

## Part Four:

U.S.A. & Bangalore - revisited





*Carmel, California*

*April 2, 1990*

The twelve hour flight to Los Angeles from Auckland was easy. Both U.G. and I slept much of the way, though I made it through most of Paul Newman's *Blaze*. We chatted and discussed the food and talked about the trip and New Zealand. The stewardess addressed U.G. as "Madame," I guess because of his long hair, delicate features, mauve jersey, and diminutive size. He didn't mind, he said, and I didn't feel my usual need to straighten things out, to set the record straight.

I completely messed things up in customs, getting through way before U.G. (who had to go through the immigration line). Instead of waiting for him, I cleared customs and headed up to the car rental phone.

I was trying to be efficient, save time, but I ended up stranding him with his bags and no American money for a trolley (I had rented one for him but couldn't get it to him), and no help. I finally found him outside the terminal, waiting for me. A giant miscalculation on my part.

I need to be more deliberate, less impetuous, think always of U.G.'s well-being ahead of time-saving strategies, to remember that *he doesn't mind waiting*. But it also showed me that I can let go of something much more easily than I could a month or so ago. I was sorry, saw my error, but that was the end of it. It didn't hover over me like the eighth deadly sin. U.G. also didn't make anything out of it.

Only the comment, "I might hop on the next available plane and leave you behind, if you do things like that."



We are all living in burning houses that they (the religious teachers) have set on fire for us and they stay on the outside, trapping us, leaving us no way out, just burning and burning. The Filthy Fire.



We rented a car and headed north to Ventura. U.G. remembered a motel with kitchens run by an Indian. We eventually found it, but it had deteriorated and was too seedy to stay in. So we took two rooms at a Great Western motel, very comfortable. For dinner, we made couscous in cups, and I had salad in the ice bucket (we had stopped at a super market) - an enjoyable picnic. Made phone calls all over, U.G. to India and Mill Valley and to Moorty, and I later from my room to my mother, Luna and Isabel.

In the morning we checked out early and drove up to Ojai where we spent most of the day with Scott and Ted, Julie and her friend Meg and a few others. U.G. made couscous and some others came by bringing salad and hummus.

Ojai is beautiful, and has a wonderful feeling to it. Everyone was warm and friendly.  
All U.G.'s grace and energy.

Scott mentioned the fear he sometimes feels around U.G., that U.G. represents the absolute end of the road, the kiss of death, the specter of annihilation.. The end of hope and illusion which is where healing, new life and energy are born. He described U.G. as a "festering splinter."



The moment you introduce an ideal perfect relationship, it's already in trouble. Otherwise what is it that is causing the friction? The friction is from that idea of a perfect harmonious relationship, that's all.







I am charmed at the effortless way groups of old friends come together when U.G. appears, with no advance planning or notice. As natural as birth itself, the ease and camaraderie are lovely. Openness with no stress, no goals, just *being together*.

We left Ojai at 2 p.m. and drove through the mountains, national park, and then through the desert to the coast. Continued on up from San Luis Obispo, and decided to go all the way to Carmel, arriving at 9 p.m. I enjoyed the drive, stopping to take videos of the magnificent scenery (and U.G. sleeping in the car). At one point we stopped and got out of the car and U.G. ate a tangerine, amazing. He commented on the false advertising, that they were supposed to be seedless, and instead had seeds, which he held out triumphantly.



This was my problem as a little boy: "Do I have anything to want other than what they want me to want, whether it is my family, or the religious teachers, or the society around me? What is it that I want? Whatever I want is what they want me to want." But at that time it never occurred to me that not to want what they wanted me to want was also a want.





I don't have any thoughts of my own, but only whatever they wanted me to think.





U.G. told me that Scott had been enthusiastic about my being with him, taking care of him, that he told U.G. it was great that someone was with him who loved him so much. Moorty said the same thing to him on the telephone, U.G. reported. Though I feel supported by his friends,  
U.G. is his own bottom line, the last word.

The cobra kills only one person who is threatening, but we kill hundreds of cobras for no reason.  
We are creating the ecological problem by killing out of fear.





The human species is expendable. It is a virus on this planet.

We found a nice place in Carmel, where U.G. had stayed a few years ago. It has a kitchen and a fireplace, one bedroom, but the living room has a couch and the bath is separate. Perfect. I'm staying in the bedroom with all my stuff, and U.G. was happy to take the living room with the T.V. We'll stay two days and then head to Mill Valley.

Tom is going to finally meet U.G. tonight, is breaking away from his rehab activities for a few hours.

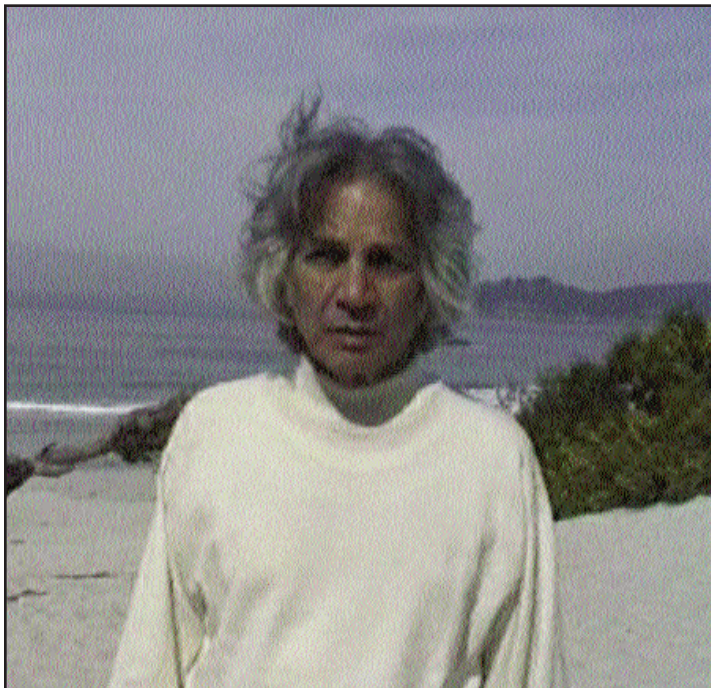


I'm so happy with my life, comfortable with U.G. and this rhythm. My love for him makes everything possible. It seems as if it was activated in some new way in Stapylton, and somewhere along the line, recently, I lost my fear of abandonment, fear of failure. I can be with him in whatever way it comes about, each moment. Curious.

*April 4*

In the morning U.G. and I wandered about Carmel. He was easy-going and up for anything. We looked in shops, took videos at the ocean. I asked him if he liked Carmel. "Not particularly," was his answer to my unnecessary question. Then we drove up through the valley so I could show him Tom's house, stopped at K Mart as a pilgrimage site and U.G. bought packing tape.

Then to Moorty's for lunch and the rest of the day. Good to see him, Wendy. and the others who dropped by to say hello to U.G. We looked at odds and ends of videos from the trip.



How does it interest me if there is somebody else there? If he's there he's there. The rose isn't interested in Jasmin and Jasmin isn't interested in that flower. They live there, that's all. Each one is an independent unique flower..



Tom had a good introduction to U.G. because most of his main points were covered, but in a relaxed and friendly way. U.G. said afterwards that he really liked Tom, thought he was a very nice man - a big compliment. He doesn't usually offer opinions about people.

We came home late and U.G. said in the car that he and Moorty had talked about me while I went to Carmel. He said I wouldn't like what Moorty had said, but that he would tell me "around the fire at home."

Then he changed his mind, and I protested. So he said that Moorty felt U.G. was lucky to have found me, someone who loved him so much, was not interested in power and was the right person at the right time to be with him. Moorty had said that my energy was awesome.

I asked U.G. if he thought I had unusual energy and he said that he used to think it was restlessness but that everyone tells him it is energy, so it must be. What he really thinks, I'll never know.



I told Tom that I couldn't imagine going back to my old life, that it didn't exist for me now. I feel my life now is with U.G. and home is wherever we are, for however long, and family are the people who come to him, his friends.

This morning it's off to Marin and the beginning of a busy time. U.G. just got up (it's 6:30 a.m.) so I'll take a shower, pack up and we'll leave as soon as possible.

Buildup? It's very artificial. All that they experience, the energy, the kundalini, it's all thought-induced experience. There's nothing to it.



I feel at ease and able to cope with what is required. I hope I have enough money but that can be studied in New York and adjustments made if not. I can put my apartment to use in some way making some money, I'm sure of that. I feel U.G. should always be comfortable and stay in good places and not have to worry about money. If I am with him I will just make sure I am able to take care of this. I understand that his freedom comes from taking support from only one person, the one who is with him, and to rely only on that one. It keeps an organization from growing up, from factions and backbiting and "inners and outers." I see all this now, and know that he is right. I hope I am up to it, but anyway, I am here and all is well, and it will last as long as it lasts.



When this self-consciousness quote and unquote occurred for the human species, first, and separated us from the rest of life around us, the religious thinking was born out of that to fill up the loneliness, from the isolation from the rest of life around. So you invent God, you invent so many things.



*Mill Valley, California*  
*April 6, 1990*

It is exactly a year to the day that I came out to California to look for a sangha house with Leslie, when I was still involved with Andrew, and unbeknownst to me about to begin this great adventure with U.G. Curious to be back staying with Leslie and Jerry.

When we arrived in Mill Valley two days ago, U.G. and I went right to Terry's house. Terry had decided he was through with U.G., that his house was not available to him any longer. Hence Robert had rented U.G. a beautiful place in Sausalito.

U.G. turned everything around by telephoning Terry on his arrival in California and asking him how he could "turn out his old friend," not make his house available to him. He knew Terry had been hurt last fall. Terry immediately did an about-face, said of course U.G. could have his apartment. So when we arrived, it was decided that U.G. would stay at Terry's, I would stay at Leslie and Jerry's, and Terry would stay at the rented "pad" in Sausalito. "No power in the world," said U.G., "could keep me from staying in the Crow's Nest."

~ ~

U.G. was harsh and I am still confused by it two days later. And again last night, after being mellow all day long, he turned on me viciously when Jerry was there with us at The Crow's Nest, about the videos.

Maybe this just happens with U.G., an expression of energy, or maybe he is teaching me something, I don't know. I can do a million things for him, and still it is all wrong when he is in a mood like that.

Last night I had dreams of suicide once again and woke distressed. Feeling a tremendous urgency to see U.G., I went over early to see him and tried to get to the root of my confusion. At the realization that my attachment to him is the source of my suffering I began to cry, much as I tried not to. My defenses are so high, my self-protective mechanism so in place that it is usually difficult to know what I feel. But this time I knew.

U.G. motioned me over next to him on the couch, took my hand and said he was the best friend I had, that he would never hurt me, that there is some wall in me that keeps me from understanding what he is saying to me. That *he* is trying to understand what it is. He said this only relates to practical matters, not to sadhana, spiritual life.

He said I was as close to him as it was possible to be right now, and that that closeness also implied the ultimate distance.

~ ~

He wants the documentary to be "my documentary," my story of a year with U.G.  
So I can't just dump the whole thing on someone else.

In the name of God how many political ideologies are massacring people?

U.G. seems a little tired. He mentioned a hernia or something in his side.  
He said if it persists he will consult Paul Lynn.

Tonight it is full moon in Leo. I am full and happy with U.G., just as Jeffrey suggested I would be. He is incredibly powerful, yet gentle, funny yet profound. I feel the deepest love for him, and a oneness I can't describe. No fear, no separation, no distance - yet all the distance that my respect and adoration can touch...a curious paradox. So close there is the greatest distance.

~ ~

When we arrived home U.G. said he wanted to go for a haircut. I offered to do it, though I know nothing about haircutting. He took me up on it and it was an amazing scene, out on the deck, U.G. sitting on a chair with newspapers underneath, completely trusting and detached. Only asking me not to cut his ears. For me it was a gift, for him, he said, he saved \$8, "poor Indian." I was able to touch him, gently, cut and comb his hair, handle it. I was not afraid of messing it up, just happy to be so close to him.

Afterwards he took a shower, washed his hair and dried it. He says the cut ends cry after they have been cut. The haircut looked fairly good, though there were a few uneven tufts of hair.  
He wouldn't let me even them out.

~ ~

Full moon kept me up for the second night in a row. Absolutely wired, burning up with energy. Yesterday morning U.G., Larry, Terry and I went to San Francisco to Bombay Bazaar to drop off tapes to be transferred to PAL. I bought a broom and dustpan, some Crazy Glue for my button. I named myself, inadvertently, "Crazy Glue," comparing myself to Larry who was dubbed "Scotch Tape" by U.G. because he sticks so close. U.G. says "Crazy Glue" will stick as a name.

### *April 11*

Woke up with a fierce sore throat this morning, and a marginal fever. I'm probably just tired out and my body needs a rest. I will go over to U.G.'s on schedule anyway, unless I feel worse.

Had a talk with U.G. and Moorty in the late afternoon about my "stance" with U.G., how to have things work between us. They said I should take no responsibility and in that is freedom, to leave everything to U.G. I know there is a fine line to walk with him between "familiarity" and "service," neither one being appropriate. I told Moorty I knew it when I was in the right place, when I was just doing things for him in a natural, loving and simple way, not analyzing or questioning.

Thought is the only way to destroy what nature has created.  
Anything that is born out of thought is destructive.



I hit my elbow on the wall getting onto the couch from where I was sitting on the floor. U.G. winced, and as I held my arm I could see pain in his eyes. I asked him about it and he said it is natural for him to feel what I feel as I am with him all the time. Once Valentine fell down on the beach, and U.G. developed bruises where she fell. Another time a mother was beating a child on a coffee plantation in India, and U.G. had welts on his body where the child had been struck. He says it is the natural state not to have any separation between feelings.

Roxi called and we talked about his book. My negatives sent by Sasha appear to be lost. I am trying to feel that "nothing is lost to mankind" as U.G. does, to feel there is nothing to preserve. But a sense of irritation comes up that they are missing. I suppose it is just something to note and to make other arrangements. My children are the way they are because of the way they were brought up by *me*.

If I could really be free of remorse and attachment, life would be so grand.

Terry is being worked over by U.G. and the others. It will be interesting to see how it comes out in the end, if he appears to be lighter, gentler, less of a raving socialist.

### *April 13*

Though I feel exhausted and went to bed late, I woke with a jolt this morning at four, as if a current was going through me. Then, instead of getting up, for the first time I lay in bed and experienced doubt and resentment. I feel somewhat sick, the sore throat has turned to a cold or flu (though I took homeopathic remedies prescribed by Moorty yesterday afternoon), and I am worn out.

U.G. lashed into me last night, in the most violent way, as usual about the documentary, and my stubborn refusal to do the transferring his way. It is literally impossible to understand what he wants. If I begin to do it one way, he demands another, or distracts me with a request to show a piece of footage to someone, thus causing me to lose the numbering system. If I do it another way, he reverts to the first.

In the end he wouldn't even let me talk, telling me to be quiet each time I tried to say something. Even Moorty didn't seem to be able to get a clear picture from U.G. about the editing. He seemed to be saying it was "my documentary," my tale of around-the-world with U.G. Yet he says the footage is useless, that I have too much.

I am overwhelmed by it, don't know where to start, don't have a clear picture of what I am to do. He is no help, really. And I don't have much time, since I do all the shopping, cooking, laundry, ironing, letter-writing, cleaning, phone answering, driving.

We went to San Raphael for lunch after a drive through Tiburon. Terry had mentioned the drive as being beautiful and when we arrived in Tiburon, U.G. said to take such and such a road. I asked if it was the one that went along the coast, and he said vaguely, "It has some trees..." It turned out it was the road Terry had talked about, absolutely beautiful. U.G. said he had wanted me to be surprised.

The demand for permanent pleasure, this body cannot take it. It is destroying the sensitivity of this body. It is interested in the sensitivity of the nervous system, sensitivity of the sensory perceptions. So it is rejecting it - that's pain.

U.G., Moorty and I drove up Mt. Tam to see the sunset. U.G. wouldn't get out of the car. He commented that the light reflecting on the flapping plastic on the top of a garbage can was attracting his eyes, was what he was looking at, not the sweeping vista of the ocean and mountains.

When we returned home, Terry came over for dinner and U.G. began to blast me. Just as I seemed to have figured things out, to be feeling somewhat secure about things, this happens. It has happened so many times before, and I feel sure he will be sweet and gentle this morning when I go over there.

I'm a little resentful of U.G.'s endless tales about Valentine and how exceptional she was - what was so exceptional I want to know? That she adopted U.G. after a month? So what? Desperate people do this all the time, marrying people, doing all kinds of things.

I don't even feel like writing this journal. Too glum and depressed. Maybe I'm just sick.



The translation of a particular sensation as a pleasurable sensation IS pain,  
because there is a separateness from whatever that sensation is.



*April 14*

Yes, that was it. I was deeply affected by U.G.'s blast, and didn't even realize it until I got over to his place yesterday. I was numb and half-dead, like a zombie. Though I was completely out of it,  
I still wanted to get to him as soon as possible.

When I arrived, he quietly said he was going to take his bath - he waits until I come, so he can let me in. I began categorizing the videos the way he wanted it done, without comment or questioning, remembering Ed's words, years ago, "always do what the guru wants, even if it seems unreasonable."

A bit later I called to him in his room, wanting advice about categories. He said "I can't talk about it now" in a voice that seemed distant, remote, heavy. Only later did I realize that he was in deep samadhi, "gone." He was sinking all day, he said, feeling the pull to "go."

Moorty came over a bit later and he and I talked a little about the night before. He said it was my resistance that caused the outburst. If I can just let it happen, let it go through me like a purifying storm, a squall, it will be better. U.G. said he did nothing, I provided the bullets and my resistance was "ducking." Arguing, trying to understand, defend, rationalize.

It's mysterious, incomprehensible, beautiful. Now that it is over, I find myself amazed and touched, once again, at how his compassion causes him to hurt - wound, destroy, terrorize - that which he loves, in his way - us.

I felt increasingly peaceful and at one with him the rest of the day as the numbness began to wear off. I see that whether you let it wash through you, or resist, feel gratitude or anger and pain, it is all the same, all all right.

*I could never explain this to anyone who didn't already understand.*



The demand for permanence of anything is just not possible.

I trimmed the rest of U.G.'s hair this morning, before he had his bath. He is being “nice” again, telling me when people compliment my videos, or me. Most likely I am being built up for another session on the hot seat. But I can take it. I feel so close to him, yet so removed at the same time.

Curious. Can't leave him for long. This life is strange and mysterious.

I bumped myself on the door again, and again U.G. winced. I asked him if it hurt him, and yes, he said, it did. Incredible.



*April 15*

Easter. Who cares? I am still feeling a little sick, fatigued, with a painful cold sore and heaviness in my chest. I have been recording all day, and made lunch for Bob and Paul, Terry, Krim and U.G. Later U.G. and I drove to Corte Madera to Thrifty's for tapes. He has been sleeping ever since, and I have rested and copied tapes. This evening a bunch of Andrew's followers are coming to see U.G. and tomorrow I pick up my mother at the airport.

Yesterday Krim, U.G., Paul Lynn and I went mallng, and found a sweater U.G. liked on sale, Italian. Today U.G. gave Krim his jacket. He said Krim paid \$39 for the sweater and got a \$100 jacket in return. A good deal! I was high on the shopping excursion, full of U.G.'s energy, free and happy, though still a little sick.

Later Jerry came by to see U.G., to ask him his advice about whether he should go back into psychotherapy as a career, as a way to make money. U.G. seemed a bit disinterested in giving personal advice, though he said it is hard to do something like that without believing in it one hundred percent. (After all my years of failed therapy, I don't believe in it *at all*.)

The relentless quest for permanent happiness is the cause of our suffering, pain.

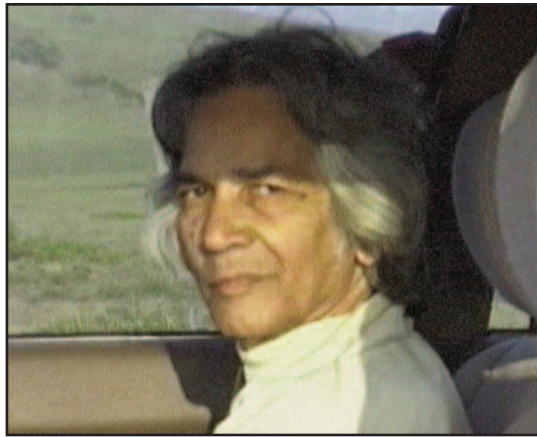


*April 16*

Not sleeping much. Stayed awake last night for hours, even though I was exhausted. And woke at 4:30 this morning, trying to get back to sleep but too much energy. Instead I got up, did some laundry, and came over to U.G.'s at 6:30 to begin taping.

Something is really changing in me, perhaps my desire to "please others," so extreme. I can't relate easily anymore, am just not interested in getting involved in the psychology of others, or even my own for that matter. Will see what it is like to be with my mother. She hasn't a clue what is going on with me, but seems accepting and "open." But of course as U.G. says,  
"there is no such thing as an 'open' mind."

We are getting to the point where we will have to make some decisions about the future, my apartment and so forth. I am curious how it will come out. I feel my fate is with U.G. but he may know otherwise.



*April 19*

Big gap. I have been that busy. Now I often go over to U.G.'s at 6:30 a.m. instead of 8 to have a good start on the taping before the phone starts ringing or we go somewhere. Yesterday he and I went to San Francisco to have our tickets changed to go direct to New York. (We're taking the "Red Eye" next Wednesday, the 25th.)

In the car en route to San Francisco, U.G. talked about my "firmness" which would be necessary for me to lead this life with him. I feel as if things are coming to a head with him a bit now, as if we are going to make some decisions. Luna and Leslie have recommended my taking "a day off" from time to time to "lead my life." U.G. helped me to see, which I knew anyway, that I am already and in every moment "living my life" while I am with him, that there is no other life. That I have chosen this "life" as my own, to be with him, take care of him, and that constitutes "my life" now in its entirety, whether I go off for walks or shopping on my own or not. There is no separation between his life and my life,  
his way or my way.

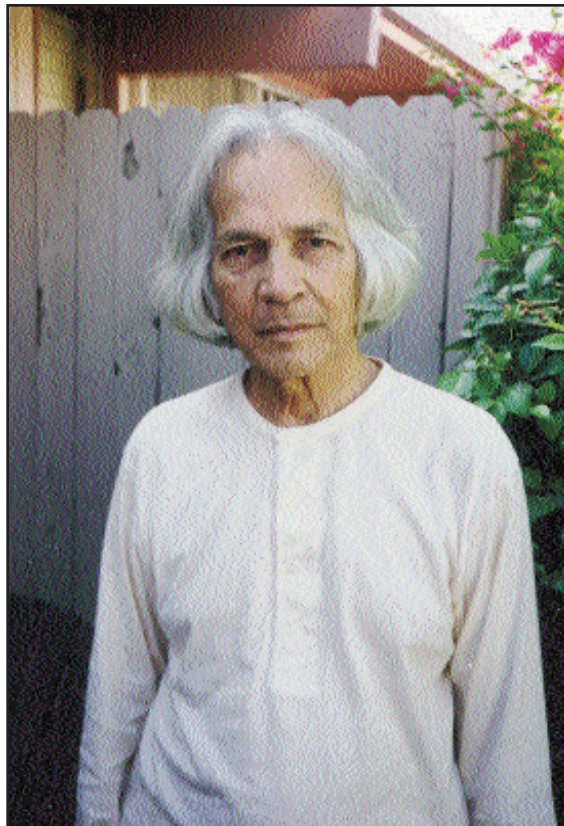
U.G. helped me to see that I would encounter great resistance from others, particularly family, but that the only way I would be able to serve them in the way I choose to, in the appropriate fashion, is to be clear about this choice, to stand firm and be oblivious to criticism, what other people think.  
Not to explain or defend.

I see this as obvious now and it makes things easier.

Last Monday I picked up my mother at the airport and took her to Palo Alto to visit her friend Peg.

Today she is taking the train to San Francisco and I'm picking her up there and taking her to San Raphael. There is no tension. I am aware of her age and frailty, but am less guilty and worried, less controlling and opinionated. I can take her as she is, not hang out in the illusion of what I wish she was, how I wish she had been, and so forth.

I saw how horribly damaging the mind can be with its fixed ideas. Peg has cut off her step-granddaughter because she is living unmarried with a man and has had a child. Peg's ideas about this, her "standards" are so strict, yet she was an illegitimate child herself, that she has changed her will and is giving all her late husband's money to Brown University. She believes that those standards are her own and are in some way fixed and intractable, morally right.



I feel close to U.G. now, at one with him. I am always ready for a blast, but for the most part things are peaceful. He has decided to take over Terry's apartment in September, pay the rent all year so he can use it when he wants to be here without all the uproar over Terry. Terry will be free to go to Mexico and stay in the Mill Valley apartment when U.G. is not there. Scott will create a little cave/bedroom out of the attic for U.G. (his choice), so "someone" can stay there with him to look after him, "he, she or it as the case may be," as U.G. puts it. I hope that someone will be me.

This body is an extraordinary machine, an extraordinary robot!





Varieties of food is like varieties of girls.

Scott and Ted came up from Ojai for two days. I had some good talks with Scott about U.G.'s impact on him, both originally in Switzerland and now. He gets physically sick after he has been with him, wonders what the connection is. It started when he first met him in Switzerland twenty years ago.

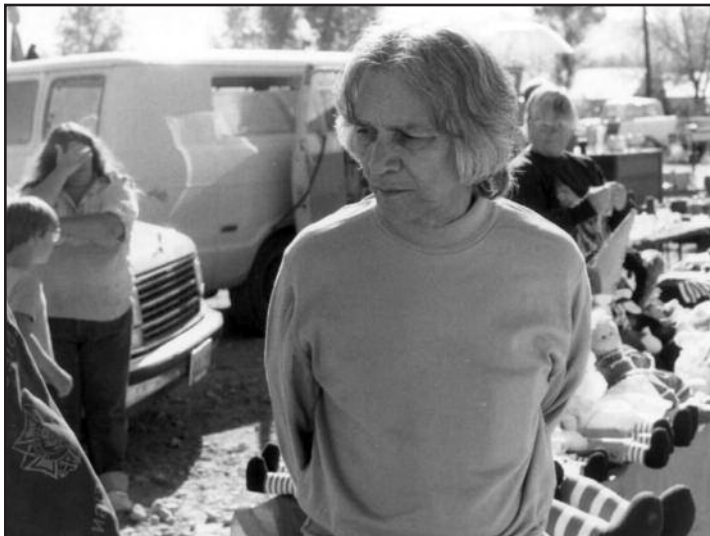
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*April 20*

Picked my mother up in San Francisco yesterday, at the train station, took her on a tour of Mill Valley and lunch with U.G. in The Crow's Nest. Easy and unpressured, I was threatened neither by her repetitive questions, nor by her attitude. U.G. helped me to see that repeating questions doesn't mean senility, that we all repeat questions all the time. That is all there is, our questions, our thoughts, none of which are our own. He showed me that I should be happy that she has the courageous, independent spirit she does.

It is helpful to see this. Perhaps the dependence has been mine, not hers, needing to be needed.

I made lunch for the three of us and we drove her up to the Bennetts in San Raphael. I asked U.G. if he wanted to drive up with us, for "exercise," and he hesitated, and then at my urging, decided to come along. My mother commented to me that she hadn't noticed my grey hair, that it seemed to have come all at once. I said it was either because of having been with U.G., or else she is suddenly seeing me for the first time in years, with her cataracts removed, her new eyes!



In the afternoon Eddie Oliver brought an ex-Muktananda disciple to interview U.G. for a book on leadership. At the end of the interview, the man was no longer sure he was going to write the book. Later in the evening, Terry came by and he, U.G. and I had a quiet dinner and watched Casablanca on television.



*April 21*

Early yesterday morning I went over to U.G.'s and he told me abruptly that things were not going to work between us, that he probably wouldn't stay very long in New York, probably wouldn't come at all. He has known for quite a while, he said, that I am just not free, I am answerable to and influenced by too many other people. I don't have the courage it takes to lead this life. I get too dragged down into conflict, "wanting two things," and it hampers his freedom, drags him down with me.

I was devastated, not expecting this. If anything, I had been feeling more secure, lulled into the idea that things were going to work out between us, that somehow, miraculously, I would be free from the demands of others, have the fortitude to just announce "this is my life," my "choice," to whoever asked. He had told me over and over again that everyone thinks I'm just perfect for him, his Mary Zimbalist.

He has mentioned several times that Moorty said I was definitely not interested in "power" and this only causes me to wonder if I really am and that's why he keeps mentioning it.

I felt as if my heart was breaking, and that familiar "slugged in the stomach" sensation as I went out to mail books and photocopy clippings. I was choked with tears, but didn't cry. He had given me courage, taking my hand. I survived, and we went on. He asked me if I had nail clippers, which I did, and he let me clip his little toenail which had grown too long and was poking holes in his socks. I felt that was a gift, a transmission of courage.

He is basically right. I tend to translate everything that happens between us into "teaching," and it is this activity of mine that causes the problem. If he is "teaching," it means there is something to be taught, something to change - and that very activity is what is causing my bondage. He says over and over "there is nothing there to be changed." What do you want? he asks over and over again. Why do you want to be with me? I just cannot satisfactorily answer the question. I am already with him. I am already leading my life, with him. So what is the problem?

He is taking over Terry's apartment as a gesture of independence from others and from me.  
He will not be dependent on me for New York, or Terry for here.  
Only in this way can the bird fly free.

Over and over he emphasizes how difficult, treacherous this life is with him, the razor's edge, the cutting line. This I know. And forget. And know again.

Robert and I drove behind U.G. and Paul up to the hill overlooking San Francisco and the Golden Gate Bridge to take videos. Robert helped me a lot by talking about U.G.'s methods of teaching, that he is only interested in breaking through the armor that keeps us from being ourselves. That we must become vulnerable to our armor, cut through it.

When I reached The Crow's Nest, U.G. was "falling," but came out to look at videos with me, of what I had taken in the morning. Terry came by and then Ariella and Nick, and another Nick, and some TM teacher. The other Nick took U.G. on, a brave thing to do, as well as arrogant, infantile. He was silenced easily, quickly and seemed like a happy idiot afterwards.

There's no way you can find out if you're dead or alive.

U.G. says if I can answer the question for myself, "Why am I with him?" the whole thing will go, will be over. It's a koan and I can't crack it. Does he mean that I am with him for enlightenment after all, not because I love him, am drawn to him in this mysterious way, and if I were to really see this, admit it, I would see how hopeless it is, and leave him? If this is the truth, I just can't get my mind around it, nor my heart. I feel I don't want anything, just the assurance of his presence. That is one thing I will never have.

I have to live with the possibility of this ending in every moment, through his will, or death, or mine.



Evening. U.G. has canceled most of the people due here tonight, no patience with seekers. One person lost the address and called asking for it and was told (by U.G. through me) not to come. He is really through with seekers, he says. Nothing to give, nothing to get.

U.G. is encouraging Terry to set up a business reading palms because he has a "real talent."  
I taped him reading U.G.'s palm this morning.

We don't want to accept the fact that this [body] is just a machine, mechanical. We have been brainwashed for centuries that it is not a machine.



April 23

Almost the end of our California stay. Back to New York Wednesday night, hard to believe it.  
How will it be?

Tom is here and his visit has been enjoyable, with his good turn of phrase and sense of mordant humor. He and U.G. get on well. He smokes endlessly even with emphysema, but that is the way things are. He and I took my mother to the plane today. I was encouraged both by U.G. and by Tom to do this, rather than just leave her at the airport bus. Something is definitely changing in me and it is scary. I feel detached from everyone except U.G., and even detached from him much of the time.

He and I have talked at length about my situation, my need to be clear about what I am doing and then not allow anyone to influence me, to need no approval from others - *because I will not get it*. It is in the interest of nobody for me to be free, not of my immediate family, nor of the culture as a whole. I see this clearly, and I want freedom. Freedom to be myself and live my own life, and not to be driven back to others by my loneliness. I think I see that I must face this loneliness, once and for all, no way out. U.G. does not mitigate against this - he is loneliness itself.

I can finally begin to understand that neurosis is the mind wanting two things,  
being in conflict. Thinking is war.

This return to New York is going to be difficult, no question. I am going to face real challenges, real disapproval that will make what I faced before seem like kindergarten,  
I feel it in my bones.

I am sleeping badly, awake, restless. Must start packing up my belongings, organizing equipment and tapes. U.G. prepared dinner for ten tonight while I was away at the airport.  
I'll do the finishing touches.



You don't belong to yourself.



*April 24*

It was U.G. who did the finishing touches, he did everything in fact. I was gone for four hours, and in that time he did his packing, and made sambar and two kinds of rice flakes, enough to feed everyone. Dinner was "The Last Supper," and oddly enough, the numbers just kept mounting, people showing up quite spontaneously, until there were thirteen. Douglas and Olivia, Jerry and Leslie, Paul and Bonnie, Paul and Robert, Terry, Tom, Krim. Even little Paul was here briefly, listening to Tom's car stereo system.

Dinner was delicious - strong, good vibes. After everyone left, Tom, Leslie and I and Douglas, Olivia and U.G. were left. Douglas has known U.G. nearly twenty-five years, as he always likes to remind everyone in his abrasive way.

But last night he was far from abrasive. U.G. began quoting the Upanishads in Sanskrit: "Only by renouncing the search for enlightenment itself can you touch immortality." The room was so thick with "it" here you could cut it. Douglas had tears in his eyes, murmuring "astonishing" quietly to himself. I could hardly breathe.

U.G. switched from jovial, joking, in a flash to the voice of fire itself, lying back there on his cot, eyes burning, voice quiet as the sands of time.

Who is this man?





If you really believed that you were nobody, you would have no problem.



*New York*  
*April 27, 1990*

Back in New York. Found the apartment reasonably neat and clean, though of course no soap, light bulbs, toilet paper or laundry soap. I have too many possessions, too much of everything. After the way I have been living, I see the vivid the contrast to my old way of life. I can live with far less.

The flight was easy. I took over three seats in the middle to sleep, which I did fitfully, and U.G. had our two. I was tired all day yesterday but busy getting settled.

Luna came up for lunch. Good to see her, though she is filled with doubt about my relationship to, my dependence on U.G. I felt removed from what she was saying, but not defensive.

My relationship to U.G. is whatever it is. I will never understand it, never be able to describe or define it.



"Enlightenment" cannot be fitted into the value system.



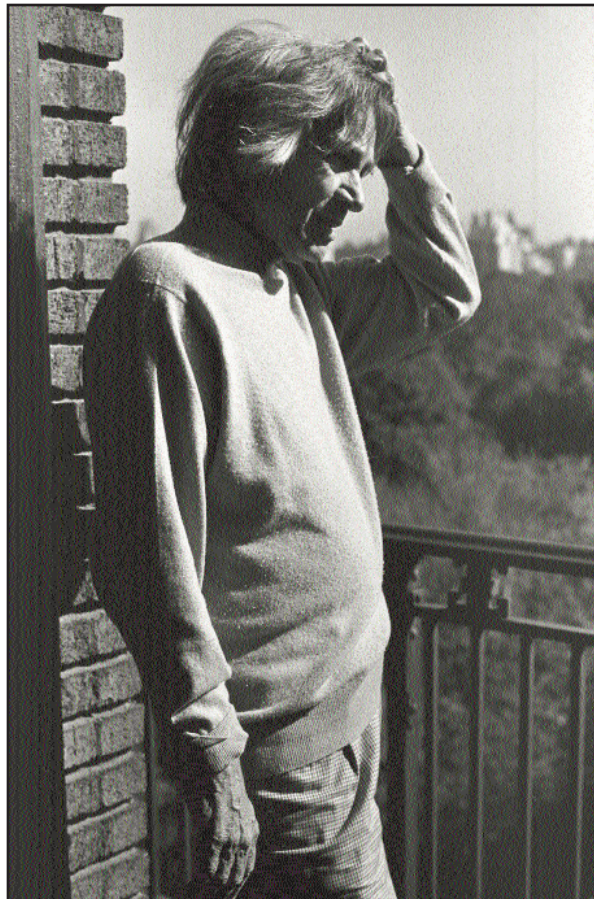
*April 28*

I am being put to the test. Everyone wants to know what is going on, why I am doing what I'm doing. And amazingly enough, it seems easy to talk about it in a general sort of way, to emphasize that I am doing what I want to do, that this is my life now, for the present, and perhaps forever.

Have told people who call to wait a few days to see U.G. so he can rest. In the late afternoon we went up to St. Luke's hospital to see Dan who has been sick in there for over three months. We had heard about his acute illness in Melbourne from Bud Barber.

The visit seemed to mean a great deal to Dan. U.G. was quiet, but lovely, and I did most of the talking. Dan was fifty pounds thinner and actually looked good. U.G. said he was low on life energy, but would probably get better. After about fifteen minutes, U.G. motioned to me that he was ready to go, very simply, easily.

On the way home we stopped at Woolworth's and bought a tray for the tapes, to keep them in order. He had seen it, on sale for \$10, on one of his walks to the post office and Xerox shop. Since we have been back in New York, he has gone out several times, each for nearly four hours, once to Macy's and once to Bloomingdale's, and said he window shopped in electronic stores on the way home. He is independent and strong, in his own way.



*April 29*

A bad sleepless night. Wanted to take Valium or drink vodka but did neither, a triumph. Today I am exhausted and drained. But I forced myself to stand my mind's machinations, mostly about the apartment, Maine, Sasha. I feel as if I am going through death throes, as if part of me is being drowned, strangled. My past is so vivid here, the presence of my children so palpable, my friends. I am indecently detached, unable to generate any desire to see anybody, rote calling, rote calls. I make dates, then push them off to a later date, as if I just don't want to be bothered with explanations, descriptions.

All of this is so new and I am uncomfortable, fine as long as I'm with U.G., but away from him estranged and strange. Yet even so, somehow surviving.



There's no freedom in America

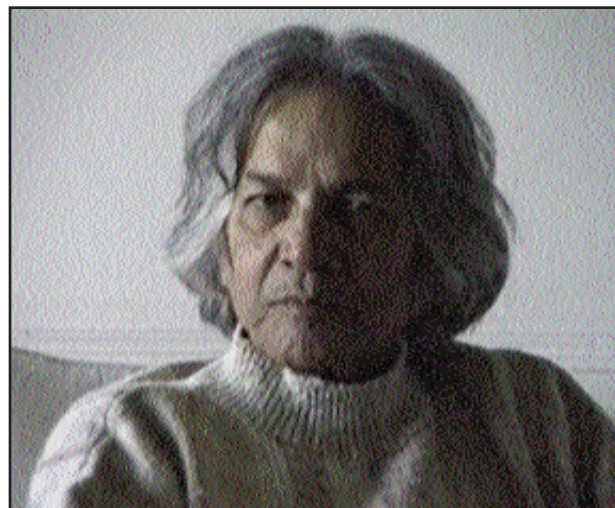
*May 3*

So much paper work. My old indecisiveness sprang up, having to do with clinging to this apartment. U.G. has told me loud and clear that he doesn't want my decision about it to be influenced by him, his needs. He is making Mill Valley his base for the present time, not New York. If it is available, he will stay here, otherwise not.

I am having a hard time sleeping, night after night of restlessness. I know it is holding onto the past, trying to have "all this and heaven too." This is U.G.'s basic teaching. I can't even give up a piece of clothing, let alone an apartment and a way of life, so how can I say I want freedom? How can I aspire to "be with him" when I also want to be with my old life in part, to continue to maintain access to the old comforts and ways of living.

The comfort and perfection of this apartment is outmoded for me now, though I lose sight of it when I am here. My life is changing, this will no longer appeal to me, no longer "be enough." I tried "that" and didn't want it. So now I am trying "this," being with U.G., giving up my life to him and it has to be 100%.

The last few days have been busy and I am still not decided about whether to go on with him to India or to return to New York after London and take care of things.





Steve L., a film maker, and Stanley Cohen from A.B.C., have been spending time here looking at the videos and giving suggestions for the documentary. The overall opinion seems to be that the footage is good, broadcast quality, and that there is more than enough material to make several films. I am happy to hear this. Surprisingly, I have been detached from this work, doing it but not concerned with the outcome. As close to "karma yoga" as I have ever been, not knowing if it is good or bad, only that I am doing my best.

U.G. has been harsh and critical, and I think this has contributed to my detachment. If he had been full of compliments, I would probably have become involved in an egoic way. But since the job had to be done, and only I could do it (only because I was "there"), I did it, as well as I could. And it turns out to be okay.

I am wrestling with my past, and with my loyalties and ties. I know there is "no effort" in this great endeavor and all I have to do is follow my heart. U.G. encourages me to do all I can for my daughter, my mother, etc. He was all for my giving Sasha the dress. "Money should be no object," he said.

Yesterday, talking about foundations and tax free institutions (so one could give money and deduct from taxes), he said nothing will be formed in his name, but I should form one myself, he will give me all the spiritual experiences I need to "set up a holy business." I know he is kidding, but I am curious whether he could transmit these experiences if he wanted to. Probably, and if so what they are like, the nature of them.

It now seems clear to me that this is what happened with all those so-called realized teachers, people, gurus. *Some* understanding was reached, either through the pushing of a teacher, or spontaneously and this experience was translated into "enlightenment," "moksha," "liberation." The immediate desire when one has this experience is to share it, to pass it on to mankind, *to teach*.

One can only experience the "known." What is not known cannot be experienced. As long as one has an experience, as long as there is an "experiencer," one who is experiencing, telling about it, thinking about it, it is only an experience. What is not an experience is not known, as there is no knower. I cannot get this because I cannot grasp, with the conceptual mind, what has never been experienced, what is outside of the frame of prior experience, knowledge.

So this so-called moksha that these people are talking about is only the actual experiencing of what is known in all spiritual traditions, what is sought, striven for. What is sought and striven for is known, otherwise one could not strive for it. Clearing the mind is actually clouding the mind further, creating more delusion rather than clarity.

I have never even had an experience. All I know of these things is what I have read and been told. Spiritual teachers experienced something. They then can't wait to teach, to pass it on," but what they are striving to "pass on," is not the genuine article, only a petty experience.  
So that explains that. Doesn't it?

What a major message this is to mankind. Everyone is striving for something that simply does not exist. If one were to become like U.G. one would "die," really die, and we do not want that. He says, "If I could give you even a tiny taste of this, you would not want to touch it with a barge pole." I believe him. He is so clear to me now. I cannot give up my apartment so how can I give up my life?

As for U.G., I am at one with him, completely at ease and full of respect and adoration. His patience with my agonies is boundless and I bow to him in my heart.

Being back in New York is both pleasurable and strange. I know my life is finished here, but I am clinging to it nonetheless. I make dates with friends, call them up to say hello. Then I cancel the dates because I really don't have time to be with them, don't want to be away from U.G.

*May 7*

Sasha and my mother have gone. U.G. was patient and kind to my mother. She attributes this niceness to ulterior motives, that he is doing it to "get her approval" for my life with him. Typical.

She told him she was worried about her mind, having Alzheimers. U.G. said it's not Alzheimers, losing memory is just a sign of aging, he too is losing his memory. She tried again to tell U.G. about her cats, worrying about them. U.G. said, "If not cats, we'd worry about something else. Worry is about the past, you are more interested in beneficial results."

He told her that the mere repetition of thought and action is really "senility," it has nothing to do with old age, worry is always in the past and future.

She said she didn't like the idea of inaction, of passivity, of being a vegetable.

U.G. said, "Am I a vegetable? I'm not a vegetable. I'm not impelled to do anything at all, so I'm doing all the time. Action is going on all the time, any action born out of thought is reaction, the action I am speaking about is *response*. I don't see any passivity there...what are you doing?"

Mom: "Damned if I know!"

U.G.: "You have plenty of guideposts, why do you want more? Why ask the meaning of life? If you haven't understood the meaning in 84 years, when are you going to understand?"

~ ~

I read a letter from Donald wrote me to U.G. today, in which he sent me courage to deal with the difficulties associated with change and U.G. smiled. He said "Yes, Donald could be psychic, but he also knows U.G. He knows that things can never be the same, there is no going back. That being so close to U.G. is being in the fire."

*May 9*

Full moon in Scorpio 18, right on my ascendant! It feels that way, too. I feel as if Pluto is there too, though it is retrograde and moving back just a little. The real crossing is December of this year. And I imagine I will be in India then, with U.G.

The fact is I don't know my own mind, I don't know what I want. I see so clearly that the neurotic situation is wanting two things at once, for instance, wanting money and to be free, and wanting property and comfort here. Wanting to be independent of my children, but also wanting closeness and harmony with them. I want to be free of these conflicts, but I have to ask myself, "what am I prepared to give up for this peace?"

The decision seems to center around Maine, now. I am being called to separate from it, tell the kids if they want it to pay, and that I need to make money from it, not pay for it. It probably must be liquidated, sold. I would like to keep it. I would like to keep this place as well. But I cannot.

*May 10*

Celia called the other day and came up for dinner. She seemed disjointed to me, scattered. As she was leaving, she asked about a mark on my face (where Dr. Zalar froze a patch of itchy skin), and then without asking, laid on her hands. I endured the "healing" for a while, but was reminded of the "Emperor's New Clothes" quality of my Jungian analysis, not to mention Herry's deep relaxations and visualizations.

"How," asked U.G. after she left, "do you think the life energy can be manipulated by someone outside, by an 'other?' *Impossible.*"





*May 16*

Agony. It is just everything. The pressure of renting my apartment, leaving in less than a week, making moves with my mother and children; it is excruciating. "You can't do it," taunts U.G., meaning "You don't want to do it." If I wanted to, I could. If I want to I will.

Too long to go into and it has been going on for days. I make a decision about the apartment and then reverse it, regret it, feel anxious and angry. U.G. is pushing hard on me, making me sweat. I am on the brink of making the move, making the shift. I can feel it. I love him and hate him. I want to weep with gratitude and shake him with rage.

He is provoking me endlessly, insulting, teasing, telling me I have no place with him, too many attachments, obligations. He even did it in front of my mother, giving her ammunition, if she wants or needs it. What do I care? I just have to do this, to free myself. I am in bondage now, to my children, to my mother, to the world.

I am guilt-ridden, terrified.

~ ~

Karen, Mom and I drove up to Bennington for Sasha's concert. It was fantastic. She is beautiful, talented, intelligent and rich. What more could one ask?



I don't believe in bearing pain, enduring pain for spiritual reasons or for self-centered reasons, like you can bear pain...

Sasha wanted to know, last night, why I was in such a rush to leave with U.G. I said, merely, that I want to go, it is all or nothing. Either I go now, or I don't go. I'm sure this is the case. It is, in any event, the case for me. It is now that I must make the break.

Not tomorrow.

Have I perhaps learned something from U.G. after all? Something has let go of me this morning. I am no longer strangled by this conflict. I see that there is no reason for conflict. I am merely leaving NOW with U.G. and everything will fall into place.

He said the other day you must "cut the roots and let the tree fall as it will." Cutting the roots for me is taking a decision, any decision, about this apartment. It is telling Sidney and the others I want out of Maine. It is leaving now, because U.G. is leaving NOW, not waiting for Sasha's graduation. If my children's love for me is centered on my being available to them, at my own expense, then it is not love. If their love for me is tied up with money, it is not love.

I don't feel worried. No, to the contrary I feel delightfully free and happy. Even if U.G. were to really send me away, I would be fine. I don't know what I would do. My life is his life right now, that is all I want. That is what I want, right for me, satisfying.

Luna and Stanley are here constantly now, helping U.G. with the editing of the film. A very intense and powerful teaching is going on, subtly. We are learning to see reality in a new way, that we are only our conditioning, our ideas, our fear.

Stanley disagreed with me that this issue of leaving is "black and white." He felt there is a grey area, one which might permit me to leave later, be here for Sasha's graduation. I said no, adamantly. U.G. said there is no grey area. Nor is there a black or a white. There is only one action.

Luna asked U.G. if he'd never had the experience of anyone else "blowing up?"

U.G. answered, "How does it interest me if there's someone else there. If he's there, he's there. The rose isn't interested in jasmin."

He said, "Self-consciousness separated us from the rest of life around us, and religious thinking was born out of that, to fill up the loneliness, separated us from the life around. God is the ultimate pleasure. All ideologies are warty outgrowths of the religious thinking of man. Anyone can hazard an opinion as to how self-consciousness began. Separation led to loneliness which we filled in with fear. There's no such thing as happiness. I really don't know what happiness is so I can't be unhappy. *You* know what happiness is. Naming and recognition itself is a separation."



May 18

I feel reborn.

It is over, at least for now, the fear, the doubt. I plunged into lunch with S, telling him firmly and fearlessly where I stood on Maine. That I wanted out of the expenses this year and that I intended to enforce my "ownership" of the property, because I was entitled to it, needed it. I stood against his protestations that the intention had been for it to go to the children, I explained in detail what transpired when it was returned to me a few years ago.

And as I stood up to him, I felt him respect and accept my position, against all odds. And as this happened, I felt flooded with good will and love towards him. My heart was open and joyful.

When I returned to the apartment after lunch, I was tingling with an ecstatic energy. I had entered a place of freedom from fear. I had seen earlier at the doctor's, waiting, that "I" am only fear, fear of death, fear of rejection.

This is temporary, but a sample of what it would be like to "just act" without fearing the outcome, thinking of ramifications, playing the odds. Take a decision and if it is wrong, pay the consequences.

U.G.'s teaching is wonderful. How clear it is that we want all this and Heaven too.  
Giving up the hold on this is freeing, ever so slightly, to be in "that." But there is no that,  
and no this either.

I went on to talk to Marc, cancel Marcia out of Maine this summer because it was up to the kids to invite people, not me. Each time there was clear and positive response because I was clear and positive. Amazing.

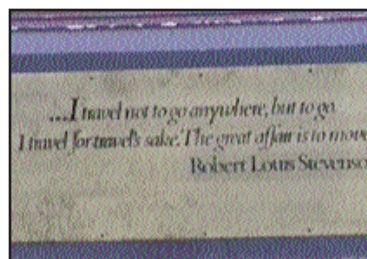
~ ~

Summing up New York. I have not had enough time, have been rushed and scattered. But so much has happened. U.G. has done most of the editing, with the loyal and devoted help of Luna and Stanley. I in turn have been free, more or less, to tend to my apartment, Sasha and other matters. I am, after all, leaving again for four months.

The pressure I was under with U.G. was agonizing, excruciating at times, but the outcome has been amazing. I am actually leaving, with the apartment rented and Maine out in the open and under consideration by all concerned. I have focused on my dilemma with the kids, that they walk all over me because I walk all over myself, that things have to change, and in fact, have changed.

U.G. said the other days that change being the nature of things, we would be damn fools if we didn't go along with it, freely, without resistance.

He also said, asked about his traveling, that "I am myself the traveling."  
There is no separation, no "one" who is "doing" the traveling.





*London*  
*May 23, 1990*

Kim saw us off at Kennedy Airport. British Airways seats were roomy and comfortable and our flight to London easy. On an impulse I ordered wine with dinner, though feeling a little odd about it. But U.G. had mentioned to me yesterday in New York that Valentine used to have wine with meals, though it tapered off after a while. I felt this was an indication from him that I could be myself, be a little truer, less intent on being the "perfect disciple."

But I felt uncomfortable. I asked him if he minded and he said no. I asked him if he would tell me if he minded. And he said no. So that was my answer. No answer. He is not going to tell me what to do or not do.

Somehow, though, I am less fearful, less anxious about making a wrong move. There isn't quite the same desperate need to please. I would be devastated if we weren't together, but less so than before. I care, but in a different way.

Perhaps I am more honest with myself, more patient with my own ambivalence. I have lingering thoughts from time to time of leaving Sasha just before her graduation, but they pass. It was a jolt also to arrive in this dingy apartment after the comfort of New York. It is shabby and cramped, though perfectly well-equipped.

U.G. decided we should rent a studio as well as this apartment because he wanted a room of his own, apart, to "sink" in. I suggested we trade and I sleep in the living room as I would have my own bath and the kitchen and the phone. He agreed to try it, though he felt I would not be comfortable, and he would therefore be uncomfortable. I assured him I was happy here and then he seemed content.

Today we went shopping for the usual couscous, pasta, lime pickle, oils and other necessities at Marks and Spencer and Harrods. U.G. knows his way around London perfectly, which I do not. We bought his favorite chocolates, Belgian Leonidas, "White Manons," filled with fresh cream at Harrods and devoured them enthusiastically in the cab.

*May 24*

Was awakened at 5:30 a.m. by a call from Mahesh, but went back to sleep, then again at 7 by Tom calling from California. After breakfast, U.G. and I went "mallng," London style, that is to Oxford Street for small towels, a pair of shoes for him (Hush Puppies), a cheese grater, and travel pharmacy items. I found some small white t-shirts at the Gap, something I was unable to do in New York. We covered Selfridges, Marks and Spencer, John Lewis and various other stores, also checking in at airlines offices. This last so U.G. will have a clear idea of what he wants to do ticket-wise when we arrive in Bombay.

Tonight I made pasta, feeling very much at home already in this apartment. The pull of New York is fading, though I feel stabs of nostalgia about my children and Maine and the past. I feel I am throwing over a whole life, everything that mattered to me for as long as I can remember.

I realize that when you give up, surrender, you have everything - I have seen this in operation over and over. But my mind and habitual response mechanism forgets, rebels. Sometimes I ask myself what I am doing, am I mad? What kind of life is this, trailing around with this odd man buying food and getting settled in new homes again and again. Is this what I want? And I think it is because I can't imagine being anywhere else. U.G.'s company is equal to none. And his message is important, though few are ready to hear it. *What you want* is what is keeping you from having what you want.



*May 26*

An old friend of U.G.'s from India, Kameshwari, spent the afternoon with us. I was oddly restless, feeling hemmed in on a beautiful day in this tiny living room. At one point I walked to the photographer's to get some air, but didn't leave the negatives because they don't print with fiber paper.

After Kameshwari left, U.G. and I went for a walk to Kensington High Street. I asked him how he could just walk away from people like Tim and this woman, tell them they couldn't come see him until such and such a time without feeling responsible for their feelings.

He said he just doesn't give a damn about anyone's feelings. He doesn't separate himself from people to feel responsible for their feelings versus his own. He just knows what he wants in a given situation and acts on it, the only action possible in that moment, and there is no conflict, no remorse.

What would it be like to KNOW what I want in a given situation, without obligation or conscience, and to act on it with no doubts or agony?

Drake came and visited U.G., bringing flowers and croissants. Tom called just before Drake's arrival, having given up smoking again. U.G. and Drake talked casually about Nepal and Tibet. No serious questions, no serious answers.

Afterwards U.G. and I went to Harrods to buy white chocolate and to look at computers. I bought some paper. I stopped in to say hello to Lucy Campbell in her gallery. U.G. and I had our respective haircuts after lunch on Kensington High Street. We both look much better, less wild and untamed.

*May 27*

Just returned from Burgess Hill, near Brighton. U.G. and I took the train from Victoria Station this morning, arriving over an hour ahead of departure. Since I was carrying the Panasonic VCR I expressed irritation that we were there so early and there was no place to sit. U.G. rejoined that he always goes early to airports and train stations, and if I don't like it, I shouldn't travel with him.

I just felt pissed off and waited by myself holding the damn bag. He bought the tickets and eventually came over and held the Panasonic bag for a while.

The ride down was pleasant as was the day with Lulu and Eddie, old friends of U.G.'s. I liked just being in the sunshine and able to take my shoes off in the grass. A nice lunch, joined by an Indian woman who was very close to J.K. Eddie and Lulu's daughter committed suicide a year ago, their only daughter. Hard to grasp what they have been through, yet they go on, she laughs, is so bright. God.

A tour of Brighton and the train home. U.G. and I were silent on the way, watching a young English family care for two small children. Their attention completely on the little girls, a contained grimness about them.

I said on the way home in the taxi how glad I was not to have two small children to raise. U.G. said I had already done that, that parents end up leading the lives of their children, period. I know he is reading my thoughts and tuning into my questions about living "his" life.



*May 28*

In a black mood all morning. Don't where it came from or where it went. Was claustrophobic and irritable, though not directly at U.G. He and I went out to do the laundry at the laundromat and I was annoyed that the manager of one place didn't have change, and the other hadn't shown up yet. It made me mad at the English and their apathy, their passive aggression. That too is me.

I went to the market and then took the wash back again and this time succeeded. Several trips. And finally my mood improved. What U.G. picks up from my ill-humor I don't know. Kameshwari and a friend of hers came over in the late morning, a cozy visit. And then Hank and Jerry from Holland.

I went to John Stewart's for tea and brought him back here for an hour or so. Eventually I made dinner for all and that was the end of the day. U.G. in good spirits. The guy from Holland, Jerry, hadn't met U.G. before but had read his books. He completely agrees with him, was interesting. I found the Dutch anti-Semitism a bit hard to take, unnecessary and retarded.

I'm happy again, the other just a phase I was in I guess. I know that I need to go off by myself from time to time, go for walks, see people on my own. I will not miss anything and I need to go, otherwise I won't be able to manage this life. There is too much intensity, too much repetition.

I have got to take care of myself, my sanity.

*May 29*

Last day. I did errands all morning, took film to be developed, did some grocery shopping. U.G. went off to Credit Suisse to check his account. The Dutch arrived at lunch time and the afternoon. They all left and Tim came for dinner. To bed early, but I can't sleep. Am anxious about India, a little anxious about U.G., unsure of my feelings. John said to U.G. the other day that even "crazy glue" can get unstuck, that I have an uncanny ability to unglue myself (he knows from experience) when the time comes. U.G. has mentioned my leaving him from time to time - when will you abandon me, etc.?

He doesn't care what I do. When he attacks me I feel irritated, not frightened. Has something changed? I guess I'm glad I'm going to India. I need a break from Maine summers anyway and mostly I need to see where I'm at with U.G. I can't serve him unless my attitude is perfect.

U.G. sent all the tapes off with Henk and Jerry. I was not consulted. Not that I need to be as it is really his affair. I have done my part, shooting the film. I can turn it over to others now, if they want it. I had a few moments of proprietary interest in the tapes, resisting the idea of their being copied, unedited, others doing the editing etc., possibly selling them, distributing them.

What a phony I am. I remembered that I am doing this for U.G., to further his teaching, not for my own fame and fortune. It is a harsh lesson. He encourages everyone else to make money, but I must just give everything away. He has accused me a few times of making mistakes in the taping, when it has been his mistake. He apologizes each time, but I am left with a bad feeling. I try to let things go, but of course it is not something one can force.

Last day in London. Checked out of the apartment at 11 and took all our bags and ourselves over to John's. From there we went to Flash to pick up my photos, printed badly but what the heck. Then to lunch at Woodlands, introducing John to iddies. Took videos of Thayer Street, right next to the restaurant. U.G. and I did a little shopping afterwards at Selfridges, then returned to John's. Watched a video on "chaos," went for a walk with John while U.G. looked at John's book, I made some couscous and we left for the airport, U.G. and I, in the evening.