service in *bhakti*. You could lie in bed surrounded by the pain but not let it affect you. I am well, the spirit soul within the body. No use making the huge effort or becoming anxious about this condition. But . . . I can't write so much or pay attention to *japa* or scripture.

Yes . . .

9 A.M.

Lonely alone guy in green jacket and pants and green boots so he looks like some official guards man or something out tramping for quick exercise walk while clicking his sixteenth round on the metal counter. This is my own private world. I don't want to join the "real"

world anymore. I have enough body troubles just coping in my own world.

Walk and a jeep came up quick behind me. I didn't hear it until the last moment and I stepped quickly onto the grass shoulder. Did he wonder who I was dressed in green walking alone?

Introspection means seeking Krishna and seeking yourself.

Maybe if you find yourself you'll find the Lord there too, like two birds on a tree. Melancholy. Lost quite a few hours this morning, waiting for the h.a. to dissipate. Can't make up the time. Didn't read *Shrimad-Bhagavatam* because of banging in the head.

Oh, ree Oh, ree the boys sing in Krishna's pastimes. He plays, I heard it. He is all-attractive. He plays with the boys and cows and calves and goes to the *gopis* for *madhurya-rasa*. His love of Radharani is the most confidential and greatest love of all. Those who are liberated and in the *bhakti-rasa*, can appreciate to some degree, the loving affairs of Radha and Krishna. Others who aspire to be devotees in Krishna consciousness should read whatever Shrila Prabhupada gives us and learn to be a . . . humble servant. I'm surely doing things wrong, unredeemed. But I don't trust those who might claim to be my reformer. I've been misled before a number of times. And I'm prone to going along with the leaders. So stay clear.

Keep this boat afloat. Learn how to be hardy and satisfied alone.

I walked and came back into the yard. Melodeon music pouring out from Madhu's house. Doors all shut,

no one in sight. A gray day with mist and hint of rain. But it's not so cold on March 31. Daffodils are bloomed with necks bent over. Hare Krishna mechanical rounds are better than none at all.

Dreamt I played hooky from a chemistry class. Stole someone's coat and gloves and wandered around the campus hoping I wouldn't be caught.

Hare Krishna I seek some words of transcendental truth in my spontaneous introspection. I seek solace. In memories? But you need a friend. If you and a friend indulge in reminiscing or savoring mellows, then eventually you'll feel it's not genuine. And that would be another cause for a let-down.

Hare Krishna sighs. Wind buffets. Be glad you can salvage this day even if it comes out short on reading and writing. Be glad you're alone to prosecute some kind of Krishna conscious life. The strict institution trying to control its members and their way of thinking, monitor their income and daily affairs. You have to do what they want. Report to them. Do it their way. But the private citizen tries to cover up his tracks and present a front to the government or authority. We should have a right to a private life and personal expressions not always judged by authorities. Ugh.

Keep me away. The bird whistles. Little robins. Shy unseen callers in the trees. *Haribol*, I'm okay and hope you are okay. Write me a letter and I'll write one back.

Now Krishna appeared as Lord Vishnu in the sacrificial arena and heard all the prayers of the *devas* and sages. He will speak something Himself. I don't remember exactly where I left off. Krishna in



*Bhagavad-gita* speaks eternally. A person can pick it up and read anywhere. Relish what He says; lay it on your heart. You'll feel better and realize affairs in this world can never be peaceful, happily settled. We suffer three-fold miseries, *adhyatmika*, *adhidhaivika* and *adhibautika*. Yes, from our own bodies and minds, from enemies and from higher powers in natural crises.

Krishna will spare His devotee from repeated lives in the material world. But you have to convince Him you have no more material desires. You have given up hope of happiness in the fourteen worlds because from the highest to the lowest it's temporary, ends in death. And you have to convince Lord Krishna that you want only to serve and please Him. When you achieve that, He will bring you to His topmost abode.

Please let me serve Lord Krishna. I don't want to resign my duties as spiritual master or *sannyasi* in ISKCON. I have my own style and beg they may accept it. I say I can't change who I am. I work within limits. Live alone in Ireland these years. Don't tempt me out or threaten me with reprisals.

Rake the yard in fall, shovel the snow in winter, tend the flowers in spring and go swimming in summer. No, not here. All year I come to this hut and all year it rains and is cool. I seek Krishna in His Deity form. I perform daily *guru-puja* to Shrila Prabhupada. Penny for your thoughts. This is a twenty-minute session with less than three to go. I wanted to pour out feelings. I didn't say so much but maybe you can read in between the lines. Have to accept hours of pain that side-lines you. But you try to control it so you can salvage some time each

day for what you most need and desire to do. I will tell you later what Shri Krishna said. He spoke all wisdom in a nutshell. Personalism. *Bhakti*. Come to Me and give up all religions. He knows best. He says always think of Me. You don't have to be a big scholar, just worship and offering obeisances to Lord Krishna. Remember Him wherever you go. He'll become real to you. He is within the cloud of unknowing.

(skip)

10:48 A.M.

You just write something and it will come out all right. Nevermind that the body is dilapidated. Benign worries and pains, terminal cancerous. Heart won't work, stops. Soul goes on to next destination. No one can see it but *shastra* tells it. The subtle particle of life-force. When it's gone the body is a useless corpse. This is the science of the self and Supreme. Transmigration of the eternal soul according to his accumulated desires and determined by higher authorities such as Yamaraja or the Supersoul.

How it works you don't know. You're not so intelligent. Scientists and philosophers don't know but they place their own theories and speculations. I am a self, fond of my identity, my individuality. But I'm subject to the process of old age and death and transmigration. I can't even keep my identity. I forget completely who I was in a past life and in the next life I will completely forget this life.

Be cheerful because you are accumulating points in eternal *bhakti*. Take care of yourself, real self-interest. Be a worker in Krishna's cause in this world. He wants

to bring souls back to Godhead. Strive to help even in your own way.

*Haribol.*

11:51 A.M.

Mist covers the land, hugs to the ground and wind. Just waiting for the rain to make it complete. This mountain hideout. Keep me well enough to function. M. is bleeding into his urine. Needs an operation but no one is in hurry to give it to him. “These bodies,” he says and I agree. He’s cooking lunch today, his single special, *kicchari*. A new supply of paints arrived, bought in Ireland. Chaitanya is setting them up for my use. This is the life I choose. I’m making my contribution this way. Try to free yourself, release yourself doldrums, mental blocks, sense of guilt and self-berating. Sure, I want to be much, much humbler but that doesn’t mean I have to think I’m all wrong, doing nothing, not pleasing to Prabhupada and Krishna. Better I take a positive outlook and offer my propensities to them with enthusiasm and love.

12:55 P.M.

In the shed, windy sound around. It’s begun to sprinkle too.

We are about to prosecute Krishna consciousness literature in a way that makes us happy and people also. The only way to do that is to hear from *shastra* and repeat it. Shrila Prabhupada says a rascal who makes his own teaching and opinion is not a guru. The *same thing*, as Vyasa said and Krishna said and the Gosvamis and

Lord Chaitanya—that’s what a real guru repeats. This is what I want. The shed tugs in the wind. Look out at those trees for a second but then get down to your work. I’m hurrying along in my schedule. Go to shed and write, then lie in bed a little. A little. Krishna consciousness is the best method. *Haribol* antics from me are offered sometimes as apertif. I get slammed by do-right committee. They examine a word like “expertif” and say why did you use this, don’t you know it has no place in Krishna consciousness.

We are going to paint with new paints. Hare chanting recommended by Shrila Prabhupada. He quotes the whole mantra twice in a purport. There’s no need to worship demigods. Just chant the Lord’s names and you’ll be able to associate directly with Krishna. There are many gods but He is the greatest. *Brahma-saṃhitā* states it, *isvara parama-kṛṣṇaḥ*. And *Srimad-Bhagavatam* states *kṛṣṇas tu bhagavan svayam*.

We must not forget this. Krishna Krishna. I’m so sad and sorry in my lack of faith and drive. But when I get a little health, I want to use it in His service. Chant Hare Krishna and be on guard for the best sort of thing. Don’t go after temporary happiness. It’s only a reflection.

Yes, this is Krishna, the best sport, the best thing there is. He is the music you love, the beauties, but don’t try to take His place with yourself the enjoyer. The trick is to do it for Him. I say trick but it’s a basic commitment and identity you’ve got to get right. Hare Krishna.

Now I’m well, next morning I’m not. Who is to say? Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare

Hare. Man, every day I get a headache and cop a pill. The doc says don't do it so often. I tell him, "But doc, it hurts and I gets frazzled." Oh, okay, he says, I don't want you to suffer. And so it goes. Then sometimes even when you take the pill it doesn't do much. Pain I get is familiar. I may some days just live with it and think okay I'm not active in funny word play pages, no books like *Shrimad-Bhagavatam* to read and forget, and your beads may even be attacked by inattention due to pain.

Hare Krishna, eternal sounds of God's names, You ought to take them reverently. This is Holy week in the Christian religion. Make it holy by chanting Hare Krishna which is an ecumenical gesture. The one God and His best son, died for sins of people and resurrected in the glory of God the Father.

Krishna, Christ, don't take names in vain. Be a good man even if you can't write all together a planned essay. Remember and repeat the same thing in your own way. God the Father, Supersoul, and pure devotee. Rain day, day taken away from your total. You can't live happy in the reflection. Give us Krishna consciousness, and me a servant. You are a servant.

Things ain't what they used to be. Well, in some ways they are better. Accept this time. You're not a saint. Kardama Muni prayed and said at least be pious and ask God for your material desires. But those renounced persons who are free of the stereotyped hackneyed material pleasures don't have to get married and purify themselves by a lengthy process. I too have material desires and go to Krishna and serve Him with my

conditioned self. Try for health in a condemned-to-die body. Trying to create with a faulty instrument. Trying to be a devotee but I find fault with others. All these things I am wrong but what the heck . . .

Blow wind. I hear you and want to say this day I offer to You.

This day I offer to Krishna. The birds chirp. I miss my chance but take another chance. I don't want to be a star performer. Want my quiet place. From here play the drum and paint the pictures and send them out. It should be satisfying just to do it. But you must think of Krishna as you do it.

Yessir, I'll try for that. Oh boy, this is the way to serve the Lord. Just hear the wind in the trees. Just say I am Yours. Your words are better than you are. You are bluffing. Writing too fast, too shallow. Just happy to be pain-free and don't know what to say.

Glory to God/ praise Him/ He is the most beautiful form and He comes as the *arca-vigraha* and appears in His holy names most liberally and accepts the offerings of His devotees who serve His pure devotee. Now I will go to the bottom of the page saying Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare. Lord Caitanya walking and walking on His tour of South India crying out Krishna Krishna Krishna Krishna Krishna Krishna Krishna he! Please protect me, please save me. He went all over South India. I want you on the safe side. Be attached only to Him and to no one else. Will one thing only, by chanting and hearing of the Lord. Paint *sadhus* with their devotional postures and *tilaka* and even in the

next life you won't forget Krishna and He will bring you to Him.

4:15 P.M.

A black woman with her hand around the neck of a white-blue-Vaishnava-*tilaked* man. And to the right of them a sly-eyed swan. What is this? Some symbol of falldown, lures of the *sadhaka*? I don't know for sure. That's how it came out. But certainly we don't want to enter the space where women slip their hand around our neck. Stay clear. One is obviously a dreamer in his bed and the snake leaps at him and two other fearful shortish dream figures, one under his bed and one at the head. Another painting is a black man and a tan man facing each other close and peacefully. Another is a *sadhu* with *japa-mala* seated beside Lord Jagannatha. Another . . .

Happy times painting in the special time as the time runs out and I paint faster to get them done. *Haribol*. And up here to tell you a fragment of it before 4:30 P.M.

The day of Davey. The day of Sats. I salvaged it after 2 A.M. to 8 A.M. in headache throes. Bounce back and use the day for activity in Krishna 's service.

M. and I read after lunch some more prayers to Lord Vishnu. It's neat. Each verse is prayed by a different person or party. They begin *devas uvaca* or *yogeshvara uvaca*, etc. You can study, each prayer has a way of praising and describing the Supreme Person. I forget it as soon as I read it. That's another reason it's good to read often; at least you'll stay in the stream.

Snack he calls it  
 no eating after dark  
 always follows some codes [?]  
 can eat but can he digest?

Krishna will decide whether this is needful or not,  
 count as sense grat or *yukta-vairagya*.

5:45 P.M.

Wind buffeting the outside of the house.  
 I have this time in the corner of the house  
 an electric light. We were reading out loud  
 and I don't think anyone of us paid attention,  
 it's so hard, to the purport, except in  
 fleeting glimpses.

During my 4:30 P.M. snack I heard a GBC  
 man lecturing *Srimad-Bhagavatam*—he  
 turned it into eulogies for Srila Prabhupada,  
 out did anyone who ever praised, said  
 in ten thousand years no one would surpass  
 him and if we just got together and chanted  
 all problems would dissolve. When he  
 asked for questions someone said—If  
 you say congregational chanting will solve all  
 conflicting parties, why don't you let them  
 come to the temple to chant?

He had an answer, of course and more  
 arch praises, topmost praises. It  
 left me feeling odd, left out—  
 He had Spirit—perfect truth, but



lacked some kind of human soul  
for fallen and compromise and relative.

Who am I to talk or complain? I just  
want to be alone with a few disciples and  
eat *gulabjamuns* or apples or pasta,  
something to fill the belly. I just wait  
for evening, to sleep. Sometimes I sit  
and stare and think, but I don't get  
so far. I do love my daily day's  
work.

So wind buffets. Krishna consciousness  
movement can't be stopped. It will correct  
itself. Everyone has access to Prabhupada but  
if you change what he said even a  
hair's breadth, he said, you are ruined.  
I wonder if he ever does that?  
Who loves him the most?  
Applause for the praiser. But  
some are not convinced.

6:22 P.M., Night Notes

Love the paintings you do. There's some life in them.  
A person in trouble could look at them and find solace,  
tenderness. Even the scary ones are lovable. Krishna  
protects us everywhere. The *sadhus* invade my  
paintings. Ubiquitous, symbols of the Vaishnava.  
That's all right. I persist in this and from foolishness,  
apparent waste of time, it can evolve into the best thing  
I can do. A primitive artist for Krishna. So paint and

paint. And write the days. Before you have to close down.

Night notes. It's still sunshiny when I go to take rest, but I can fall asleep if I'm tired. Alas. So little specific devotion for the things Raghunatha Gosvami prays for in his opening verse of *Manah Siksha* . But each day we chant the *maha-mantra*.

Letting the words come, the shapes come, creative force tells what it wants. Some complaints and cynical assessments have to be allowed. I can't be goody-goody loving everyone especially all leaders. I have to allow my mind some space. Some criticism is valid. But then you check, recall how *aparadhas* can destroy your devotional creeper, recall how the *maha-bhagavatas* can see the good. Like bees go to honey. Krishna Krishna. I do it in a way and language I can't admit to here, not always. Some of my thoughts are too low and offensive, so I leave them out or write them in another place where I won't show them to others. But here you can't be too unreal either.

April 1

2:02 A.M.

Just wrote this note to Madhu:

See me re preparing and planning for my not taking rescue medication on Fri. and Sat.

(1) Go over what I'll do that day when headache comes. And what I won't do.

(2) Talk with Chaitanya C so he's aware what's happening (inform anyone else you need to).

(3) Where will you be on these days? If you're away CC should be ready to fill in.

Today I plan to take the Zomig when "it" comes. It has already begun on the top of my head. It appears like clockwork every twenty-four hours, a symptom of rebound syndrome. Last night I was feeling how much I like an active day for writing and painting and our readings together in *shastra*. I'd much rather do that than suffer a headache all day! But Krishna is weaning me away from even the life I love in this world. Sometimes I also think that maybe I should be sacrificing my pleasures in Krishna consciousness for a more outward preaching. Reading the GBC resolutions may have brought that on. Mostly I come back to the conclusion that I'm doing what I can within my health-age limits *and* that what I'm doing now is my natural propensity and is good preaching.

Dream
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A huge amount of wealth in gold comes into the property of ISKCON, and different leading devotees know about it and are talking about it and taking care of it and kept it in a place. Gradually persons who are not devotees hear about it and steal it.

When I wake I think the great treasure in ISKCON is the devotees' unifying faith in Shrila Prabhupada.

5:36 A.M.

Oceanic smile Prabhupada has, I said to Harvard grad student O'Connel. He said he wouldn't call it oceanic. We were looking at a photo of Swamiju. I felt disappointed and alienated from O'Connel when he said that. But now I myself wouldn't use a word like oceanic. I can see how it's a sentimental or fanatical way of seeing the spiritual master. But don't see him as an ordinary man, all the *shastra* warn. Stay by him, at his feet. Praise him and follow his instructions. *Yasya deve para bhaktir*, only to one who has implicit faith in Krishna and guru are the truths of the *Vedas* revealed.

Hmm. Sigh harumph. Maybe you could use seven hours of sleep at night. Find the way to avoid headaches. Taking the medicine everyday to kill the pain is not a good treatment.

Sleepy, roly-poly bear, me at the campfire telling tales. But I'm not so enthusiastic to tell them as I used to be. Sour taste. Also, it's difficult to keep that kind of unquestioning faith. So I struggle now. But I'm trying to surrender. This is the phase I'm going through, a dark

night for the soul. He can't see by a bright full moon. He proceeds anyway, feeling his way, stepping forward.

You trust the process will carry you the way a wave carries a body surfer onto the shore. Ride the crest. Don't get smashed by the wave—that's very dangerous. But you have to time it just right. Hare Krishna Hare Krishna. Listen to his lecture. Read his book. Obey his command.

I heard the lecturer quote Shrila Prabhupada as saying, "Do not leave ISKCON," and "Your love for me will be shown by how you cooperate to maintain this institution." But what does the word cooperate mean? I can't be told exactly what to do by others. I will stay in ISKCON only if I have some space and privacy to live my own rhythm each day. I can't be packed up with others, going through the slow, repeated drawn out motions of the morning temple program. I'm at a stage of life where privacy means integrity. Without it I feel either proud or miserable, beset with fault-finding, irritable, rebellious. Can't bear it I say.

Hare Krishna, a few minutes before breakfast. I quelled another headache. Maybe I have a free day remaining for *shravanam kirtanam vishnu smaranam*. Try for it, write in the shed, and so on.

Trust that when you start to write, your faculties will not fail you. Any kind of word order will fall into place. Shrila Prabhupada said a guru must repeat what he has heard in *parampara* from his spiritual master. *Acharyavan purusoh veda*. The guru is honored as good as God. *Tad-vijnanartham sa gurum eva abhigacchet*. This is the role I too am playing. A guru in ISKCON

who recognizes Shrila Prabhupada as the preeminent *shiksha-guru* for all in this movement. M. and I will be going over the GBC resolutions the next few days. I'll be glad when that's over. Give me a clear trail and clear skies.

7:12 A.M.,

Strong winds maybe gale force. A piece of sod loose in the yard. The tulips will have to blossom soon even if the weather isn't warm and sunny. Same for the daffodils although they seem to be delaying, waiting for a better climate. The delicate life of plants and flowers. I stomp past them in my boots, into the shed.

NATO forces look for three American soldiers missing in action near Massadonia. I listened to the radio news since Chaitanya said a war was on and Russia threatening to bomb NATO places. But I didn't hear anything about that. Mostly rock music is all you hear across the radio dial even at 6:30 in the morning.

And here you are trying to recollect or preach or justify, exonerate yourself. Read more prayers by *brahmanas* and others to Lord Vishnu at the sacrifice by Daksha. The *brahmanas* are protected by Lord Vishnu but not when the blasphemed Lord Shiva. The *yajna* became purified by the appearance of Lord Vishnu. The prayers are finished. *Sankirtana yajna* is the only *yajna* in the age of Kali.

*Haribol*, if we run out of canvas and acrylic paints we'll use whatever cheap materials we can get, such as Tempora paints and paper sheets, and go on spreading. In the morning, what seemed exciting last night is not

so great. Strange and non-*parampara* people and scenes. I say it is *parampara*. We read this morning that everything is Vishnu because it's all His energies in varieties. So the people that appear in my paintings are also part of Vishnu.

Keep going talking about yourself and the three soldiers lost in Massadonia and the man and woman newscaster team talking about it on the British radio show. Keep going with your faltering body, your mind that goes errant and your intelligence that knows better but can't control the lower elements.

Keep going and I trust that something worthy will come. Krishna consciousness. We don't think very highly of sleep, yet I need sufficient sleep. A *yogi* should not eat too much or too little and he should not sleep too much or too little. Get your hours in so you'll wake and get up refreshed.

These are all concerns of mine. Want to be fixed in Shrila Prabhupada's service, his books, writing in a way that helps ISKCON members.

Krishna Krishna, I don't know how much more I can push this. It is not as hard as driving forward with a team of husky dogs heading for the South Pole. But it is tiring, so tears come from your eyes. I heard that you are staging an event tomorrow, decided not to take a pain aborter. See you in bed, whiling away the hours. Or you might have a relatively pain-free day. I'll be prepared to be side-lined all day. Getting myself ready for that today. How? By writing more, putting myself into it.

Krishna Krishna platitude, platinum blonde, uh-oh Plutonium. Uranium, firebombs scraper. Who knows the evil that lurks in the hearts of men. The Shadow knows.

Krishna conscious art show, picnic, strawberry festival. All donations go to the Moravian Church. Please attend. We have an ample parking lot. We have a nursery for tots and a Sunday school for children. Please come and take *prasadam* on the wonderful occasion of . . .

Walking on *parikrama* boards. Click off *japa* rounds. It's another way to spend your time. Gain eternal good. But without a taste your mind has to give you . . .

It's not bad. I'll be good. Be a golden streak, a yellow streak on the chest of Lord Narayana. Every one of us has a *rasa* and we can get situated in it.

Write. Don't get sick, don't fall asleep. Your handwriting is illegible and slow. You slur like a drunkard, "Lemme at the bastard!" He wants to defend against the . . .

Small children.

Illegible run naked sleep, coat too heavy. Stumble forward chant Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare,

8:20 A.M.

What do you do to pass the time  
to fill up your day to justify your existence  
before your spiritual master? What does  
anyone do? Some have good external



record of behavior and a good internal one  
also. I wonder a lot, feel vacancy,  
chase it away.

So much depends on literature. I already  
have written more books than they care  
to read except for a few and they tell  
me it is good. They even read my  
uncertainty. Some may read unsympathetic  
and say what they say.

Now if I could stay awake  
if I could do some worthy work  
in *bhajana*, have answered all  
my letters . . . Then read again and  
again what Krishna says and Vyasa  
says.  
Pray, it's Holy Thursday.

Wait don't be down and mundane  
sad. Better you be who you  
are, servant person live to  
be alive when you paint and  
I hope your writing is triumphant.

Trust in the process to deliver  
you. The process of sixteen rounds *japa*.  
four rules, hearing about the Lord  
praying for relief from doubts  
and from inability to take the flack  
that comes with socialized religion.

Trust in the process of death  
and rebirth and deliverance. It's being  
done by higher powers and you  
get carried along, by who? Take your choice.

8:38 A.M.

This time of day you are uncertain how to spend the time. The early mornings get lost. I'm on my own detached from ISKCON temple life. Can I survive, am I starving myself from association with devotees? I say I like it this way. Then face yourself. You can't print this. The GBC might want to force you to live a different way. Compulsory. Either do as we say or you're no longer one of us. We decree that you are not pleasing our founder-*acharya*.

I get tired of it. But also weak temporarily in my own resolve. That may especially happen in these odd hours when my schedule isn't so tight fixed. Or I can't follow a schedule.

Krishna. What I say lacks conviction. No one to talk to. They'll say this is self-pity, mental hovering, I know the ones who will say that of me. It doesn't matter.

Write quicker. The Mormons in Utah, the Krishna consciousness movement there too. Temples or preaching centers in most US cities. Not all. But I can go there in a book. Traverse the border. Be on guard. Systematize. Do some busy clerical work or if you feel doubts, read aloud EJW, that helped once. Can you hear from Krishna, your dear most friend? If not, then *that* is your problem.

8:56 A.M.

(Words written on a calligraphy-drawing Bristol board)

Try not to be down and doubtful about yourself. Rejoice in your free time and in the direction you've been given by your spiritual master. You do want to tell people about Krishna but maybe you doubt: (1) In your own purity, don't like that you're so neophyte in chanting and hearing; (2) doubt the institution can really give people shelter; (3) doubts in the philosophy, find faults there and with pure devotee. You can't even voice this malaise. The super gungho act as if they never had a shutter of doubt. So if they catch you in it they want to wag the finger at you. Oh, then I just have to keep it to myself? Because I do think I can work it out, get through the impasse. And I think others probably think and feel similar to what I say . . . So maybe it will help them to hear they are not alone.

Krishna conscious regimen is . . . three soldiers lost. Were they captured? You are lucky to be here in a good peaceful country, no hard luck just now. Take advantage of it to be Krishna conscious, be merry, make "bread" for soldiers everywhere. Find solace with them.

You are alone in the house. The wind is a kind of companion. It whooshes like ocean surf pounding and sometimes it bangs a door or shutter, I don't know what, something it has found loose like the front door. Are you going to do some exercise? If you are shy to go outside you could open the window wide and do them here in your room. A *sannyasi* marching in place,

stretching from side-to-side, deep knee bends, push-ups? Is that all right? No one can say for sure about another. I don't make trouble for the bosses. May they leave me alone in my cabin in the fields of Nebraska.

10:58 A.M.

Listless, stomach sluggish, dry mouth sometimes. You're liable to have all sorts of side affects to the many medicines you're taking. Tolerate them since you're on this trip. Tolerate means put up with things you can't change. I have to tolerate gnawing doubts. But someone reading this doesn't have to tolerate it. He can put it down.

Make merry, April fool. I thought you put your pants on backwards. Hey look, there's a cherry on your nose! Hey look, a stalk landed in the chimney! Did you hear, there's a war on in Ireland! What? No I didn't hear or see, tell me . . . April fool!

Hey look, your mother died.

What?

April fool!

Your writing won a Nobel Prize and ISKCON collected the money into the BBT.

What? How's that? I won?

April fool!

Look here's a newspaper with a story about what a wonderful hermit you are and everyone just wants you to remain as you are and be yourself. They call you the best things that's happened and the saving factor.

Let me see.

April fool!

Did you hear, Prabhupada came back and he's asking to see you.

Aw, don't pull that on me. You're just pulling the April fool joke. I've had enough. I don't believe Shrila Prabhupada came back and is calling for me except in the sense of his presence in separation.

11:35 A.M.

Don't talk of your self-routine. You are a Jimmy Durante caught in the act, you are Uncle Sal and Uncle Jim, Al Joelson and somebody else Yankee-doodle-dandy. I don't believe in you April fools. You can't fool me. I have a stash of baked goods coming every few days from Govinda's just to fatten me up. I have a radio on my tape recorder if I want to hear the news. I have no bicycle just now but I could get one if I wanted. I can walk but I don't like to meet up with people. I have sashay belt, no metal but I've been GBC Emeritus and they hope I'll contribute in some way.

Damn, count how many times he uses "I" per paragraph. You can tell just by that—he's a self-centered fool. And who has Krishna instead of himself as the center? Why, the pure devotee. It's idealistic to strive for that, it's impossible. But that doesn't stop us from trying. At least we may be able to edge ourselves out of the spotlight for a few minutes a day and recognize our constitutional position. God is all, I'm a very tiny part of Him. It's way out of proportion to reality that I think so much about myself. And I don't even think of my actual self. I think of this temporary body-mind *atma*, what clothes he wears, how his head

feels, how his body operates, his thoughts, his art—you'd think it was a first-class important topic worthy of study. No one else thinks Satsver is *that* important. So I've got to take care of myself. But if I cared for the real, the spirit spark, then I'd link to Krishna. Because the pure spirit soul finds his happiness only in pleasing Krishna.

12:51 P.M.

Wind rattling windows in the shed, moving the whole shed with a shiver. The sky is not dark yet it's very blowy up here. Krishna Krishna. Don't listen to radio news or blues. Don't overeat. Don't don't. Don't fracture me partner. Don't go very long in word play without making Krishna conscious *siddhanta*. Same goes for memories of insipid times on Staten Island. The only precious thing about it is that were alive, the spirit soul in the body, who perceived all those things that happened in the 1950s. Alas, you didn't know and so time was wasted. But than God you found out what human life is for. Nothing can be done now . . . I mean to say, I'm lucky but also unfortunate because I'm not completely surrendering to Krishna and guru.

A brother wrote me something about individuation (a Jungian term). He said he has needs and moods than Shrila Prabhupada has, and this is coming out as he grows older. But how to blend this with *cit cit te kariya aikya*, the disciple wants his mind to be one with that of spiritual master?

Go deeper with this, wrestle with it. It's not solved just by waving the Jai Prabhupada! flag, and saying it is

compulsory to accept him? Hare Krishna. Love conquers all. But my love is dry.

Blow, wind! I dare you to pick up this shed with me in it! It's not that powerful but you better not tempt it. The cyclone could easily spin you around and lift you and the shed high into the sky as Trnavarta lifted baby Krishna.

Oh ho. Endorphins, please move a little, make me feel good. I'm ready for some rest. And then paint.

Pasta for lunch. I asked him to get Mozzarella cheese grated, it's good on pasta. But they don't have it. Good Thursday, holy Thursday. The Sanhedrin met and decided to turn Jesus over to Pilate for persecution. Caiaphas the leader charged Jesus with claiming that he was the living God, the king of the Jews.

I'm not going to watch the film. It stirs up deep feelings, but I don't want it so much this year. Do my regular duties. So many people in the world don't accept Christ as the Messiah for everyone. I like to think I do accept him. And I accept Lord Krishna as the Supreme Being. I accept Krishna Prabhupada as His empowered *acharya* now and in the future.

*Diksha* given in left ear. *Gayatri*. *Upanaya*. *Bhagavat-marga*, *pancaratriki-marga*. I don't know much about those things and I am not so interested. Hare Krishna. Be careful fellow, how you speak.

Now Krishna instructed in many places in *Bhagavatam*. He instructed the *gopis* to go home after they came to Him when He played the flute on the autumn full moon night. He instructed His father, Nanda Maharaja, and other men as to why they should

stop the sacrifice offered to Indra. He instructed Arjuna, He instructed the sages. He is the *shiksha-guru* for all the worlds. The *adi-guru*. He is the object of *Vedanta*, the subject and the knower.

Kennel. No dogs. Free them. Rattle, Wind. Sunshine. You rest for just a little while. Some dream pours over you. When you got to art room, please try to be prayerful and remember Krishna. Now folks here we are at the main house, and if you look over to your right you'll see the marigold garden. If you want to step out of the bus and examine the gardens you may. There is also a baking shop and restaurant on the premises. Don't pick the flowers. We'll meet back here in one hour. Those going on a tour of the Chateau can come with me. Radha-desha tourism.

Come with me in earnest. You'll win a ticket to Egypt and France. You can take your spouse. Hare Krishna chanting comes from a sincere devotee. He doesn't want to hurt his spiritual master's movement. He should teach well and often keep his mouth shut. Don't try to impress people. Just tell the truth and lecture as you would to any group. That special thing may come.

All right class, it's one more minute to go. Finish up your last sentence and pass your papers forward. I hope you all did well. Have a nice vacation.

Yeah, you bet. I'll have a nice vacation if I passed the test. EJW wins they say but I've got to see it happen with my eyes.

(skip)

4:16 P.M.



A home-made Baladeva and Lord Jagannatha placed at angles, a worshiper head bowed, on his knees, another fellow knocked upside down, all this in bright colors and underlay designs. Another is two men, one done in the ancient Egyptian style walking with chest forward, a Vaishnava. One like a crude wood cut black silhouette man, yellow itched face, his hands in *pranamas* and words surrounded him—“*Gauranga bolite habe*—the devotee wants love of God, Krishna, but does he deserve it?” Another three tall temple domes each a different earth color, a red flag, two men passersby. A smudgy fast one, man waving his hand in prominent black lettered “HARE KRISHNA.” And the biggest one is a bunch of mountain peaks on a skyline and huge face of a man, bigger than any of the mountains with two huge upraised hands peering at you between two mountain peaks. What does it mean? I don’t know. But he’s got Vaishnava *tilaka*.

This fattening me program may not work. I don’t have much fire of digestion. Puts me into worse condition. Oh my. And headaches every day at 2 A.M. Did you hear? Tomorrow I’m not going to take a med. Probably won’t write much about it while it happens. Maybe some terse entry, first one of the day 11 A.M.—“Headache all day. Krishna is in charge.” Who knows what each day will bring? But don’t stuff yourself if you’re not hungry and the fire isn’t blazing. Shri Krishna Chaitanya, blazing artist you’d think he’d work up an appetite. Much do that alone paint madness than almost anything with other people. When I paint I am

with plenty of people, the figures and characters, human and animal that appear, and the brushes and pots and colors and mess. And maybe people later who will see it.

Imagination. Skill. Joy. Play. Farce. Serious message. Son of my spiritual father. Dynamic KC preach somehow or other get people starting with yourself to remember Krishna.

5:40 P.M.

When Chaitanya C said a war had begun I said, “What war?” He said NATO in Serbia and Russia’s reaction to it. I listened to news on the radio and it wasn’t as extreme as Chaitanya made it sound. But that started a bad habit. Two more times in the day I turned on the radio and tried to get the news but couldn’t. Just now after saying *gayatri* I hurried to catch the five o’clock. They were buzzing with the crisis: Three American soldiers in the “Peace-making” force were captured by the Serbian Army and appeared on Serbian TV Then Madhu came and we read out loud in *Prema-bhakti Chandrika*. This verse came up: Wherever there are discussions on mundane topics, pains and pleasures, may I restrain myself from going there. Let the remembrance of Your lotus feet decorate my heart. May I properly chant Your transcendental qualities unceasingly in a society of devotees.” (*Prema-bhakti Chandrika*, 4.2) To this verse Vishvanatha Chakravarti has written the following purport: “Where there are

other talks, there is anxiety and anguish, and I shall not go to such a place.”

I took this as timely and I resolved not to listen to more radio. It may seem like the responsible thing to do, tune-in on daily news. But according to Narottama dasa Thakura—and Shrila Prabhupada—it’s a waste of time, a distraction.

6 P.M.

I’m Krishna follower not direct but  
a follower of Krishna ‘s pure devotee,  
Shrila Prabhupada. We accept *Bhagavad-gita*  
as-it-is, not the interpretation of  
some scholar or nondevotee.

We accept Shri Krishna as the supreme truth.  
Whenever I read something contrary  
I reject it. That shows me I’m fixed  
in the conclusion of *krishnas tu bhagavan svayam*.

I shouldn’t doubt myself. I’m fixed.  
I’m not a Gandhian, Thoreauian,  
not my own man. I’m an  
individual but just to make a tasty  
offering for the Lord’s cause.  
Be original so they won’t think we are  
brain washed. I want to win  
points for Shri Krishna for Shri Chaitanya  
Mahaprabhu, for Prabhupada’s ISKCON.  
That’s what all my scribbling is

about. I'm not like Jack Kerouac  
trying to become a writer.

I admit I'm a propagandist but  
equally so a diarist seeking  
his own self, finding solace in  
the writing art where you keep  
finding yourself throughout the day,  
no other way but to write it down.

Dear Lord, find some sincerity in  
me. Turn me away from  
material attachments so I'll just be  
fixed in devotional service to You  
and then write  
great stuff, same little life  
but with unflinching  
devotion.

April 2

3:40 A.M.

Headache began at 1:30 A.M. and by now it's banging, although not yet moved to the right side. We will keep you posted if you tune-in to the news on the hour, the three U.S. soldiers are prisoners of war in Serbia. It's Good Friday, the day Christ suffered to save all souls. A little physical pain may remind you that a preacher has to suffer and that every soul must suffer as long as they identify with the material body.

Overnight I was thinking that I'm not doing much for Prabhupada's movement and I questioned this daily writing. But now I see I cannot do more, can't "go to work." My headache incapacitates me. Writing is a compensation and the art room a treat.

April 3

3:08 A.M.

Blasted yesterday, paralyzed sitting in the easy-chair or lying in the bed. Hours just go by and you do nothing but the pain focuses on you. You're like a big insect impelled on pain-pen. And now it's over and we'll see what kind of a day we will have today.

Thirteen rounds and then you get so sleepy you don't know whether you are chanting another—you move the beads first one direction and then another. Shadow ache from yesterday. Want to sleep more? One thing is—no more non-med experiments for me. Fight the pain with “painkillers.” A nurse says you'll have a much better prognosis if you don't take rescue medication. But what do you do when you have severe pain? Answer from a Dr. Bucholz: Don't ask that question. It's a bad question with bad answers such as taking the medicine that brings rebound headaches. Instead of asking that question just ask how you can prevent headaches.

All right, this talk isn't fit for my little rambling opus. I'm supposed to be deep into religious studies, into love of God, devotional service, rip roarin' preaching. Do I differ in mood or temperament from my spiritual master? Is there room for individuation for a disciple? Yes of course one can differ. That's natural. But in his own individual way a faithful disciple takes to heart the instructions of his spiritual master and carries them out. Another reason why it's best for me to travel mostly without Godbrothers. They would pressure you into

*their* concept of how to be faithful to the spiritual master. Thus you act in group conformity. But alone, freely, when you surrender what you love as an offering—that's my way and I hope it makes it. I depend on the liberal mercifulness of my spiritual master, who came to us at 26 Second Avenue and said "Just chant Hare Krishna."

4:05 A.M.

Stimulate yourself to write . . . of Krishna in the soundtrack provided by musicians who are also coming from God. But you've got to do it as straight as possible, go to Him. Time is running out. Bee-rivet the frog calls out and death-snake hears him and hones in on the target. Yes, it's trivial and mundane but I can dovetail it in Krishna consciousness by the process of writing what comes. The dead, the dull ain't a preacher. But a devotee has to be ready to give up everything for Krishna *and* to go through dry times. Krishna Krishna this has to be like old times.

Jerry Mulligan reunion and everyone feeling warm but all temporary beings get pushed off the plate and into the garbage pale. Come out into a next life.

Yeah, a next life, you jerk. You want more days like yesterday? It's guaranteed as long as you come into this world. So be serious in your Krishna conscious efforts. You may take a little extra food, a few extra risks to make your poems but I tell you don't binge.

Binge happy Henry wasn't late but didn't want to disappoint us. He heaved a sigh "I don't why" and Krishna consciousness descended on him and everyone.

Applaud for each performer, it gets a little mechanical and not spontaneous. We want Krishna to be pleased with us. The *gopis* went mad in His absence and imitated Him and His pastimes. Then they went so deep into the forest, no moonlight shown, so they went on praising Him and chanting Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare/ Hare Rama Hare Rama, Rama Rama Hare Hare. That's the Krishna book and that's what I want, should do, hear it.

Krishna consciousness is to recite from a book. Feels good. Up to going out on a walk this early morn? Yes, I think I can try for it. Break the cycle of headache-pill if you can. But you're pretty helpless; the thing goes its own course and you just respond. Behavioral, huh? Like a rat in a psychologist's cage. Give him an electric shock and he acts a certain way to avoid it. What do you expect otherwise?

Saturday after Good Friday. It's over. It has been done. He's with God the Father. They won't find His body in the tomb. But He'll come back to them, resurrection. The glory of God and liberated souls. People worship them for thousands of years. It gets confused, changed with time. Schisms. Fights. Heresies and break-ups. The ones in the "right" also become wrong in their way, institutionalism, bureaucracy. Oh my where can we find the right things? We'll find it in the alley, in the morning and also in the pain. Don't think yesterday was a waste of time.

You want the blessings of Lord Nrsimhadev in His *shanti* pose. And when He is angry at the demon attacking you and devotees. What commune are you



part of? I'm in Shantivana in the hills of Wicklow. You've heard of it? And what do you do there all day? I fight against headaches. And what do you do when they go away? I float and dive in the ocean of love of God. I manifest eight *sattvikas* and some *udipanas*. I do a double-gainer off the boardwalk. I wind up in trouble. I clown it, disown it. Like Lord Brahma creating demons and then good guys, then something that doesn't work right?

Passion, jump ups, you have got to be above the modes of nature if you want to please God. It feels good. Cry a little. Be glad that something so beautiful and sentimental as Chet and Jerry playing "My Funny Valentine." You say emotions have a place in Krishna consciousness.

Krishna and Christ. Corpus Christi. All taking of his name in vain, disobeying Commandments and still saying you're a Christian or Hindu. The down-putting of Shrila Prabhupada, It is very difficult to convert these rascals. Therefore Gaura-kishora dasa Babaji didn't even try. "But my spiritual master," was very kind. And I must be too. Stay in the world enough to know how to talk to people. You're not an angel yourself. Krishna, I am happy when my body works and I can write piper-pepper lines but when I have to suffer I'm still a living being, a soul in a hurt case. So let's not forget our homework when we are able to do it. Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna comes first.

5:20 A.M.

Sometimes the day after an all-day headache you find yourself in a new place. New insights and viewpoints. I can't think of any new conclusions now except that I have a lack of looking far ahead how things might change in my writing or in my life. I'm more just taking it a day at a time. In a certain sense I write as it's given to me. I don't mean that God is dictating to me, but I am following a process and I get a little bit of intelligence just enough for each writing session, just enough for each sentence and I go from one to the next step by step. So if you ask me where is this leading to on a long-term I really can't say. That's like predicting the future.

Morning walk is very dark now. Sometimes I jump at some object that appears to be alive on the road even though it isn't. Walk past the bridge and hear the water more than see it. But at least you can see the ribbon of road and so you can walk. And if you're out today then you can continue to come out at this time by fifteen after five and gradually, gradually it's going to get lighter, and that's a pleasure.

I say I can't look into the future and that I only live for the moment. But it's also true that the present moment has been shaped by accumulated days and a lot of thinking and some revelation. For example, my present living situation here in Wicklow is something that's taken me years to get to. I haven't just come here by accident today, and it has been a direction for over ten years that I've gradually been taking towards living apart from ISKCON and yet still being a part of ISKCON. I'm thinking it's better for me to fashion my own offering to Prabhupada and not be moved by some

conformity to the group. And so I'm doing it. I'm not on a writing retreat rather I'm just living alone. And of course, days like yesterday confirm from the medical or physical side that I can't do otherwise.

But now if I think about the kind of intensity I experienced as I described in *Entering A Life of Prayer*, it seems romantic to me, it seems idealistic and unreal. It wasn't something I could continue. I don't walk around praying, I don't have conversations with God. I try, I try to chant and to read but I know I can't do very much of it, it's not to my taste, therefore admitting myself to be a certain kind of person, relaxed person who walks around the house with slippers and likes to sit in the chair. One of main activities is to chart the day in terms of headache progress. Do I write the diagonal check mark on the calendar in red or do I mark it in blue or pink? Gather your weekly data to tell the doctor on the phone. This is not the activity of someone who has completely forgotten his bodily consciousness. But I'm doing all this with some optimism and determination that I can become a better instrument to serve Krishna in my remaining years.

So you're not somebody that you may have imagined yourself to be, a Christian influenced prayer hermit. And you're certainly not a "*rasik*" follower. But neither are you a dyed in the wool ISKCON temple man. You are who you are and that's day-by-day and that changes in its own way according to a certain process which I am not completely in control of.

(skip)

7:06 A.M.

Oh, *diksha* and *shiksha* straightens out. Read the Resolutions, the deep topic, understand it and act accordingly. You have to follow these, so understand. Shrila Prabhupada is the preeminent *shiksha-guru* for all members of ISKCON. Everyone should partake in his *guru-puja* daily. A guru represents Shrila Prabhupada's teachings. The gurus don't have to be liberated persons. They just have to present what Shrila Prabhupada taught without changing it. Then whoever hears can receive *divya jnana* or divine knowledge which comes ultimately from Krishna and His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Prabhupada. Your guru is assisting in the passing on of the knowledge.

I think I understand it. But you fully accept it in your heart? I don't know. It would be enough if I at least don't disagree. I'll memorize the resolutions and repeat them when I'm asked. Who is the guru?

Then what about the crow grackling outside the shed? That's the poet's cry. Another resolution states that gurus and *sannyasis* should get out of management. Yes, I'm doing that.

The daffodils are blooming. Some are called narcissus, some minnows but they're all varieties of daffodils. They can't delay any longer. They can't stay in the closed bud just because it's cold and rainy and windy. Their necks are bent and they bloom that way. It's a little sad. But if you were a gardener in this climate you'd learn to accept the roughness, the getting knocked down, the dying prematurely of plants and flowers.

One bird out there is really making a variety of croak-like sounds. He's conversational, gluttural, many

changes. Sounds like his comments on the world. It's not a song. He's domineering.

Nauseous. That's life. It sours your outlook. Nauseous prose and poems too. I'd rather be bright and right, not sour stomached. But it's not easy to do.

Now when Krishna was a baby He killed the Putana witch and Trnavarta and the cart demon. Krishna of Krishna book. Of *arca-vigraha*. Of Hare Krishna mantra. In the hearts of all. What about old time ISKCON members and once leaders who now drift back a little? Honor them, invite them. But there are rules and customs to follow for all of us. I'm sorry for the mistakes I made. On a morning walk . . . I recalled how yesterday my mind went all over the place in memories. That happens when you're in the grip of headache pain. You don't enforce discipline on the mind or demand that it follow a certain path. Just think whatever is easiest for passing the time. Thoughts and feelings float around. But today I'm not like that. Be more responsible.

Free-writing promotes any damned thing within certain limits. Censured.

Hey Hare. Get a hair cut. I did, why don't you? More than half through this race. Grab the reigns, Shri Krishna. Dreamt of Harvard, I was entering again despite headaches and other handicaps but I'm not really sure if I made it or that I wanted to go through that austerity just to say, "I'm attending Harvard." Or, "I have a degree from Harvard."

Tax plan no smoking or drinking alcohol. No radio listening. Don't pretend you're a *maha-bhavata*. Don't

have any unacceptable thoughts. Think along the lines of the GBC resolutions.

Burn like a dry piece of wood in the fire. Be not nervous. Go to the bath house. Undress before the other men. Write an assigned essay and read an assigned book. Go to a compulsory meeting. Attend with many others. Present a doctor's note if you claim you can't go because of ill health.

Salvage the timbers. Coal from the Titanic. Meet general and private. Go to bed for late morning nap. Go outdoors for late morning vigorous exercises. I'm tired, Mac, are you? Hamburger at Wolfies just near Brooklyn College. You treat yourself to a better meal as celebration for a literary triumph. Your writing won a prize. He recognized your talent two years in a row. Twenty-five dollars you received, bought *Lady Chatterly's Lover* with the money one year and *Tropic of Cancer* another year. Spoiled kid.

Now coming to the home-stretch it's Diddle Daddle and Serious Guru-tattva Topics along with Preeminence of Shrila Prabhupada and EJW all along the rail. They're tightening up with Guru first, Prabhupada second, and EJW is third. Coming down to the finish line Shrila Prabhupada is first and Russian Spies are not in the story—but EJW follows behind Shrila Prabhupada and I forget the rest.

8:40 A.M.

Don't be nauseous in spirit, don't lose the live connection to *Shrimad-Bhagavatam* and *Bhagavad-gita* and your beads and

the society. You can write, this is also important to you. But it's not everything. Writing without the connection would be useless.

Doing something useless is no good. But I want to be alive and also connected to *parampara*. I want both. Don't eat extra food even if the doctor says to gain weight. Maybe you can't do it that way. Go easy on your stomach and digestive tract.

Dry mouth, wind sound outside, you can't talk nicely anymore. Not if your spirit is overweight, nauseous, better you heave it up.

Get free of whatever it is that knots you, slows you down. I think you'll be lighter and easier without all that food in your belly.

But in any case you have no headache so count your blessings. I'm sorry. I did dream something, maybe about Kirtanananda. Everyone can connect to Prabhupāda. Can it be arranged by

the Society that you meet him and love him and know him? Yes, it's possible.

It's also possible that all a person will get is an institutional figure if it's shoved down their throats and they don't get to know him out of their own need and attraction. As for me, I should not assume to be advanced.

10:09 A.M.

Blank in front of you but you keep walking and talking. Think of a lecture I could give a week from this Sunday. The darkness surrounding Krishna but we are confident He is within it. Does that describe my spiritual position? I feel stuck in some ways, complacent with the status quo. I don't feel a cutting remorse. I can't pray to *hari-nama* asking forgiveness for my offenses. Therefore, I don't think it's right to lecture advocating remorse.

Seeing Krishna within the cloud, my mystical description. It's a simple thing. You have faith in what the spiritual master and *shastras* say, even though you can't directly perceive it. *shraddha*.

Oh yeah. You might find another topic to lecture on. Krishna consciousness, eyes heavy. Don't give up. You'll massage Shrila Prabhupada. All ISKCON members must attend Shrila Prabhupada's *guru-puja* daily, must look up to him as your main guru, must love



him, read his books, follow his order. You have a right to this and a duty whoever you are.

11:50 a.m.

(Words written a calligraphy-drawing Bristol board)

Rise above the nausea and be a servant of Krishna. Don't you love books? Is there a book you'd love to see? What would be in it? What writing and what true story? Would it be like an EJW only much better? Krishna the Supreme Personality of Godhead is coming to bring us pure *prema* in the form of Lord Chaitanya. He appeared here over five hundred years ago. He is here now in your heart. Hare Krishna. Don't be afraid. Come forward and declare K Krishna is God. Say it with your eyes of the *shastra*. My eyes can't see. I can't see the best book, I can't see the best Lord and Shrimati Radharani; I can't see with love, with head and heart clear. But I pray for that and for that state. And for strength and inspiration to share it with others.

He's singing *kirtana* and dancing. These two men are *kirtana* men. I should pay attention to them and the *Bhagavad-gita* and not to the worldly news. Pay attention *tat srinu* when Krishna is directly speaking. Or His pure devotee representative. Fill in this space with good news. I too became convinced, happy and took part in the *sankirtana* movement.

Don't waste your life in its dwindling days. Go on singing and dancing at least in spirit and in the figures you draw and what you write. Help others to join the dance. Don't hold back.

Don't waste your time in bedukes and gooks. Be a devotee of Shri Chaitanya Mahaprabhu and Prabhu Nityananda and other members of the Panca-tattva. Be even a dog in the party of *sankirtana* and save yourself and others.

1:13 P.M.

Go man write. All donations you get are the property of ISKCON. Turn in a statement of your income. Get it together. You are accountable. Don't accept personal service from members of the opposite sex and don't be alone with them. Don't interfere with the temple presidents in their authority over devotees who may be your disciples. Foot bathing permitted only once a year in public or on ISKCON property. Don't speak any heresies. Don't usurp the place of His Divine Grace. Report each year where you have been and where you intend to go.

Oh, okay you spend some time in those affairs and then turn to *Srimad-Bhagavatam* and read of Udvarata and descendants of Brahma. Coming close to the beginning of the long narration of Dhruva Maharaja. Come out here to the shed. Operate on daylight savings time. I'm alone in this world and so are you. God is our guru. He'll teach us all we need to know. I can't see how you're able to keep writing from one sentence to the next. A white sport's coat and a pink carnation, I'm all dressed up for the dance.

You can write purposely because you have trust in Krishna 's process. He is the intelligence, whatever comes. After so much regimentation while living in the

institution, it's a relief to get free of it. Painting will also be a relief. No one's rules govern me then. My arm moves freely and searches for structures and wants to land in Krishna conscious in a spontaneous way. Poor humble drawing is all I can do of some people in *kirtana* or discussing Krishna -*katha*.

You really are a nice fellow to comb this way through the countryside in spring looking for flowers and writing about what you see and not taking things for yourself. People will want to know how much money you have or spent and where you got it from. I don't know, sir. I have no evidence of this situation. Krishna consciousness is a stage, you see, where you are able to ride in a Concord jet as recompense for frequent flying.

But what about beads and reaching people? It's so hard to convince people why do you even try? We try because our Guru Maharaja wants us to. It's duty.

Shed is a bit warm and I'm stuffed from lunch, so sleepy. Write a little more and head inside for a short nap then up and into the art room. You drag your heels at almost every step (is that why they're all worn down on my shoes?). Don't want to at first paint or . . . Lunch I pretty much like. But other things, slow, overcome the reluctance and then you know at least you're doing the right thing.

Ladies and gentlemen, todays show is brought to you by Proctor and Gamble. We've got a good shew tonight. Satsver Gompers will parade his meager talent on a silver bicycle with rubber two-tone horn. It may look like an ordinary thing as he circles on stage but try to understand (and appreciate) that he is not an ordinary

man. He is a devotee in the Hare Krishna movement and that makes all the difference. Oh, you're not impressed? You think the Hare Krishna movement is bogus? Well, it's not, it's bona fide. It's the original Vedic religion. Etc.

He comes into the house after a day's work and calls out to his wife and kids, "I'm home!" Wife comes forward all fresh dressed and bearing a drink for him on a tray. Remember that from the Pleasantville movie?

*Haribol*, yes, I saw it from our crouched-in position in economy class flying over the Atlantic. All these impressions stay with you. Too many of them. Life is just a bowl of cherries, don't take it serious or delirious.

I want to get my material desires satisfied under Krishna's direction. He won't give me something harmful for my spiritual advancement. He wants me to be liberated from *samsara*. Yet I have some material desires. The best thing is to satisfy them in devotional service.

Money, greed for it is the root of all evil. Turn yours in or hide. It doesn't belong to you. They are paying for my needs out of their own pockets. I must say you are now an accountable monk so don't spend sloppily and don't be extravagant.

Krishna consciousness on tap in the pub. So you hear it is and then go there at once and purchase it. What's the price? Your intense desire to have it. That's all? Okay I've got my desire, here. Oh no, not so easy. This desire I speak of is *laulyam* and one may fail to have it after millions of births.

Sounds hard. At least I can write a little dance, a little blueprint sketch, a drawing, a . . .

Home-stretch EJW is satisfied he's got the lead by two lengths over Death, *Samsara* and he better keep running. Here comes *Sadhana* and Bluffing and Sins, but EJW goes over the finish line to get away from them.

5:35 P.M.

Home front is okay, painted wildly, ate something, read with our threesome *Prema-bhakti Chandrika*. I felt interested in it and aware this is the topmost nectar even though I'm not capable of entering it yet. A nice feeling. And to record it is like storing nectar for a time in the future when you can play within the hearing of Radha-Govinda. Then Madhu tested me on my little stock of memorized *Shrimad-Bhagavatam* verses. It is indeed a little life. I want to go down and look again at today's paintings. A set of Jagannatha Baladeva and Subhadra, a fast walking *hari-nama* man, a praying man, "When you pray ask Lord Krishna please engage me in Your loving service." Three boys like the Kumaras receiving the prayer of an old black bearded and top-knot haired brown bodied sage. A crazy kind of enjoyer with big eyeglasses, long black hair but nevertheless wearing Vaishnava *tilaka* and the words Hare Krishna. Don't forget Krishna, always remember Krishna. All the rules and regulations follow these. A

day of grace today. You got through. You did your daily stuff with a few omissions. *Hari Haribol*.

6:05 P.M.

Now it's getting late, time to chance Radha-Govinda into night clothes while Prabhupada sings  
*"Dusta mana!"*, the song written by his spiritual master,  
 condemning the hypocritical mind that pretends to chant Hare Krishna in a lonely place.

I'm not guilty of that. I barely chant my sixteen. But oh my mind you are guilty of many things.

Hare Krishna will save you keep you away from the licentious. Hare Krishna.

About to die . . . some poet wrote of sex and death . . . I've got to stay in my own poem, own life and head.

Say it's almost 6:15 when I'll be in the room bowing before Radha-Govinda. Picked out Their clothes beforehand. I forget—oh yes, Narottama dasa Thakura says don't mingle with non-devotees of all sorts. Stay with pure devotees and pure *shastras*. Can you do it?

(skip)

6:15, Radha-Govinda, my wayward mind, but gratefully I'm following

a simple schedule. My individual  
nature different in many ways  
than Prabhupada yet true to him,  
dependent on him. Me now  
a GBC emeritus. May they  
just leave me alone  
out here to sing and write simple  
non-discussed non-restless  
days. Hare Krishna.  
(skip)

6:32 P.M.

Happy to stay here. You should live materially and spiritually in Vrindavana. But if you can't live there physically, live there mentally. Live there outwardly and inwardly. I can't claim to live in Vrindavana inwardly. I don't meditate throughout the day on Radha-Krishna in the mood of the leader of my eternal *rasa*. But I move through a schedule of reading and writing, etc. It's my Vrindavana-like life, the best I can do. If someone asks me how long will you stay in Wicklow? I think, "As long as possible." I don't want to come out.

Hare Krishna. Read a little write a little, try to increase it a little. Something spontaneous, like today sitting and reading the *Gita* for awhile. Now may the Lord give you sleep and a better chance at *japa* tomorrow.

April 4

4:05 A.M.

Oh, where are you coming from? I am coming from Deity worship, trailing clouds of glory from God who is my Home. What were you doing there? I was dressing Radha-Govinda in a peacock colored outfit, and Shrila Prabhupada in a brown wool *chadar* and knitted cap. And what was your impression? Simple menial consciousness to dress Them properly. And I was listening to devotees read “The *Rasa* Dance” from the Krishna book. That impressed me too.

And now? Now we write. Lord Krishna is the best dancer and lover. He is the Supreme Personality of Godhead possessing all opulences. Only His pure devotees know Him as Shyamasundara. Most people don’t even know the soul is different from the body and that there is a Supreme Personality of Godhead. Hare Krishna is the best chant. I’m just writing what thoughts come to me which seem permissible, interesting and if I get a *parampara* thought then so much the better.

But it has to swing. Or else it don’t mean a thing. Harry Krishna they say as if the holy name is an ordinary person’s name. They don’t know, all fools and rascals. Hare Krishna. The holy name saves me from complete flop or blank. You are doing okay, you are so far not in the grip of a headache. I’m so poor and broke in literature. The empty cupboard, we want it this way. *Haribol* rubber bands and paper clip, ink bottle, blotter,



pens, eyeglasses, hands, arms, he's got a brain and eyes to see from the pure self . . . the *gopis* ask Krishna which of three kinds of lovers He preferred or thought best. He replied that the kind of lover who only reciprocates as he is treated is a mere businessman. Better is the one who reciprocates favorably even if you don't treat him well. Then there is a class who don't reciprocate no matter how you treat them. They may be further divided into two: The *atmaramas* who don't need anyone's love since they are fixed and satisfied totally in God. Another type are simply callous and don't love back. So Krishna was saying I am *atmarama* but I do reciprocate with you. However, He said, your love for Me is so strong and total, I can't match it, can't reciprocate with you accordingly, so please be satisfied with your own service.

Flamingo. Blue heron. Geaglum swamp. Bird lifted up slowly at my approach. *Mataji* living in the little thin walled camper with no running water . . . is it better now? And each family's travails and doing all right. Radha-Govinda. So few people among the nondevotees come to see Them and so few devotees. Don't think of things that are hard to resolve. Write, it's the best you can do. It's not the greatest act of sacrifice or love, you can see the lacks of the person in the prose. But don't knock it, keep giving what you can.

Oh boy, I run out of things to say, but I have a clean pair of socks every day. Also, a *gumsha* and *kopin* and some sort of water, usually hot and cold and always food and shelter. You're not supposed to ask God for such things, but we can thank Him. Ask to serve Him.

To follow the pure devotees. Recite the kabbala of the *Vedas*. The *tantra* and mantra. Betimes I wanted to be a devotee and wrote to my guru and he said you better wise up and find a service you love that is also useful. The real thing is to be with Krishna in this world and the spiritual one.

What's on your mind? Can you dump it in favor of Krishna consciousness? What's Krishna conscious? To hear the best Vaishnavas scripture and do some practical work thinking, "I have been given this to do by Krishna." You do it in that consciousness and know that He will be pleased. And in this world age, the chanting of the holy names is recommended. Hare Krishna is in the *Upanishads*. Hare Krishna is the name of God. Sing Them tenderly and He will be pleased. When He's pleased then you are also. All this I learned from my spiritual master and I can pass it on to you. Don't be stingy. You too can tell other people. Hare Krishna mantras are said quickly, one round in under eight minutes and you keep on with it throughout the day. I wish. The devotees of Krishna have a worldwide federation known as ISKCON. Others also worship Krishna.

5:20 A.M.

It's so foggy misty that I can hardly see outdoors for a walk. So it's a little frightening, you're afraid you'll bump into a sheep or a cow or maybe come upon a person and knock you over. All kinds of imaginings unless you're careful and just walk straight ahead. I walk fast like a jet plane going down the runway when

I hit the main road. Another scary feature is that if a car comes they won't see me and I can't see the grass shoulder very well to jump onto it. Nevertheless, I'm trooping along. I also have a little twinge in the eye and I'm hoping it doesn't develop.

When I was writing earlier this morning I came upon bankruptcy sentence by sentence. Hand to mouth. You have no theme and you don't know what you'll write at the beginning of one sentence, and once you finish it somehow or other then the next sentence also faces you with bankruptcy. Despite this you keep living or writing. Thus you can trust in the process. The process often doesn't give you any big security or cushion of assurance. But the fact that you can write a page means that there is a process and it is supplying you as long as you depend on it.

It may appear that I'm writing out of my own force since I have to make such an effort to think of something to say. But actually the effort can only happen because I'm a soul and God is giving me intelligence. That's my belief therefore the writing process is also the process of Supersoul giving intelligence to the soul.

Dry mouth. Nausea. Twinge. It's been raining and so the road is somewhat flooded and the water reflects from the sky. But no stars and no moon. Nevertheless, we can tell it's dawn because it's becoming lighter.

7:11 A.M.

Dragging this body around, take it for a walk, sit it down, bring it out to the shed. Later he has to . . . talk

on the phone, do deep knee bends, he can rest in bed, notice the flowers now deeply bent over are the daffodils . . . all these things he has to do, write a poem. It is not as hard as some have it. Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare.

He has to button his lip, restrain his senses, especially from sex life. He has to bathe his body twice a day, sing a song in ink on page. Sigh and gesticulate. Genuflect and bless himself. Argue and out argue. Engage in dialogue and play doctor. Listen carefully to dialects when people speak and be able to identify where the person comes from within a radius of ten miles. He has to be alert to some of the latest news but not too much. He has to give lectures from *Shrimad-Bhagavatam* and *Bhagavad-gita* based on Shrila Prabhupada's purports. Give reference to Shrila Prabhupada's preeminent position as *shiksha-guru* for all who join. Stop stealing the spotlight from Prabhupada. Give carnations and candies offered to the Deities to people as *prasadam*.

So many duties and protocols I have to learn. Be on time for seminars. If you are exempt because of ill health then have your doctor's note updated every six months. Have your accounting books ready for inspection. Don't travel if you're not invited somewhere. Have a plan for action in your *prabhudatta-desh*. Meet with your GBC man once a year and be pleasing to him.

Alternate your crops. Be kind to cows and oxen. Make money, hoe with a rake (if you are unable to do this because of physical impairment, make the

equivalent in man hours at the typewriter doing correspondence for the cause of ISKCON).

Enough of this for now. Brow beat poker flats. Invent flatiron for Mississippi moms. I said stop it. Evolve neophytes into *sadhana-saktas*. Believe in truth by *acharya*'s process. Read the news never. Over my dead body you should say if a nondevotee says, "We will now teach Mayavadi doctrine in ISKCON."

Purple salute to the flag. Cry tears of joy hot when hearing of Lord Krishna 's victories over demons. Tears cold when you see your shortcomings. Stop humming Freddie Redd tunes. Stop humming birds from fascinating *bhaktas* by removing bird feeders from near the *gurukula* school room. Whatever you do, think of Krishna. Keep reading and studying the books until you fall over dead.

Pipe a reed, write with a Ural pen and urban hen, a rural brook. Walk so early in the morning you can hardly see and speak of this metaphorically as *om ajnana timiradasya*, the darkness is removed by the transcendental knowledge wielded by the spiritual master.

Reform in many areas of your life so that no one is ashamed. I don't want to catch you guys goofing off. Get smart.

The devotees in question were embarrassed by the new rules because it implied they had done the wrong things for previous years. Oh well, might as well admit it. We keep making mistakes.

Roll out the barrel. Roll out the jeep and get in it and go on an errand. The soft summer breeze he rode on the

orange Park Department vehicle. Wearing sunglasses, green visor cap, green T-shirt and orange pants. He's a summer help parkie. Goofing off. Coke and hero sandwich for lunch. You require good natural choppers to eat it.

I believe in Thee. I will listen to the mourning dove. I will hang my head and murmur Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare. They will not forget me. I will give up my place to Shrila Prabhupada. Tell disciples that Shrila Prabhupada is their permanent *shiksha-guru*. I'm a post-peon.

*You* tell them. No, *you* tell them. All right. Dear disciples, I'm not the main guru in your life., Shrila Prabhupada is. Read his books. If you read mine it should not be at the expense of reading his. He is saving you. I am merely assisting him. You understand?

They said they did and that if this guru-reform was followed then they would not require *rtvikism*. The two sides jockeyed for position. And they raced. Finish your paper now, students. Place them up here and leave the hall without speaking. Many students had already finished their exam and so they got up and left. Some wrote the Hare Krishna mantra out on their page many times. Thus they made the answer to all questions the chanting of Hare Krishna.

The shape of the volume curved convex and catty-cornered. We hope you like it. The floor is an original pattern, the arms of the chairs comes from Brazil. *Haribol*, Prabhu.

9:05 A.M.

My story is quiet but at least I  
say you can begin to write and arrive at  
a K Krishna reference. It doesn't have to be  
cause-effect or logical. Whatever  
reminds us to remember God  
will do. Black can remind you  
of the color of His hair, or  
His name is Shyama.

Now I have not met Him in  
person but I've seen His picture,  
I worship His statue, recite  
His names daily, have heard  
His teachings from His pure devotee  
I have met Him generally as  
God in many energies of His.  
But Krishna is the pure all-power  
form only the confidential  
devotees may know.

Back here on earth we are  
supposed to campaign, Shrila Prabhupada  
calls it canvas for Krishna.  
He Himself comes to canvas.  
The recalcitrant beings refuse  
because they have a little free  
will and misuse it.  
I'm in a group that believes  
but doesn't yet see. We  
may have many lives ahead of  
us. So pray for the appearance

of the guru in your life,  
*om ajnanam tirirandasya*  
*jnananjaya salakaya.*

9:46 A.M.

Yes puppy, you just begin to write. You say Hush Puppy and remember a reporter describes Shrila Prabhupada as wearing Hush Puppies and in fact the headline to the story mentioned something about the Swami in Hush Puppies, an endearing thought now as we recall the canvas shoes or sneakers he often wore. I still wear them, call them deck shoes.

This is free association, coming back gradually or at once to Krishna consciousness. There's no harm in snapping back right away, even though someone might say it's fanatical and doesn't account for the natural flow of thoughts and words. We want to get back into the safety margin.

Harsh lights, harsh reality. Harsa-soka, that's his name. "Harsh task master," said that woman who wrote a book on us. Sometimes later I agreed a little but if he was harsh it was forgivable, understandable. The opposition was harsh.

Hood lewd print book fast nowhere going Zen Natalie, rapids beware smirks real LSD program. Well, LSD is a magic word because it was a ready one in Shrila Prabhupada's vocabulary. The drug his students were taking before they met him.

11:25 A.M.



You were doing some free association. But I have to drag my body around the house. Dry mouth, nausea, stomach a bit stale. This tiredness will only increase once you get the Depakote up to 750 mg. All right, but maybe it will do some good. Keep alive, sailor.

Free-writers of America discharge—as in discharging semen? No, as in honorable discharge from Navy. Navy blue loves her too, bell-bottom trousers 1940's song, mamma's arm, mole there, tattoos on Dad's arms. Hey, where are you going? Where's a Krishna conscious connection? Maybe take a few creations before you come back once you get on this merry-go-round as did Markendeya Asi, wait and wait, regret you missed Krishna.

If you have a desire for anything but Krishna you have to come back.

Come back. Shane! Shame. Garda arrest over a hundred people, daily? Oh, don't get drunk in your car.

Go to *Shrimad-Bhagavatam*. I hear he's reading less and not feeling guilty about it. I do read three times a day with Madhu. Why don't you record it? Yes, I will. Record everything. Save it and share it in a time capsule. So when your soul leaves, you'll have yourself on tape.

Krishna Krishna, if only I could love You. *Haribol*. Acres a plenty. There is no truth but this one like this one. We have our day, our fried shrimp. Let words go wild then stop and discover a Krishna conscious connection.

Okay. The word connection is link or yoga. I am connected to Shrila Prabhupada and this is my most

vital connection. I have a tenuous connection with the United States of America as a citizen. I have almost no connection with the Guarino family. But my connection as a disciple of Shrila Prabhupada is very much who I am. I sometimes express sourness, disappointment and doubt within this connection, such as with the institution or my own lack of spiritual advancement. Nevertheless the connection remains. Sometimes in dreams I don't have a connection or identity as a devotee but always in waking.

Let's have another depth charge explosion of words. Seeming minions you play in a wet sand pile. Don't beat us up bullies, cruel, cruel people how to escape them, is it possible? Not entirely. Shrila Prabhupada says material nature is also cruel. Nature is. Fire burns the hand even of a child. Cruel. Get out and go back to Godhead. In Kali people have no compassion. Cruel to animals and to babies in the womb. The Lord will come and kill the cruel ones. They'll get it finally. But when cruel people inflict pain on us we should know it's also somehow within the plan of V. For our own betterment. Endure it and think of Him, pray His names then you can get relieved from this world cycle which is inevitably cruel and hurtful.

12 noon

(Words written on three small Bristol cards with drawings)

This way to devotee land. He wants to go but does he deserve it? Yes, he does. He gets big fat mercy.

Footballers forget Krishna in their passion. I don't forget to remember *Haribol* and print fine words remember God anyway.

Waiting for lunch a few minutes can be your best time before you fill up belly. Anxious heart and passion to be a devotee. Maybe some day Hare Krishna mantras will come out of me with devotion. Only if Krishna allows it. He can't be captured by my feeble efforts.

Don't forget you are co-eternal with Krishna but you are the tiny part, the servant and He is Supreme. You've forgotten and come to the material with a whole wrong idea. Now you dress as a devotee, but are you one or just a show bottle? It's hard to say, I hope you are genuine. Keep trying. This writing is part of it.

12:56 P.M.

Suruci was the favorite wife of King Uttanapada, Dhruva Maharaja was born of the king's unfavored wife, Suniti. We are reading the opening scene where the cruel stepmother prevents the boy from climbing up on his father's lap. You will have to worship God by austerities and then when you die you may be born in my womb; only then will you be allowed to sit on your father's lap. What outrageous pride and cruelty!

Suniti cries and laments like a leaf burnt in a forest fire. She tells her little son that Suruci's harsh words are factual. He should worship the Supreme Personality of Godhead. And so he sets out to do it. That's what we're up to. To be continued. Dhruva Maharaja is famous as a *sakama* devotee, one who goes to God for some

material desire. But he became satisfied when he saw the Lord.

Going along. Sunday. Don't be sad. Don't try to rouse yourself with stimulants. Just write from the flow, then go and paint. Oh yes, it would be good if you had powerful insights which could carry everyone. Your compassion would be like a boat to transport many souls in Kali-yuga. Hare Krishna. A third-class devotee worships the Supreme Lord in the temple but he isn't generous to share it with others and he doesn't recognize the devotees. The topmost devotee assures people that we don't have to be afraid in this material world; just take shelter of Krishna.

Now my mammy told me, "Be a good sport." When your life comes to its end you are tested. You have to give up all material desires then. Are you ready? Do you have sufficient trust in Krishna and desire to go to Him? Material piety is necessary for those who need to fulfill material desires but want to do it in accordance with religious codes. Here, do it, for me says Shri Krishna. I do that. But the topmost devotees go right to Krishna and give up what eventually has to be given up.

White heron on haunches of cow in Trinidad cane field. Chickens squawking in the yard. That life, radio reggae. No thanks. Hare Krishna too serious for them, too intellectual.

*Haribol*, be my hope for best. Are we moving things along? Yes, I say *solo dios basta*. I don't understand he says.

I say *dios* means God so all that you need in life is God and to reach Him. For that we need a very determined determination.

O endorphins, high, health stores, allopathic shots and pills. Easy going. Heroic crises say it's good for you to do if it hurts. I say no thanks, can't take it. "Oh that's an Allopathic doctor" as if a doctor will tell you go ahead and operate and then you try for it and you get worse.

Krishna Krishna Krishna, this is the jiga me joo. The shock. The photos of holocaust, too much to take. But they want to remember. Krishna Krishna the proof that it happened. My memory doesn't serve me well. We have it written down. When Krishna of the distribution rain cloud has appeared on the scene, the demigods worshiped Him. There is no need for other books.

Krishna is the Supreme Personality of Godhead. Put an end to this. Just tell you fresh that Krishna is the same God they worship, only they give Him a different name. But does He teach transmigration? We believe so, yes. We can present to you that it is so and how it needn't disturb your faith in Jesus.

Who's resurrected today. A coldish Easter. The camptown race—do da do-da. G'wan to run all night, g'wan to run all day . . . somebody bet on the bay. He bet on how, that's important to know, isn't it?

Krishna logic determines when the next set of people will come.

Krishna science explains carefully the logic and theory. We simply want to pray that our next life be a human form of life in which we can remember Krishna.

Great Kills, Dick Kohn's house, Phil Backoff's, PS 8, Billy Jenaki's house, the Masonic temple. The woods behind our house (cherry blossoms), the brief attenuation of the season. I know you are tired but I ask you to keep writing for the sake of Prabhupada. Apologize, Stephen, yes. Good-bye.

Don't stop early. Tell the truth. Krishna loves all and I love Him. I see Him in Govinda's visage, under covering of His name, please come to me, Lord.

5:20 P.M.

You see, any time I start out and no matter from where I start I can make some sense and interesting talk.

So? What's special about that? Anyone can do it if he's not deranged.

Yes, true. Then everyone should rejoice over this gift, the ability to write. The ability to say Krishna and Radha and Prabhupada. I say it. From any place you begin.

It's a kind of game. You call it an art. You want some special credit as an esoteric writer although you admit anyone can do it.

I admit. It's not so easy though to keep at it. To hack at it on days when you feel tired and the jungle undergrowth is tough wooden vines. Hare Krishna Hare Krishna you exhort, you hack, you keep going. Part of the trouble is when I demand it be something special. Better to just accept what comes. And also don't berate what comes.

It is peaceful here, a rain is pecking gently at the skylight. Oh, is this material peacefullness, another kind of desire?

But I seek to use it in the Lord's service. At least I'm redeeming the desires in that way.

*Anyabhilasita sunyam.* Reading near the end of *Prema-bhakti Chandrika*. He speaks to his mind. He doesn't want material life or liberation. He wants to reside in Vraja and serve Radha and Krishna. He says the original form of Krishna has a predominant sweetness not found in other forms of God. Krishna with the bluish hue, the three-fold bending form, dearest friend of the *gopas* and *gopis*. He is inconceivable, very difficult to attain. But Lord Chaitanya has made the difficult easy for us. *Vedesudurlabham adurlabham atma bhaktoh*. Become a devotee of Lord Krishna by devotedly chanting the holy names, Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare/ Hare Rama Hare Rama, Rama Rama Hare Hare.

Prabhupada. "Congratulations" Madhu says to me, for a second day in a row without headache or rescue medication. Yes, thank you. Thank you. And now I have run out of words. You see, I told you it's not so easy to keep in motion, the body and mind slow down, something wants to quit, something starts to criticize and drain, "You can't write. You have nothing to say, stop, stop." A petty demanding voice like that of a spoiled child. Better not to listen to her. I shall keep going. Don't let it control me. They do not like their mother.

The difficult thing is remaining sane and logical and sensible. I could write any damned thing but that's not becoming a Vaishnava writer. *Anyabhilasita sunyam*. No karma or *jnana*, just serve Krishna favorably. Keep moving. You can't eat so much, you can't run or walk so much or paint or sing or sleep. And neither can you go on writing with a voice that's not sorry.

Oh, wild West wind, I let the cat out of the bag. I beat around the bush. Don't admire women or love them or be alone with them or accept personal service from them. These warnings were given by the GBC. Money and women, dangerous for a *sannyasi*. Heed it. So how much money do you have and what women do you employ and talk to? Where is your pocket money? Is it true you have a pet watch dog and a CD collection of 1960s music? Is it true you are a muscle builder and weight lifter and tennis player, and pendulum and astrology user and Reiki person, and Tarot card person, and New Age subscriber, and Christian Book Club fan? Is it true you do those other things unbecoming of a Vaishnava?

He denied it all, pleaded not guilty and so the prosecutor began calling on the witnesses. First was a masked man who was actually the maid of the house.

Did you . . . ?

6:10 P.M.

Late hurry you wasted time in a poetry  
book thinking it would give a gleam to yours  
you bury your head in the sand but  
Vaishnavas are advised not to associate



with nondevotees. What is social responsibility? It is to preach, tell people they don't have to die, must work for immortality and obey God's laws.

But so many religions. Which one is right? Not just one, any person living the life of devotion and obedience. So you don't have to keep reading the news or being a activist. You mean be instead a spiritual political activist? Yes if you like but also someone like me just stays alone and that's something too.

Does he chant extra, read extra? No. Does he search his self write a special book? No. These daily sessions, each time starting from scratch mean something. Being steady being a devotee of the devotees until death. I don't know, don't claim. But here we go to night.

6:43 p.m.

Do you brag that you trust the process? No, I am just saying there is a process. This is Night Notes. You write it around this time and it will come. Just start and gather some themes. Say goodnight and excuse yourself from the room. Hope you'll hold down your preventative pills and not throw up. Fall asleep. I like this time, it's

like going to be with Krishna in the mystical dark. Good-bye to everything else for awhile. The division between the conscious of one day, the dream-sleep of unconscious of the overnight and then you are “reborn” in the early morning (1 A.M. now) to face a new day, new *japa* quota.

I don’t brag. I do celebrate. I like Krishna ‘s rhythms.

April 5

12:55 A.M.

Trust time to deliver you to death and a next life. Time is the impersonal form of God. As you sow, so you reap. Your pen moves under power given by God. Shake, rattle and roll. You never know where it begins and ends. Stop making these wise sayings. The lights in part of the house went off during the night. Now I'm up to chant. Hear yourself. It's not as good as *kirtana*, they say, because others don't benefit. But if my chanting improves I could tell the others about it, be a preacher of *hari-nama* and the wonderful adventures from *japa* sessions. But that might make me proud: "I chanted so many, I cried tears."

You think you're different and special. But you're not? Yes and no. We're each unique but also part of the same *jiva* bunch. Hare Krishna, we each chant the same mantra but on our own. Call on Krishna and depend on Him by His names.

4:15 A.M.

And author could write a book about Krishna. A very orderly and systematic book. He wanted to do it for his own benefit and to broadcast Krishna's glories in a cultural way. As for me, I have abandoned all formal structures and presentations. I'm home relaxing and trying to practice Krishna consciousness. An author could write a book about Krishna. That would be very

nice. But be careful you don't indicate, even privately in your heart, that you still want to enjoy the material world. If you do, Krishna will reluctantly allow you to come back to the material world to enjoy the tunes, cigars or whatever it is you wanted to do some more. He'll give you the *yantra*, the machine, to do it in.

You've got to show Him. Push it, make the instrument do something it never did before. Don't be too relaxed. Give us a top song. And don't worry about how people take it. Just try to do your best for Prabhupada and Krishna. It's a kind of festival of loneliness. I know what it is, and yet I don't know exactly what it is. It's not a bluff. We are trying to get better at it. Trying, yeah.

Krishna Krishna the personal private myth is exploded. The bomb farts it is never at peace. The smoke clears and we find here nothing.

Krishna the King was not guilty of anything wrong when he danced with the *gopis*. He's in everyone's heart, they are His parts and parcels. Besides, He was only eight years old. Besides it in the spiritual forms of the *gopis* . . . so don't be an upstart Mayavadi or *prakrita-shajiya*.

Listen, isn't this nice? Yes, I think I understand what you're saying and it's *ethos*.

ambiance

ambulance to rush me in before I bleed to death. But that death must come and I'm just saying you must go out not in pain of being ripped from attachments. Go wanting to see and serve beloved Krishna.

Yes, I understand Krishna is dressed in white with gold trim. I had some trouble with one of the white turbans—it had a peacock feather that wouldn't stick to it. So I used another turban. Radharani came out fine.

You mean on a rainy day They would go in a cave and be with Krishna?

Reep a rop

He is the top

dancer in the worlds

be careful how you go, bro, and don't just give me the wrong angle anymore.

So Krishna danced in the extremely long night of Brahma which lasted millions of years. You can accept it only if you accept the principle that God is inconceivably powerful. How He does these things is mostly beyond you. But that's your usual position—not to know really how something is happening.

Give me a day as You like, Lord and I will try to return it to You in some kind of offering. You supply ingredients and I also am made by You. I am just saying

...

Krishna is the Supreme. Pay attention and don't get distracted. Love the Lord. Say your prayers, read scripture, do missionary work. Be honest. For me, I'm just sitting back taking it easy. It's all I can do.

Krishna Krishna I won the prize means Krishna allowed me to win. Krishna presents you with each situation. He is the cause. The truth is the Supreme Lord and He appears in different forms and situations.

5:30 A.M.

Morning walk—try to think of subjects for the next volume of EJW. You could do a radio show when you go to the shed. You could . . . do something aside from a sentence to sentence begging. But maybe the begging is the best. Forgetting the audience, just writing for writing sake. Or I thought maybe something more truthful, more confessional and try speech for that, and tell the editor that this probably can't be used. But why all this talking of writing and confessing and doing? Why not do something more directly Krishna conscious for your development like memorizing verses or studying the books? Because I just don't do that anymore, not now. Writing will be my service.

5:47 A.M.

I found my thrill on blueberry hill. Walking fast down the dark road trusting you don't bump into a sheep or elk or come upon a fox gleamy-eyed. Walk fast, you can barely make out the form of a tree at roadside or a telephone pole and wire. Walking fast for exercise, so the endorphins break loose and make me feel good. And the blind faith that this is good for you and may keep you fit a little longer.

What shall you write about? What shall you do? How to prepare yourself to be a better devotee? Are you concerned about that? Do you think it's in your power to improve? O Hare Krishna, I do.

The moon stood still on Blueberry hill. Blackberries, raspberries, cherries, strawberries, gooseberries by Chekov. I too want my peace on a little plot of land. O Hare Krishna, encourage some people coming to

Krishna consciousness, that they have found the right thing and should practice it. I'm a friend, friendly elder.

The adder and the aspen. He bit the snake in two. *Mons freres* are too simple and dimple their cheeks. When you paint them, try making the black pupil smaller, okay? I don't dare to advise you but it's just a suggestion.

When you go to the shed, how about a particular subject for your meditations? Could you bring yourself to such a focus?

Oh, I don't think so, not something that would last more than a few days.

7:11 A.M.

Famous 7-11 numbers in dice and chain-store name. Me I got to keep writing, that's all. Don't over-heat your body. If you feel a headache coming, just take a pill and lie down. That's a nice experience too. If pain persists despite medication then you have to surrender to a greater power than your own or than medical science has given you. Surrender and wait. And pray to Krishna, Hare Krishna Hare Krishna. Think about your life attempt to be a Krishna conscious person, a real person.

Yes, yes popcorn and cracker jacks. I want to be loved by the reader as a gracious giver. As a saint who lives in the woods. As a literary man, poet, devotee of Krishna on the *bhakti-marga*. I am not nothing, I am a spirit soul. Forgot to set the stopwatch on go. So better late than never. Make three pages. Umph. Oomph. He has to walk and take a chance. Mister, ah am your good friend, the Supersoul. Your unknown friend. I have

stayed with you in all conditions but you usually forget me. Krishna I say is the God of Gods. His universal form is just one aspect of His Self. It is a material, non-eternal form. His four-armed and two-armed forms in the spiritual planets are more dear to the devotees than the Lord's Vishvarupa.

O Lord, it is true we have to keep moving somehow and be good, be on time, don't forget where you got it. The robin chirps reminding you of summer vacation for kids at PS 8. Yippee! And baseball cards and baseball informal games and the long childhood with the bird singing and you are in your room, your mother is downstairs in the kitchen, your sister is in her room and maybe Dad is just pulling into the driveway in his car. Any outing planned, such as a picnic on the beach? Good times, make believe it was.

How are you feeling? I'm doing all right, tell him. I'm doing all right. I wanted to write a serious pic, of carrots and radishes and potatoes. But I lack the patience. So I just write in ink stain and scratch. Dear Lord, He will send Narada to be the spiritual master for Dhruva who is only five years old. The Lord will empower Dhruva so he will be able to understand and will practice austerity with great determination. No one should imitate him; you'll face on your face. Follow what Shrila Prabhupada has given us. Lord Chaitanya's benediction for the age of Kali. Yes Yes, I'm following.

Hare Krishna Hare Krishna. Oh boy, this is going to be good. We're near the end of *Prema-bhakti Chandrika*. Is this big blue body a wooden horse sent



by our Trojan enemies to kill us? Or is it like Aghasura, a demon? Krishna will protect us in any case.

God in the sky. Worshipers in church or temple. God shining through the stained glass windows. Oh, listen, God is in the name and form.

Be a devotee in *sadhana*. Stay awake. Follow the process. The GBC resolutions this year emphasize that Shrila Prabhupada is the preeminent and compulsory *shiksha-guru* for all members of ISKCON.

Be on top. Don't keep falling down asleep. I am, I love Lucy stuff.

She wanted to marry a serious *sannyasi*.

Oh, I'm too tired to write I'll have to think of some way to keep alert if I continue to come out at this time. Did you hear . . .

Now you are in a moving car.

Bite, eat, fall asleep. Catch yourself. Daydream visions of secure and people.

Be happy and don't forget to be correct and say my spiritual master is his Divine Grace . . .

8:40 a.m.

You have to be careful what you say  
you are writing this above the room  
called the art room. You feel nauseous  
every day now and during your deep  
knee bends it gets worse.

You wanted to be a devotee and then  
honest person. Those two things form  
an uneasy alliance. Admit

honestly you just want to relax  
and you have to live with the  
doubts. I can't even explain  
what they are because if I do  
it comes out wrong.

A caterpillar on a tree in a  
park that had tall fences and  
a merry-go-round in a place  
far from our home—  
we traveled there in the car and  
crossed a railroad  
and saw a huge heaving smoking  
locomotive.

I remember that and sitting by  
an outdoor campfire while  
an older boy told me about  
the Chicago Black Socks  
baseball scandal. Those things  
won't help me now.

Be fond toward the memories  
of your learning Krishna  
consciousness, but the other  
odd things are part of  
my karma I guess and could  
be told (or not) to a  
close friend.

Now when the life has to be  
settled and summed up, take the role  
of a *sadhu*, devotee and chant

God's names—you've been  
doing it long enough so  
you could forget all else  
but God consciousness and ask  
Him to take you and please  
no more karma or  
please never forget  
to call to Him.

8:55 A.M.

The proof in a page. The little wanderer starts out almost at 9 A.M. It's not summer yet, only April, and in Ireland. He wants to see some lilacs but North American variety is not available here or big robins. If I was told by the Irish Justice Department that I could no longer stay here, I'd probably go back where I came from and that would be a big change. I doubt that I could live so much alone in America. People keep showing up wanting you to do or say something. I accept that and make the change. I say I saw it coming and so I'll try to swing with it. The change can be interesting in my writing.

But if they let me stay in their little country where I'm residing in a house at the end of a rocky dead end, then it will continue slowly and maybe we'll be peaceful and not so noticeable. Hare Krishna. Get up and chant your sixteen, keep writing and painting. When you can't think of words, you can change over to pictures and words or just pictures.

9 A.M. Then put on sweats and go down into the yard. It's not much fun, laboring through the physical

exercises, but you do it because they think it may help. Taking what I can from three short readings a day in *Shrimad-Bhagavatam* and a nectar book. Hare Krishna, I live this way and not at Radha-kunda. I have to keep control of the medicines and ready access to new ones by Fed-Ex from America.

9:58 A.M.

Dry mouth, nausea. Is that a mild side affect you should tolerate? Doc, got an anti-emetic preventative med I can take? In your big bag of pharmaceuticals do you have something that will make me—not high but—something ecstatic like love of God? Yes, he might say, we have put love of God into a bottle, little pills. What you religious people call *prema* we can duplicate by chemical adjustments. Oh, I don't believe it. You have to go through the dry austerities and most important, you have to get God's mercy. His love-energy is *hladini-shakti* and when He bestows it on someone they experience *prema*. It cannot be dispensed by the pharmacist.

That's what we say. We want to please Krishna. Keep moving through the day. Bad habit, good habit, push the old donkey to go through his treads. Nothing else but that. Beat him with a whip if he stops. I couldn't offer counseling to devotees on relative issues. And as a manager I had to ask them to sell paintings. That's over now. The honors and infamy you received for doing it. Now gurus cannot sit on special seats, get foot bathing only once a year in public (yes, they can wash their feet every day), no Vyasa-puja book, no honorific titles

ending in *pada* or *deva*, no excess private funds, no shimshamy or flirting around. Be a simple true *sadhu* who works for ISKCON like a mailman. Do as you're told. Say as he said and don't add or subtract.

11:05 A.M.

*Short Lines In A Hurry*

Hurry write and then go  
Down bath you know mo'  
I'm poor and you're po'  
so is Edgar Allen.  
Go home Yankee.

Go home *jiva* ask for  
richer food. Gain  
rumba pounds on waist  
don't waste a pound cake  
EP the mad beard  
I heard you are gonna  
not initiate.

Rumor me back to ol'  
Virginny. I was a thin  
man in the opera. I opened  
a jar olives for my daddy.  
Krishna Krishna! I almost forgot

Spin the Krishna top—every-  
one wins. Remember His  
classic lines *Bhagavatam*

*Gita* too NOD and CC  
See the Deity in your mind.

Race home free  
I didn't want to be  
alone and stranded here  
in a *samsara* dread  
please save me Lord  
from my enemy worst  
make him your friend,  
your servant.

11:56 A.M.

You write and stop, write and stop. Chant and pause.  
Do something Krishna conscious and then mix it with  
whatever senses report, or your mind. Don't mix with  
women or men who enjoy them, with money people,  
nondevotees (even if they be renunciants).

Then who shall I stay with? The devotees of the  
Lord? What if I don't like some of them? Go with those  
you like.

Stay awake as best you can.

List of things.

(1) Iron to swing at a salient.

(2) Memory of difficult times.

(3) Dentures—could they break?

(4) A better state of mind where you don't worry  
much but just accept things as they are.

(5) Coming Attractions—Zachary Scott in grade B  
cowboy movie (Strand Theater 1950s).

(6) Oh oh, you are feckless teenage years and your fears and the bullies. If only you could have been yourself.

(7) Everything's okay because I came to meet His Divine Grace in NYC and became his disciple.

(8) My sleepy eyes. Anti-nauseant, ask for.

(9) Scones, Monday *prasadam*.

(10) Fire in belly.

(11) D-day.

(12) Your story ends in smoke.

(13) A book of poems, a book on loan, an outdoor book. You mean a cookbook? I mean this here mean critter is outdoor KC, what grows wild in your backyard and what they carefully planted and comes up each year.

This is the last day of the 41, *Trust The Process*. I did, I do. Manure. Wheat. No MSG. No FKY, no Y2K, no YK2, I can't get it right. Don't know how to play the piano or bar stool or computer. Don't know how to drive a car or words to *tulasi* prayer.

My Lord, please

my Lord is not me but the great Supreme. Sit and hear some *bhagavata* class by Shrila Prabhupada or his followers. Krishna, I want to keep giving and giving and receiving. A devotee be.

I have a long way to go.

Does that mean . . . many lives? Well, how else are you going to traverse the distance? Hitchhike? You looking for a lift? A windfall? Sudden mercy.

Just take what comes, don't abandon your *sadhana* and ask your spiritual master for forgiveness.

12:55 P.M.

Tomorrow writing the same but maybe a new turn or series. Look smart, your inherent right. Practice control so that you can achieve spiritual goals. Dhruva Maharaja was so determined. He took a slight insult from his stepmother as a very serious thing, even though he was only five years old. His mother told him that only the Supreme Lord could fulfill his desires and so he was determined to find out God and ask Him for a kingdom greater than His father's. Read on and hear and how to apply. Next to Dhruva we are nothing. We can at least follow the austerities Shrila Prabhupada gave us as essential, four rules and sixteen rounds.

You can live in a temple or in your own house but then convert it to an *ashrama* or temple. "I want to be a devotee," said the mouse. We've heard that story and more fables like it coming for children. My story came first. *Haribol* antics. Once upon a time . . .

A series could begin in an alley, a dangerous place. The renounced persons are not afraid of the material world. They have learned how to depend on Krishna and so they give this assurance to whoever they meet, "Don't be afraid, just depend on Krishna."

Now you could start a series of matchstick houses, built along the imaginary river. When they are all built you could set fire to them and the cowboys and their wives could escape on horseback. I want to tell the world Krishna consciousness is a very progressive thing. We learn the self is transcendental to the body. Each of us is part and parcel of God. Yes, teach this to others. The householder can also preach in his home or



neighborhood. He can hold classes. The *parivrajakacharya* goes everywhere, tells people about Krishna. The first-class devotee sees the world as a happy place because he sees the Supreme Lord everywhere. He may perform *nirjana-bhajana*.

O Henry, please give us some hasty pudding and a cup of good cheer. We won't go until we get some so bring it right here. All this foolishness. Now Easter is over. Lord Nrisimhadeva's Appearance Day at the very end of this month. They are having beautiful spring weather in some parts of America.

The proof of the process is that he can swim. He strokes and strokes. He is somewhere on the latitude and longitude making slow progress. Not giving up. He may pause in stroking and float on his back a little, but mostly stroke, stroke. stroke. Florence Chadwick, first woman to swim the English Channel. I remember her. Something in the news.

You are a devotee, we say. Technically you may not be advanced enough to be called "a devotee of Krishna." You are a disciple of Shrila Prabhupada and not a very great one either, not nowadays. But you have something to say. A person's mother read EJW volumes 1–3 entirely and empathized with my desire to live alone which she also desires. Thank you. I preached to her soul. May we each find our link to God, Krishna, and serve Him happily.

O Krishna, please recall the *rasa* dance. Please come back to Vrindavana. We don't think You can be happy in Mathura without Your *gopis*. You must be missing

us so please return as soon as possible. Yes, I heard that. But He didn't rush back. We will see Him later in Krishna book when He returns briefly.

Krishna the Supreme Personality of Godhead returned to Vrindavana after He killed Dantavakra. Stayed a few months and everyone came back to life. Then again He went away. The *gopis* became like wilted lotus flowers.

Take your *shiksha-guru* where you find him. He may be more important to you than your *diksha-guru*. I just want readers and that's fine with me. Also, I want my disciples to be happy and if they can get that with another guru, it's all right with me.

Three minutes to go. We are devotees. We sing songs and recite *shlokas* and repeat the philosophy. Hare Krishna, the philosophy is Krishna as the Supreme Person. He's not an impersonal light. Always in person but not ordinary. In our lives. We can't see Him but He is there. Some clouds are bad, carrying fumes of poison. Krishna, save us!

4:15 P.M.

The process works, you can trust it. I prove it. Krishna let it come through me. Me and the countless literate people who can write simple sentences in their own language. Even people who can't write know a process that goes through them and they can trust it. Birth, death, disease and old age. Birth, growth, giving off by-products, staying some time, dwindling and death. Many processes. *Maya-daksena prakriti*. Some

are conditioned by material nature under the order of God. Some are directly internal processes.

I don't know anything. I know some feelings—when I paint, when I pain, when I pain-free. When I walk. How I feel. Temporary. I don't know eternal (*aham brahmasmi*) but I say it: "I'm the eternal servant of Krishna." Say it. With faith—in the process.

You hear from the spiritual master. You serve him. That's as good as serving Krishna directly or it's even better. Gradually He may reveal Himself to you (*yasya deve para bhatir*).

We will end this volume of EJW but continue the process tomorrow.

5:50 P.M., Night Notes

Farewell, Tom Bell, I hear you want to see all things in relation to Krishna. That's very nice. But I wonder if you do it in a watered down pantheism. It is better to be specifically talking of Krishna 's pastimes and teachings. Do that in every instance. Talk with like-minded devotees. Then you don't have to stretch to make tenuous connections between material objects and Krishna consciousness. Yes, yes, I know that. But we are in this world and I have some dovetailing to do. *Yat karosi*. I know it is not the topmost thing. But that is what I am doing. Where I am at.

Hare Krishna is straight from Krishnaloka. The process works. The stove is hot, the rain falls wet. I'm in Ireland and the daffodils have their heads bent down. You can't see directly into their faces because they are concentrating on looking at the ground, of maintaining

some kind of posture. They have been forced over by the cold and the rain. It is not an easy climate to live in. But each place has its advantages. There is no drought here.

You painted all right. I saw the woman with penetrating gaze and a little baby within her belly. A man walking in car traffic. A painting left in the abstract. You could have spent five more minutes on it and turned it into Jagannatha or *sadhus* with faces but you left the elements as they are and the viewer can assemble it as he likes.

It will certainly be a spring volume next. But early. I don't think the white blossoms on the trees begin until May. You may be able to see when you walk out on the road at 5 A.M. Walking in the dark. Depending on Krishna. Is it any worth what I do and write? You hope so, you offer it that way.

Producing on the assembly line and finding out years later what you actually did. Tiny tiny, don't talk of yourself. Talk of the Lord and His beautiful form and activities. Everything is going to be all right. See it that way, even in difficult times. It is going smoothly and you can't always expect that.

Did you practice to chant Hare Krishna? I think I did sixteen rounds. Move over brother, make room for the next. This day is done. Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, those who chant are lucky.

(Words Written on Three Small Bristol Board  
Calligraphy Drawings)

(1) Krishna God the beloved. He walked all the way home. He bought a prize. Ain't he good?

Yessir.

I digs you sing Hare Krishna blue maha-mantra.

(2) My machine broke down. Sent it in for repairs. He said I don't know what's wrong. Can you think of a title for your song? It doesn't much matter. Just keep singing and the title will come. But what about a subject for the song? Don't much matter. Just care and write. The shape is given as the shape of the glove is given in the hand.

(3) We want to write unique ideograms. Satsver language playing for God, for God's devotee. The cook for the devotees. Will they like it?

I sure hope so. Sure hope so. *Haribol* antics reprieve words. Trust even when they go helter skelter you trust they'll form a pattern in Krishna consciousness pleasing like fireworks or flowers.