

Part Two:

India





I have felt frightened off and on at night with odd dreams and sensations of U.G. being in the apartment in some sort of disquieting way. When I told him this on the phone, he said, "Good!" When I told him I heard via Bob in California that Ram Das would like to see him again next visit and considered him "a sweet dear who wouldn't hurt a fly," U.G. asked me if I agreed and I said emphatically, "No!" And again he said, "Good!" It's true, that he wouldn't hurt a fly, just our sacred cows.

So I am in this mysterious position. He has a profound effect on me, and I'm sure he has all kinds of "powers," but he disclaims everything. I feel attracted to him in a deep and strange way and yet I am also somewhat afraid. Still I am committed and drawn to whatever process is under way. He would say all that is between us is the practical process of traveling, photographing and seeing the world, that I am ascribing a spiritual process that is not happening except in my own mind. But what is there besides my own mind?!

The last two times I talked to U.G. he was sick with the flu. He said it would only last 48 hours. I was sorry to hear his weak, rasping voice on the other end of the phone. He was leaving Bangalore yesterday (Saturday) to be in Bombay to meet me.

To be in India now with U.G. is miraculous. I can't believe it. I don't think it will be all easy, that's for sure. But there is nothing in the world I want other than to be here now.

It is 11 p.m. The plane is due in at midnight - one more hour.

BOMBAY!

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



***Bombay, India
December 5, 1989***

When I emerged from customs, U.G. and Mahesh, U.G.'s movie director friend, were waiting, 3 a.m. Though coughing, U.G. was in good form, Mahesh utterly charming, full of vitality.

U.G. and I were driven to the home of Mr. Parikh where we were to stay. I was surprised at first to see someone sleeping on the floor in the hall at the top of the stairs just outside his apartment, to notice the bathroom was "Indian style," that is a hole in the floor with a faucet and a cup nearby for "flushing" and, I think, washing because the Indians don't use toilet paper. My room was nearby with a fan and a cot surrounded by mosquito netting suspended from lines going across the ceiling.

Parikh and U.G. were kind and hospitable, showing me my upper sheet under the pillow, and where I could brush my teeth, wash my hands, and so forth. The bathing facilities were across the hall but looked complex, too complex for 5 a.m. We said goodnight and I tried to sleep but was too excited, and perhaps had had enough sleep on the plane. I just lay there in a delicious state, listening to the street sounds, basking in the exotic atmosphere in which I found myself.

If you stay with that misery, you don't need a teacher.

After a while, I got up and unpacked and tried to organize what I suddenly see as an inordinate amount of stuff. Soon U.G. and Parikh were up and about too, seemingly minutes after going to bed. I had a shower, which turned out to be wonderfully refreshing, one hot water faucet and two cooler ones, at different heights. A delicious breakfast of grains and fruit juice and soup. Later on, U.G. and I went for a walk around the neighborhood; it was vibrant with life and local color, and also quite warm. I enjoyed walking through the streets with U.G., India's equivalent of "mallng."
But I see that he is still weak with the flu.

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Outside Mahesh's screening room, we talked about all of us being school "drop-outs," U.G. included. On the way home, driving through the slums, U.G. asked of no one in particular, "Does it ever occur to you that in the richest country in the world, America, the slums in the cities are the worst anywhere?" It is true that the infamous poverty here in India is not in such stark contrast to wealth as it is at home.

I am relaxed and at home in my room, the door open to the terrace overlooking the busy street. I was up at 3 this morning, reading and resting and "just being here," listening to the sounds of the night. Parikh and U.G. materialized at around 5, as did Parikh's wife Kaushelya, back from a wedding north of Bombay.

Feeling suddenly exhausted by jet lag, I went into a deep sleep in the late afternoon. Dreamt I went through a red light and as a result caused an automobile accident in which numbers of people were killed. Spurred by the street sounds, perhaps.
What is the meaning? Or is there none?



To know what is happening there is the most destructive thing.



The arrival of Kaushelya has mobilized this household. She directs her houseman and other servant non-stop in Gujarati, her native dialect. A large, older woman, she is full of energy, efficiency and warmth, the ultimate mother figure. Parikh, a retired engineer, taught Vipassana meditation (Goenko) here and in the States, but after meeting U.G. he gave up teaching and meditation. He is quiet and serene, dresses always in white and he is a lovely presence. While his wife was away, he did all the cooking and kept this place running with beautiful efficiency. Now that she is back, the floors get scrubbed with new vigor, my room has been cleaned and rearranged to perfection, as has the rest of the house. And it is only 9 a.m.!

U.G. refers to all this activity as “the cleaning squad.”

Many people, all men, come to see U.G. in the afternoon, at least fifteen. He is treated with great respect and deference. Almost everyone wears white. I did some video taping and have not yet quite got the hang of it. I still feel I am intruding somehow. But then, that is why I am here.



You could hang yourself from the nearest tree.



U.G. and I spent most of the next day at Mahesh's apartment. An actor friend of Mahesh's, Anupam Kher, was there as was Mahesh's wife, Soni, and their baby. We sat on mats and U.G. and Mahesh talked, U.G. verbalizing his "need to go public" with his "message for mankind." Earlier in the morning, before leaving for Mahesh's, U.G. told me again about his Calamity and the events surrounding it, his time spent in Madras with a yoga teacher, Desikachar, who set his enlightenment into the context of the traditions. As always, when he talks about this time of his life, I feel that familiar intense energy and I am blown away by what I am hearing.

U.G. and Mahesh lay about, positioning themselves among pillows and mats. To me it was a ballet of freedom and love, undulating talk and interpenetrating silences. At one point, both of them were lying on their backs in silence, heads to feet, and then U.G. said, "This is a funny way to conduct an interview!"

We had lunch at the apartment, then returned to Parikh's where an old friend of U.G.'s was waiting for him, a wealthy man who lives between Poona and Bombay. These Indians in their white kurtas are handsome and elegant, old and upright, full of intelligence and courtliness.

Reality does not exist.



December 7

I am lost in the gentle graciousness of this life. Though we go non-stop from dawn to dark, the consideration and generosity of the Indians overwhelms me.
And running throughout is the fiery energy of U.G.

~ ~

Pratap expressed the doubt and disturbance aroused in him the previous evening at Kirin's dinner. How, he asked, can a "holy man" condone ambition, "going for it," and be at home in a worldly atmosphere where women smoke and a seventeen year old girl says she feels she could kill someone who stood in the way of her career. He said the vibes were so worldly and antithetical to what he believes in that he felt utterly out of place. He said I was the only "spiritual" person in the room because I was outside the conversation and smiled serenely. I said this was jet lag, not spirituality.

It was an interesting example of U.G.'s "teaching." In no way did he defend himself, but lit right into Pratap (Pratapji, he calls him), telling him Pratap's disgust at the worldliness around him was a reflection of his envy because of their success and disgust at his own failure.

How can you separate the heartbeat from the heart?

We had to be at Mahesh's by 10 because a photographer from the Bombay Post was coming to photograph U.G. in color for the article Mahesh is writing on him, on the change that is taking place in U.G., the story that must be told and that nobody wants to hear.

Intense meetings. U.G. was aflame with passion, indicting Pratap (who he invited to come along) for his pretension of "goodness," for his belief in the possibility of "healing through faith," miracles of Jesus and the like. He called him a jealous, envious bastard, burning that somebody else has what he doesn't, then covering it up with high-sounding phrases. He was pushing him to use his talents, to recognize what a failure he is.

On and on he raged against the state of the world and how it got that way. He says we have come to a point where there is no chance of any new political ideology or system coming into being. The autocratic system is that of the world. He says it's too bad that the two superpowers get together, these two gangsters, and bully the rest of the world - and then preach non-violence! Gorbachev is a traitor to communism and people are only interested in opening up new "markets" there, not in *detente*.

U.G. says that it is worthwhile for India, for example, just as for the individual, to go through chaos, that the only way anything new can come up is to lose all moorings. The basic question which mankind has to pose is what kind of human being is wanted on the planet. The concept that man can be adjusted to the value structure is just that, a concept, and this value structure is the cause of all neurosis and misery. What they, it (the value structure) wants us to be is false, cannot be, and so what we're left with is suffering.



It has to burn out inside of you.



What *they* want us to be is dictated by the godmen, the Christs and Buddhas who set us up for this miserable existence by holding out hope for being something we cannot be.

U.G. says we cannot prune, the world cannot be pruned, but has to be cut down to the roots, let what falls rot and fertilize the new that will come.

What messages. Those who knew him before, like Mahesh, say this is a new U.G. speaking, speaking with a new tone, a new urgency. And this is the motive behind his desire to go public. He does not want to see disillusioned seekers, only to speak to the unseen public, to “sing his song and go.” He doesn't care if nobody listens, he just has to express himself.

I have taped much of the dialogues between U.G. and Mahesh, and listening brings them back. The taping goes well. I find it natural to be behind the camera, watching and listening. I feel a strange kind of love as I follow him through the lens, jolted by the mood swings, the humor, the rage, the passion. I am learning how to use the camera, so different from stills. I need to *still myself*, slow down, let timing happen to me rather than to impose myself on the situation. I feel very free to film, no need to ask permission. U.G. always paves the way with new people saying, "You're being immortalized for posterity," so I don't have to explain.

There is such ease in this life with him. No time to sightsee but the landscape of reality as he presents it is infinitely more compelling than anything from the dead past.

All this discussion is not necessary for functioning.

Another early morning . I wake around 3 a.m. and then am drawn into watching the remains of the clean-up in the open hall across the street from my room where weddings go on nearly every night. I go to sleep with the dancing and music and am not in any way disturbed by the noise. I enjoy its vibrancy and life. I have moved into another dimension, deep short naps in the afternoon, relaxed yet high energy waking hours, and a sense of ease and well being.

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After breakfast, suddenly the noise from Chinese firecrackers in the street celebrating yet another wedding was like a machine gun and deafening. When it was over, U.G. said,
"That's just how that marriage is going to *end* - with fireworks!"



Q: Could you hurt anyone, U.G.?
A: How could I hurt myself?



In the car U.G. helped Mahesh formulate his article, telling him to start directly with the question of *why* U.G. was going public, what had changed for him. At the Swiss Embassy, U.G. and Mahesh went up to obtain Valentine's visa and I went for a walk with Lalu-bhai. He told me about his spiritual search ending with meeting U.G. and that he was now in the place of *no mind* and utterly at one with U.G., no separation. Very much the way Moorty had described his experience. Lalu Bhai is a sweet, gentle man and he seems to be at peace.

Then to the travel agent, Asgar Ali, an old friend of Mahesh's. U.G. was in a jocular mood, perhaps having to do with traveling which he claims he doesn't like yet is endlessly compelled to do for no reason he can fathom. We now have tickets taking us from Bombay to Hong Kong, then all over Australia, New Zealand and to the West Coast and to New York via Chicago. Scheduled to leave India February fourteenth - over two months from now!



I'm saying nothing has happened.



U.G. was tired, and yet just after dinner Vijay Anand, known as "Goldie" arrived, another Bombay movie director. Likable, and an appealing directness and intensity about him. I taped him talking about U.G. He says that contrary to U.G.'s statement that he doesn't want to see religious buffs, it is just those religious buffs who are going to hear his message. U.G. must be placed in a religious context or his message and existence are meaningless to the world. In direct contrast to U.G.'s words, Goldie says U.G. *has* to be approached by the religious. He was eloquent and articulate. He said seekers must have "done their homework" or they would be unable to understand U.G. U.G. agreed, said he had always said that J. Krishnamurti laid the groundwork for his, U.G.'s, teaching, that one thing always comes out of the previous and burns it up, annihilates it.

Goldie was helpful to me about the documentary. Not that I feel I have full responsibility for it, but I must merely get good footage. He suggested I interview people who know U.G., a good idea. We're going to his place tomorrow and I'll start there.

One thing that Goldie said struck me particularly, that the first impulse with U.G. is to be near him, not to leave him. But that this is a danger. You must come very close to him, he said, and then go very far away and in his absence you start understanding what he says. This will probably be true for me too, though the idea of leaving him is unthinkable. I am "hooked," there's no question about it. Kim said in New York that my (pre-departure problem) was that I was "attached" to U.G. and the idea of not being able to be with him was causing my suffering.

True, true enough, but what to do about that?



There is no such thing as a motiveless talk, and my motive is to tell you to get lost.



U.G. now jokes about my automobile accident dream. Before I signed for my airline ticket, he said, "It's not too late to back out." It is not a joke. I think we all know that.

All in all quite a day. My mind was reeling and I fell into a deep sleep.

~ ~

Early morning dialogues with U.G. At 6 he came by the kitchen (next to my room) and said he saw that I'd been up working since 3 a.m. So he was up too.

He said he hadn't wanted to disturb me.

I said I had been very moved by the Goldie interview, listening to it again this morning. He asked me what he had said about his, U.G.'s life, and I had noted it down myself, oddly enough. It was that there is no gap between U.G.'s life and what he says, unlike most gurus. He said U.G.'s life had been disappointingly mundane. U.G. seemed to like that description, repeating it several times.

We sat in the living room, U.G., Parikh and I and had coffee and talked about this idea of trying to fit U.G. into a religious context. No, he says, it just can't be done.

If he was fit into any context at all, he would be destroyed.

He really doesn't know who or what he is, or what anything is.

Visitor: There are two things, one side of the coin and the other side of the coin.

U.G.: There's no coin there.



Mahesh suggested filming U.G. during his nap, asleep. I said it felt intrusive to me, so Mahesh did the shooting. In the middle of it U.G. woke up and immediately lay down again and demonstrated the fetal position in which he sleeps. He holds onto his toes to keep himself in his body, he said, to hold the energy in. Otherwise if he lay stretched out, he would just take off, disappear, perhaps die.

~ ~

More Goldie: "There can be no familiarity with U.G. because you know what he is. This kind of a distance with U.G. is very very deep. There is a kind of a reverence that I have for him which I will not express. I would probably touch Rajneesh's feet. I wouldn't do that to U.G. because it would be insulting. But the reverence of mine *does* touch his feet. I am very grateful for him to have come into this world and for him to have made himself available to me at the time when I think I needed him most."

Just get up and go and goodbye.



December 10

I woke up at 2 a.m. Before long I'll be sleeping U.G. hours, an hour or two a night. This morning I asked him what he did while he was waiting for something to happen, waiting for morning.

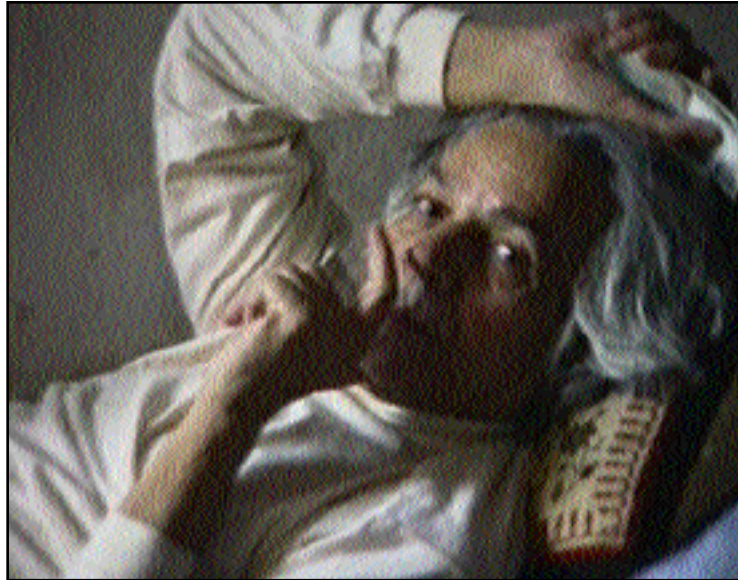
I've asked him this question about his nights before, can't seem to get it. And he asked, "What is happening now?" As if there were some value I had given to the morning hours as opposed to night hours. On top of this time itself is just an illusion, an arbitrary measurement. Boy.

U.G., Mahesh and others have warned me about living the life of another, of living with "Shiva." What to do? Nothing, but to go with it and see what happens. I have been here one week and it feels like my whole life. Everything is at once familiar and utterly foreign and without bearings. I see clearly how being "in relationship" with U.G. (from *my* standpoint, not his - he is in relationship with noone) is a kind of death. You are thrown back onto yourself again and again, with nothing to hold onto, nothing to aspire to, no goals, just living, moment to moment.

The past fades, the hold of family loosens. Terrifying. I can conceive of never "going home" in the same sense, of realizing that there is no longer any "home."



If you accept what I am saying, the faith you have in me goes.
If you accept what I am saying, I go. You don't want me to go.



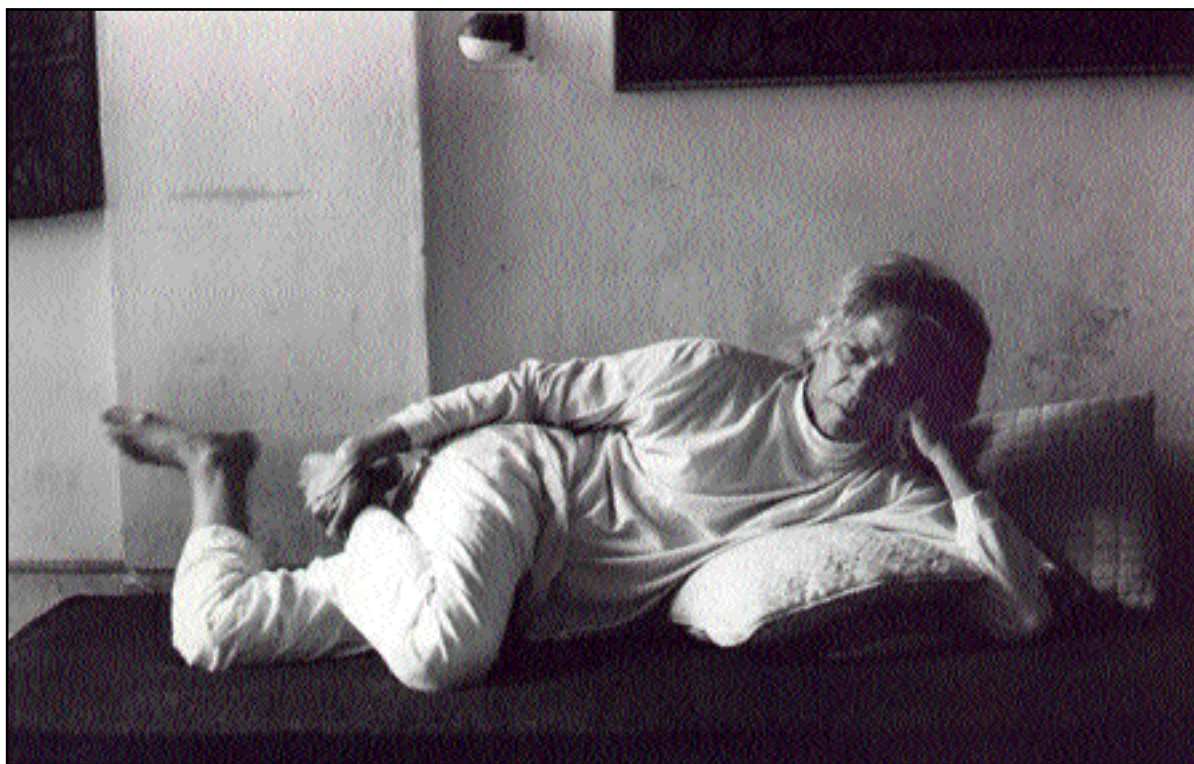
In the afternoon people came to see U.G. as usual, including Pushkar and Pratap. Among the many other new faces was an odd little gnome of a man known as the "Ambassador of God" who allegedly sat on the lap of Gandhi as a boy. Covered with medals and amulets, with messages of holiness stitched onto his shirt, his presence enhances the paradox of U.G.



I am struck by the respect all who come show for U.G., by the physical beauty and graciousness of those around him. He draws fine people like a magnet, and they listen to his diatribes with reverence and openness.

Last night I was so tired I kept falling asleep in my chair. There seems to be a link between his body and my own. When he coughs I cough, when he scratches his foot against the table (a sign of impending travel, he says), I scratch mine, when he is withdrawn I feel withdrawn as well. What is it? My enthusiasm seems at a low ebb, though the energy is still there. My sense of purpose feels shattered.

Don't listen to me, I'm sorry! This is a raving maniac!



U.G. talked about Sankara and Advaita and told me he wasn't as much of an illiterate as he claims to be, as if I didn't know. I felt at ease listening to him, not needing to know or measure up to anything. What a relief! He said a serpent can be expected to live for a thousand years, but at any moment it can be cut down, killed...is this like enlightenment?

How things change from moment to moment. It is truly a mystery.

We had lunch at Woodlands restaurant, Mahesh, Soni, U.G., Lalu-bhai and I. We ate outside on the terrace. U.G. kept giving me things to try. As we were leaving, they bought a bunch of *pans*, digestive herbs and nuts wrapped in a leaf and U.G. said to eat it, chew it and swallow it. Weird though the taste was, I persevered. U.G. said it makes you "high" and is addictive.

Mostly it just sat at the bottom of my throat in a strange mass.

Soni had complained about the car being almost out of gas and as the driver stopped to fill the tank on the way home, U.G. commented on appropriate action, or response to a situation. He said that when you see the car is nearly out of gas, you just go fill it, right away, without blaming others or wasting energy being upset about it. Do what is necessary, be practical.

You *must* take action.

Love me, love my dog. I don't love you, let alone your dog.

One of U.G.'s current themes is Alzheimer's Disease which now is striking, he says, one out of two people over eighty and more and more middle-aged and younger people. He says nature takes its toll in a very strange way. That this all stems from the misuse of memory, using the mind for purposes other than what it was intended, that Alzheimer's will reveal itself to be far deadlier than Cancer or Aids.

Radhakrishna, renowned for his memory, Kant, Annie Besant, all died knowing nothing.

We now have a new name for senile dementia.

No need, he says, to keep the movement of knowing going.

But we do, and are burning out our collective minds.

U.G. says his friend Bramachari says U.G. stands for "Useless Guy," that he has no use for anyone and is himself of no use either.



The "good company" the Buddhists talk about is evident in the people surrounding U.G. For me to be with these philosophical, wise, accepting people is an education in itself.

I feel no sense of culture or age separation. Perhaps it has to do with not being too personal, simply at ease.

U.G. is beautiful. I can't stop watching him, his constantly changing expressions and bodily positioning. Totally unconscious of his movements, he is *always* graceful, more graceful than a ballet dancer. A perfect being. His hands fall into amazing positions, mudras, constantly in action, never still.

They are an integral part of his expression, delicate and perfect, alive with his unique vitality.

I am so hooked!

What good is a good man good for?

U.G. said, "Let's go on an outing, drop off some tapes at Goldie's, do some malling." We took an autorickshaw, a three-wheel cab, from Parikh's. On the way a beggar woman came up to me and asked for money, bare-breasted and pathetic. I resisted because I have been told to, but she kept squeezing my feet, very weird. After leaving Goldie's, we were heading for the shopping street on foot, when I tripped on a board and cut my toe. Wearing sandals, it bled profusely. I told U.G. and we walked to a pharmacy where he bought me some alcohol and cotton. I was feeling kind of awkward and spaced out. I asked him if the body would heal itself if I didn't clean the cut. He said he didn't know what he would do if it was his foot. We went home afterwards because it was so hot.

Later with Mahesh, talking about gurus' feet, and toes in particular, Mahesh reminded U.G. of the time U.G. told Parveen she could hold his toe for energy, for healing when she was in one of her downs. U.G. said it had just been a suggestion, that it might have helped.

I asked about the link between the beggar woman and my cutting my toe and he said they were two unrelated events, like all other events.

This morning over coffee we talked about medicine. Kaushelya is taking Aruvedic medicine for her cough now because the allopathic remedy was giving her side effects. U.G.'s view is that you should try Aruvedic or homeopathic or no remedies first, and then go to allopathic as a last resort. Rather than the other way around. But he says we still have no cures for any of the major diseases. He would want real proof, not just the claims of the various schools of healing. He said he has no patience with homeopathy and the length of time it takes to "take a case." He said he would just walk out.

I realize as I write this down how difficult it is to repeat conversations with U.G. At the time, they are riveting. I feel sure there is something in them to repeat, to impart to others. Then I try to remember, and write them down. They are illusive in their very nature, slippery, full of paradoxes and negations. To try to understand, to get a "message to live by" is not possible. Each situation is unique and *he* cannot know, *I* cannot know, *no one* can know what the response will be at the time it comes up. There is no way to plan ahead, to hold onto anything.

Those Jungians say you have to listen to the voice of the wound, of the sickness, see what it is telling you, and only by this listening can you find the way to healing. U.G. doesn't know himself what he will do if he falls sick, just as he said he doesn't know what he would do about a cut toe until he cut his toe.

We always want assurances of how things will be, guarantees. And yet life does nothing but offer up proof that this is impossible, out of the question. Culture wants permanence and we are programmed to seek it, stockpile our security. Thus we live in this neurosis of our own making - wardens and inmates of self-made prisons. And we can't even accept our neurosis according to U.G. because that would be utter madness, utter psychosis.



Wherever there's division, there's experience.



U.G.: You don't want to become *this*, not at all, not at all. You want to become *that*, what those people have been selling you. And you think I am the same, I am not. How can I convince you that I am not that? Because I'd be doing great injustice to what I have come into. Under no circumstances, for anything in the world will I falsify this. I don't give a damn for all those teachers who existed before me. I'm going to say it until the end of the day: They were *commen*. They conned themselves into that and conned the whole of mankind, and we are going to pay a heavy price for their congame. If you want you can free yourself from that congame, not from me. I'm not interested. You can make a living. Sell Buddha, sell a Prostitute, she's better. She has a very important place in the society, a prostitute. You may condemn it. You may replace it with a call girl, they're not prostitutes? Come on, Mister. Why doesn't it strike you? Please leave me alone. I'm going to say this, I don't care. [You ask me] are you the only one who has come into this? I don't care what they said, this is what I'm saying, I'm going to say it. I don't want to talk to you. This is why I have chosen this one (going public), not that I want to become famous, that is too silly. To sell something. I don't care, if you want to make a living selling buddha, selling a girl, that's what your guru is doing running a brothel, running a tantric center. I was not fooled by those fellows. If you want to fool others it's your privilege, I can't take that away from you. When that man stood there on the platform and looked down upon us all, I wanted to kick that bastard, what do you have, buddy, that this fellow doesn't have. I'm telling you I'm not anything that you are not. That is why I'm able to sit with you. This is life energy and that is dead stuff. Filthy! The spiritual teachings - You have to vomit it out of your system. False! You can't vomit it, you can't swallow it. It's stuck there. I'm sorry. Go there, do what you like, leave me alone! I'm telling you I'm not anything that you are not. I mean it, every word of it. If those jokers sold something telling you they were different, too bad if you want to swallow that.

Mahesh: My tragedy is that I don't want to listen to you because I'm in pursuit of that congame. Isn't it absurd that I come to you and want to listen to you and don't listen to you?

U.G.: You're not listening to me. I'm not fooled by you. You can fool yourself. You are looking at me through those eyes and you say you question my behavior patterns, you are not holy, you are not kind, you are not nice, you get angry, you are this that and the other. I'm not *that*. Have I ever at any time told you that I'm an enlightened man, that you stick that filthy label on me, and you don't find my actions fitting into that one. At any time?

Too bad. That's the kind of biography you're going to write? Sorry, no!



All afternoon people were here seeing U.G., Pratap, Mahesh, the Ambassador, and four or five others. U.G. was very worked up, despite the moon, or perhaps because of it, going for Pratap once again. His recriminations against Buddha, the first of the "proselytizers," the one who set the stage for all religious paths, by holding out the hope of duplication of his condition, seem to be having an effect on the usually stoic Parikh. He seems edgy, a little withdrawn. U.G. hits hard, relentlessly, his attacks finding their way to the deepest, most hidden recesses of any remaining belief system.

Then, just as we were about to go to bed last night, as a parting shot at Mahesh (and me too, no doubt), he emphasized once again that believing U.G. is just another belief system, that that too, ultimately, has to go, *he* has got to go. I felt the resistance welling up in me. No, I know he is right, and believing that is my life line in his brutal attacks on everything I or anyone has ever thought. It is exhausting listening to him demolish the sacred cows, again and again, yet it becomes a way of life, a calling of sorts. I seem to get energy from it. Therefore I see the writing on the wall:

I must ultimately leave him.

As I feel this tremendously strong, strange, intense attachment to him,
this knowledge utterly terrifies me.



The table and you, that is the duality. What separates you from that is the word table.
The I is the word table.



The last day in Bombay was hectic. Pushkar and a friend came up in the morning to see U.G. and leave him his chart. Then Mahesh arrived and we were suddenly mobilized into the car and off to downtown Bombay and the travel agent to get our tickets, an hour in traffic, an hour in the travel office. Then to the set of the movie Mahesh is shooting, U.G. greeted Vinod Khanna, the movie star who used to be with Rajneesh, along with Mahesh and Goldie and the rest of the Bombay movie industry.



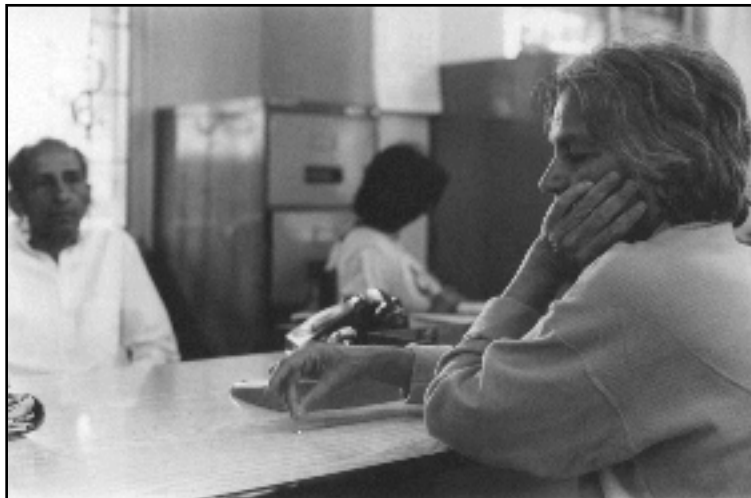
It hurts me to ask these beautiful air hostesses for help.
My worldly possessions have never exceeded five kilos.



Then the four of us went to lunch in the Oberoi Hotel, in central Bombay. While I was videotaping and arranging the microphone, I knocked over a rose vase in front of U.G., spilling water all over the table. He immediately mopped it up, and as the camera rolled on, he said this was appropriate behavior, not criticizing or commenting on someone's awkwardness, just doing what is necessary, quietly and quickly.

Then, clumsy again, I dropped money under the table in the restaurant and Mahesh pointed it out to me. I accept that whatever tendencies of mine need to come out, will. If I am not going to be efficient for a while, so be it. U.G. notices everything, but usually says nothing. Perhaps he will not entrust his tickets to me to carry anymore.

I am struck by his incredible attention to detail. Just as we were leaving, he remembered that Goldie still had the tape from Carmel, and was insistent on stopping at his house to retrieve it on the way to the airport. Time was short and traffic intense. But, as it turned out, Sushma had dropped it off at Parikh's. As usual, we did everything we wanted to do, got everything out of the way, with no time to spare but no sense of pressure either.



Sunya and existence, they go together.



We got to the airport at 3:30 to find the flight delayed. No good-byes to Lalu-bhai and Mahesh, we'll see them in Bangalore in a few days. We went into the terminal to check in, and when we came back outside, they had left thinking our plane was leaving.

We waited at the airport for two hours. I got into a conversation with a man from Atlanta who had just left Gurumai's ashram. I could feel his doubts and how he was nonetheless clinging to his beliefs because he felt his life had "improved" since getting into spiritual life. At the same time he expressed questions about the financial aspects of the ashram, how he felt ripped off. He didn't seem to think the guru has to take responsibility for all that goes on in his or her name. I found myself expressing U.G.'s point of view vehemently and with certainty, something Mahesh said happened to him the other day, that it was as if U.G. was speaking "through" him, that it was U.G.'s voice, not his own that was expressing itself in response to a given situation. I felt, somehow, at the end of this conversation that something had shifted for this man, that it wouldn't be the same for him.

All this while U.G. was wandering about the airport while I sat with the bags.
Sometimes he's like a wild animal, pacing and prowling, illusive.

"This" is destroying the very attempt on your part to establish
relationship on any level - with *anything*.



There's nothing there to be transformed.

