



New Delhi
December 14, 1989

The flight was strange, U.G. withdrawn into himself. We hardly spoke at all, like two strangers. Yet when we arrived in Delhi, he came immediately to life. We were met by Frank Naronha, an old friend of U.G.'s, an ardent devotee. His love for U.G. is as open and visible as the sky.

We drove through Delhi in the murky night, the coolness a relief after the heat of Bombay. Frank lives with his wife, Gita, and two children, Sneha, age four and Sowmya, one and a half. They were waiting for us at the top of the stairs along with Jayakumar, a young doctor in the Air Force, a relative of theirs, who had come to Delhi to meet U.G.

The hospitality was immediate and complete. U.G. picked one room and I took the other, everything having been thought of for our comfort. The rest of the family, including the doctor, had moved into the third bedroom. To them, particularly Frank, having U.G. come to stay is the greatest gift heaven could bestow and, according to Gita, the preparations have been going on for weeks. Frank works for the Prime Minister's department of information but has taken 10 days' leave during U.G.'s visit, even though this is a busy time with the new Prime Minister settling in.

Charity is vicious - You take everything from everyone, then give charity.



Gita is a lovely, gentle woman. It's the first time I've seen U.G. supportive of a marriage, perhaps because there is no conflict in it. I don't know yet. He asks Gita if Frank is behaving, not drinking too much. Frank is from Bangalore, as is Gita, and U.G. has known him for over ten years. It was U.G. who urged Frank to finish his education and use his talents and get into the government, and to stop wasting his time selling tea in Bangalore and pursuing enlightenment, through reading Rajneesh and J. Krishnamurti.

And then there's the saga of the bad back which has plagued Frank for years. On U.G.'s last visit to Delhi, Gita had dreamt of a car accident the morning of U.G.'s arrival. An old man with one suitcase and a tall man were in the back seat, a third in the front. The tall man had a bleeding finger, nothing else was hurt. When U.G. and Frank arrived at the house three hours late coming home from the airport, she knew immediately they had been in an accident, and they had, and Frank's finger had been cut. The extraordinary thing was that after the impact of the accident, in which no one was hurt, only the taxi crushed, Frank's back, which had been incapacitatingly painful, was suddenly better.

It still bothers him, from time to time, and I noticed yesterday at the bazaar that when Frank mentioned it, U.G. just ran his hand over his back. Frank referred to this gesture later to me and I said I had seen him do it. Frank said he had immediately felt relieved of the pain.

U.G. insists he has no healing powers.

Frank and I talk endlessly about U.G.'s power over us and we call it the Pluto effect. Mahesh, Frank and I all share heavy Pluto transits, Mahesh over his Midheaven, me over my Ascendant and Frank over his I.C. Pluto can only be the Powerful Destroyer, and who else but U.G. fills that role?



You will never ask for the end of you as you know yourself, as you experience yourself.

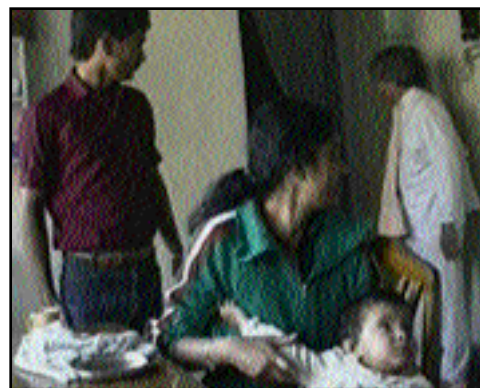
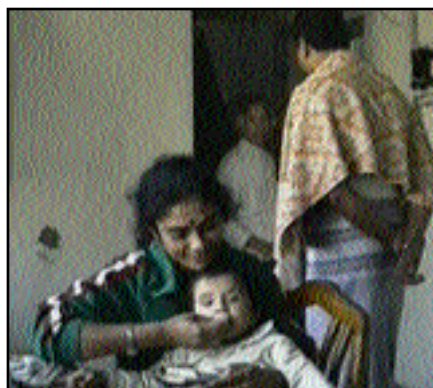


We have a car at our disposal, provided by Mahesh and U.G. wants it put to use, not wasted.

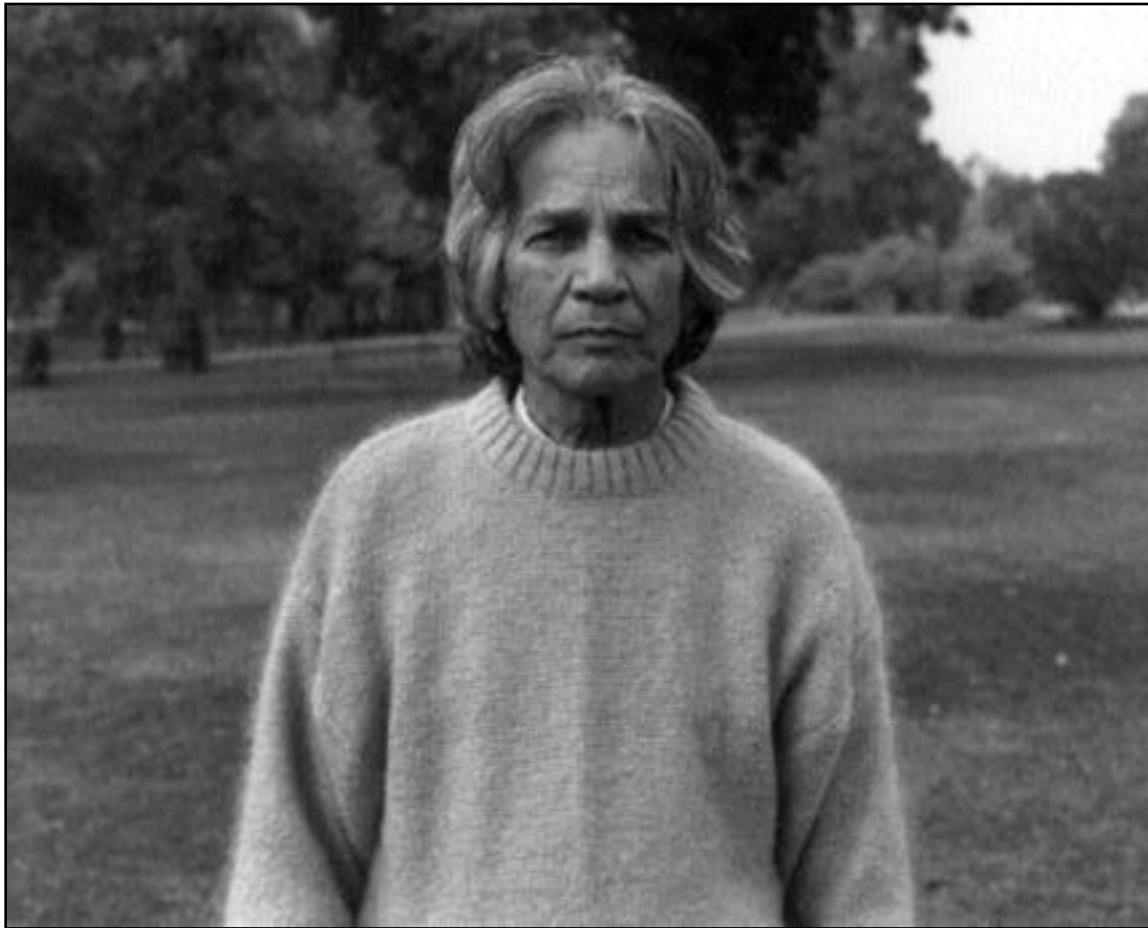
In the morning we took the car and went "mallng" in Delhi and did a little sightseeing from the car. Then to pick up Gita, and to the convent school to retrieve Sneha. Later on, Gita and I and the doctor went out, at U.G.'s urging, putting the car to use again to see some sights. We went to see Gandhi's ashes and the Red Fort. U.G. seems insistent that I get to Agra, and I suppose I will, though any sightseeing away from him seems colorless and not compelling at all.



Nature has its own way.



I'm not involved, *you* are involved.

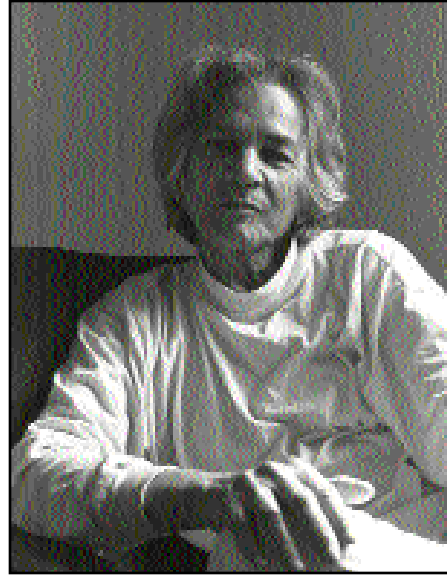


On Saturday a large group of journalists came to see U.G., at Frank's behest. Part of U.G.'s interest in going public is to make it "crystal clear" that what he has discovered by himself and for himself is that this natural condition, this natural state, is not religious and has no mystical content. As long as he sits around talking to religious seekers, he is falling into the very trap he wants to avoid, while talking to non-religious people, to people at large, is a way to convey this radical message.,

Sometimes there are demonstrations of U.G.'s uncompromising nature. A young woman reporter from Andrah Pradesh, came to talk to U.G., among many others, and it was evident from the moment she arrived that she was proud and rather arrogant, and had an attitude of superiority. There was an armor around her and she immediately took issue with U.G., *arguing* with him, rather than opening herself to listen to what he had to say. She became emotional and defensive and angry, saying she had been invited here, which she wasn't, anymore than any journalist. "Well the invitation is *withdrawn*," boomed U.G., "and you can just leave!"

She was shaken up, wept profusely in the courtyard with Frank, and vowed to "ruin" U.G. It seemed as if she had come to argue, to show off. Other reporters were there at the time, and went on to conduct good interviews.

Are *you* the channel for that life energy, that life that has created this whole universe? Do you mean to say it cannot heal itself, that it needs *your* help? Nobody's help! It is transforming itself, shifting, reshuffling atoms, it's all one unit. It doesn't give a damn!



I love the cows wandering everywhere and the birds flying in and out of the living room windows.
Even in winter there is something bucolic and serene about this place,
this, the capital of India.

I haven't noted down much of the political comments in the air regarding the replacement of Rajiv Gandhi by V.P. Singh, all of which has been taking place since our arrival in India. U.G. apparently predicted two years ago that Gandhi, "Mr. Clean," would become "Mr. Filthy" within a year or two, and that is what happened. He said it was inevitable. "The actors are different, the play is the same; the players are different, the game is the same." The culture is corrupt and anyone who comes to power has to be corrupt, or become corrupt..
We are corrupt, as part of that culture.

And now, Mr. Singh is being asked to move out of his simple house and into Rajiv Gandhi's mansion and that, according to U.G., is the end. Once he capitulates to security, he is finished. A politician must be willing to sacrifice his life at any time, it is the nature of the job. That Singh went up to Kashmir without bodyguards was a good move, but moving into the mansion cancels it out. Not that he really has any choice. As for Rajiv Gandhi, U.G.'s advice would be "retire, gracefully."



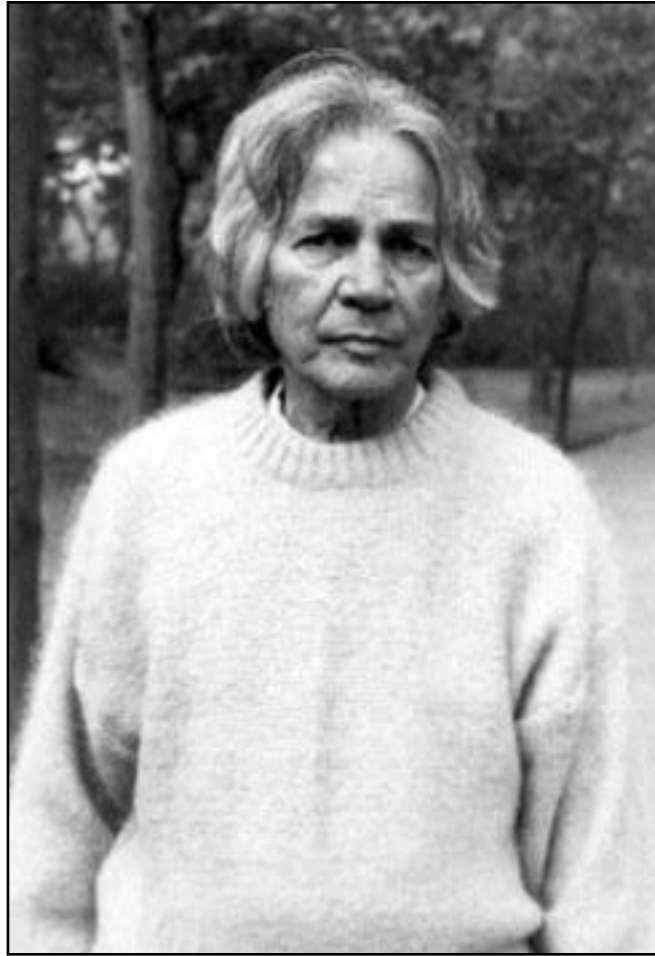
The human species is expendable. Nothing is lost.



U.G. says the cows are choicelessly aware, inspired by a walk he took the other night with Frank. They chanced upon one of the more benign of creatures chewing its cud, and U.G. said, "That's choiceless awareness. The only difference between that cow and me is she has four stomachs and I only have two." Two? Yes, apparently at Calamity something happened to his stomach, so the food passes through without any digestion and goes right to his intestines. It is said, U.G. says, that the feces of a saint don't smell, and he says this is the case with him, strawberries remain strawberries, and so forth. I don't really understand physiologically what he is talking about and will have to ask him more at a later date.

There is nothing that one cannot ask, at any time. U.G. is an open book, with no secrets. That is why he sometimes seems childish and erratic. Anything there just comes out.

You're creating pictures out of TV dots. That is perception.



December 19

U.G. is sick, with secondary flu. He looks bedraggled and ravaged, unbathed and unshaven. He doesn't want to eat and it occurs to me that he is like a dog when he is sick, takes to his lair and wants nothing more than to be alone and heal himself. It frustrates my maternal instincts, as I want to do something for him, help him to feel better, but I have been convinced that he knows exactly what he is doing.

I hope he gets well soon.

December 20

U.G. is better and now I am flirting with the flu. I seem to get whatever he gets. Frank has been giving me homeopathic medicines, but since I am still drinking coffee, it's not really working. Gita and I went to the market yesterday afternoon and I bought a wool dress, lightweight, but it gives some warmth. Amazing to think how hot I was in Bombay, less than two hours away by plane.

Here it is damp and a cold chill settles in around 4 p.m.

Nobody is indispensable in this world.

The people who come to see U.G. here, aside from the parade of journalists who come and go trying to "get" what he's saying, are for the most part serious and knowledgeable about U.G.'s teaching. Last night, Sharma, an old man known to have said in response to U.G.'s comments about not wanting to see

Krishnamurti "widows," "Sir, widows can always remarry!" came to see U.G., bowed down to him trying to touch his feet, and then sat on the floor as there were no more seats. U.G. quickly moved his feet away from him and then immediately sat down on the floor right next to him.

It was a lively dialogue, Sharma having known U.G. for years.

Here in India, more often than not, people often try to touch U.G.'s feet and he instantly protests and extricates himself, expressing dismay, "What? You're touching these filthy feet with those clean hands?" Or he will manage to turn things around and touch the visitor's feet instead. He is merely expressing his determination that his condition not be seen as sacred or religious. Though people say things like "Hindu habits die hard," and he is nonetheless considered a holy man, a man in the highest state, by nearly everyone (his denials to the contrary), he continues to gently repudiate these gestures.

It is nearly impossible to let go of this conditioning about holy and unholy.

At breakfast, Frank banged a stick on the table asking, "WHAT are you, U.G.?"

And U.G. responded, "That noise. And before that, the stick."



It's not in your interest to lose that identity.

Yesterday morning U.G. came out of his room and out of the blue said he thought I should stay on in Delhi for a couple of days in order to go sightseeing after he leaves. We were scheduled to go to Bangalore together the day before Christmas. Enormous resistance rose up in me. The last thing I want to do is be in Delhi without U.G. My feelings must have been evident, and of course it's quite obvious I don't care about sightseeing, particularly going to the Taj Mahal (it has become a kind of symbol to me now). Frank had made arrangements for me to go today with some friends from Karol Bagh, and then at the last minute U.G. said I shouldn't go because I had to be here for his interview this afternoon with Khushwant Singh, a well-known writer/journalist.

Frank loves U.G. and is devotional in his own way. And U.G. is sweet (if I can use that word) with Frank. The other night Frank blurted out, "Sir, I am in love with you." And then he added, "And I'm not a homo." U.G. said, "Don't cheapen *that* like that." The way he said it made me realize without a doubt that he acknowledges the nature of the master/disciple love relationship, respects and allows it in some way, while at the same time seemingly discounting its outward manifestation. Frank bows to U.G.'s closed door, to his empty plate at the table, to the back of his head when passing behind him.
His gestures are sincere and heartfelt.



You're the expression of that life energy, the pig is as much an expression, the cat, the dog.



U.G. has many visitors, from all over. For instance, the night before last Chandrashekharan, a friend of Frank's, an admirer of U.G.'s, who plays the mridangam (drums), and a young man, Sunder Rasan, a violinist, played South Indian Karnatic music for over an hour.

Tonight Chandrashekharan returned with his wife and two sons, one of whom sang for U.G. The other was retarded and just sat and watched, never taking his eyes off U.G. When they were leaving and as he was struggling to get up out of his chair, U.G. went over and helped lift him, to give him support. I didn't think much of it until later, when we were all having dinner. U.G. casually mentioned that he had "given him, the boy, a jab," touched the back of his neck lightly with his hand, and that he (U.G.) had recieved a tremendous shock to his finger, a shock that registered as a burn. His finger had turned red. What mysteries! U.G. said the line between the condition U.G. is in and that of the boy is a very tenuous one.

Frank and I were fascinated, of course, and wanted to know more of his powers which in a way U.G. alludes to yet denies at the same time. You make what you can of it and let the rest ride. Though U.G. disclaims having powers now, he admits he had them before Calamity, but because he recognized them as mere experiences and gave them no importance, they went away. Yet one has the impression he keeps these things to himself, doesn't want to talk about them because, perhaps, we would get caught up in them, fascinated by them, and use them as goals. He tries to convey his very ordinariness ("Extraordinary ordinariness," said Frank, and U.G. said, "Thank you.") in an effort to de-mystify his condition. Still, and then still.

You have to "go" for acting, or any action, to happen, for the talent, if there is any, to surface.



When the baby, Sowmya, fell down and hit her head on the door, U.G. recoiled and said he felt the impact in his own head. Bruises on others sometimes register as bruises on his own body.



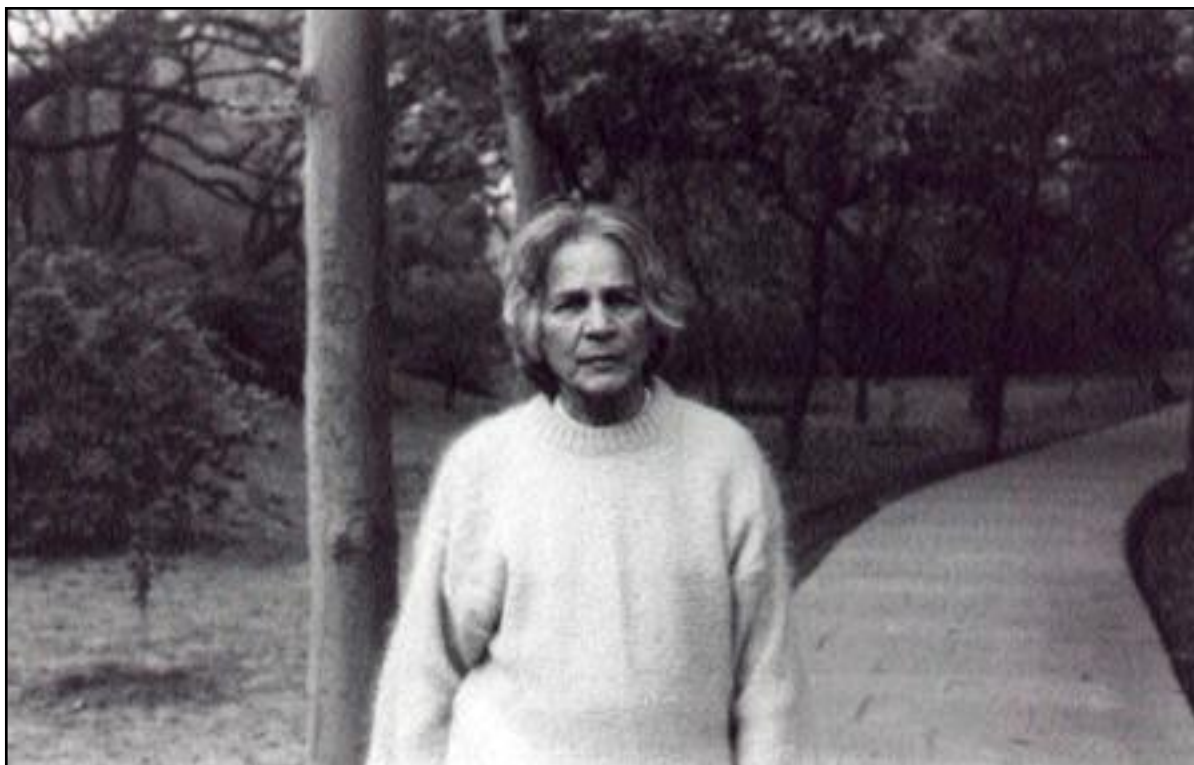
I don't want to see seekers. If they come, it's alright.



Gita asked U.G. if he had any laundry. He was aware that her help situation is terrible, and asked if she, Gita, was going to be doing it herself, and if so, no, he would wait until Bangalore. Later when we returned, he came out of his room saying, "That's not fair, I had hidden my laundry and you found it." She had, in fact, found it under his pillow and had washed his clothes. We went up to the roof and there were his things hanging on the line. U.G. remonstrated with Gita, as he moved the clothes on their hangers together. He said if they had been dry, he would have taken them downstairs himself.

Hard to convey this scene, U.G. floating about amidst the drying clothes.

If it strikes, I'm out.
It's painful, the flushing out process.



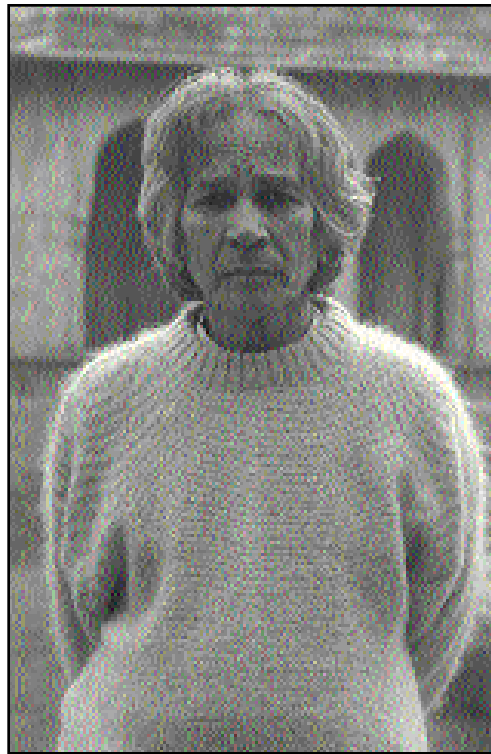
Yesterday we went to the Lodi Gardens twice with U.G., the first time so I could take photographs. U.G. was unenthusiastic and when Frank said J. Krishnamurti had loved to walk there, U.G. said "I forgot - that's the reason I didn't want to come here!"
Frank said U.G. would "drive out the old man's ghosts."

I took some stills and videos, and commented how grave both U.G. and Frank looked. U.G. shot back, "That's because we're in front of graves." Which we were at that moment, Lodi Gardens being spotted with tombs.

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U.G. said we all eat out of desire, not out of hunger. Hunger pains are a fall in the glucose level, but they can be satisfied with very little. He eats practically nothing, and advocates a meager diet for health. He says it is right for him, but he is not telling others what to do. I tend to take what he says as true, and feel less inclined to gorge myself, to have two or three helpings.
But Gita's cooking is tempting.

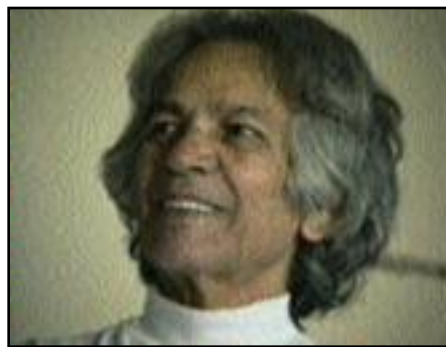
My attempt is to destroy your mind. Nature will do the rest.



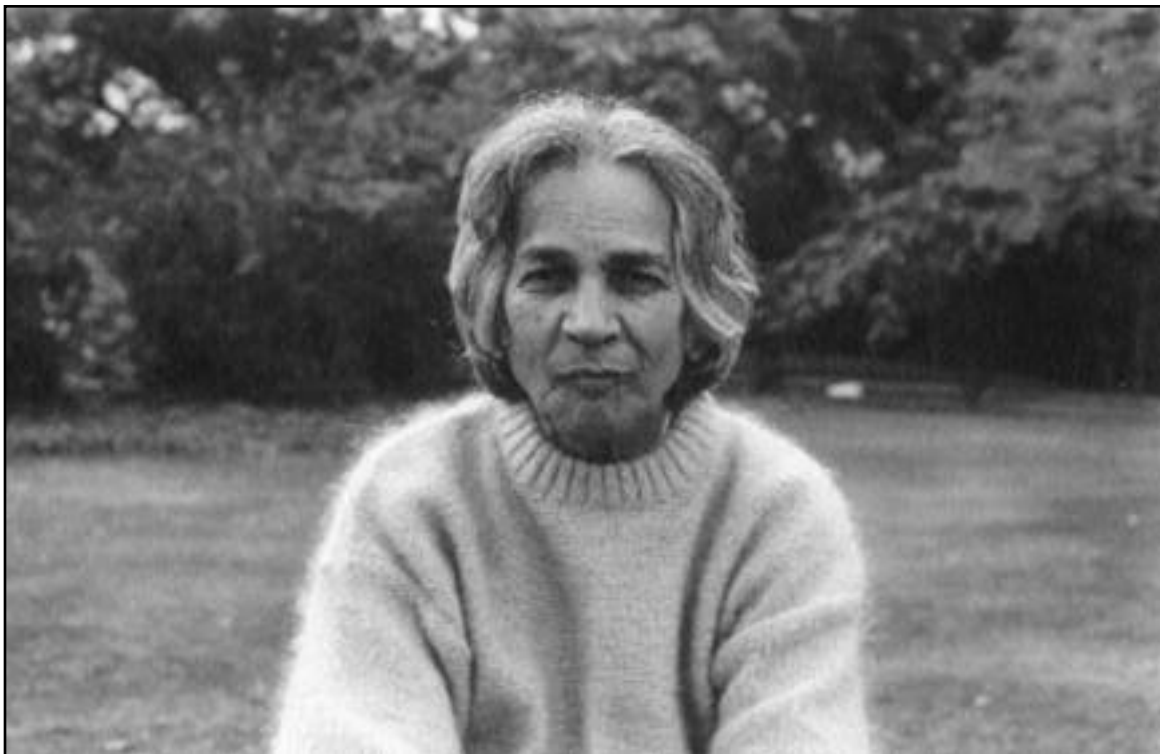
Mahesh called this morning and said once again that U.G. is a walking destruction, disaster. U.G. calmly says that only from destruction and disaster can new life come, that this is nature's way.

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We were sitting around the dining table late last night, when the young man who lives upstairs joined us. He started to move around U.G. to the empty place, and U.G. just got up and moved himself, saying, "This is only what is practical, what makes things simple." He constantly demonstrates this supremely practical nature, the nature that cannot err, cannot misfire. His great gift is allowing us to be around him and observe him in action, to listen to that computer rambling, and watch the animal mechanism at its graceful work.



Neither denial nor indulgence in sex has anything to do with enlightenment.



Jayakumar is really being worked over by U.G. It is clear the conflict he has been in, drawn to this man, yet feeling the pull to be back at his base with his needy patients. U.G. tells him each time he thinks of leaving, "What? You're jumping ship? Abandonnato!" And then assuring Jayakumar that he won't be able to leave. And he doesn't. He misses train after train, helicopter after helicopter. U.G. takes his hand from time to time to "give him energy and courage," and I can see Jayakumar falling, falling for this enigma. He keeps asking U.G., "Who are you? What are you?"

We drove out to the suburbs this afternoon, "putting the car to use," to deliver a cake to an ex-boss of Frank's. U.G., Jayakumar and I sat in the car while Frank and Gita went into the house. Jayakumar took U.G.'s pulse, said it was very low, sixty-eight, and U.G. said he felt the touching of his pulse in his heart, that it was affecting his breathing. His system is so delicate, everything registers. I am still aware of how sensitive he is in the car to any physical contact from me. It is nothing personal, he is a finely honed mechanism and cannot take any buffeting. My energy may be mixed, or polluted. I know my thoughts are. If I think of him reading my mind, I'm horrified. It's like what he says about meditation. When you try to still your mind, the most ugly, gross thoughts come flooding in.



I have no "use" for women. Whether I hold the hand of a woman or a chair, it's the same thing.

U.G. says the peace that comes from meditation is "war-weariness," exhaustion from trying to quell evil thoughts. I'm trying to just let them be because they will "be" anyway, no matter what I do. "Out of the Void," says U.G., "comes violence."

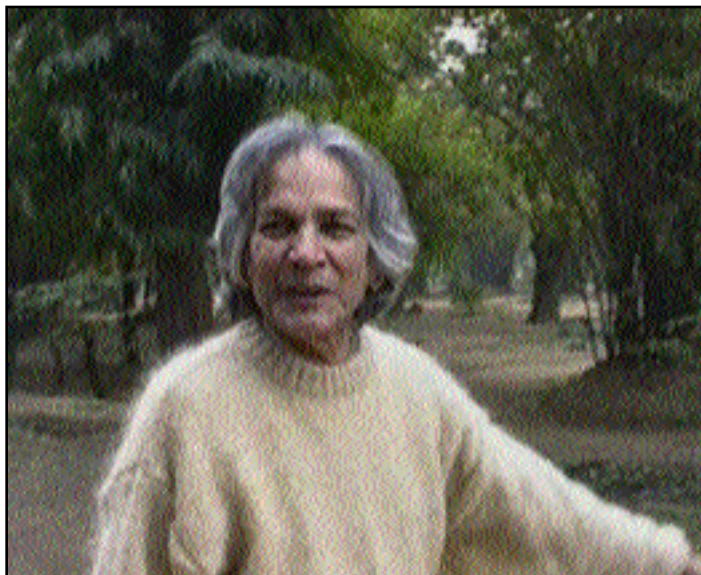
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While we waited in the car for Frank, we watched laborer after laborer carrying dirt on their heads out of the complex and adding it to another large pile just outside the entrance. U.G. commented on what a "dump" this place was and was concerned for Frank, that the end result of a successful bureaucratic career should be to live in a place like this. Frank said his ex-boss had been uncompromising in his refusal to succumb to corruption, that is he now dying.

On the way home I read aloud a sign on a wall, a Christian message: "I am the way..."
U.G. said "And because of this, mankind lost its way."

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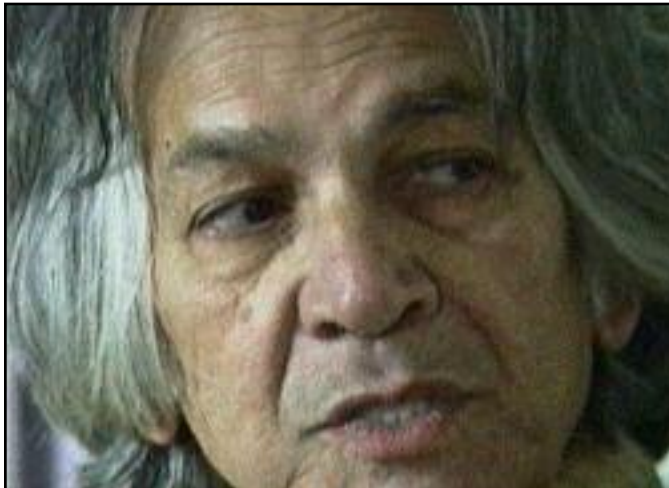
Last night U.G., Jayakumar, Frank and I and another man from the Indian television went to a hotel restaurant nearby for idlis. Just now Frank told me that on the way back to the car, U.G. whispered to him, in response to Frank's complaints about his back, that it would be healed the day after U.G. leaves Delhi. He said Mahesh told him it would become worse and worse until he learned to live with it. Which is it, or is it both?



Sometimes the memory of sex comes up but it cannot take root.



I say God is irrelevant and the easy way out for you
is to put the label on me and call me an atheist, an agnostic.





U.G. told me this morning I'm not listening to him while I'm recording. I agreed, but in some way I can't listen. It seems like I am, like I'm "getting it," but I don't think it's possible. He said this video footage is actually defeating the purpose, a blank documentary would say a lot more.

~ ~

He explained that as to all this talk of consciousness, explanations of the state to the contrary, the wagging of a tail of a dog expresses the life energy more eloquently than any of this talk. All the practices of awareness are useless. The falling of a leaf can "do it," "trigger it," whatever "it" is.

~ ~

I asked U.G. what he was going to do while we are away at Agra.
"Go into *Samadhi*," he said, "or make good use of the car. And paint the town red."

You have created a market for ivory here, then you blame them for killing the elephants.

December 27

The Agra trip was a nightmare. We left here at 6 a.m. and waited for two hours for the bus in the cold. I never warmed up afterwards and the trip took five hours with Hindi music and videos blasting. The Agra Fort and Taj Mahal were jammed with people and I only felt this kind of revulsion at the ostentation of the latter, when there are so many starving people. All a monument to a dead wife and rumor has it that the Sultan had the architect's wife murdered so he would know what it felt like to be a widower and accordingly design the building with more inspiration.

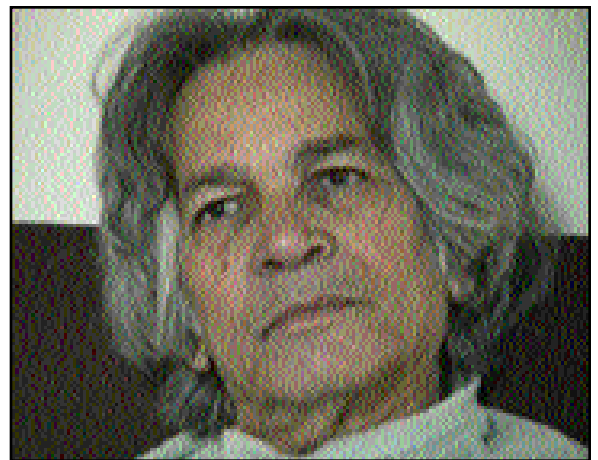
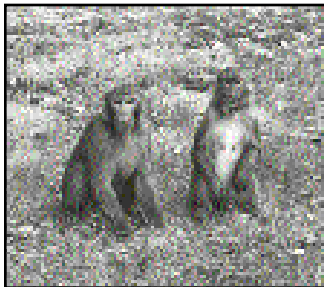
On the way home I got violently sick, sick as a dog, throwing up and with diarrhea. Amazingly, each time I had to get sick we pulled into a town just in time. That there was a Punjab family sitting behind me on the bus that gave me some water, and that I had bought a bunch of napkins for tissues as if in anticipation, and that Jayakumar was with me, a doctor, not that it helped much, all seemed somewhat reassuring. Jayakumar managed to find me a pill from a pharmacist in some small town that must have kept me from throwing up more than I did.

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I found myself thinking of U.G. the whole time I was gone, focusing on him, missing him, and when the bug struck, I asked him what to do, how to survive the long bus trip home, freezing cold and sick to my stomach. And as if he heard me, I mercifully fell into a deep sleep. When we arrived in Delhi and Frank's apartment, well after midnight, U.G. met us at the door. He said, "You went to the Taj to get it out of your system, and instead got something *into* your system."

~ ~

Sick all night and have a fever this morning.
U.G. says I just have to go through the Indian flu.



We have always used God as an instrument of destruction.



U.G. just came into my room to read me a letter from a Spanish man who came to see him here in Delhi just last week who was in India studying Aryurvedic medicine. In the letter he says he realized in those few hours that what he needs to do is end his spiritual search, go home to Spain, get a job and just live. That's the message, and when it hits, it hits with a vengeance.

~ ~

I feel very safe with U.G. Happy in my bed here, drinking lime tea, and blissful not to be on a bus on the way to some tourist site.



December 28

While we were driving back to Frank's house, I suddenly *saw* U.G. have a thought, which was to give Jayakumar one of his sweaters. I felt the impact of the thought from the back seat of the car. He turned around, looked at Jayakumar as if to check out his size, looked down at himself. When we got back to the house he went right into his room and brought out the beige cashmere sweater Parveen Babi had bought for him a few years ago. He always gets rid of one thing when he gets a new one, and he had bought a beige sweater at the beginning of the Delhi stay.

Jayakumar was overcome by the gift. The idea of wearing a sweater worn by U.G.! *This* guru gives to his devotees, rather than the other way around.

I am myself the cause.



In the car, U.G. constantly reads signs. Whatever his eye rests on, he recounts. Frank and I are both finding that we're starting to do the same thing. And in fact U.G. read the one sign out of hundreds that my eye was actually resting on at the same moment and it seemed very weird. Uncanny.

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When there are many of us in the car, U.G. has taken to asking me to sit up front between him and the driver. I'm happy to be there, of course, and have been in many taxis, planes and cars next to him. But the odd thing is (and others have commented on the same phenomenon), he appears to be recoiling from physical contact with me. He leans into the door, with his legs pulling away from mine. I have sensed this and one day I was sitting closer to the driver and at the same time trying to keep my legs out of his way as he shifted gears. U.G. patted the seat next to him and said, "I won't bite, I won't hurt you!" Boldly I said, "Oh I'm not afraid of you!" But of course I don't mean that, I am afraid in some way, but certainly not of touching shoulders. These double messages are odd. Perhaps I have physical self-consciousness and he is reflecting that back to me. He is very natural with children, does not recoil at all.

~ ~

I always feel he touches people when and if it is appropriate, that there is no waste motion or gesture.



To call me a godman is to insult me and to insult God.



One of the most significant comments that U.G. has made during this stay was that at any moment you must be ready to throw out the tub, the bathwater *and* the baby. That is what characterizes his teaching. We are all vehicles for him, fully expendable, nothing special about any of us.

As for my hosts, I feel sorry to be leaving, I have so enjoyed being here. The bond of U.G.- attachment is as strong as blood ties and I feel no separation or awkwardness with them. Even crying children don't bother me. U.G. says incessantly to both of them "walle odde kodu," which means "give a nice beating to Daddy!" The children of course wouldn't dream of it, but it creates a kind of ambivalence, turns things around. He says, "Mothers are monsters, with not one single exception, and fathers are to hit and don't count." Then he adds, "But children are no angels!"

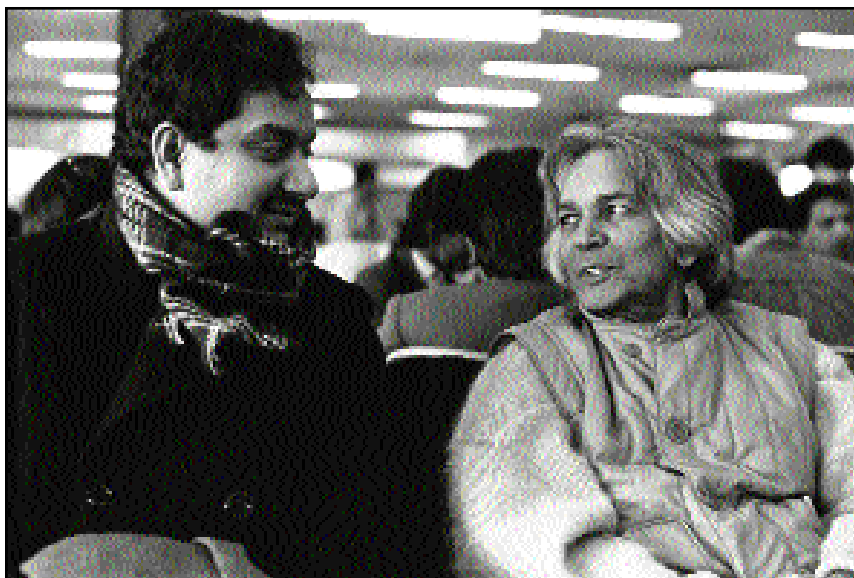
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On the radio interview today U.G. said a real guru tells his disciples to throw away their crutches, that they can stand on their own. I immediately felt he was reversing his stand on gurus, or perhaps admitting he was one, but this is my own mind trying to make something I want out of what I hear. Later he explained his answer was in response to the interviewer's question about J.K. and teachers, that false gurus tell you there is something they can give you, a practice to follow, that you cannot do it on your own. U.G. says there is no "it" to do, that you can't do anything.

Anyway, off to Bangalore!



Who's abnormal here, you or me?





That selflessness is only tomorrow - and that demand to be selfless has created another kind of selfishness, which justifies your actions.