



***Bangalore***  
*December 30, 1989*

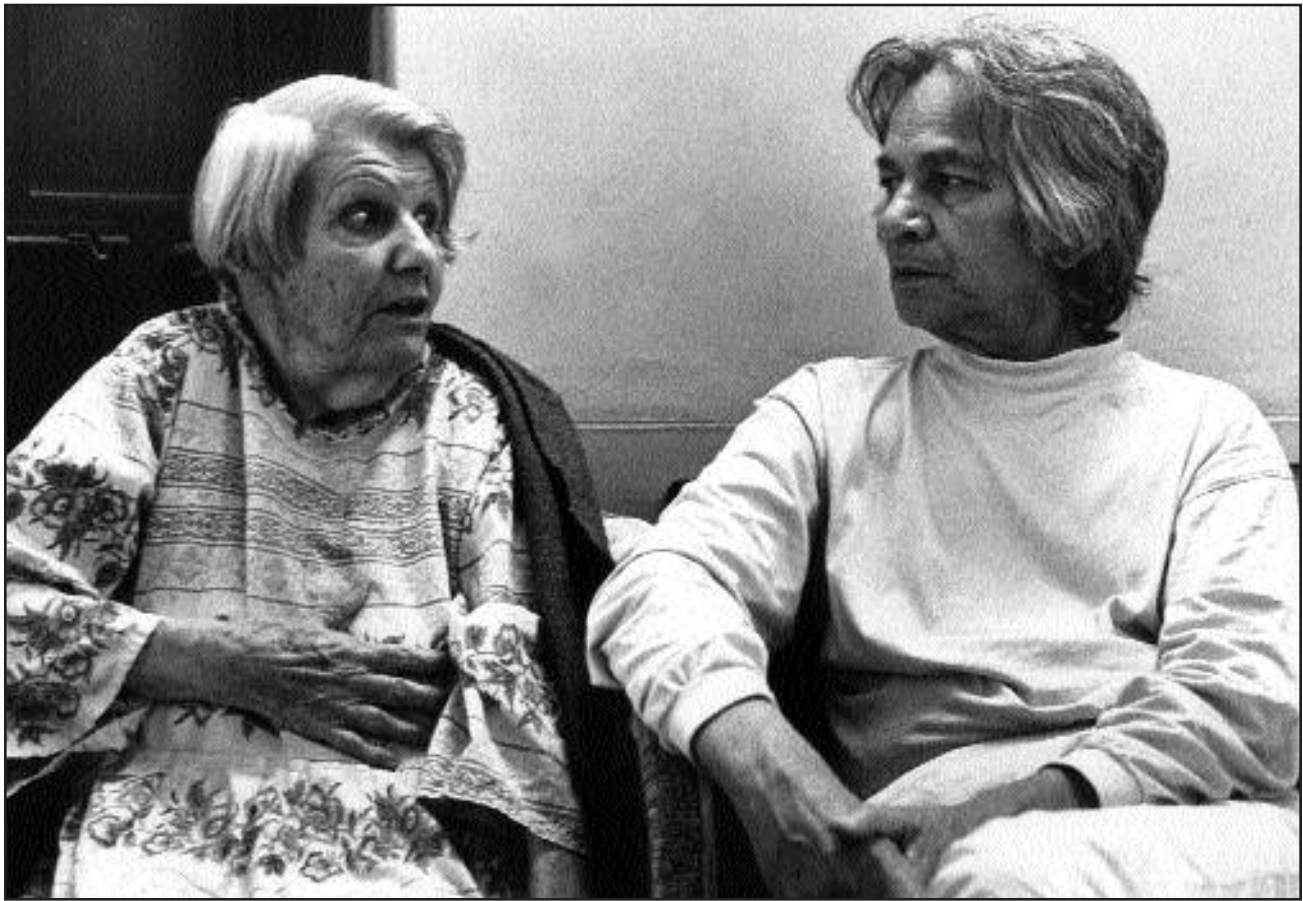
We were met at the airport by Chandrasekhar and Eddie, a friend of U.G.'s from England who spends six months out of the year here, and another Chandrasekhar, an architect. Chandrasekhar explained to me that the name Chandrasekhar is a common one here meaning the moon mark on the scalp that signals enlightenment, the mark of Krishna.

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Bangalore was much warmer than Delhi and I immediately shed longjohns and stockings in the airport ladies' room. Arriving at "Poorna Kutee," Chandrasekhar's house at 40 K.R.

Road, we were met by an array of people - Suguna (Chandrasekhar's wife), Celestine, a friendly woman from Ceylon who has known U.G. for only a little over a year, two nurses, and assorted other kurta-clad men. Too many faces to take in at once, I just sat, watched and listened. Soon I was settled in a lovely room adjacent to the upstairs living room, with its own toilet (a Western one, though still a faucet rather than toilet paper), mosquito netting, and plenty of room for all my equipment.

There is no need to create a new language.



Shortly after we arrived, Valentine woke up and we all went down to see her. U.G. talked to her in French, "Valentine! C'est qui? C'est U.G.? Ca va?" and she finally met his eyes and seemed to really recognize him, held his hand and put his hand on her heart. The interchange was touching, and tears came to my eyes. (U.G. says tears are only to keep the eyes moist, otherwise we would go blind.) Though he shows no emotion, he is adorable with her, loving in a way I have never seen before. He is devoted to her, and she to him. You have the feeling that she is fully conscious in some way, trying hard to express herself.

I felt a little self-conscious at first with Valentine, awkward speaking French to her. Her response is so sporadic, her eyes so piercing. It's as if she sees into you in some way, yet can't communicate. Having heard about her for so long, she had assumed a kind of mythic proportion for me, and she was not disappointing in the flesh. She's a remarkable looking woman, with enormous hazel eyes, a slack chin, white hair and a kind of wonderfully dumpy frame. At eighty-nine she is the picture of health.

U.G. says Valentine is fearless about death and other human concerns, no anxiety at all. The only fear she feels is a kind of animal response, a fear of moving from one place to another, hot things, etc. He says this fear is good for her, a stimulation, and appropriate for physical survival.

You are the opposite of what you say you want to be.





U.G. told Valentine he talks about her all over the world, that he tells everyone that "Valentine is the end-product of human culture."

In the evening people kept coming to see U.G. and the Delhi television interview was played back several times. We tried to listen to the radio interview at 9:30, but the reception was poor. Phone calls from Delhi and Bombay, everyone enthusiastic about the interviews. U.G. and I had dinner, idlies, upstairs. I see the difference between a "good idli" and an indifferent one. A good one is soft and has a slightly fermented taste.

U.G. seems very much at home here, can eat as he likes, do as he likes. It is, for all practical purposes his home, though he says it is Valentine's.



All sensations are shortlived. The living organism is interested in sensitivity.

*December 31*

Last day of '89. What an unexpected year for me. Who would have thought at its beginning I would end up not only away from my family and my past, but traveling in this intense way with U.G.?

With U.G.'s prodding, I told the story of my meeting U.G. to Bramachari, U.G.'s old friend, who had started out as a Brahmin businessman, renounced the world, became a "holy man" and teacher with an ashram. All was going well for him until he met U.G., when everything collapsed. But in reality U.G. saved his life; Bramachari would have been murdered by religious politics if U.G. hadn't forced him to retire, hadn't locked him in a cave during the elections. He loyally comes to see U.G. when he is in Bangalore.

I couldn't quite make out what the portents were, but it seems as if I was expected in some way because Bramachari said several times, "She has come." I don't know. The more I am here, the more I accept that I can't figure anything out. It is too mysterious. The best I can do with my mind is deal with the practical matters that arise, that's all. Otherwise, historically, it gets me into trouble, with paranoid, vicious, malicious meanderings.

U.G. said that he had predicted a year ago, February, that someone would appear who could travel with him and take photographs and videos, someone he didn't yet know. This I had never heard before from him or from anyone else for that matter. It seemed to me that my coming with him just arose naturally during the time we were in New York, then Chicago, then California. Strange.

~ ~

Yesterday morning Suguna, Celestine, U.G. and I walked to the post office and mailed letters and articles. Bangalore is a delight: relatively clean, uncrowded, with a kind of relaxed graciousness.



Knowing means consciousness.





Can't quite figure out the dynamic between U.G. and Celestine. I find her intelligent and easy to talk to, free-wheeling, though she rather pushes herself on U.G. and he repudiates her with vigor, calling her a "bitch" and telling her to "go away." She says she would like to go away, but can't, asking him to send her away. But she won't leave. She has only known him a year herself, has come to see him four or five times.

I thought at first that he just knows that certain people need to be encouraged (like Jayakumar) and others the opposite. Suguna said she (Celestine) just doesn't know how to behave, that she shouldn't be "rude" around U.G. Perhaps he just reflects her own abrasiveness back to her. This morning he told Chandrasekhar that he absolutely did not want her, or her type around him, that she should not be here. Religious seekers. That he is through with them, the shop is closed. Period.



I materialize money from other people's pockets.



U.G. seems so sensitive to where I am at, to my needs. On a mundane level, he asked me about toilet paper yesterday morning, if I needed it. I told him I had "gone Indian," that is I'm using water instead! He misses nothing, no detail goes past him. He asked me later if I was comfortable in my room and I assured him I was, completely. My room is twice the size of his, just as in New York (he prefers small rooms) and I have spread out all over it.

Throughout the day, I was shown photos and old scrapbooks, clippings, lists of Valentine's favorite "good" and "bad" expressions, words in French - *c'est affreux*, *très très jolie*, etc. The collection of photographs by Leboyer and the poem he wrote to go with them were good. U.G. wants to liquidate the archives here and says he doesn't want any organization to grow up around him, no central headquarters of any kind. Photographs should be returned to photographers, keeping only a few. Don't know what to make of it.

The first thing U.G. did this morning was to go over his budget and, as he does every year, give away the money that remains. This year it came to only three hundred rupees, and he distributed it to the household help. He does not accumulate money, just uses what he needs.

Whether you talk well or ill about me, it really doesn't matter.

Celestine was subdued all day, and in tears at the end. I think I am beginning to understand. She was apparently a "J.K. freak," and was even thrown out of his lectures. She questions what U.G. says, finding fault and still trying to "get" something from him. He won't tolerate it. When she softens, he softens, I can see that. She promised to leave at the end of the day, but I know she is planning on returning again tomorrow.

Shanta and her children came by for lunch and stayed the afternoon. She is beautiful and warm and I liked her. Brahmachari who had said he couldn't come on Sunday because he had appointments, in the end couldn't stay away and appeared, as did many others.

The video camera jammed in the morning as I was taping. Chandrasekhar and I tried every means possible to free it. I have a horrible feeling it may be serious, but I am waiting for the diagnosis. Several people looked at it and couldn't figure out what was wrong. I switched to my Nikon and took several rolls of stills as I usually don't have time for them. U.G. is magnificently beautiful.

I am glad I can take photographs or do something to try to express it.

His beauty echoes in my heart, I am falling in love.

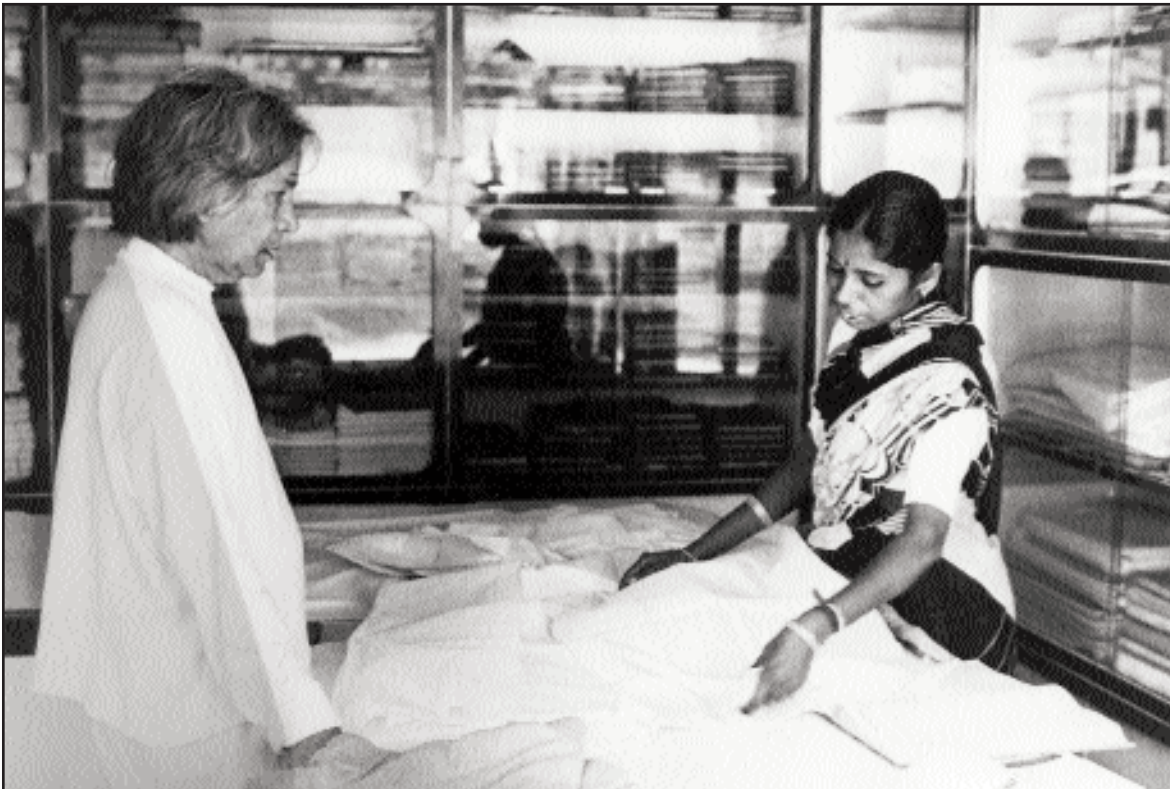


You have come to the wrong man.



Chandrasekhar asked U.G. if it is wrong to have illusions.  
U.G. responded, "You yourself are an illusion."  
And he went on to add, "and right and wrong are illusions."

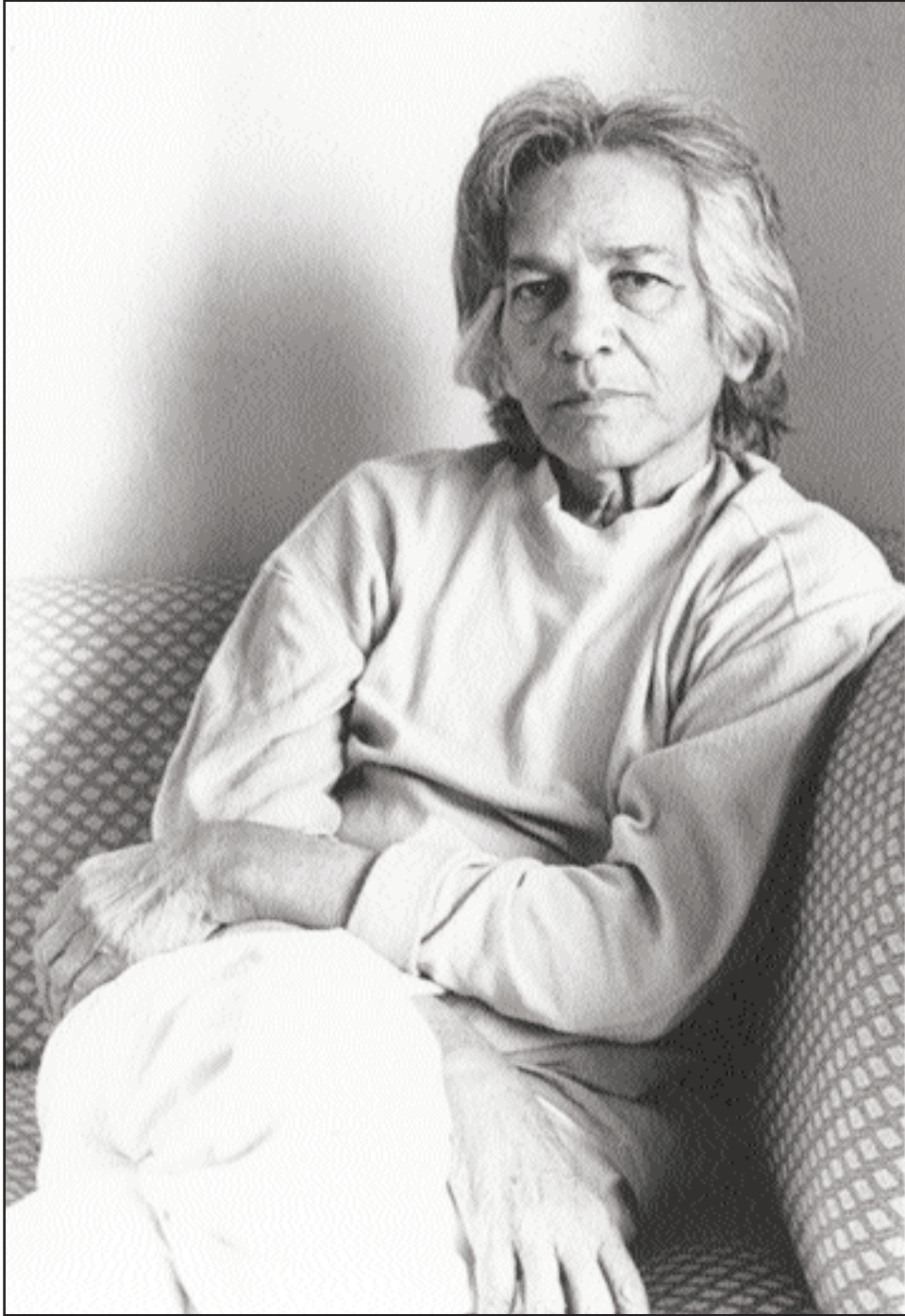
U.G. went to see the parents of a young man who had known U.G., a manic depressive, who had committed suicide a month ago. One day he had just disappeared. The parents had called in the help of a seer in Bangalore who looks into a crystal ball and doesn't speak but gives clues as to where a missing person might be. With his help, they found him, finally, in the village where he was born, but it was too late



Maresh calls every day, sometimes several times a day, trying to finish an article on U.G. over which he has been slaving. He told U.G. to tell me that my camera breaking is only the beginning of my troubles, that I don't know what I've gotten myself into, should get out while I still can. No, I said, it's too late. U.G. agreed, citing the potassium cyanide dream. He's very cheerful about the utter devastation he wreaks on people's lives. I feel cheerful too, for some reason. Pluto will be going over my Ascendant this year and it is definitely not by chance that I am with Shiva the Destroyer at this time. I feel this in the deepest marrow of my bones, though U.G. says *everything is chance*, there's no reason for anything.

It is very difficult to be ordinary.





Shoot those nutritionists, on sight, at sight.



Celestine *did* appear and U.G. tried once again to explain to her about the absurdity of her incessant questioning and remarks. Then the four of us, U.G., Suguna, Celestine and I, went out to look for a rug for U.G.'s room. He knew just what he wanted and when we didn't find it in a shop near the house, we took a taxi across town to the commercial center and found the one he wanted in a market there.

\$20 for a rose cotton rug. Celestine, under U.G.'s orders, carried it back to the taxi. As we got there, U.G. went to the right front passenger door, rather than the left, because we're in India, and said to me, "The computer made a mistake because it hasn't had a chance to reprogram." He was merely explaining how his mechanism operates. Celestine immediately wanted to know the details of how the computer could go wrong, and then launched into a series of questions about how the ideal life would manifest, no cars, a return to nature and so forth. It was such a compulsion, all those questions, and U.G. told her to shut up several times.

She didn't seem to realize he was serious, and angry. Finally he ordered the taxi to stop, and ordered her out. She refused to budge, thought he was joking, but he pushed her out of the cab. She said she had no money, and he told me to give her five rupees. Then we drove off. U.G. said in some ways she wasn't intelligent and that J. Krishnamurti had her removed by bodyguards because she was so stubborn. If J.K. could do it, why shouldn't he, he asked mischievously. (She told me this morning it was because she had tried to touch J.K.'s hand with the hope of "getting something," enlightenment, that JK had been provoked.) Celestine knows what these teachers are saying, yet she can't stop talking.



I assure you nothing terrible will happen to you if you stop seeking.



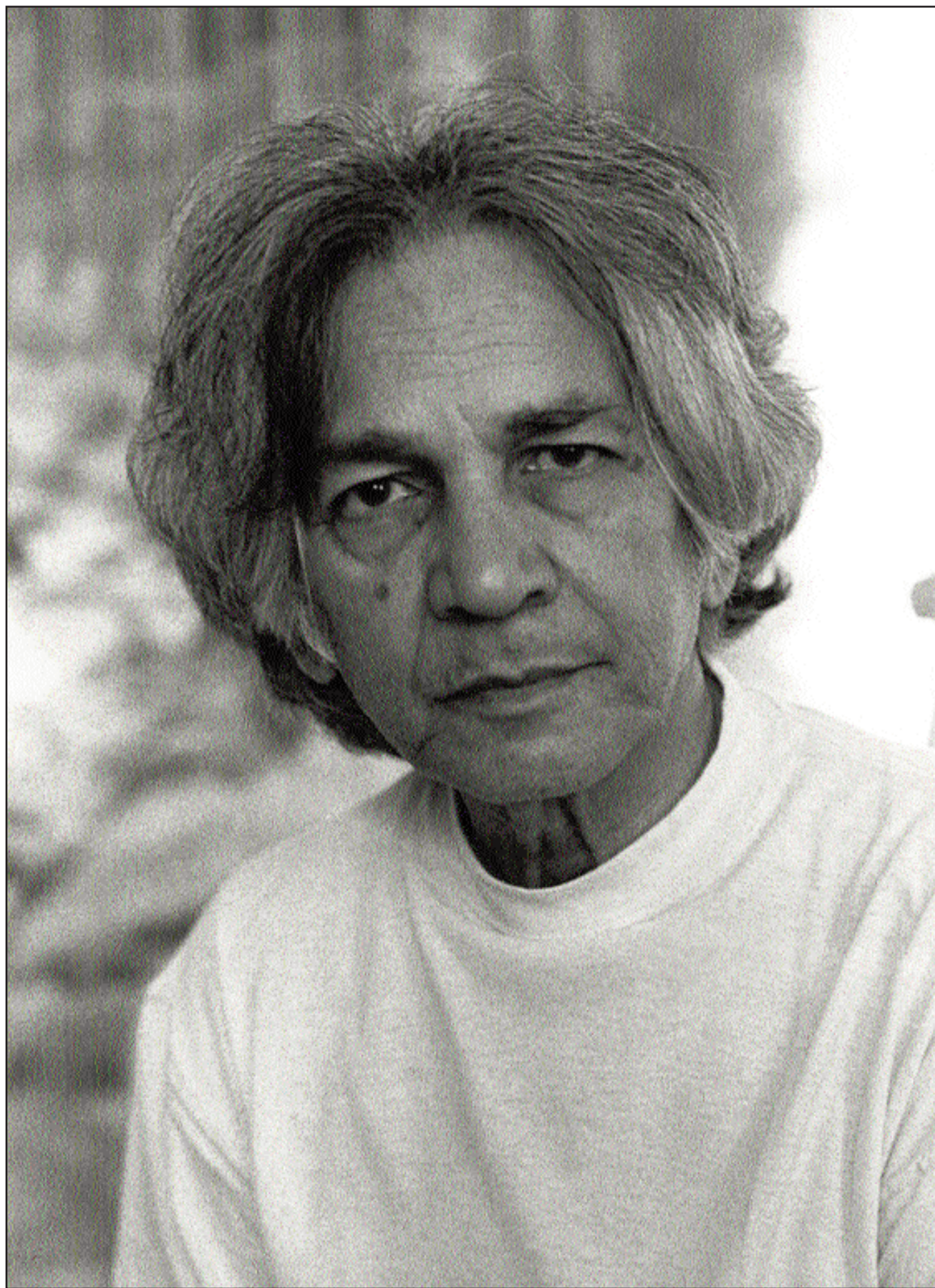
U.G. asked me to write letters to Moorthy and Robert and Paul, then asked me about an hour later if they were written. When an idea comes into his mind, he takes care of it immediately, to discharge it, send it on its way. I had not finished the letters because I was writing in my journal too, but as soon as he said that, I settled down to take care of them, despite constant interruptions of interesting people coming to see U.G. An astrologer, for example, who finally explained to me why Western and Eastern charts have different ascendants. It has to do with a correction factor, dating back 2600 years -- "to the birth of that bastard Buddha," snorted U.G.

When U.G. asks me to do something, I know it is not a *sadhana*, but there's still a slight flavor of that response in my mind. Thus I surprised myself that I didn't write the letters as soon as he asked me to. Where does all the time go? I never feel "caught up."

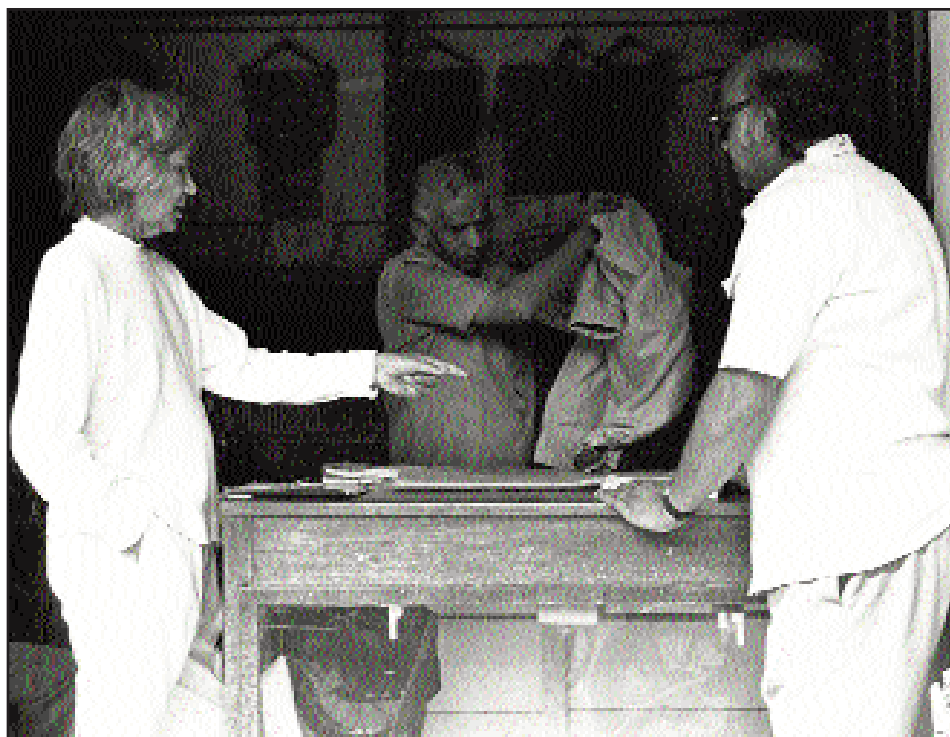


Wherever there's division there's experience.









*January 2*

Chandrasekhar woke me from a deep sleep at 5 this morning for a "business meeting," his voice superimposing itself on that of someone calling me in a dream. I got up at once and he, U.G., and Suguna were already having coffee in the sitting room outside my door. The meeting was to discuss finances for the year, and for U.G. to say again that he does not want any one person keeping his archives. Also to discuss what to do about Celestine.

I finished my letter to Bob and Paul. Celestine appeared and U.G. sent her off for copies of the Chronicle article and to the post office with the California letters, saying she should make herself useful. He seemed quite mellow, she also. But the trouble is, she can't maintain a relaxed disposition. The minute she feels safe from expulsion from the Garden of Eden, she reverts back to abrasive bantering, telling Valentine to "hit U.G.," telling her "he's no good," etc.

The dynamic between them still mystifies me, but so does most of what U.G. does. If he really didn't want her here, didn't want seekers around, he would have his way. So he must be working with her in some way. According to Suguna, her whole life is U.G. She has no other interests or resources. She taught school in Africa and amassed enough money to live modestly without working. She spends fifty rupees a day at her hotel, living here, plus transportation to Bangalore each time U.G. comes. She told me she is content when U.G. is away from India, she just lives in her hut on the beach in Pondicherry and has spiritual experiences. She says there is nothing she wants to do, nothing interests her but enlightenment.

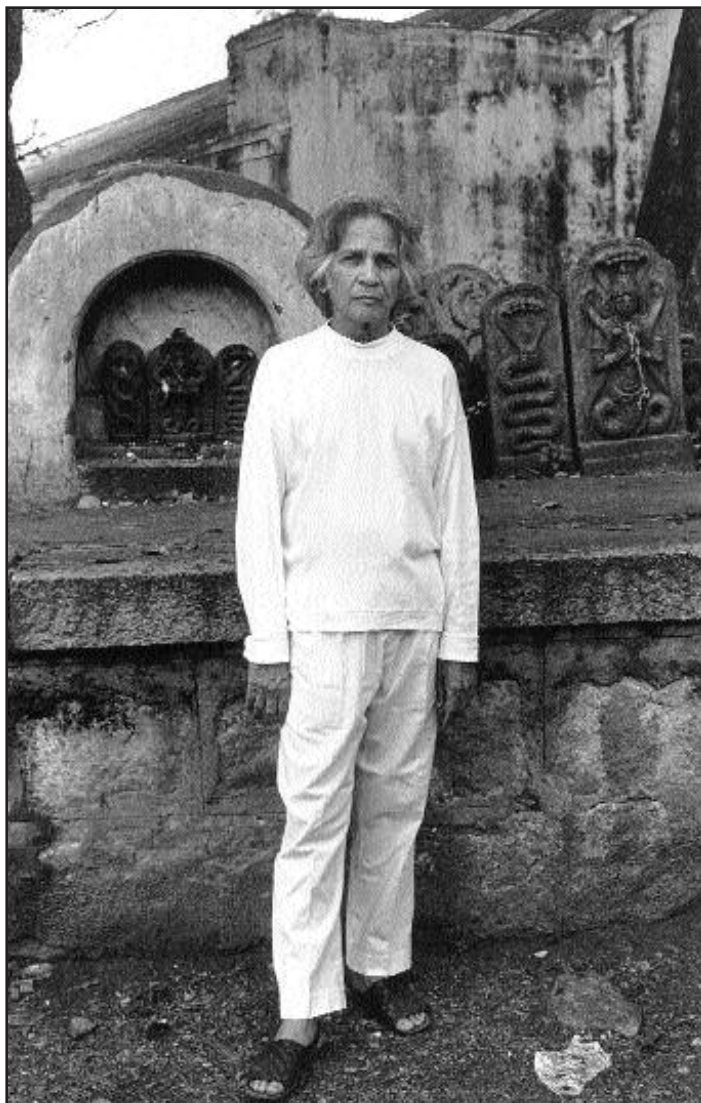
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Intense rain storm in the late afternoon.



I don't like those failures who make a virtue out of their failure.





U.G. asked me if I wanted to go for a walk, to go with him to his tailor. It was a beautiful day, cool after yesterday's heavy rainfall. We walked through parks and quiet streets to the Gandhi market where I had gone with Suguna and Celestine the other night. He bought silk at one shop and cotton at another, then to a tailor who would make a pair of pants and a shirt for \$5. The material cost \$2.50.

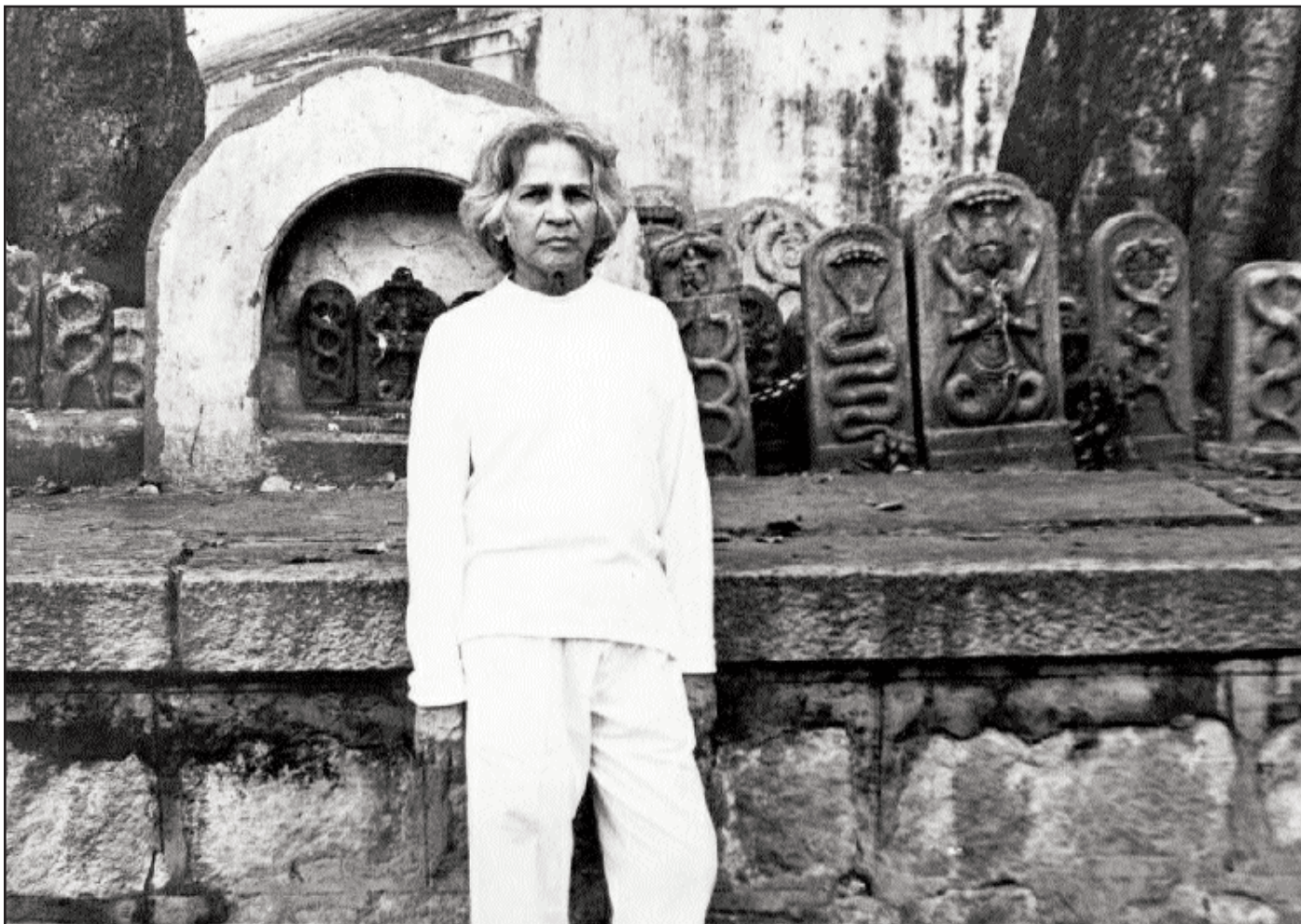
He said his tailor's prices had gone up!

On the way home we walked by the Anjaneya Temple and I took photographs of U.G. in front of some cobra carvings, and with a cow with whom he said he had a lot in common. Two women poured milk on a pile where a cobra is said to dwell, in the hope of inviting fertility.

It was peaceful walking with U.G. He keeps a good pace, with an unerring sense of direction. Crossing the road with him seems safe because he is fearless and never hesitates. Sometimes he crosses while others are still looking from left to right and gauging distances. His unique grace is appealing and walking with him you just kind of drift along as if in a dream.

Today he was wearing all white, and looked beautiful.

You see *nothing*,. You don't even see this. Seeing this would finish you.  
It's not in your interest to see.



Bangalore is peaceful and attractive, a nice place to live. On our return, Suguna invited me to watch her cook, making a tomato masala sauce for rice. The other day she said times have really changed here, with the Brahmin life. Up until recently a woman with her period could not enter the kitchen, and was kept isolated for three days. There is also the tradition that she must not come into the company of a holy man at that time either. U.G. told me that when Chandrasekhar wanted to introduce Suguna to him, he had to override this tradition, because she was leaving town and had to meet him then and there.

Suguna, Celestine and I were standing in the sun up on the rooftop terrace in the late afternoon, talking. Celestine woke U.G., saying it was time for coffee. He said he had been tired and had slept more than usual. Suddenly, he told her she had to leave and when she was unresponsive, he pushed her physically and said if she didn't go, he would push her off the roof. I was only wishing for my video camera. I have never seen him lay hands on anyone except in the most kindly fashion. There was a startling force to his activity. Celestine finally went down the stairs to the kitchen.

I don't want any excess baggage.



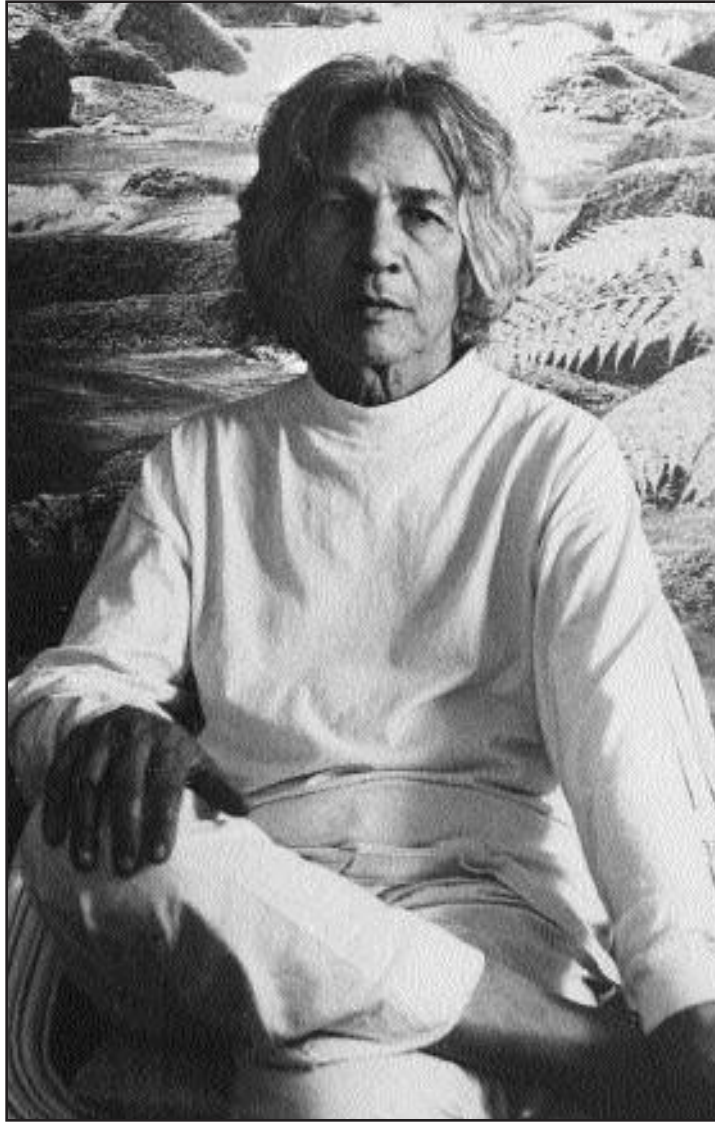


Chandrasekhar and I went to the electronics repairman who said he thought he could fix the camera, but it would take two full days. I feel accepting of anything that happens, in no rush, as if nothing is really in my hands.

On the way home Chandrasekhar told me about his first meeting with U.G. which began, as mine did, in a bookstore. Ten years ago he was in a Bangalore Vedanta bookstore and the owner introduced him to an American, David Berry, who told him about U.G. with whom he had traveled to India from California, saying U.G. was a "very great man." A day or two later Brahmachari, who had just met U.G. in Mysore himself, brought U.G. to Bangalore to have his friends (all followers of Shankara) try to break down his convictions, feeling he couldn't do it on his own. He invited Chandrasekhar to meet U.G. as well.

*Nobody* can say he's enlightened, *nobody*!!



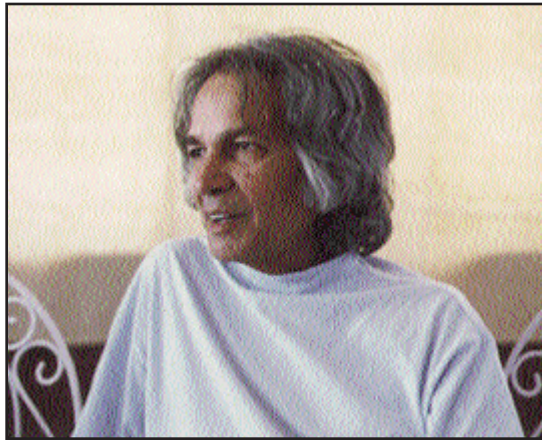


U.G., Brahmachari, Suguna, Chadrasekhar are all Brahmins, as are many of the people who come to him here in the South. They are uncompromising about their food and cleanliness. Being obsessive myself about baths, and also a vegetarian, I don't have many adjustments to make. I like spicy food, and U.G. observed at dinner that I must have been Indian in a previous life.

I'm learning so many odd things about U.G. Chandrasekhar is full of tales, and tells them well. He gave me a file of old letters as well, remnants from his past. I mentioned to U.G. today that I had read the letters, that I hoped he didn't mind. He said, "Oh no, there is nothing private about me, my life is an open book." He told me his wife had lost a suitcase full of letters and documents on a train once and only this small file remains. In it was the last letter he wrote to his wife, a painful and defiant document. He asked me if I had read it and I said yes, I had..

A friend of U.G.'s from Chettoli Estate in Karnataka arrived with two huge bags of oranges from his farm. U.G. called to me from the front door, "Julie! It's good to be in holy business!!"

We have to accept the reality of this world.



Another early morning call. Chandrasekhar had put on some music taped last year in Madras and U.G. said he couldn't tell where the sound was coming from as he woke up, inside or outside himself. We talked about enlightenment at 5:30 a.m. I thought: I just can't believe I'm sitting here in the dark of dawn in my bathrobe, watching U.G. swing on the swing, listening to him talk about the dropping of a leaf being able to cause the separate self to come to a crashing halt.

No it's just not possible.

At 6:30 Chandrasekhar had to go to work, and U.G. returned to his room, I to mine. Around 7:30 he knocked on my door and said, "Breakfast," and we both went downstairs. He had white cereal, cream and orange juice and I had two or three tangerines and coffee. U.G. made conversation with Valentine through her open door as she ate breakfast.

First thing this morning Celestine arrived and this time U.G. insisted vehemently that she leave once and for all, that he would call the police and have her removed if she didn't go on her own. He even began writing a note to the police which Radhakrishna, who was here having just brought some wall-hangings for U.G., would have to take to the police station. This time he meant it, and finally, provoked by her refusal to get up off the floor, he dragged her up and pushed her bodily from the upstairs living room. He looked like he was going to push her down the stairs when she finally agreed to leave. I have never seen U.G. anything but physically detached, or affectionate, never seen him so worked up.

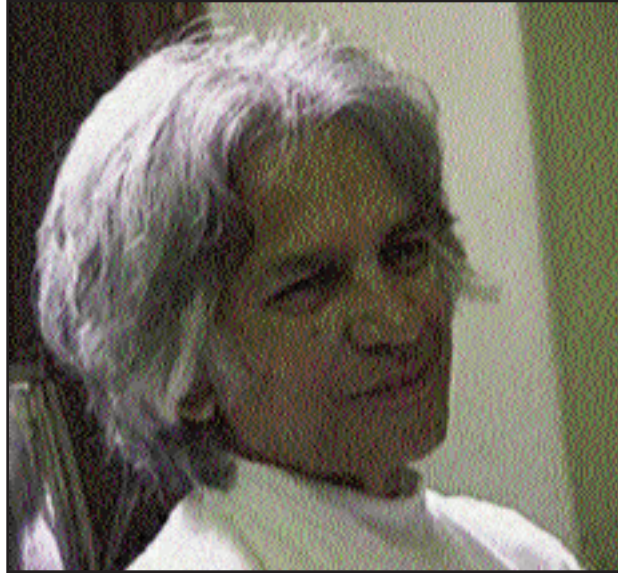
He said afterwards he wasn't angry, but had just done what was necessary to achieve what he wanted, which was her departure.

Celestine stayed downstairs for a while and continued to argue with Suguna, insisting that she felt "graced" that he had touched her, that he had transmitted incredible energy to her touching her on the back of the neck. She was holding onto the hope that U.G. was using "skillful means," that this expulsion was a "teaching device," that he really had her interests at heart and wanted her around.

Eventually, however, she conceded that this wasn't the case. She agreed to leave.

But when U.G., Suguna and I went out to take some film to the lab and go for a walk, she was sitting on the front steps. No words were exchanged since everyone had said goodbye a few minutes earlier. When we returned, she was gone.

You are not acting, just thinking. Take action!



I love to watch U.G.'s face when he talks to Valentine. He has an expression for her that I have not seen in relation to anyone else. Almost personal, engaged and loving.

He asked me astrologically when he should be getting this influx of money the astrologers have all been predicting. I said Jupiter hitting his sun in June, the sun ruling his house of resources, should help. He says he doesn't really believe in astrology (though he can't explain the uncanny exactness of the Nadi palm leaf readings). "I don't depend upon the planets," he said last night.  
"The planets depend upon me."

~ ~

A young man called from Madras to say he was coming to Bangalore to see U.G. After hanging up, U.G. said quizzically, "He is a close friend of my nephew. Who is my nephew?" He has trouble figuring out blood relationships as they don't mean anything to him. He says he finds it very strange when his small grandson in Virginia calls him "Grandpa." He's used to everyone calling him "U.G."

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His reversals of phrase intrigue me as well. Instead of saying "dispose of her," for example, he says "dispose her of!"

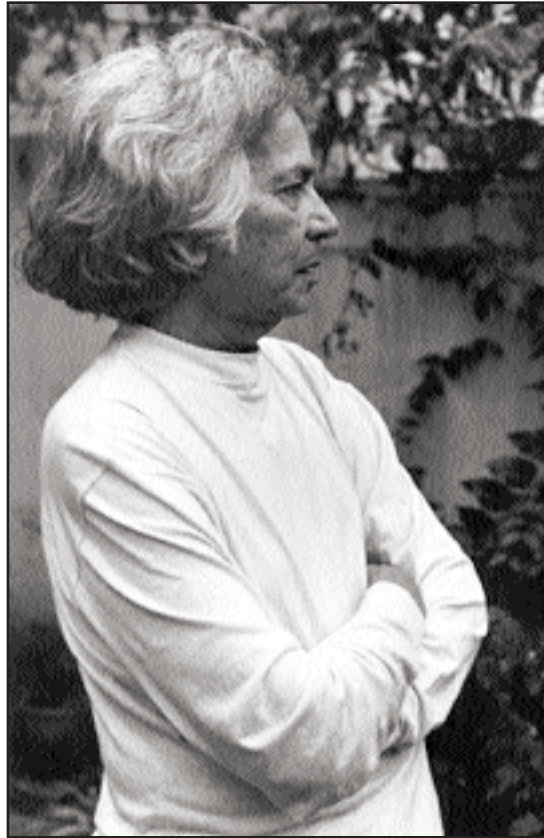
Tonight sitting with him, I felt lost in a sea of well-being.  
I wanted to be nowhere but in that chair and that moment forever.

It's the nature of the mind to destroy the stillness that is there.





I don't know what happiness is so I can't be unhappy.



This (early) morning U.G. said he was through with India, didn't think India would ever be able to help the world, to be an influence. He still holds out some hope for America, though he thinks he may be the last one to feel that way. He told Chandrasekhar he, personally, doesn't need anything.

"Drop me in a desert," he said, "and something will grow around me."

He emphasized that he did not want to leave behind an organization nor a teaching.

He said he is "a blaze that leaves no smoke."

About an old man who wants to come see U.G. who has, according to Chandrasekhar, read everything - Krishnamurti, Rajneesh, the Upanishads, Chinese and Japanese texts. U.G. said, "Let him go peacefully, no need to shake him up at his age." About retirement (in relation to Mahesh), he says, "It's not in human nature to retire gracefully," though he has advocated Rajiv Gandhi do just that.

U.G. said we would only be spending a day in Bombay before leaving for Hong Kong.

Arhat said he thought U.G. had said he would be there for three or four days.

"My saying something," laughed U.G., "is like writing on water."

Then an older man came by with his son-in-law, both of them wealthy Bangalore tycoons, money lenders, U.G. told me later. The man asked if he could ask U.G. one question.

"I may be mistaken...", he prefaced. "You *are* mistaken," cut in U.G., ending any further questioning. The men folded their hands in appreciation and left.

Fat eats fat. This is my food.



Chandrasekhar told me that U.G. had once said to him that the Karma Yoga path, action, is not it, the Jnana Yoga path, knowledge, is not it, the only one is Bhakti Yoga, devotion, surrender. But he pointed out that it is complete surrender to life, to what is, to what is inside and outside. Just to give up. Chandrasekhar also said U.G. would deny this today, to destroy that very idea.

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I walked to the post office in the afternoon with U.G. He had inadvertently dropped a letter without a stamp in the box and they had told him at the post office to come at 4:30 when they sorted the mail. We went upstairs and watched while they put letters in piles, a needle in a haystack situation and then, suddenly, *there it was*. It "just emerged" from the huge pile. U.G. seemed as happy as a child and hurried downstairs to buy stamps.

On the way home I asked him about thoughts, what it was like for him to walk along the street. His mind is empty of thoughts, he replied. It is just focused on whatever the eye sees, first a red billboard, then a moving bicycle. My mind was running rampant with gross thoughts. Because I feel he can read my thoughts, I try to control them, to push them away to avoid childish embarrassment, and they only grow more unruly. Where do they come from, if they are not mine? Why are they repetitive and from my own memory or experience if they are not mine?

This struggle is like meditation, hopeless and warlike. Surrender must be giving up, allowing the thoughts to come, allowing everything, having nothing to hide or protect. He said this morning that there is not a nation on the planet that does not have hands dripping with blood. *War* is the nature of man, he said. And that war is what we wage within ourselves, struggling to control our own thoughts, feelings, character. Yes.



I'm not in the holy business. I have no interest in trying to free anybody.





In the evening I went with Suguna to buy dresses for her daughters (with money they had saved from school awards and gifts from U.G.) and do some other errands. The market is alive and throbbing at night, a wonderful time to be out there. I'm glad she called me away from U.G. My head was throbbing and I was beginning to feel like I was falling into a pit, losing myself in this intense involvement with him. It makes my skin prickle to even write this, a wave of fear.

Nartaki arrived, an old friend. She used to run the ashram at Tiruvannamalai for Chandrasekhar's old guru, Sawris, just outside Ramanashram. U.G. characterizes her as a woman of "aggressive kindness." She is a workhorse and a do-gooder, like Kim. Devoted to U.G., she plunges right into the household work, helping with Valentine and cooking. I feel somewhat slothful, not sure what I can do to help. I try, but I am unskilled at their work, being a product of appliances and simplified living. I don't want to be treated like a guest. I always eat with U.G. and Suguna always eats afterwards with the women of the house, and the children. I guess if it should be otherwise, U.G. would let me know.

Sometimes I am beset by waves of self-consciousness, unworthiness. I feel like a pariah and an imposter and wait for the ax to fall. I told Suguna this last night as we were walking home. She said U.G. has been talking recently about wanting to travel with someone and she thinks I am that one. I, on the other hand, have the impression from him that this is very much a temporary arrangement, the duration of which will be determined by the video film.

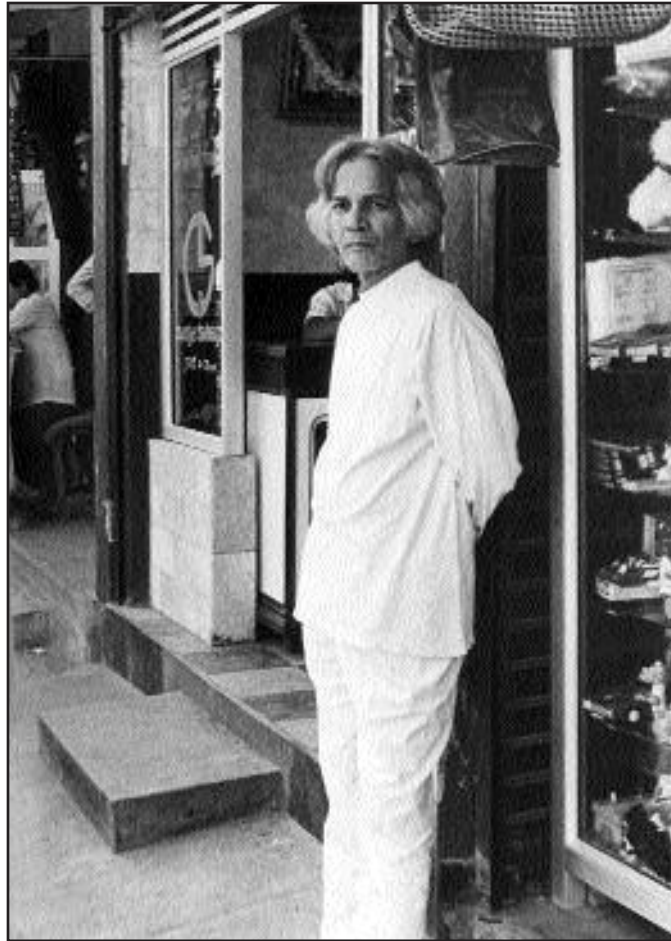
We agreed that it will reveal itself in time. In the meantime, she said, he will just watch how things go.

Suguna told me that is what happened with Valentine in the beginning. U.G. didn't know whether it would work out for Suguna and Chandrasekhar to look after her, how taking a house for Valentine and having them live there would be; he just watched the situation develop. There's nothing one can do but be oneself and what wants to come out, will. I was just thinking that if I weren't here with U.G. I don't know what I would be doing. Probably at loose ends, involved in some silly relationship going nowhere.

~ ~

This morning Gopinath and Narendra took U.G. and me to breakfast at West End Hotel, posh and Western, though they had Indian food, idlies, dosas and I, croissants. U.G. brought some of the latter home for Valentine and I bought a Time magazine for U.G. at the bookstore and an out-of-date Herald Tribune.

Asking yourself "Who am I?" is the beginning of identity.



U.G. likes to quote Justin's remark when U.G. was looking at his palm: "If you see something bad, lie!" There are other remarks and phrases that he picks up on, then asks to be reminded of, who knows why.

One is "skeeting" or "skeet shooting," a remark Ram Dass made in Mill Valley in reference to U.G.'s uncanny ability to shoot down anything thrown at him. Another is Goldie's description of U.G.'s life as "disappointingly mundane." He seems particularly delighted by this. He'll ask me the name of a person, at random. Sometimes I think it is to see if I'm paying attention, to cure me of my wandering mind. I noticed yesterday I was reading charts and twice he started to tell a story to the assembled people, and said, somewhat sharply to me, "Julie! *Story!*" to get my attention.

~ ~

I doubt that there is any strategy to anything he does. He needs to know something, his "computer" isn't bringing it up fast enough and he asks whoever might know the answer. And since I've been with him on his travels for the past three months, sometimes he asks me.

Charity is to keep starvation going.



*January 7*

Late evening. I had to drag myself out of a discussion on Shankara and the Upanishads, and language. U.G. commented on the fact that the French don't have a word for "mind," they have to use "mental." It's been almost too intense today, and yesterday. Non-stop talk, ranging from gossip to dharma. I've barely left the house, except for another walk to the market, this time returning by the Ajaneya Temple, wending my way home alone through parks. I felt very happy to be out wandering, full of heightened awareness, well-being.

The house has suddenly become full. U.G.'s 43-year-old daughter, Usha, known as "Bulbul," arrived from Hyderabad, as well as Shyamalama, Suguna's sister. I'm not sure where they are all sleeping. I offered to share my room, or move to a hotel, but U.G. said no. Suguna said they are all used to living together, sharing space, the women all cook, help with Valentine and serve the men as well as each other.

When I heard that six of them are living in one room, I said to U.G. that I just didn't understand why I was alone in this big room and they were all crowded together. "Never mind," he said.  
"You don't have to understand." That was that.

G.S. Mani, a famous singer from Madras, came to see U.G. this morning and stayed three hours, including lunch. He sang for a while and I taped it. A handsome man, very tall, he said he considered it a great honor to sing for U.G. When he does this, he said, it comes from the heart, not from the head.

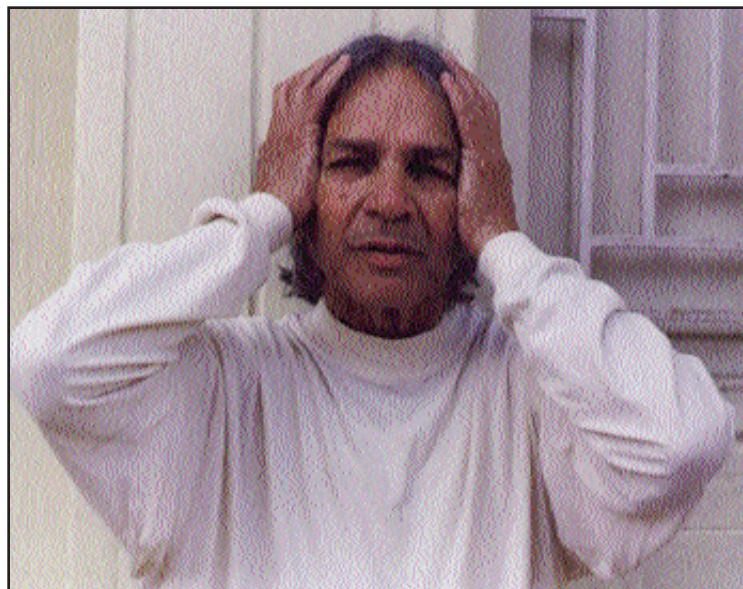


As long as you're looking for a way out, you'll be miserable.

About madness. A young man has been coming to see U.G. regularly, showing up at odd times in a prayerful and beseeching manner. Wild-eyed and highly disturbed, U.G. says he is a "goner," and patiently tells him to take his medicine, to stay away from gurus and godmen. U.G. says the man will ultimately commit suicide. His refrain is that mad people won't "take their medicine," literally, which is the only thing that can help them and that their families, culture, do them a great disservice by expecting them to function normally, pushing them to perform in the world. This pressure pushes them to more madness, and eventually to suicide. His suggestions are always practical, never mystical. He has no patience with therapists who only prolong the agony and have no way of helping. It is not in their interest to prescribe because they make their living from extended therapy.

He says mad people are the most intelligent, those two attributes are carried by the same gene. He also says that you have to be neurotic to survive in this culture, that we are all "borderline cases."

A couple are here from Hyderabad, asking him about their daughter who also teeters on the brink of madness. He said she also needs medicine and to "have something to do," to keep herself occupied. He told her father, the editor of a newspaper there, to take any and all pressure off her, to let her be, not to expect her to perform in the world, to earn a living. That they must be prepared for the possibility that she will never be self-sufficient.



"What did I do in my last life," asks U.G. quizzically, "to deserve all these 'maddies' around me?"

This morning Gopinath and Narendra came in the car to take U.G., Bulbul and me for another drive, stopping for coffee and idlies at Woodlands Hotel and Lalbagh gardens to take some videos. I saw a licence on a car in front of ours which reminded me of a comment of U.G.'s yesterday, when someone was asking him about his "state" ("Natural State"). "The only state I am in," he said,



Take medicine, that's the only thing.





The early morning meetings continue, seven days a week. Often I am awake, sometimes Suguna calls me when she comes upstairs with coffee. U.G. makes his appearance moments later. He sits and rocks on the swing, talking in a kind of morning voice he has, a little raspy, me in my bathrobe, the other women in their saris, having already bathed. Bulbul and Nartaki have joined the group. The talk still consists mostly of gossip, more often than not now in Telugu so I just kind of fade off. I rather enjoy listening to the music of the language without understanding what they are saying. U.G. brings me into the conversation from time to time as he almost always talks in English and fills me in on what has been said.

~ ~

Shylaja, a retired postmistress, visited with her husband tonight to sing for U.G. She has been making up songs and poems about him for over twenty years. I didn't understand a word, as they were in Telugu but the music was beautiful. U.G. asked her about one song in particular, which lasted exactly seven minutes and was in Sanskrit, a language she doesn't even speak. It was a *sloka* in praise of the Goddess and Nature and U.G. seemed to be in *samadhi* while she was singing. He asked her if she had written it herself and about some of the Sanskrit words. When she said yes, he said "Take my hand."

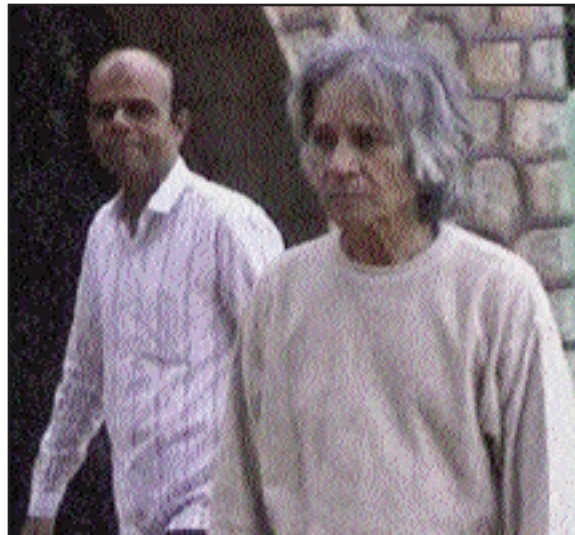
He held it in his and said "All your other songs I don't care about. For this one you will be remembered. It caused a great upsurge of energy in this body and I commend you for the perfection of the song." Shylaja was pleased, touched her head to his hands, and continued to sing.

~ ~

Tonight I was on my way downstairs to try to call Marc. U.G. was sitting with a bunch of people upstairs. "Where are you going?" he asked pointedly. He misses nothing, has his eye on every detail. He said tonight that if something comes into his mind, it *cannot* be false. Hence the authenticity and authority in everything he says.

Talking to Bulbul after lunch about her daughter in Chicago, U.G. said she should "wait to put on weight," stay there another year until her husband gets his green card. She too has a tendency to gain, like her mother.

Falling back on religion is a real danger. The whole culture has come out of religion, and it is the worst brainwashing of all."



Gopinath told me on the way to MTR restaurant that when he met U.G. nine years ago, he asked three questions: Is there anything to achieve? The answer was no. Is there anything to aspire to? Again the answer was no. Is there any point to life? No. Zero, was the answer.  
Gopinath said he has had no questions since.



What culture has done to us is to create this neurotic situation, wanting two things at the same time.



*January 10*

Early morning meeting, a monologue by U.G. on why he doesn't want his teaching translated into Telugu or Tamil or other Indian languages, because they would perforce have to utilize Sanskrit to express "self-consciousness," "Atman," "Jnani," and other words. He explained that Sanskrit was an elitist language created by the priests to express the ineffable, the religious, to create a schism between themselves and others, duality, and the root of all our problems.

I think I finally understand something. His desire to strip his enlightenment of religious content, to de-mystify it is to express an option other than that promoted by the religions, the holy businesses that have so distorted and destroyed the life energy that already exists.

He was also railing against the Upanishads, saying they are only "good for toilet paper." Yet conceding at the same time that even they say the demand for "moksha" must be renounced, not money and wives. Whomsoever it chooses...."

At lunch U.G. suddenly got the idea of putting a piece of masonite that was propped against a wall on the roof (where the laundry is hung) on the open window in the hall between his room and his bathroom, to make another room. He told Suguna, who told a carpenter working next door, and within an hour he had come up and done the work, blocking it off. U.G. explained that is how he does things, an idea has to be acted on immediately, gotten out of the way.

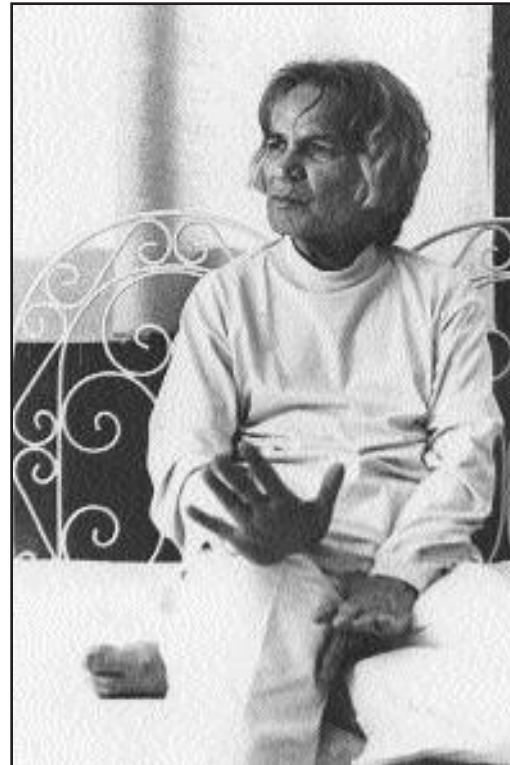
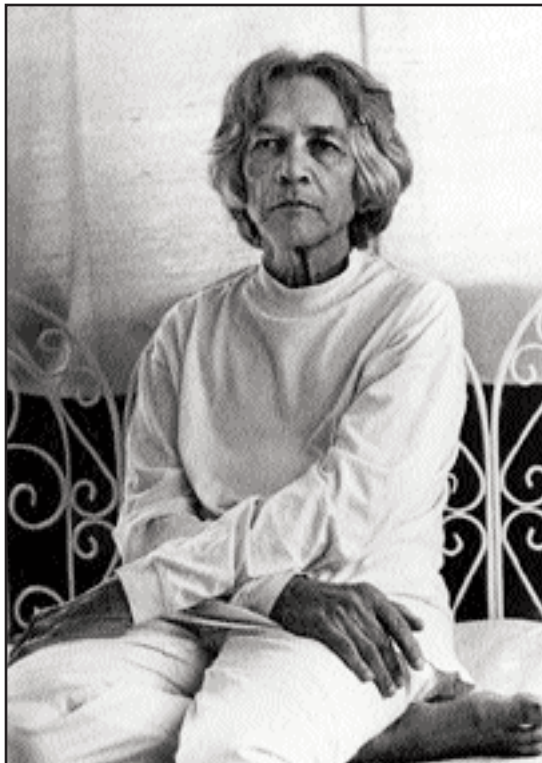


You take everything away from him, and then offer him charity.  
There is no excuse for anyone on the planet to go hungry or be without shelter,  
considering the resources.

U.G. demonstrated to the people who were there his way of sleeping, curled in the fetal position, explaining that for him birth and death take place simultaneously in his room. If he didn't hold onto his feet, he would go off, die.



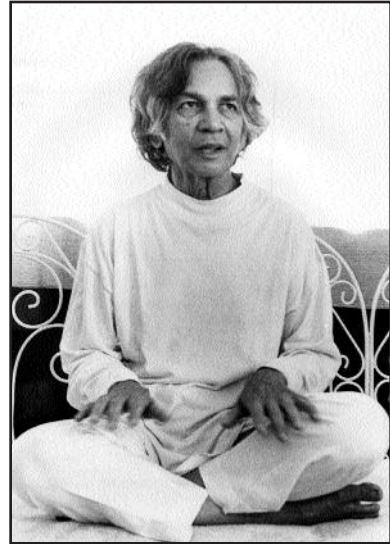
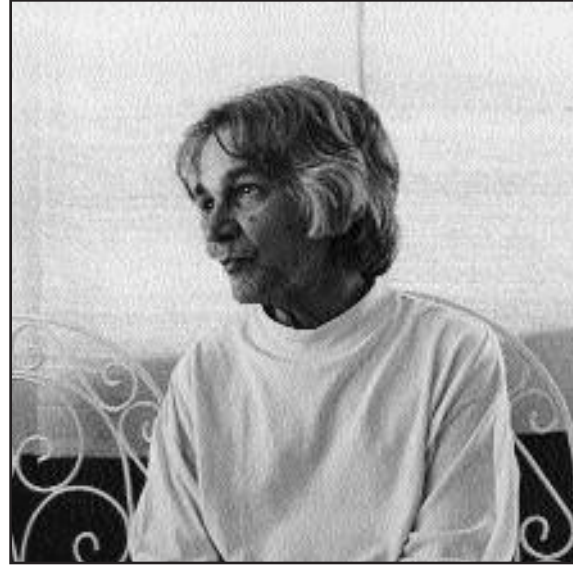
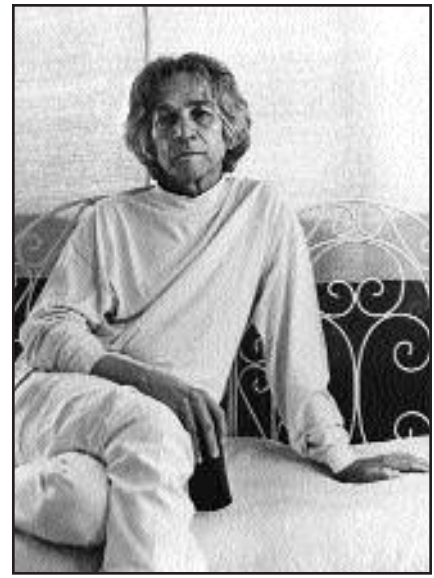
After we had coffee yesterday afternoon, Jagadish gathered up the cups to take downstairs where he said he was going anyway. U.G. asked his wife, Padma, "Does he do this at home?" Everyone laughed, and she buried her face in her hands. Obviously he does not and was making some extraordinary gesture for the benefit of U.G., the sort of thing U.G. picks up immediately, points out in a good-natured way. Jagadish slips out into the street to surreptitiously smoke a cigarette.



Bulbul told me she and her sister Bharati took the bull by the horns a few years ago and came to Bangalore to see U.G., thrusting themselves upon him. She says he is often more accessible to others than to his own children, but that he usually treats everyone more or less in the same way. After the age of ten, her relationship with U.G. was severed for all practical purposes. U.G.'s wife came back to India with the children, and died soon after of a fall, and U.G. stayed in America and Europe.

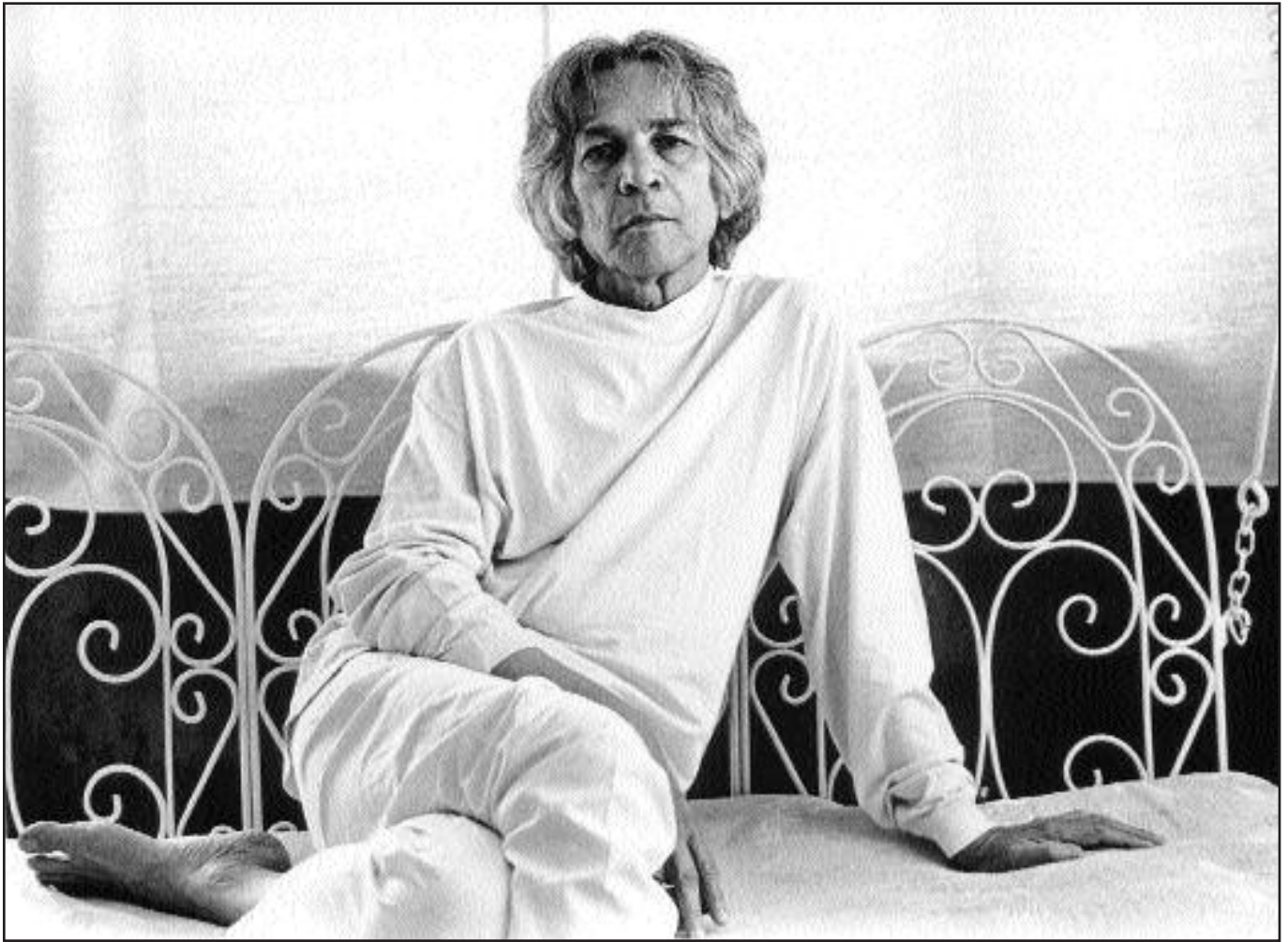
I don't pay any attention to my body.





Rejection is to the idea of arriving at a point.





Satyanarayana and I talked about the differences between the Indian way and ours. He was surprised I could leave my children and mother the way I have. Here children stay at home until they marry. Daughters go with the husband and take care of his parents (who live with them) and sons, with the help of their wives, take care of their parents. The system, according to U.G., is breaking down somewhat with the exodus of people from India.

For a moment I felt a stab of guilt, but it passed. My children want independence from me. They would like me to be around on their terms when they need me, but not otherwise. And the same with my mother. She revels in her ability to live on her own, to care for herself and others. And she and I would tear each other apart, living together. And she didn't have a son, not her fault, nor mine.

U.G. is truly helping me to become weaned from my remaining sense of obligation.

Where can I get the ticket, the meal ... these are the only things I am occupied with,  
no other things.

U.G. shows his simplicity and thoughtfulness of others in so many ways. For instance, a girl selling flowers stopped by the front door this morning. I was on my way to the bath and when I saw her, ran to get the video camera. U.G. noticed and came outside. He told me to show her the replay so she could see herself, something she would never experience in a million years, something I wouldn't have thought of doing on my own. I saw her as a photographic subject, nothing more; he saw her as human because only *he* is truly human. He seemed pleased when she beamed with astonishment.

And when Narendra brought the dosas, U.G. and I were served first, as usual. Then he picked up one in his hand and took it to the kitchen in search of a plate so Vijay Lakshmi, the girl who cares for Valentine, could have one immediately, while it was hot. He said,  
"They rarely get a chance to eat these things."



Everything we want, U.G. says, is what "they" (the godmen, Jesus, Buddha, the culture) want us to want. Even not wanting what they want us to want is still leaving the reference point with "them" and it is dead. There is no way out but to die to the known and we cannot do that.

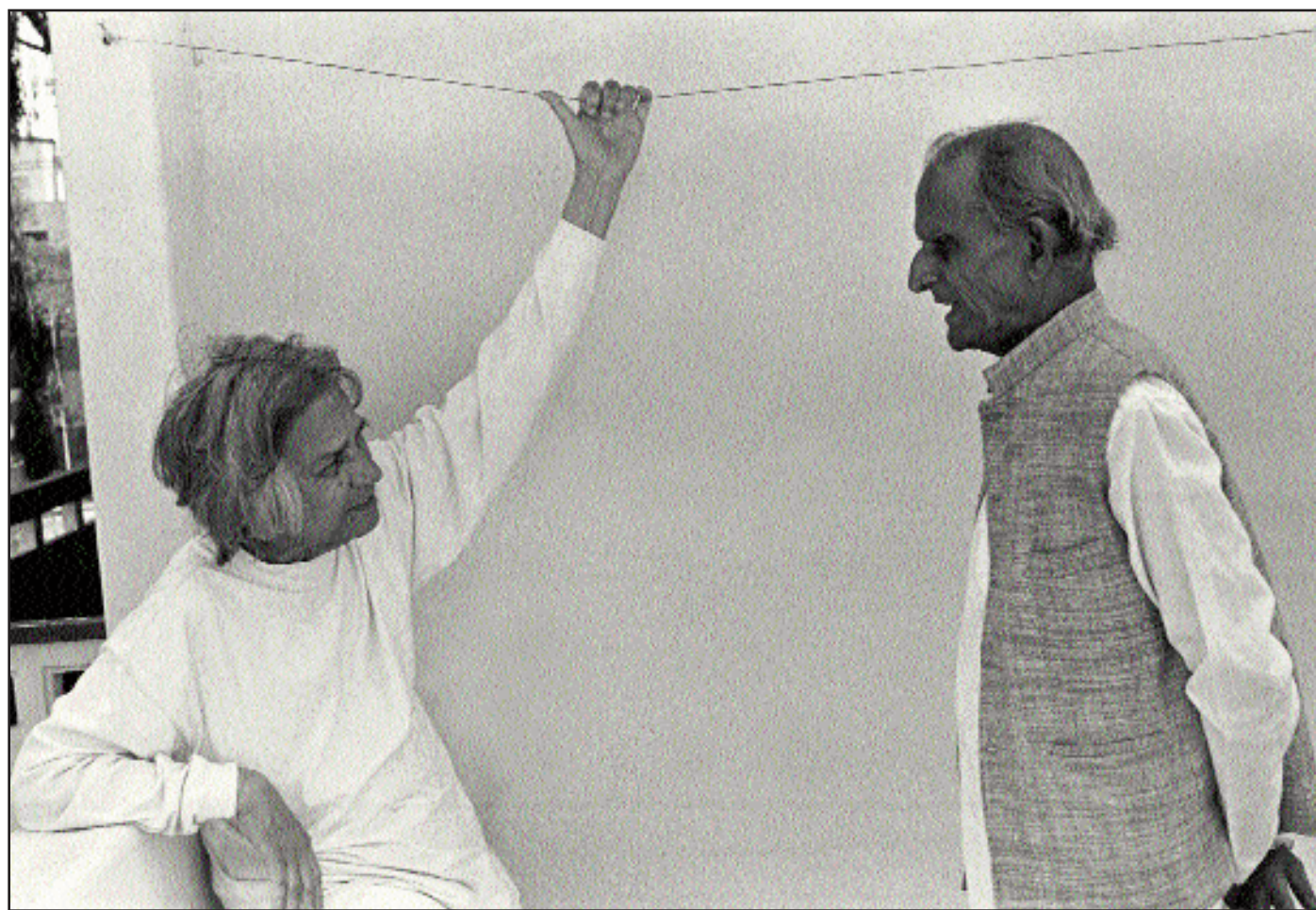
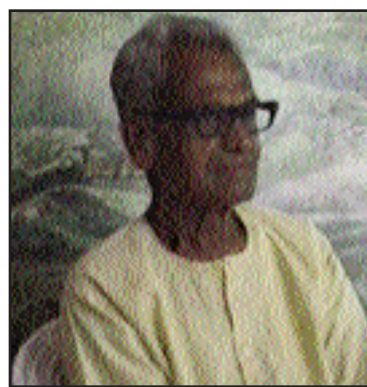
He said we are not afraid of the unknown, but of the ending of the known. That is to say, us.  
If the known goes, we go. That is death and we don't want it.

But he emphasized that what he had meant was a surrender to what is inside, not to any path or outside person or idea. Just giving up. But we can't do it.

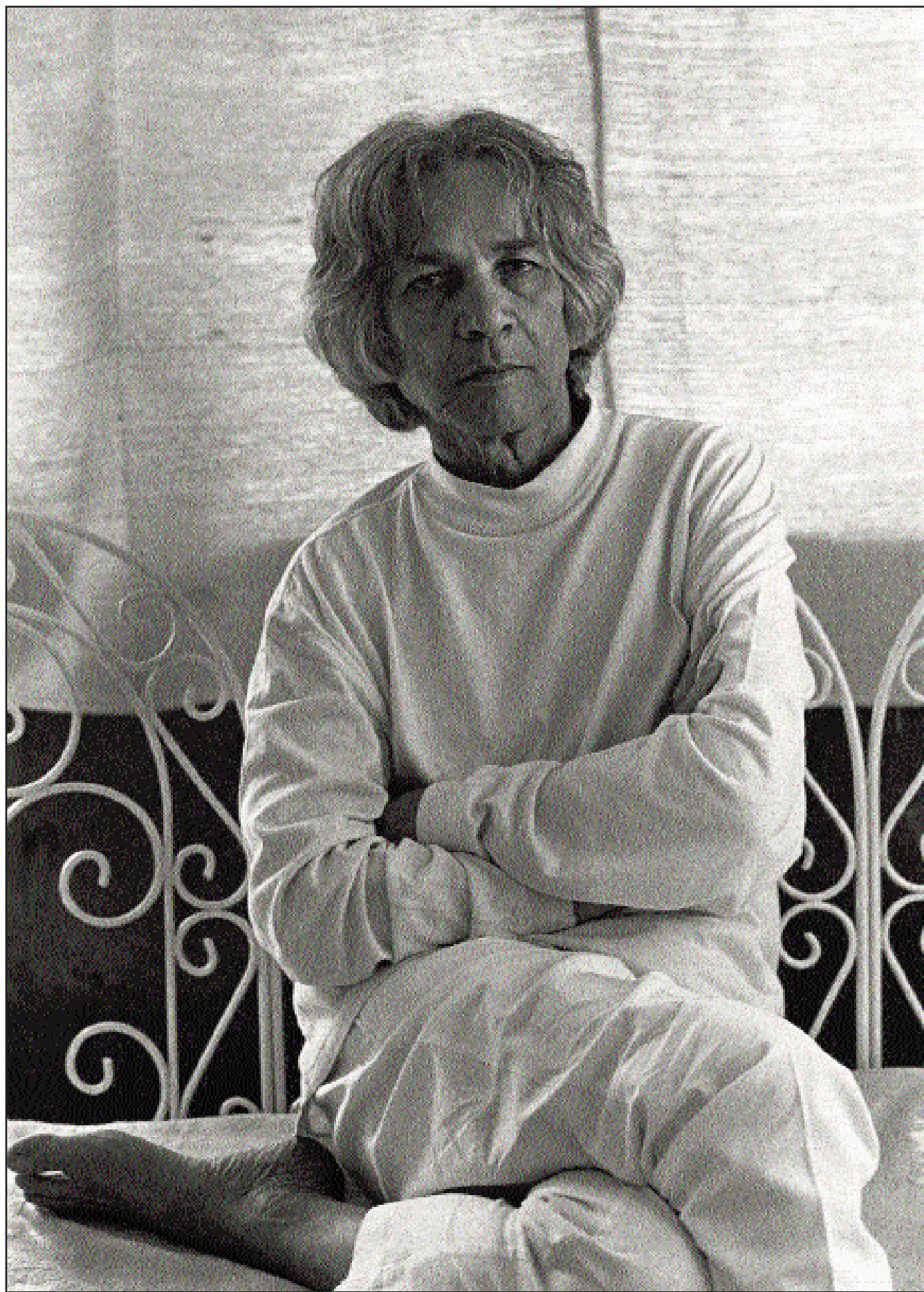


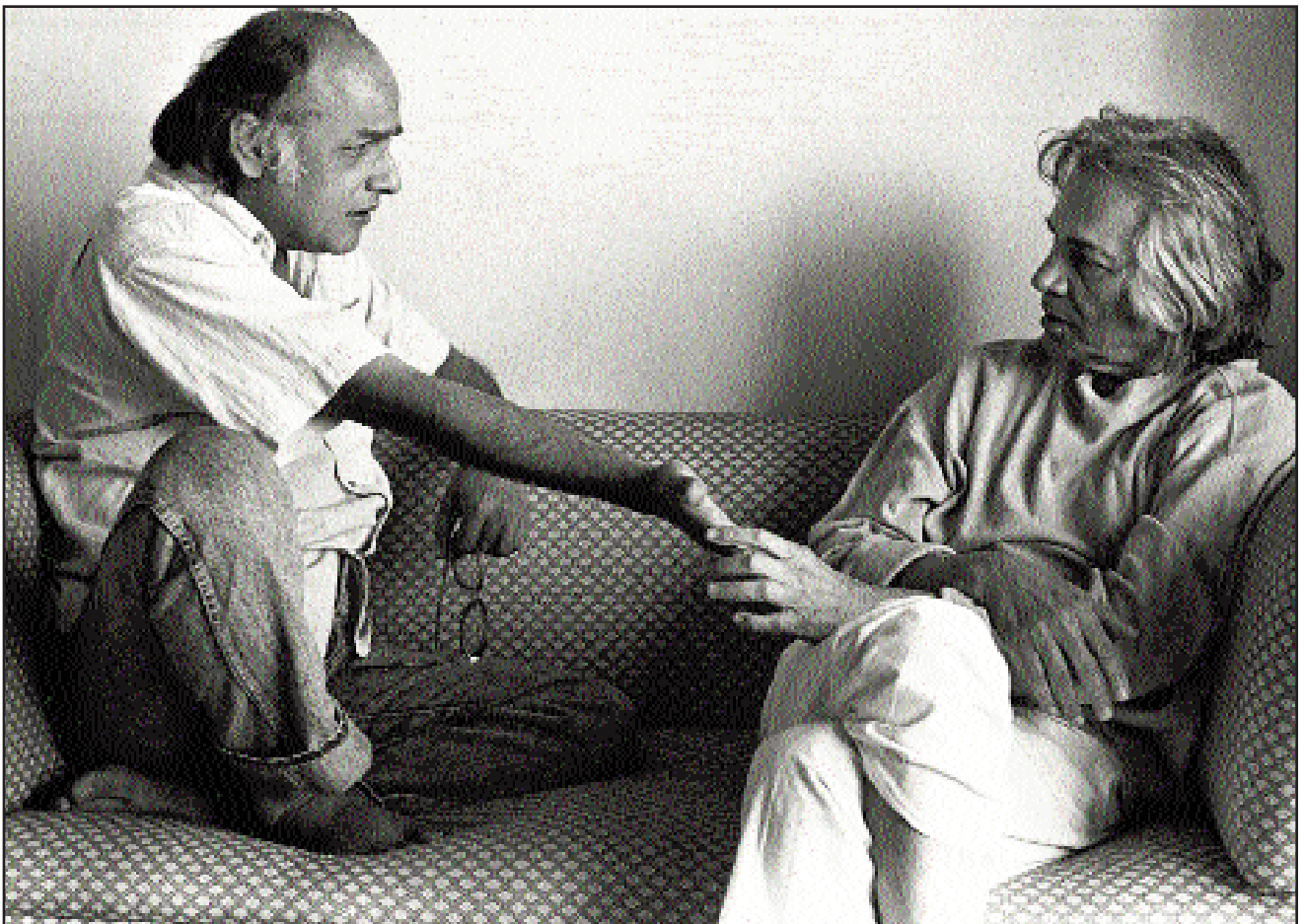
Why don't you deal with your boss in exactly the way you deal with your servant? You'd lose your job.













Last night a group of teachers and students from the Valley School, the J. Krishnamurti school, came to see U.G. and when there were too many people to sit on chairs, U.G. sat down on the floor himself. Someone protested, and he said, "After all, I'm an Indian!"

At lunch, U.G. mentioned how radical it was for Brahmachari to be eating in front of Valentine and me, non-Brahmins. I asked facetiously if my father being a Boston brahmin counted, a silly remark. U.G. has no patience with the Indian caste structure anyway, does not observe Brahmin habits except being a vegetarian and not drinking alcohol. As a young boy, he threw away his sacred thread when he observed the priests, meant to be fasting before his mother's memorial service, sneaking a clandestine meal in a local hotel. The hypocrisy infuriated U.G., as did observing his grandfather beating a child whose crying disturbed his meditation. As did finding his meditation teacher, Sivananda, eating spicy pickles behind a closed door after ordering all his followers to follow a sattvic diet.

U.G.'s presence is intoxicating, I am drugged. I listen to every word, combine with what he is saying and then like quicksilver, it slips away before I can write it down or commit it to memory. It feels like what he is saying is penetrating to the core of my cells, yet I can't be sure. If I were asked to say what he talked about today I wouldn't know, though I listened to him for over eight hours.

He said to a swami and a professor who came to visit and were quoting some remark of his own in *The Mystique of Enlightenment*, "For your sake and for my sake and for the sake of mankind, I beg you to burn that book. In fact I will give you the gasoline to help you do it." Anything that is said is already dead, comes through thinking, and therefore is of no help or use.

Death is when nature needs the atoms of the body for some other purpose.





Adri: I'm here - not for wanting, but for "enjoying." The U.G. effect? One feels absolutely free in his presence. That is the "sign." One will be himself.

The human species is a virus on the planet. And any attempt by spiritual teachers is just delaying the agony, like cancer.



I was thinking today how like an ashram this place is, even though U.G. repudiates all things religious. But though we're in town on a busy street, not in some dusty village somewhere, it reminds me of what I have read of ashram life - people coming in a steady stream from morning to night, the sage or holy man going about his worldly chores but taking time to see to the needs of anyone who comes to him, the endless meals, offerings, problems, scenes, mood ranges. This situation here is colorful, powerful and unique. U.G. said this morning as he served himself his breakfast cereal that here the "guru" serves himself and gives everything to the devotees. Perhaps if it were the other way around he would have to be a guru, which is the opposite of everything he is putting across. His reversing the traditional is another way of communicating this.

U.G. is fond of saying about me that "she came over to help with the '*liquidation totale*' and instead has added to the pollution." I have taken well over 300 photographs and am still going strong. Every time I say "enough is enough," I see U.G. in some new compelling pose or situation and cannot help myself. Or someone, like Frank, needs a particular kind of photograph for something and I have to finish a role of film to get at it. I don't think U.G. really minds.

~ ~

Dreams of U.G. again, listening to his voice even as I sleep. Today is the Festival of San Kranti, a harvest celebration. The cows are decorated and paraded through the streets. Yesterday, leading up to it everyone brought gifts of a mixture of poppy seeds, sugar cane, ground nuts and coconut, a traditional offering of one house to another, of friendship.



A tree doesn't need words. If Vedanta is true, it doesn't need to be defended. Anything "true" does not need to be expressed in relationship to any other teaching, it must stand on its own.





U.G., Chandrasekhar and I picked up Mahesh at the hotel and returned to Poorna Kutee where Brahmachari was waiting. Mahesh insisted Brahmachari read my palm, who demurred at first and finally acquiesced reluctantly and he said I would not be with U.G. for long, not for more than a year, and that I have a "star" on my sun line. I don't know what that means..

This provoked, with the urging of Mahesh, conversations with U.G. whereby he said I have too many problems and attachments to be with him. Again I was devastated, but glad it was out in the open. Ultimately, he said, he was going to be alone. But then he also said even with Valentine his being with her was from day to day, that he always said he would be alone. The message: It is impossible to know, one can't plan or count on anything, anything is possible. Also I realize in the Vedanta sense, U.G. is alone, one with no other, hence always alone even with others.

Food is the only thing I think about - What else have I got to ask about? Brahma, Truth, Reality, Enlightenment? No, nothing! Don't be so serious, you frighten me!

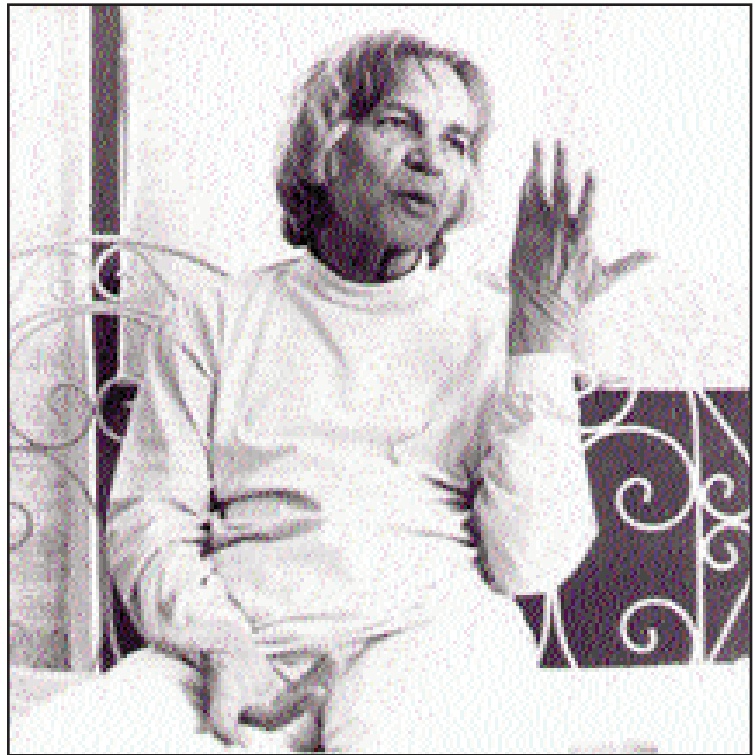
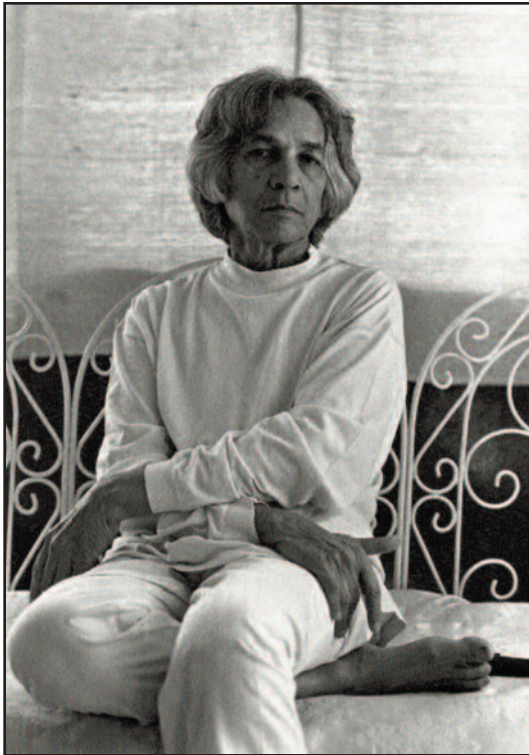
U.G. has said over and over again that he wants nothing from anyone, that he does not use anyone and sends them away before he can use them. So there is a strong message that even if I were useful, he has no use for me. I am definitely getting the cold shoulder treatment.

The upshot was U.G. telling Mahesh and Chandrasekhar that there is no place for me with him. I was hurt. But I think I see what he is saying. As long as I have other obligations and emotional ties, feel needed elsewhere, I have no business being here with him. He feels my conflict and it makes him uncomfortable, like a heaviness. There are two options, one to go home and be available to my family, to be there for them when they need me. The other is to be ruthless and put them out of my mind, to sever the cord of attachment. How to do this? I don't know.

Later in the afternoon, on Radhakrishna's arrival, I tossed the cushion I was sitting on to him. U.G. said, "I feel the hardness of your chair!" and motioned for me to come sit next to him on the swing. I was ecstatic, and felt healed after all the upset and uproar. Sat and rocked with him for a half hour or so, till Suguna called me down for coffee. Felt so easy with U.G., and no longer that aversion coming from him. Mahesh said the aversion was coming from me (from me towards myself), and U.G. picked it up. He feels whatever we feel, and my neurotic state must have been affecting him too. I'm not over this yet, and Mahesh emphasizes that it is nearly impossible to be with U.G. all the time, there is no feedback, no reference point.

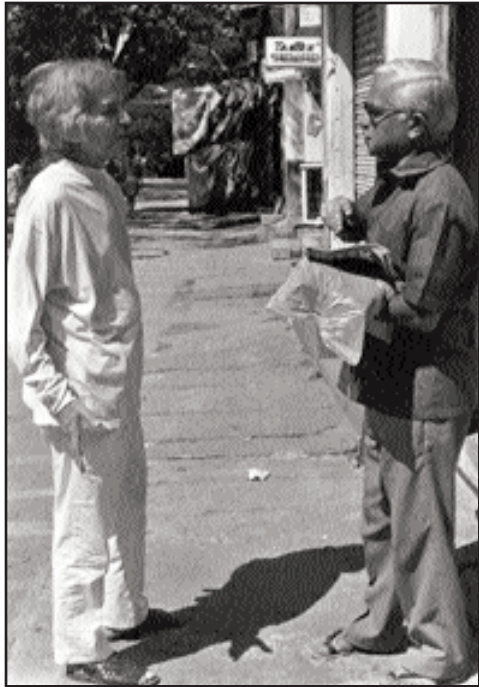
~ ~

Rajneesh died at 5:30 last night, a massive heart attack. Mahesh called from his hotel with the news. U.G.'s reaction was good riddance, and in his exact words, "The world has never seen a pimp of this magnitude".



You have come to the wrong man, Sir!





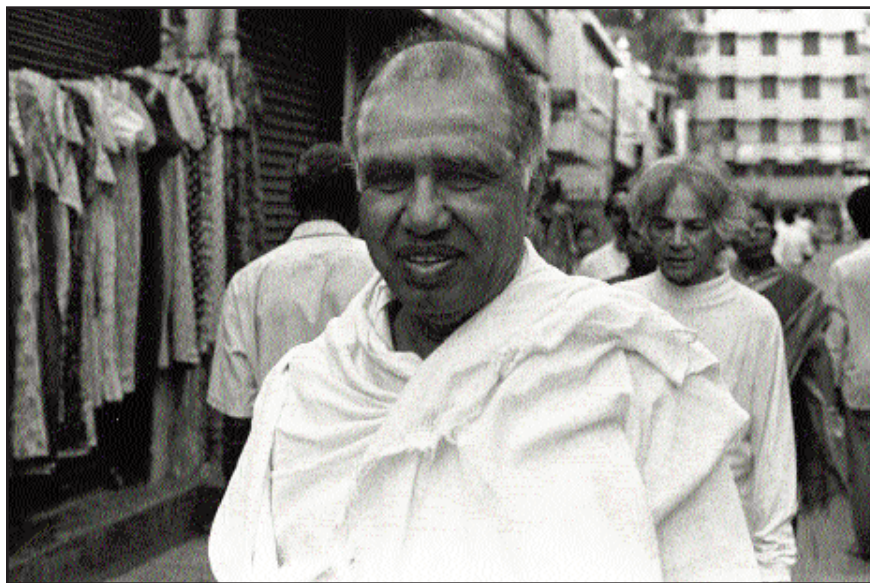
Mahesh said he wanted to know whether to look for just U.G. at the airport when he goes to meet him, or U.G. and another person. U.G. said, "Just me. Alone." That hurt. Later Mahesh asked me what I want with U.G. and I said, nothing, just to be with him. I don't even know what enlightenment is, don't want it, and don't want to go back to my old life, but don't know what life with U.G. would be like either.

Mahesh asked me about sex, and I said I no longer wanted relationships, I was fed up and finished with them. I've seen it and done it all and can't imagine going back to that boring, sordid romantic stuff. He pointed out I don't know how I will feel about it in the future.

I admitted that this also is true.

We'll see. My involvement is strictly temporary and whatever is going to evolve, will.

I am not in control.



Don't forget, I'm here to kill you.



In the evening, Mahesh in a very somber way said he wanted to talk to me. He said he felt I had no place with U.G., that this was his opinion, not U.G.'s, and then suggested that what I do is return to New York from Bombay, not go to Australia. I was horrified and asked if this is what U.G. wants. He said he didn't know, but he thought it would be good for me to confront my life (or lack of it) in New York and not rely on U.G. This because I had said I saw no reason to ever return.

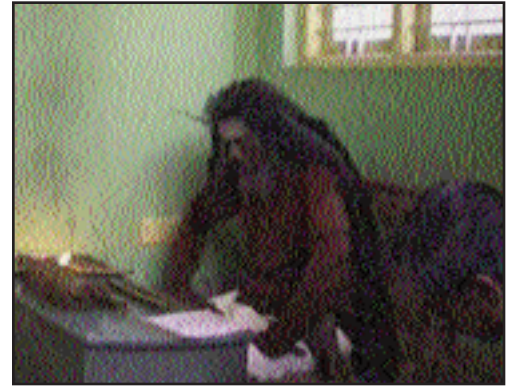
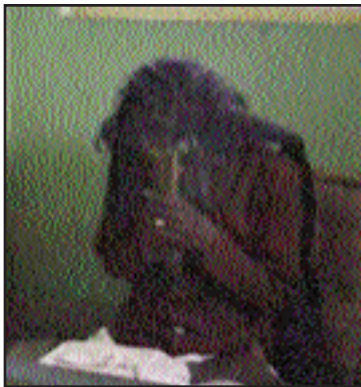
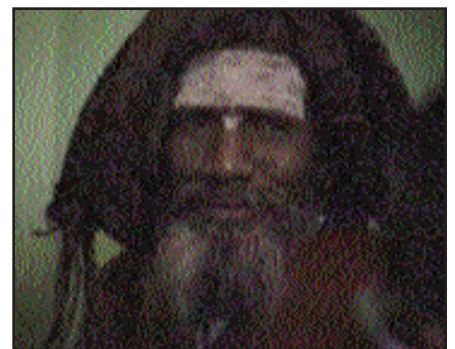
He said that being alone with U.G., or traveling with him, is an excruciatingly personal undertaking. He told me about being with him once in Bombay during a lunar eclipse, when U.G. came and told him that he had, like an animal, an erection, and showed him his child's penis, and that he, Mahesh, had had overwhelmingly tender feelings for him, suddenly, and asked if he could put his arms around U.G. U.G. said yes. The next day, apparently, there was an article in the paper saying that the eclipse had caused animals in the zoo to mate, suddenly, and out of their cycles, that U.G. must have been similarly affected.

I listened to what Mahesh told me, but said I refused to entertain the suggestion of my leaving U.G. and returning to New York. If U.G. told me to do this I of course would comply, but otherwise I had every intention of traveling with him, taking videos and photographs and whatever.

But I finally realized, also, that if I had to return, I would survive. I had exaggerated to myself how *finished* my life was back there, how I had nothing to go back to. Suddenly I released something, realizing that whatever happens, it will be as it should be, and that U.G. would have me do what is best for me in the end. I believed this and relaxed. Mahesh commented on this shift, saying it was good, that it made all the difference.

If you try to please everybody, you'll please nobody.





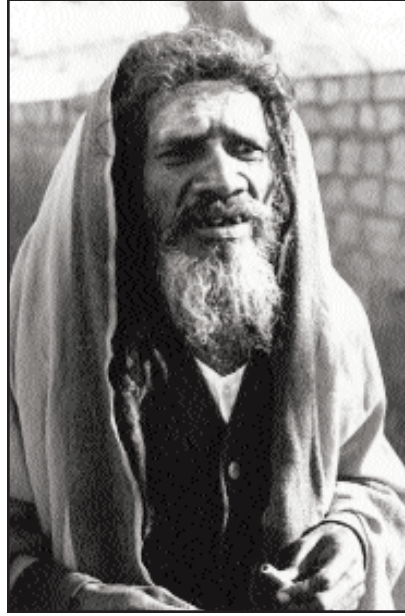
Mahesh orchestrated a trip to the Nadi astrologer in Bangalore, a reader of palm leaves. He said he was doing this for me, that he had already been. Everyone seemed reluctant but in the end consented to go, all because of the force of Mahesh's persuasiveness. In the end Brahmachari, U.G., Chandrasekhar, Mahesh and I went, bringing Hindu charts from my computer which we verified at Satya Narayana's house on the way.

The Nadi reader was home when we arrived, a colorful man with piercing eyes and what looked like rastifarian-like matted hair wrapped around his head. This man, Nayanar, said he could not do the reading until the following day because he had already eaten. We made an appointment for 7:30 in the morning, but before leaving, Nayanar said we could ask questions based on the charts. Mahesh and I both asked about our relationship to U.G. Nayanar said to me that I would be with U.G. for a year and that then two people, one from my side and one from his would come between us, but that U.G. would overrule them. U.G. was sitting next to me during this interchange and said, "That's him," pointing to Mahesh, implying he was the one from "his side."

~ ~

The next morning we went to the Nadi reading, though Mahesh didn't want to go, said his question had been answered the previous day (U.G. would always be coming and going in his life, but their connection would be constant). U.G. insisted he go and the four of us set out, this time minus Brahmachari.

I wish I knew my state. I'm not trying to be humble, I really don't know.



The reading was incredible. He did mine first, the four of us sitting on mats in an inner room. The Nadi astrologer's translator was sent away because Chandrasekhar could translate from Kannada, and U.G. from Telugu. Mahesh told me to take U.G.'s hand for courage and I told him to stop being a director.

First Nayanar lit some camphor incense, went into meditation and began singing a kind of chanting song, reading the ancient Tamil of the palm leaves, then translating into Tamil and Kannada. It began with very detailed commentaries on my children, the boys would not be helpful, my daughter who was wealthy would give me some property problems in a few years but ultimately would stand by me for life, my mother was a virtuous woman, and my husband rich. Then he began talking about my spiritual life, that despite wealth, family, good fortune, I was essentially alone, that this was my fate, and that I would eventually become a sannyasini (renunciate) after coming into contact with a great sage, guru. He was very precise about my having been with another guru briefly, but meeting with this one with whom I would stay all my life, becoming enlightened by him in the end, becoming his first disciple.

That he had been my guru in my past life, but I had left him and he had cursed me and I was working out my karma with him in this life.

He was very specific about U.G., that he was from the Brahmin caste, not from my country of origin, that he had been a householder himself before becoming enlightened, and that his name was that of the God Krishna, a vision of whom I would see in my fifties during an enlightenment experience.

He said I would live to be ninety-three in good health, and would found a religious organization in my guru's name. He said again that two people would try to come between us but they would not succeed.

The reading of the leaves took a half hour and I felt it was happening in slow motion, as if in a dream.

The soft light and the chanting voice and sitting close to U.G. on the mat created a mysterious and unreal atmosphere. He translated those incredible words to me, his eyes burning into mine, opaquely, impersonally, unseeingly.

I could barely breathe.

The sweetness is not in the sugar, ledu, the saltinewss is not in the salt.

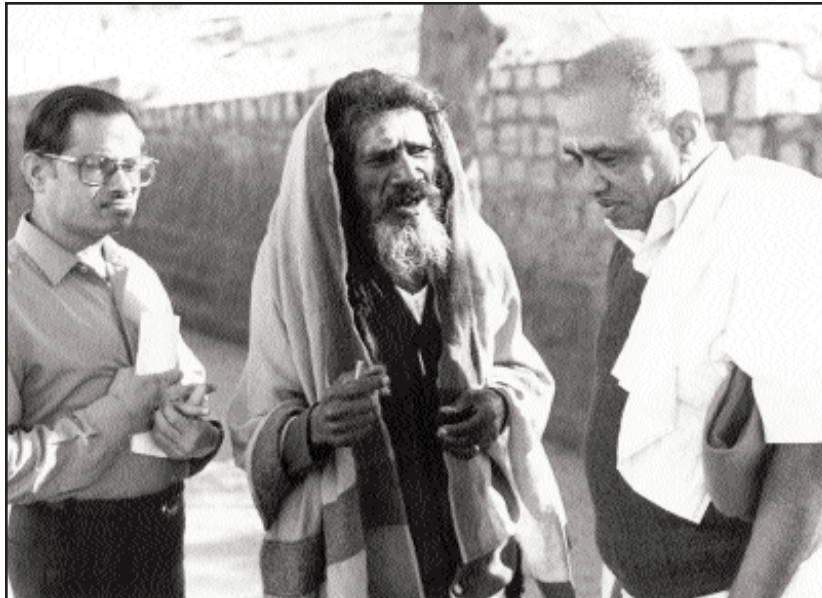


Then Mahesh's reading, equally precise, about two marriages and women and children and a successful career. That he would become the manager of a religious order founded by a woman. That he would attain enlightenment with his guru's grace and be with him his whole life. He would not become as sannyasin, though he was one in his heart, but would remain a householder all this life.

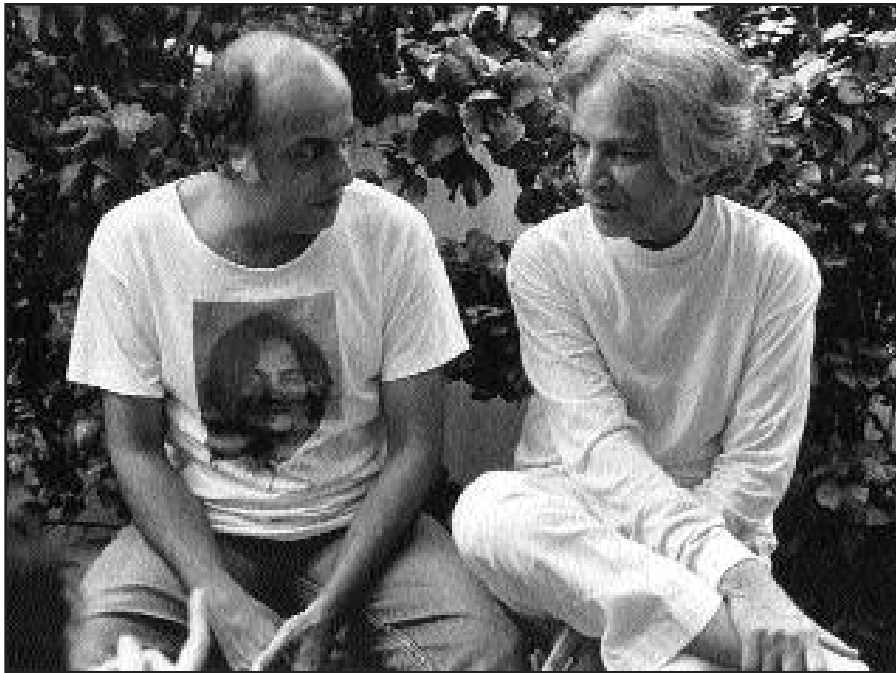
Coming into the bright sunlight was a shock. U.G. recounted the story over and over again all day, getting pleasure out of calling Mahesh and me his "public enemies," that we were the ones who would destroy him (by founding a religious order in his name, the antithesis of his teaching), that we were partners in crime. He said he didn't know what to make of the Nadi, that in principle he didn't believe in it, yet couldn't explain the incredible preciseness of the predictions, that he was suspending judgement on it.

The idea of being in collusion with Mahesh was healing, though I still felt hurt and attacked, especially when U.G. said he had a conference with Mahesh, Chandrasekhar, and Valentine and everyone had said "no, no, no" to the idea of my being with U.G. - but the Nadi reader had said "yes." I understand the "play" of it all, but still feel somewhat threatened. U.G. will do what he wants in the end. Mahesh told me that U.G. had asked him what my responses were each time we had a conversation, so some test of some kind was going on, though for what I don't know, and I probably never will. I may never know whether Mahesh was just doing U.G.'s bidding, or whether he had some agenda of his own .

The Nadi astrologer said my path is jnana, or knowledge, not bhakti, devotion, or service. U.G. muttered under his breath today that he just doesn't like those latter two at all. I can't imagine myself of all people pursuing a jnani path but who knows anything. Today U.G. asked me if I was going to become a sannyassini. I said, "It's up to you." He didn't respond.



I don't know anything at all. You all are much smarter than I am because you seem to know everything.



*January 23*

Yesterday was a blissfully peaceful day. Mahesh and Chandrasekhar gone, the former to Bombay and the latter to work. Suguna said in the morning, "Now we'll have U.G. to ourselves!" U.G. and I walked to Gandhi Bazaar in the morning so I could drop off some film, he could pay the car bill, and I could pick up the skirts I was having made. I slipped on the pebbles a couple of times and he commented on feeling the stumble, that it echoed inside himself; but that if I had actually fallen, he would have reached out and grabbed me, that the body knows what to do. He explained again about "seeing" frame after frame, which we do not do, lost in our thoughts, translating everything, not seeing or hearing anything.

I felt such well-being and comfort with him after these past days. It lasted all day yesterday and today. I needed another meter of cloth, so headed back and I returned to the tailor alone.

On the way home I ran into SanJeeva on the street and stopped for coffee at his house. Passing the Anjaneya Temple, monkeys were cavorting around outside, mating, eating, playing, dozens of them, it was like being in a zoo. I felt such love for India, for U.G., for everyone in the world. I was walking in a dream, like there was not any person behind the eyes, just walking, just walking.

Jayakumar reappeared yesterday and came to see U.G. He told me his life has been changed since that time with him in Delhi. His concentration is intensified, which helps with his studying, and he is more open with his friends, yet more of a loner, not needing to go out and party and so forth. In short, he said, he "grew up."

If the word is not the thing, then what the hell it is?



*January 26*

Republic Day. It began early with a burning indictment from U.G. of anyone who thought they could build a corporation or holy business around him, of anyone hanging him around at all. He was up, he said, at 3 a.m. going through photographs; he's going to select them himself because he can't rely on photographers to be objective about other photographers' work (talking to me of course), he wanted my room liberated in the future for Chandrasekhar's daughters, no more "guests" (me again) after Moorty and his family this summer. He didn't even want Nartaki to come when he's here because she creates an ashram atmosphere.

He told me to begin packing my stuff, though we're not leaving for another week. His other daughter, Bharati, is coming with her husband tonight and perhaps they are to have my room and I am to move into the little room he just fixed up next to his room.

I hope so, because I'd be nearer to him.

He immediately began the process of moving the photographs and archives from my room to his, spreading photos all over the floor. When he has the idea to do something, it must be implemented immediately. Within an hour the cupboard in my room was empty.

I asked him how many pants he's taking to Australia, how many shirts. He said four of each and I vowed to match this economical packing. I said, "U.G., if you can't transmit enlightenment, can you at least transmit the art of good packing?"

U.G. answered, "Enlightenment is easier to transmit than good packing."



Better to be a dog, than Brahmin!

Madana Gopal came by in the morning with his car to pick up U.G., Achana, Nartaki, Chandrasekhar's first wife's husband and child, and me, to go to visit Madana Gopal's father who is in his eighties and unable to leave the house because of a hip accident. Very touching visit, the old man articulate and knowledgeable, wanting to touch U.G.'s feet, U.G. saying "No, but I'll touch your feet," and doing so. The old man asked for two blessings, one, for another ten years of life, and two, that his son, Madana Gopal have a son with quick intelligence. U.G. commented that he already has a daughter with immense intelligence -Several times he said how bright she is. We only stayed a half hour or so, had bananas and grapes, but it was a lovely encounter. Afterwards U.G. said over and over again how much he had enjoyed the visit.

I went to bed in my new little room next to U.G.'s; I was exhausted and fell into a deep sleep. It is the new moon and a solar eclipse and U.G. has been fading, falling, badly, for two days. He disappeared, as usual, with no notice. I woke at 4 a.m. hearing him go to the bathroom. Having to go myself, I went downstairs, because the upstairs bath and toilet have been sacrosanct. When I came back upstairs, U.G. emerged from his room and said "Julie, I forgot to tell you to use the bath and toilet here." And proceeded to give me a demonstration of the hot water system. I thanked him and went back to bed, and he said, "You've been promoted to the inner sanctum! But nothing is sacred!"

I know nothing is sacred, but the intimacy of using something that was off-limits before, to taking a bath where he takes his bath is intriguing. At 5 a.m. he had his bath and I was out in the living room typing when he came out and said, "You can take a bath now if you want, there's plenty of hot water."

It was delicious to be able to bathe early rather than wait until afternoon which has been my fate lately as there are a dozen or so people in the house and most of them go to school or work and are ahead of me in line. Sharing the one other bath with U.G. is amazing.

The early morning "satsang" ended a few days ago with the departure of Bharati. U.G. said there was no difference between satsang and going to a bar or going to a brothel, it was all the pleasure movement. It hasn't, of course, been satsang, but more a gossip time, laced with U.G.'s intermixed witticisms and deliveries of high wisdom.

I am distributing money to the girls who work here and trying to get packed. Have had a splitting headache for two days, don't know if it's the heat, or the pressure from U.G. The ante has definitely been upped with me, I can feel it and don't know how it's going to be. In for a penny, in for a pound.

I was planning on sending a bag home, containing the skirts I had made here (but they were too big) and other clothes, in my effort to travel light - or lighter. It seemed I was causing a lot of problems with it, making Adri take it and mail it for me. U.G. said if it were he, he would just "dispose it of" but he couldn't ask anyone else to do that. So, impulsively, I gave the bag to Ademma the maid, with everything in it.







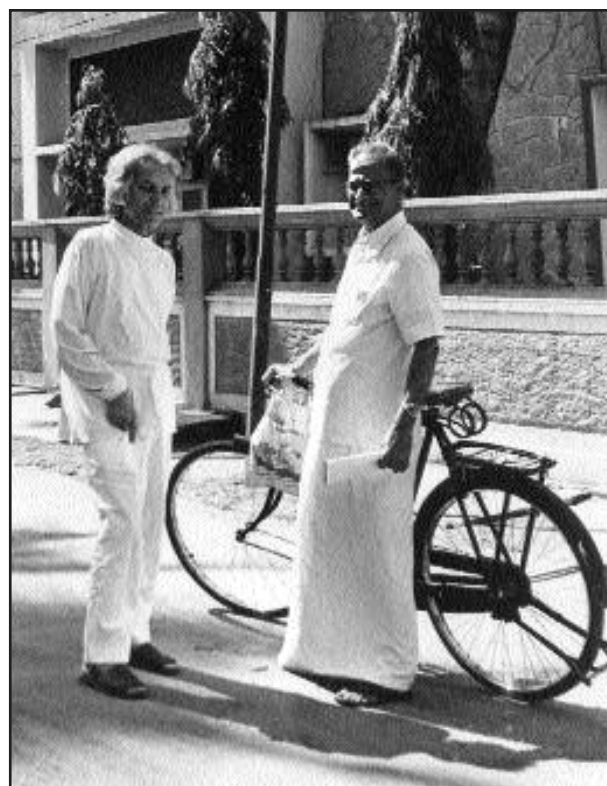
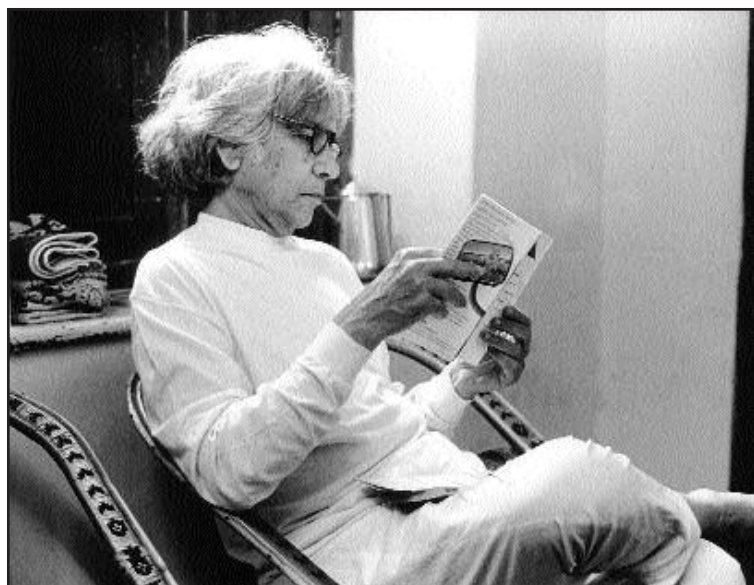
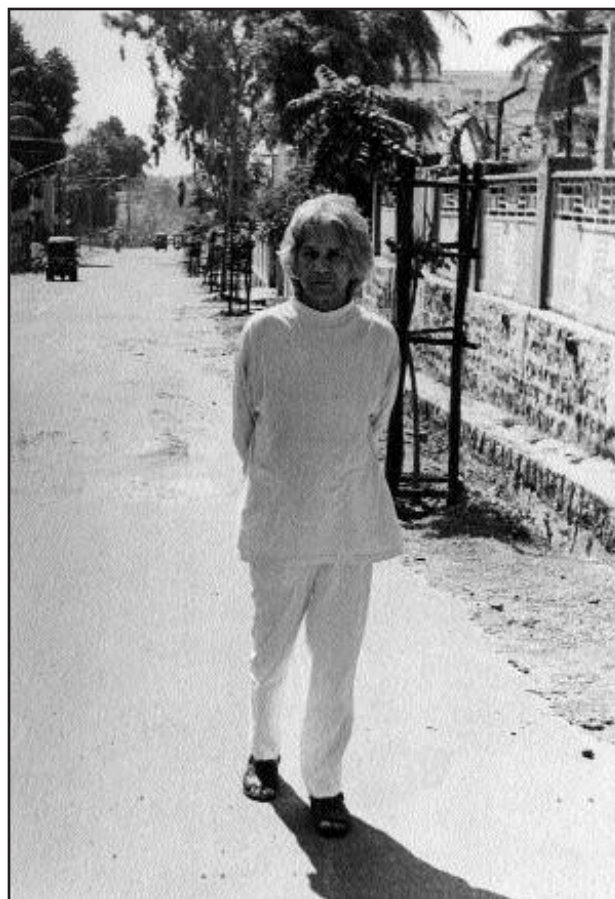
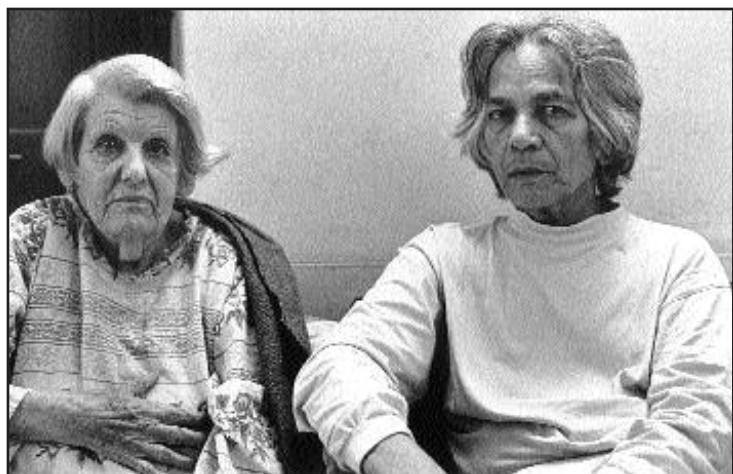
Every day an old man comes to visit U.G. by bus, all the way across Bangalore. Years ago he had an astrology reading that said he would presently die. He asked U.G. about it and U.G. guaranteed him he would live another five years. At the end of five years, he asked for an extension and U.G. gave him another five years. He calls U.G. God.

~ ~

The other night U.G. talked about selfishness and selflessness, and I finally understood that if one is selfish, as he is, in the unique way one can only be in the natural state, where *survival* on the cellular level is the only concern, not becoming a better, different or otherwise changed person, that is a "selfless person tomorrow," that at that point one is incapable of harming another being, of not being compassionate, selfless.

In the late afternoon we all went over to the old house where U.G. and Valentine used to live to visit Kalyani, a mad old woman who is dying of cancer. She used to come and sing and talk and was a major figure in U.G.'s Bangalore entourage. She was even a character in one of Mahesh's movies. I had been hearing about her, but was unprepared for the scrawny, shrill creature who came tearing out of the back shack when we arrived. Lunging at U.G. in an attempt to embrace him, she hugged everyone else, myself included. She then asked U.G. to help her die, that she couldn't stand the pain any more. He tried to give her money (as he always had, though she would immediately give it away to temples or godmen of some kind) but she told him she had no use for it any more. Chandrasekhar went back to her room with her and said she had a cavernous open wound on her chest that a football would fit into. She has refused treatment from the beginning. U.G. said she would die very soon, that her refusing money was a clear indication of her impending death.

When you try to be in control you have already lost control.







Chandrasekhar told me that the idea of privacy does not exist in the Indian mind. "A room of one's own" is nonexistent as a concept. He also said that Indians don't say "thank you" as compulsively as we do. Doing for others just comes naturally within and without the family and doesn't require special acknowledgment.



Here is the rub. I could feel it coming. Things were too good. Yesterday afternoon I brought the coffee up, around seven cups for the assembled people. U.G. said, "What's this? You're taking over around here, Julie. But you won't be accepted here no matter what you do." I was flustered and confused, though I joked about Pluto and past lives to cover up, gloss it over.

But I began to mull it over, silenced and somber, particularly when U.G. asked me who had made the coffee. I said it had been a group effort, still thinking (since I had made his) that he "liked it" and that was why he was asking, oh inflated ego, mine.

But I began to see my own pattern and how it must appear to others here, the women. They do all the cooking and housework, and then I appear at meal time to serve U.G., or to carry the coffee when it has been made by others. Though I am trying to help, I have fallen into thinking I am U.G.'s handmaiden, always washing his plate and my own. I have been pushed into this a little, or perhaps I created the pattern myself, I don't know. But the interloper issue is far from dead, and he must be referring to this.

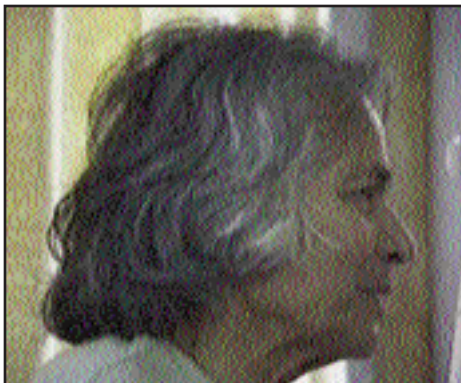
I felt chastised, conscious of my awkwardness, but unsure how to rectify things. Perhaps I can't. U.G. is just helping me to become aware of my effect on others, to see that I am officious in some way, pushy.

I don't know. It's not easy to be in this situation either. I'm trying to be a little gentle on myself, clobbering myself for my conditioning is not going to help.

~ ~

Yesterday morning Suguna, U.G. and I walked to Gandhi Bazaar to buy mosquito netting for the other bed now installed in my "old room," into which the girls have moved. She wanted to exchange a metal box she had bought for U.G.'s dentures as a present. U.G. was browsing across the street. She gave me a larger box and asked me to show it to him to see if he thought it was the right size, so I took it across to him. He looked it over, seemed unsure, then just removed his dentures, slipped them into the box, said it is fine and returned his dentures to his mouth, all in a flash, very practical solution.

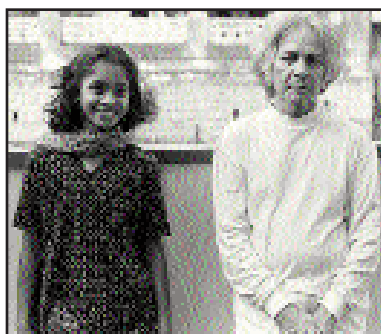
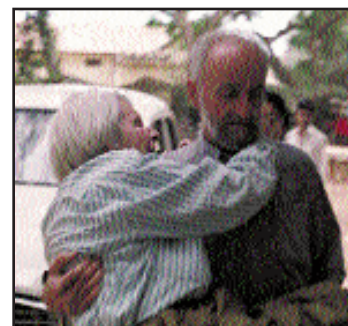
No artifice, no pride, nothing.

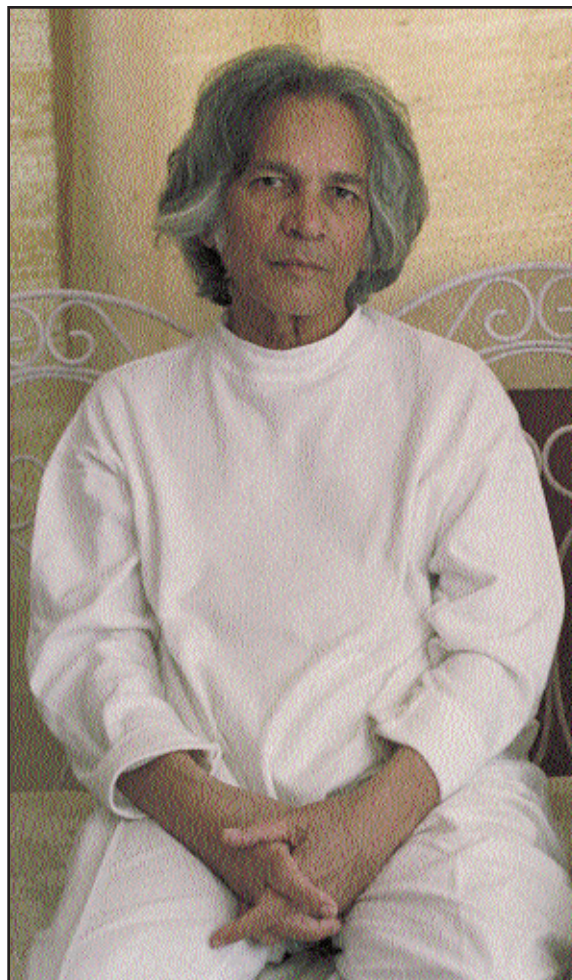
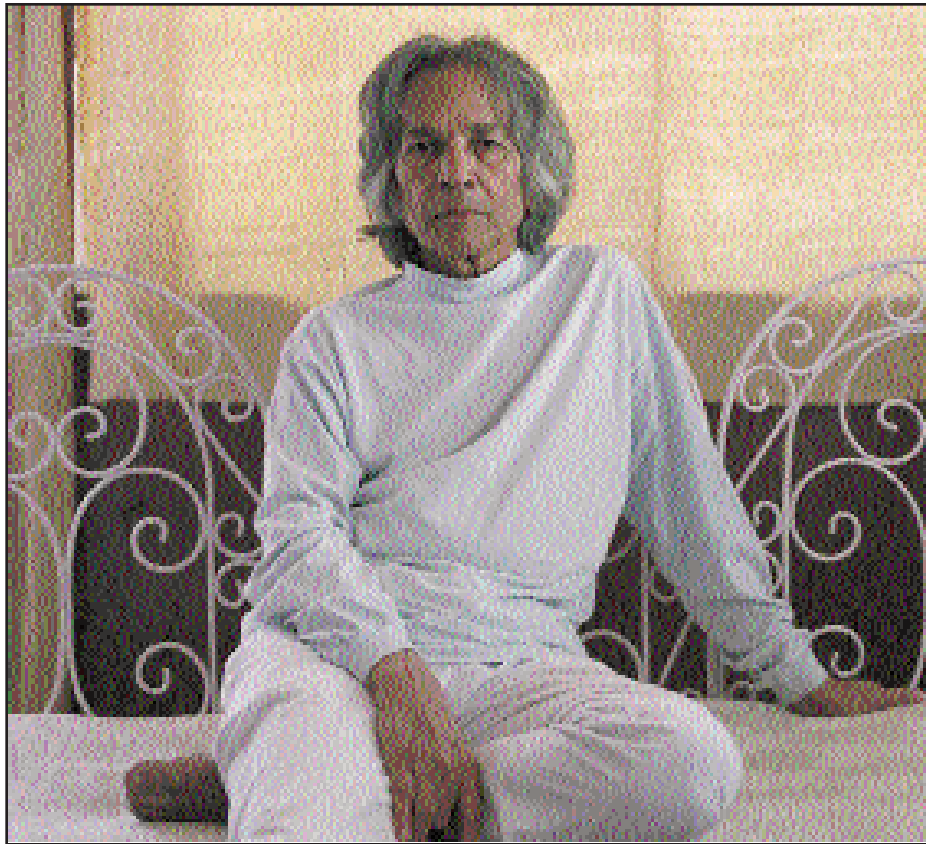


I hazard the opinion that the species was created for the sole purpose of masterminding its own extinction. The whole gang of psychiatrists are also prolonging the agony and should be shot.

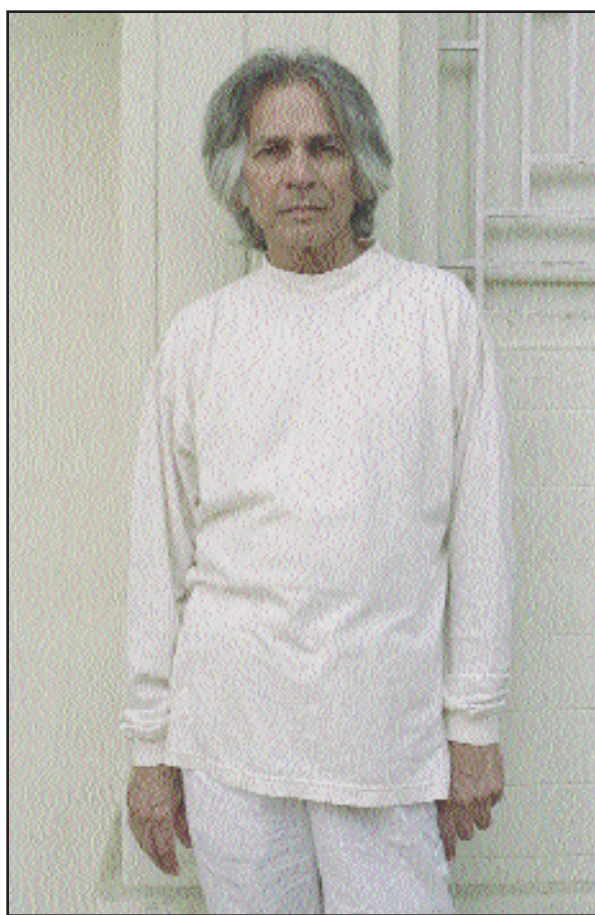
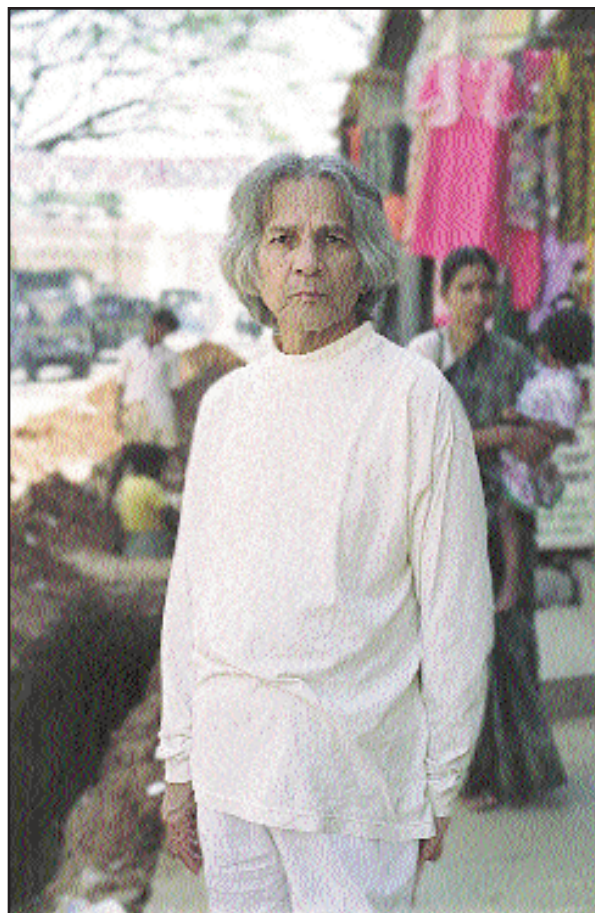


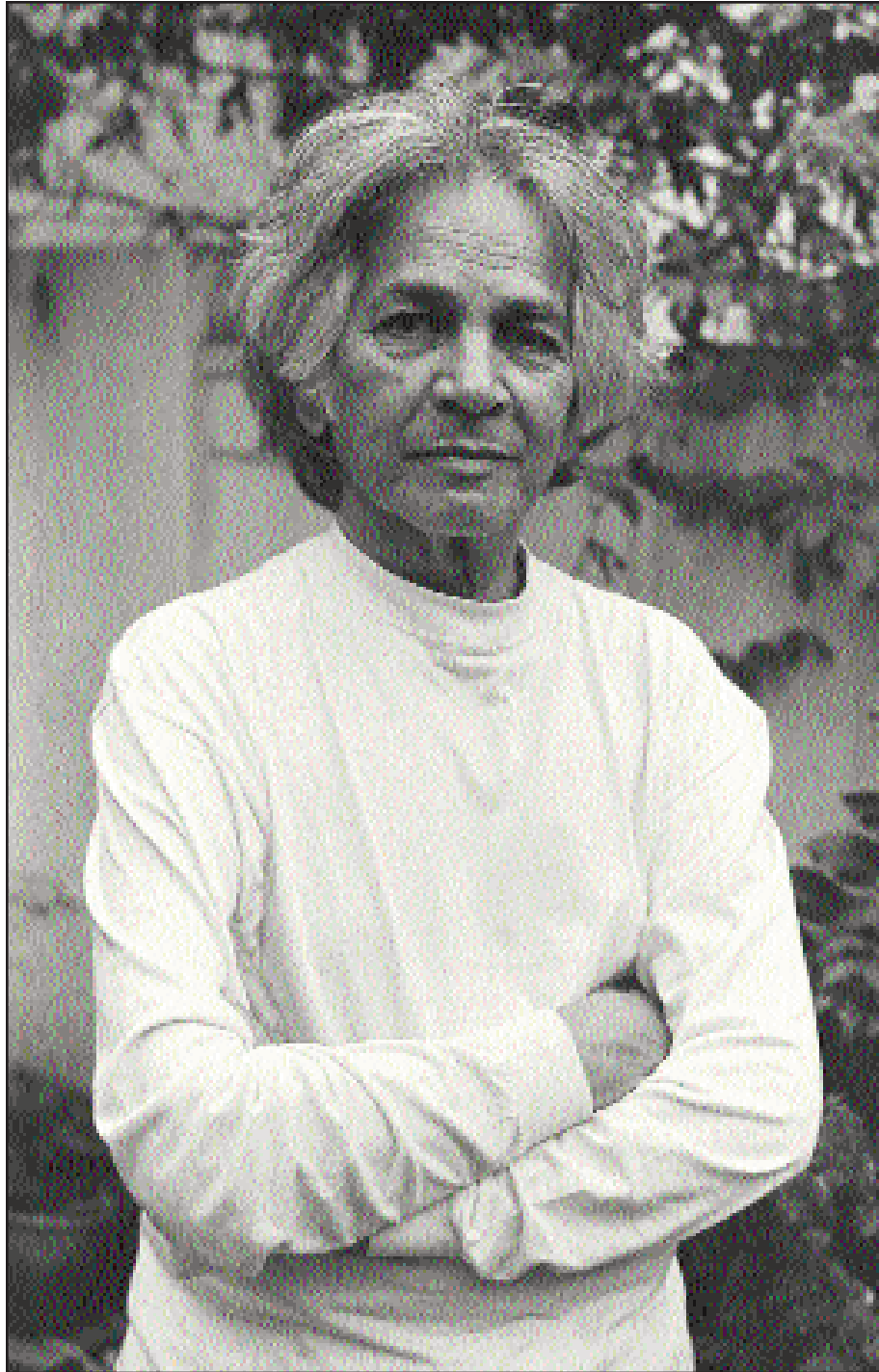
Last day in Bangalore. We fly to Bombay tomorrow morning. The past few days have been a flurry of farewells, last minute charts (I have found Fingers of God in the following charts: Brahmachari, Chandrasekhar, Shanta's daughter, Mittu, Aparagitha, and "the sleeping man", Supramanian (sleeping because he goes into samadhi every night when he comes to see U.G.), photographing everybody with U.G. and each other, and typing of readings into the computer for Chandrasekhar.











I hazard the opinion that the species was created for the sole purpose of masterminding its own extinction. The whole gang of psychiatrists are also prolonging the agony and should be shot.





Half of me is woman.

***Bombay***  
***February 2, 1990***

Deep in the frying pan with one foot in the fire. U.G. and I flew from Bangalore to Bombay this morning and not one word was exchanged from departure to arrival. At first relaxed and relieved to be able to be quiet and sleep (I had a rough sleepless night last night), I then felt that familiar withdrawal on his part, that aversion, like he wished I wasn't there. The few lame remarks I made fell on unhearing, indifferent ears, no response at all. Coupled with this discomfort were my baggage problems, four suitcases, one large bean bag, my computer, camera bag, and film bag.

I can't help it, but traveling so heavy is definitely a problem.

When we got to Bombay, U.G. went out to meet Mahesh and I waited over a half hour for the bags.

When they came and I finally extricated myself, U.G. was standing there impatiently. The car was jammed to overflowing, and the back even popped open on the way to Bombay. Quite a different ride from the last one, at 3 in the morning with U.G. and Mahesh so friendly and welcoming.

I said I would be happy to dispose of the camera or the computer or the clothes.

U.G. said no, *that wasn't what had to go*.

I felt angry, despite my knowledge that he is playing with me. I am still hurt from his remark in Bangalore. In some way it marred my departure, feeling I'm resented underneath. (Even though Adri took me aside at the airport this morning and said he has "learned a lot" from me, putting simplicity into practice, living the teaching etc.) U.G. has been hostile to me since arriving, talking about me with Mahesh behind my back, leaving me in the car while he goes in for a haircut with Mahesh (so I went for a walk with Lalu Bhai).. Mahesh drives at me with questions about how I can feel okay while he and

U.G. are in such a funk.

U.G. went into what looked like deep samadhi in the car on the way home this afternoon, after we dropped off Mahesh, not stirring while Lalu Bhai and I went into several shops trying to find heavy cream. He looked dead from outside the car, people peering in and staring at him. But when we arrived at Parikh's apartment, he came to life and made it upstairs, staggering a bit and looking like like death personified. I feel responsible somehow. They have convinced me that I am poison, anathema. I'm on the verge of telling U.G. just to tell me if he wants me to leave, to return to New York.

But I don't really feel that way. I'm only angry in fits and starts. Otherwise I feel deep love for U.G., and even deeper trust. There is no reason why he would hurt me unless I needed it for some reason. I'm keeping my distance now. He is in the living room with a few people and I'm in my room, the same one where I began my Indian odyssey two months ago.

I'll see if I can talk with him tomorrow. The heat is on for all of us now. According to Mahesh, U.G. is becoming even more ruthless and harsh than ever, and the closer you are to him, the harsher.

I don't want any excess baggage.



U.G. sent me off to dinner with Mahesh and Soni at Woodlands tonight, saying he wanted to stay home and rest. He promised us before we left that he would not die while we were gone, and also apparently told Mahesh, "She will enjoy it," about my going to dinner, sweet, and it cleared the air for me. Mahesh told me that at the airport while they were waiting for me to come out with my bags, Mahesh asked U.G., "Why don't you go help her?" And U.G. replied, "She's here to help me." But then went off to look and see if I was okay. When I heard this I melted.

When we returned to Parikh's apartment, bringing idlis for U.G., Mahesh took the initiative and told U.G. I wanted to know why U.G. asks questions of me through Mahesh and he responded, "because you two talk," implying that he and I do not. This is true, very true. I asked why it is so hard for me to talk to him directly and he said, "It's withdrawal," that everyone has a little, but carried to extremes it becomes pathological. I had thought he was withdrawn, but instead it was me.

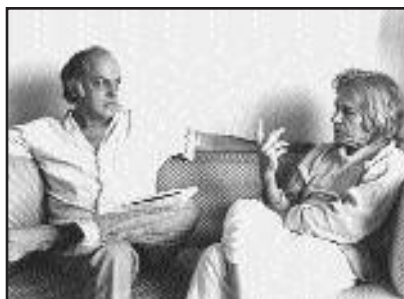
Tonight he was just hanging onto consciousness by a thread, "sinking, sinking," according to him, heading towards the great sleep, death, Samadhi. He told me he was conscious of nothing today when he sank in the car, heard nothing, was completely "gone."

The story continues. I feel something will happen between now and the time either WE leave or U.G. leaves, or I leave. I don't know what the outcome will be.

### *February 3*

So much has changed. I was up early, took a bath and made coffee, a cup for myself and one for U.G. But when I went to his room, it was dark. Around 7 I looked in again, and called him but he didn't respond. Later, a call from Chandrasekhar roused him from his bed. He told me he had been so far away, so "gone" that it took him some time to come back when I called him. We went and sat in the living room, Lalu-bhai having also arrived.

I seized the opportunity to "talk" to him right off this morning, as soon as he had his coffee. He told me he never withdraws, that it was me. That he never initiates conversation, let alone small talk, polite talk. He explained once again that not one of us is in any way special to him, he does not even "see" me when he talks to me. What he sees, he said later, is our repulsive efforts to be "good" people, false efforts that contaminate an otherwise pure presence, pure living essence. Mahesh called and I heard him saying, "The person from New York is talking to me..."



*How to live is all you are interested in.*

He said he felt I was not a very firm or committed person, a repeat of his taxi lecture, that I had other interests and responsibilities at home. I asked if one's nature can be changed and he said no, there's nothing to do.

This ties in with his message of hopelessness. Throwing in the sponge and making the best of life, this moment, this could be "the last day," this is the only reality, there is no hereafter, better present or anything else to aspire to. Mankind is doomed, is completely useless to mature except for recycling atoms, we are redundant, superfluous.

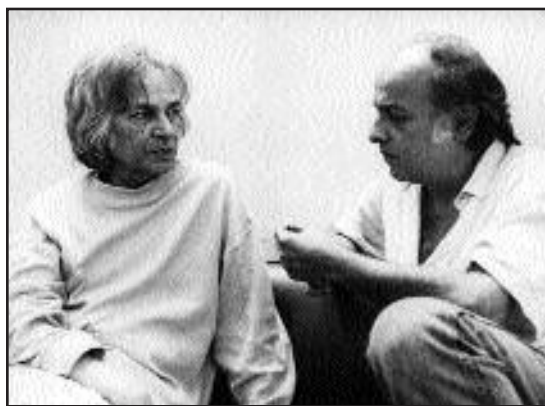
It is now 2 a.m. on the morning we leave for Hong Kong. I misread my watch, thinking it was 5 a.m., got up, took a shower, made coffee and wondered where U.G. was. Then I noticed it was only 1:30 in the morning! So I am all dressed and packed and ready to leave, but have hours to go.

Two months I have been in India. In a way I don't know this country at all, I have been so intently involved in U.G.'s sphere. But that world, his world, is immense, in another sense, and embodies the universe. I feel comfortable and at home here, but unemotional, ready to return tomorrow, or to stay away forever. U.G. asked me again yesterday what I "wanted," what I was going to do with my life. As if I know. He knows and I know that it depends entirely on him.

~ ~

I burned my finger on a pot in the morning and U.G. came in just as I was dousing it in cold water. He laughed. I felt he had orchestrated this wound in his mysterious way, something about a warning about staying away from the "fire" if you don't want to get burned. Or is this my imagination?

Goodby India!



There's no difference between satsang and going to a bar or going to a brothel,  
it is all the pleasure principle.





Just forget IF. If there were no ifs and buts .."

