

Part Three:

Hong Kong,
Australia
New Zealand







*Hong Kong
February 5, 1990*

Installed in the New World Hotel, two doors away from U.G. It's nice to have my own bathroom again (endless hot water!) and a phone that works. I immediately called Sasha and Luna last night, connection as clear as if they were in the same hotel.

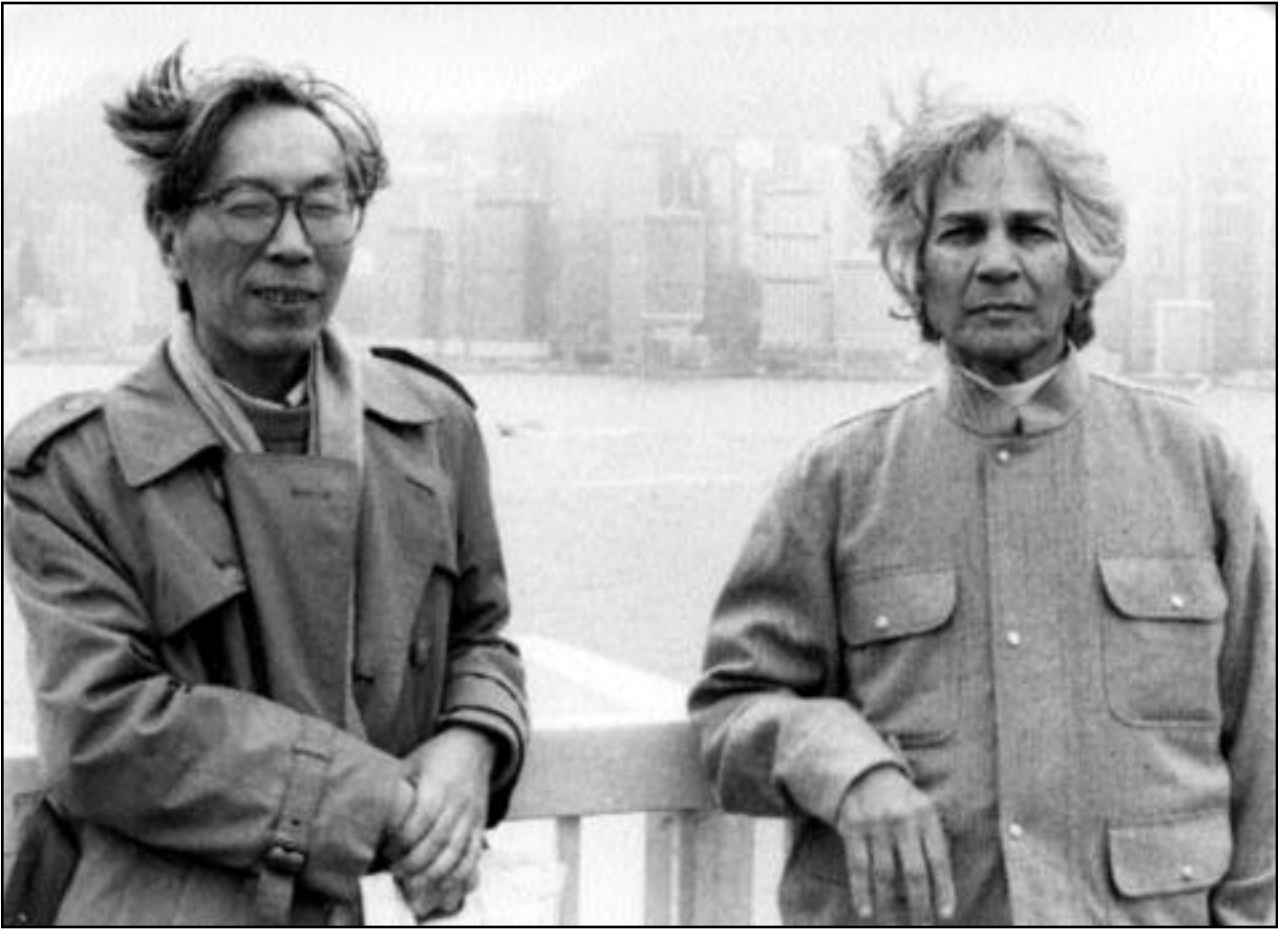
The flight from Bombay was effortless. Both U.G. and I slept during much of it, plus had a meal. Although this time we did not talk much, I did not feel the absence of talk as a problem, but rather that it was natural and peaceful.

Several times I felt he needed me, to fix his armrest and remove his tray after lunch. It strikes me as odd that he would consider traveling alone. Independent though he is, he is not so young and seems at times vulnerable and fragile. Perhaps I am just wishing this to be true so I can be the one to be with him and help him out.

We arrived at the Hong Kong airport at 6 in the evening and took a taxi to the hotel. U.G. left me to pay the taxi and to muddle through with tipping and trying to figure out the currency.

Michael and Mariana, U.G.'s old friends, met us at the hotel. They had tried to meet us at the airport, but somehow missed us. This, according to U.G., happens every time he arrives in Hong Kong. We went to dinner at Woodlands Indian Restaurant, right next door. Some window shopping and to bed early.

The intellect is not the instrument to understand something living.



U.G. and Henry and I went for a long walk along the waterfront and ending up at his bookstore where I bought another I Ching book. We did a lot of "mallng," U.G.'s favorite activity, but only bought some walnut clusters, heavy cream and potato chips at Marks and Spencer.

We met Michael Lee at his studio, where he makes Chinese dolls, and the four of us went to lunch at a vegetarian Chinese restaurant. I made a gaff by eating out of the main plate with my chopsticks. I noticed nobody ate anything from it. I commented, like an imbecile, to U.G. about the difference between India and Hong Kong in that regard, and he said that was why he wasn't eating anything. Gauche, on my part.

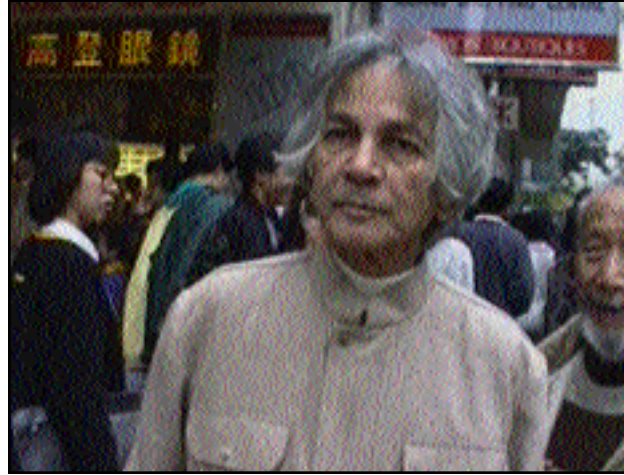
Afterwards we went back to the hotel, Michael and Henry left, and U.G. and I had coffee in the lobby. He asked me if I wanted to rest or go mallng with him. Needless to say, I chose the latter, and had a great time with him, completely happy. He mentioned *en passant* that his third eye had come out in the taxi and he had forgotten to tell me, to show me. I asked him if he felt it, and he said no, it was just a glandular shift, and he had noticed it in the taxi mirror.

There is no need to understand *anything*.



I'm still having sporadic headaches; U.G. mentioned tiger balm as a Chinese remedy. Then to a Chinese department store where he bought some silk undershirts, made in mainland China. At 5:30 he went back to the hotel to rest and I went to the department store next door and bought a traveling water heating jug, some instant coffee and a spoon. Took it to U.G.'s room and made two cups of coffee, an attempt to dispense with room service.

There is no other instrument, and you don't need any other instrument.



In the evening we went back to Woodlands Restaurant with Henry, Michael and Mariana. On the way home U.G. took me to task for taking too much video footage, being indiscriminate in my shooting, and he reaffirmed that editing was going to be impossible.

I noticed in the restaurant how incredibly gifted he is, this time as a director. He tells Mahesh how to write and probably direct, and here he was seeing what I wasn't seeing, telling me that I should set the atmosphere of the room, pick up the Indian paintings etc. and not just shoot our table and its food. He doesn't need me at all! (The reverse is not true.)

He also mentioned again that I am not a "free person," that I am split between him and my past life. What to do? It is true that I am not in the present and am dragged down by my sense of obligation to others. But won't that go away? And more than by obligations, I am dragged down by my guilt and self-criticism.

It just dawns on you.

February 6

At 8:45 I took U.G. his morning coffee, and croissants I got from room service. The orange juice was too cold so I warmed it in his sink. I told him I had been up since 1 a.m. and he asked me if I had taken coffee then, and I said no, a bold lie. I *absolutely* made myself a cup of coffee at 1:30 for no apparent reason except it was there. And why didn't I tell him this? What on earth am I protecting? I don't get it.

U.G. knows absolutely every thought and emotion that flashes through me, I'm sure of it. It's uncanny, disconcerting and, ultimately, freeing - freeing in the sense that once I see I have no place to hide, I'll stop trying. Maybe my duplicitous nature will slow down or better yet, cease.
(Am I kidding myself?)

U.G. told me a couple in the room between us is fighting. One is Chinese and one is American. Now why don't I hear them? And if he hears them, what else does he hear? I said something about "that's marriage for you" and he alluded to his own marriage, that it was like that, not quite so violent.
Mine was worse.

We're going out at 10 a.m., to do what I don't know.

~ ~

We visited Mariana's office during the afternoon visit to Hong Kong.
She works for a Japanese company.



Anything you want implies you have to think.
Wanting and thinking are not two different things.



February 7

On the way to the ferry yesterday morning, I told U.G. I had lied about the coffee. He smiled and said the reason he doesn't want the coffee pot in his room is because he would be tempted to drink it himself at odd hours like that. No judgement, just acknowledgment that I was trying to protect myself, to "look good" in some way. I was at home with him yesterday, at ease.

We took the ferry to Hong Kong, "malled" for an hour over there, and met up with Mariana at noon. To Qantas Airlines for travel plans. Couldn't get on the Perth flight, so we're going directly to Melbourne.

In the morning we "malled" around the Japanese section, through several Japanese department stores.

He seems to be relenting on the Lumberland shoes, but we have not yet found his size.

I promised to carry the extra pair in my suitcase, if we find them.



The only thing you can do is think.

February 8

U.G. came to my door yesterday morning to tell me Mrs. Poori, an Indian woman who had come to see him in Delhi, had arrived for a visit. I went immediately to his room. She asked me how I would describe U.G.'s philosophy, or teaching. I said I could not, would not attempt to do this, that I had learned that this is impossible. What he says is too mercurial to be held by the mind, this because its aim (if there is one) is to destroy the mind. How can the mind hold onto its own assassin? Even though momentarily, when I listen to him, I feel I understand, I know what he says is "right," I cannot repeat it with any accuracy. All I can do, as I told her, is tell about him as a person, how he appears to live, his effect on me, recount anecdotes, or repeat a phrase here, a response there. That's all. Even this journal is more about me and my mind's meandering than about him.

I cannot trap him, cage him, define him. I love him in some strange way, am drawn inexorably to him, a moth to fire. I want to be with him every minute, am entirely focused on him. Yet there is no comfort, no consolation, *nothing*.

~ ~

Talking to Mrs. Poori helped a little because I could verbalize a little in U.G.'s presence. He said again I am caught up in my obligations, my responsibilities, weighed down by problems.



All ideas are false.



I keep feeling U.G. is going to discover my hidden foibles. But I see, from time to time, that he has discovered them already, knows them even better than I do. That he is this mirror in which I will eventually see them myself, accept them, see how helpless I am to instigate change, that it cannot come from my own effort. (Again this morning I lied about coffee. I had two cups before he came into the room, made a third while he was here. When he asked me how many cups this made, I said "two." It just popped out, again like the other day. Why am I *still* protecting myself, trying not to look excessive, like an addict? Now I have to confess again, even though he knows already that I am lying and that I know I am lying!) That I have nothing to fear except the ending of fear, and that is the ending of myself. And that is unlikely to happen. I'm a crazy person.

Being with U.G. is like living in front of a well-lit mirror. Every thought and tendency, dishonesty, prurient thought - everything - is bounced back. I don't know how it works, not a clue. He is impassive, remote, yet there is not one breath I take that I feel he doesn't know about. Disconcerting.

In one way it is difficult being with him, in another it's easy because of the lack of "charge" - no demands, no emotions (on his side) - just living, peacefully, efficiently, intensely.
I'm trying to describe the indescribable.

I never have that old frustrated, irritated feeling I have had with all other men that he is somehow wrong about things, inept in some way. He is *always right*, even about the most banal, mundane, tiny detail. His attention on every level is *phenomenal*, yet there is no emotional content to any of it.

We have placed before ourselves the goal of a perfect being.

I immediately blurted out to him this morning on the way to the post office that I had lied again about the coffee. He seemed mildly amused. I felt he was a million miles off when I told him, but I said I would withdraw into withdrawal if I didn't get it off my chest. I said I didn't know why these lies popped out of my mouth. He said he hoped I would soon tell him I had nine cups of coffee.

Instantly, I was better. I asked him at lunch if he had known I was lying, and he said no, two cups had registered in his computer, then the correction, three. There is, for him, no right or wrong, nor truth or falsehood. These, to the contrary, are all constructs of culture, of our minds. We suffer over them, he does not. He doesn't care if I lie, or tell the truth, neither is preferable to him. But in his presence my untruths achieve monstrous proportions! Why is this?

We "malled" this morning until lunch. I had the San Francisco Chronicle and Mahesh's articles copied in the lobby, bought pizza and cheese at a local supermarket and Michael, Mariana, U.G. and I had lunch in my room. U.G. drank seven glasses of water, said he was very dehydrated. He said it has happened before, the body knows what it needs.

My mother had the second cataract operation. I said I thought I had improved because I could be here, without worry, rather than feeling I had to be with her. U.G. said I *was* with her, because my mind was there. The fact that I even mentioned it, told him about it, shows where I am at. But it is all right. I cannot be other than I am at this moment.



The culture has done tremendous harm to the human species.

After lunch Henry appeared and we went for a walk at TST East, more "mallng." U.G. seemed very tired at the end of it and wanted to take a long nap. I made coffee and then he went off to his room, where he still is. I think the full moon, an eclipse, a day off is beginning to affect him already.

~ ~

Yesterday we went mallng in the morning locally around the hotel. Both of us changed some money. At lunch time we bought pizza and had it in U.G.'s room. He doesn't like eating in restaurants, and the more meals we can have here the better. He seemed pleased with this solution. Then in the afternoon we went for a long walk down Nathan Road, looking in all the shops, buying only silk longjohns in a Chinese department store at the end, and a few toiletries.

~ ~

We were picked up by Mariana and Michael at 6:30. She, poor thing, had left the video and audio tapes given her by U.G. for reproduction in a taxi yesterday morning. She confessed to U.G. and he said with great sincerity and warmth that it didn't matter, they were not "originals," nothing was lost to mankind. Several times he could see her mind agonizing over it and said not to worry, it didn't matter. She said to me later that this experience showed her how "busy" her mind is, though she likes to think it is a calm and still mind, relatively speaking. That this interchange with U.G. taught her more than all her reading of his books and listening to his answers to other people's questions.

Last night we had dinner in a vegetarian Chinese Restaurant. U.G. really enjoyed himself, he said, having several helpings of "sweet and sour chicken" which in fact was tofu, celery and mushrooms. It is amusing to watch him fool around with the chopsticks. Mariana gave him lessons, but he doesn't have the hang of it at all. He once again reminds me of a child, earnestly trying but slightly awkward, though delicate beyond belief.



Actually nature is creating perfect species, not perfect beings.



February 9

The introduction to *Parsifal* was playing on the radio when U.G. came in for breakfast this morning. I said it was my favorite opera and that they say if you listen in the right way you can get enlightened by it. He wanted to know what "listening in the right way" meant. Feeling stupid I said being open in some way. How absurd, as if the mind can ever be open! How many times has U.G. said there is no such thing as "an open mind." That by its very nature it is closed, programmed by culture to ensure its own continuity. Also that there is no way to listen, really, to anything or anyone, because of this same separative mechanism.

He didn't say these things this time, but he doesn't need to anymore. I hear them inside myself, in response to my ignorance.

We did some shopping. I bought a shotgun mike for the video camera and an electronic dictionary/thesaurus for U.G. He saw it earlier in the day and decided to get rid of the dictionary he carries with him. I asked him why he uses a dictionary and he said to look up, sometimes, the meanings of words. Spelling? I asked, and he said no, he didn't care about spelling.

He bought himself a pair of wool socks to replace the pair he was wearing, full of holes. He is still wearing the Timberlands I bought him in New York, having left his Italian sandals (bought on sale in Rome, one being slightly faded from exposure to the sunlight in the shop) in Bangalore. I tried to buy him a new pair, as they look a bit odd without the laces (which he removed), but he says he is not yet ready to replace them. And he will travel with only one pair.

Anything he will let me buy for him thrills me.
I don't how he decides, but I feel a deep sense of gratitude
when he does.



You can't throw that value system out the window or down the drain.



After dinner we strolled along Temple Street and U.G. really came to life, loving the array of merchandise, particularly its cheapness, and the milling throngs. He bought another set of grey sweat pants/sweatshirt, a long sleeved t-shirt, a electronic key-chain calculator, a small leather pouch for his wrist watch (from which he has removed the band, and which had been residing in the plastic Concorde sewing case he found in my sewing basket in New York, the one that announces the time every hour on the hour, and wakes you up at an appointed hour with messages every five minutes). He looked at bags, but did not buy. He told me earlier the reason he doesn't like leather is the smell bothers him; it has nothing to do with religious, ecological or any other content.

Over and over again he said he was "really enjoying" himself, that he had never been there before, that there was so much more selection and appealing items than in the more luxurious stores, and best of all, good prices. He definitely responds to the street life.

~ ~

On the way up the escalator back to the hotel, later in the night, he said that the "silence" they talk about regarding enlightenment, is the clatter and chaos of the street market, the roar of the ocean, not the bogus fake silence sought after by the meditators. I don't know why the outburst made me laugh (I laugh uncontrollably often these days, I don't know why) and he fiercely demanded to know of me why I was laughing. "It is no laughing matter," he assured me.

When we arrived at our floor (he was carrying the camera, I the packages), he waited until I had closed the door to my room before going on. Then realizing I still had his dictionary in my purse I went to his room to give it to him, locking myself out of my own. Why did he wait until I had closed the door?
(The bellboy let me into my room.)

I don't care what happens to me anymore.

He mentioned last night that he wanted to buy a pair of folding Chinese scissors, that he had dropped his in the toilet while he was cutting his nails. I asked him if they had gone down the toilet and he said "I hope so." So I guess he doesn't always "rip" his nails as he told me on the flight from Delhi. To expect consistency from U.G. is to be sorely disappointed!

We are forcing them (crazy people) to fit into that framework. They don't want, they have given up. It's our problem. That's why I say all the psychiatrists are the enemies of the mad people.

Midnight: Full moon, and the eclipse is about to begin, though I probably won't be able to stay awake for it. Furthermore, it's cloudy and misty and may not be visible. We have just returned from an evening at Daswani's house. It began with a "full moon puja," lasting an hour, an offering to and celebration of the goddess in all her splendor, with chanting and offering of flowers, coconuts and fruit. Prasad and devotion. I filmed much of it, U.G. listened impassively, but remembering his reaction to the sloka in Bangalore, I wondered if he was moved, particularly as it is the full moon, his time to "fall," to be tipsy.

He seemed bemused, afterwards, that he had participated in the puja in any way and that the devotional type of Indians who were there seemed so drawn to him and open to what he had to say.

There was a buffet dinner, and U.G. spoke to and answered questions from about forty assembled people, an enthusiastic and positive crowd. One man wanted to touch U.G.'s feet at the end, convinced he so clearly was a holy man, despite U.G.'s protestations to the contrary. U.G. insisted that the same dust clung to his feet as to that man's, there was no difference between them.

One attractive Indian woman named Sarala is going to be in Sydney while we are there. U.G. commented about the uniqueness of the Indian mind, its subtlety. A lovely interchange between them during the session:

Sarala:	"I want to "flow" with the intelligence of the organism."
U.G.	"There is somebody there trying to flow with the flow of things. That is separating you."
Sarala	"Is there an eternal me?"
U.G.	"No. The answer is no. You don't have to do a thing. Whatever you do is separating you from the flow of things."

U.G. seemed in good spirits, having enjoyed the evening, he was sociable and outgoing. I felt particularly close to him, in fact nothing but unreasonably good spirits, as if in love, yet there is no love object, other than U.G., and he is a catalyst not a recipient.



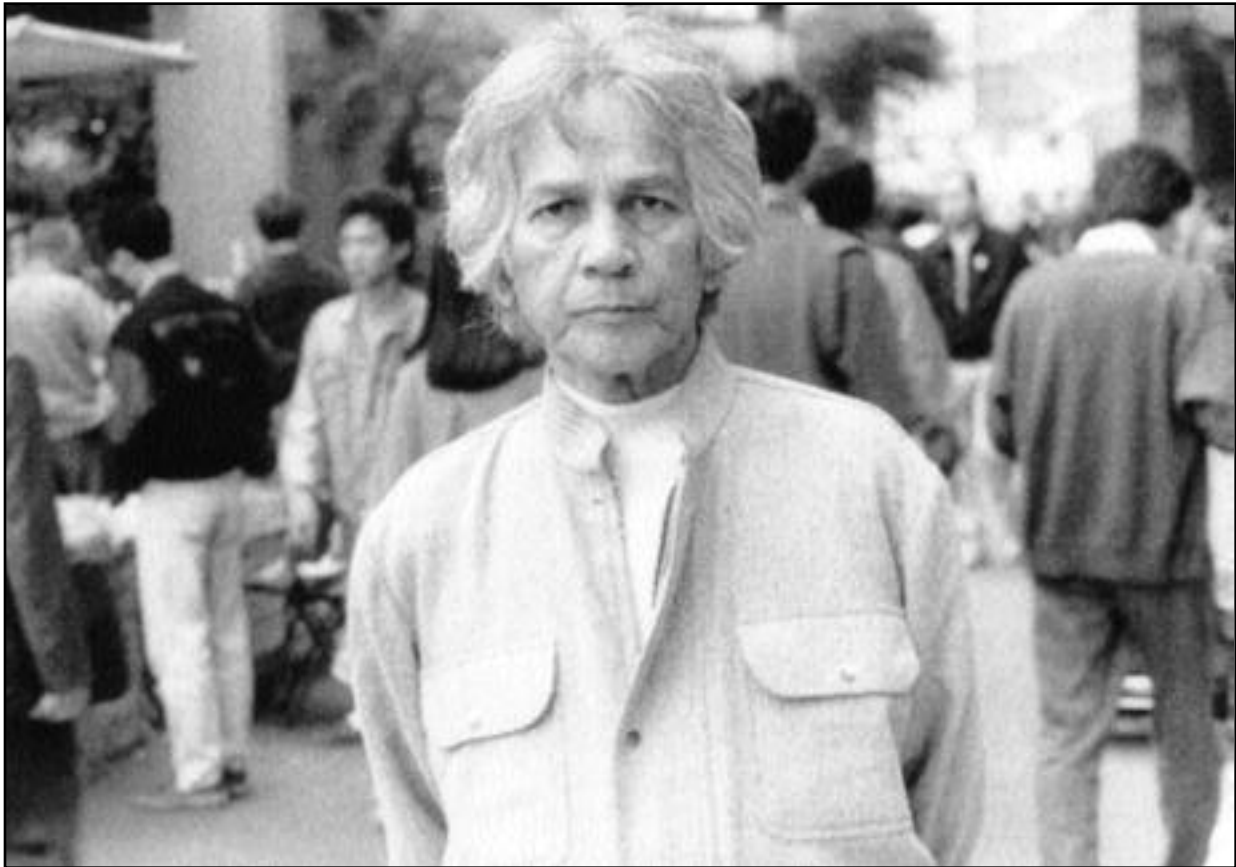
We all live in hope and die in hope.

On the ferry, on the way home, U.G. mentioned the man wanting to touch his feet.
Michael said "The one who says he is not the guru is the real guru."
And U.G. responded, " Don't you have any other ways of insulting me?"

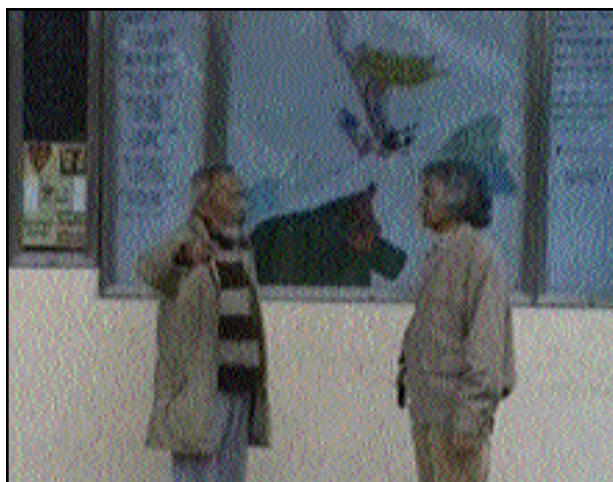
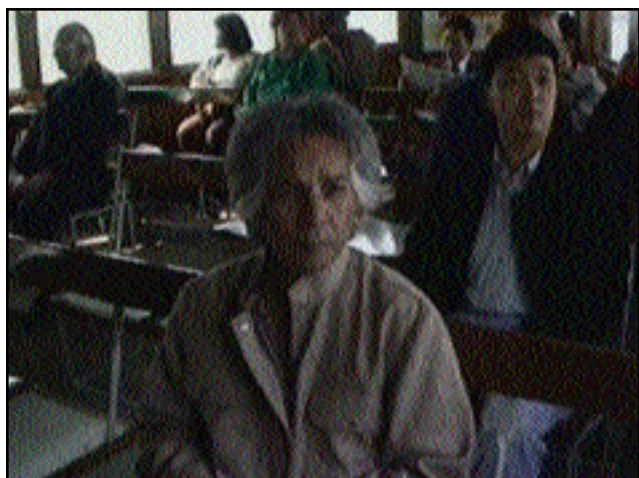
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On the way to Daswani's apartment in the car, we were talking about the Nadi readings in India,
and U.G. told me to tell about my prediction, that I would meet the same guru in this life
who I had abandoned and been cursed by in my last.

"What took you so long?" U.G. asked me.



I told him the same energy, the same dust is on his feet.



Anything you want to be free from for whatever reason is the very thing that can free you.

February 10

Talking about Henry yesterday and his macrobiotic eating and obsession with health and health food, U.G. said, "He is already sick." That is, he went on to explain, anyone who worries about health is already unhealthy, just as anyone who worries about being in control has already lost control; or worries about being honest is already dishonest.

U.G. just came in for breakfast and we had the first open, free conversation I can remember, yes, the first ever. He said the "moon" woke him up at midnight and after that he slept soundly until this morning, unusual for him. I said he had been particularly active yesterday, for a full moon day. Then we talked about enlightenment and how utterly out of the question it was to be passed on or transmitted, and about people's real tendencies coming out around U.G. He said at first the negative ones surface, and then the positive ones (insofar as there can be judgement of negative and positive). I said you mean like my lying about coffee, and he laughed and asked me how many cups this morning. "Three and a half," I said, telling the truth, and he said why not go for the fourth? We talked about the whole Indian scene and people's judgments of me. He said people liked me there, all of them, but just were curious about my relationship to him., whether I would be staying with him.

It is the first time it has come up so openly. He acknowledged that he needed to be with someone because of his advancing age. That was something. He didn't say anything against it being me. I felt open about my children and my mother and as if I could tell him anything. Definitely a change.

Will I be able to sustain it? But it is not *me* who sustains anything. I keep forgetting. I have nothing to do with any of this. U.G. alluded to my tendency to "leave gurus" or for that matter, men. How could I ever leave *him*? No way.



Anything you do to escape the reality of the world will make it difficult for you to live in harmony with the things around you.

U.G. says that the chanting done at the puja is only an effort to still the mind, temporarily. That it is a silly business. He said if they knew what they were chanting (in Sanskrit) they would blush, as some of it, praising the goddess in such minute detail, is downright pornographic.

~ ~

Late at night now. We have just returned from Discovery Bay. Took a ferry over and back, and spent all afternoon waiting for Mariana and Mina, her Japanese friend, to create an intricate and delicious Chinese/Japanese meal. Ultimately U.G., Henry, Michael and I ate while the two of them continued their preparations in the kitchen. As soon as we were through eating, at nine o'clock, U.G. insisted we leave. He was trapped there in a sense, but though somewhat tired from the full moon, he seemed, as usual, completely at ease.

When I asked him later whether he feels restless or frustrated in such a situation, he replied that you only feel restless if you think there is somewhere else you would rather be, somewhere better (like when I was stuck at Jayakumar's mother's house for too long and I longed to be back with U.G.). As he has no home, there is nowhere else to be. If he is stuck somewhere and cannot leave, he just doesn't like it. But it's also all right. Did I get an answer? I'm not sure.



After finishing eating, we discuss starvation - *disgusting!!!*

February 11

We leave for Australia this evening. Packing to leave the hotel. Going out for a last look for the shoes as soon as shops open. I feel this constant sense of well-being, yet on the edge, as if there is nothing I can assume or take for granted. I feel more easy asking U.G. questions and talking to him openly than I did before Hong Kong. Not that I have less to lose, but I know I cannot be with him and conceal my flaws, my past. He is an open book, and I must try to be too.

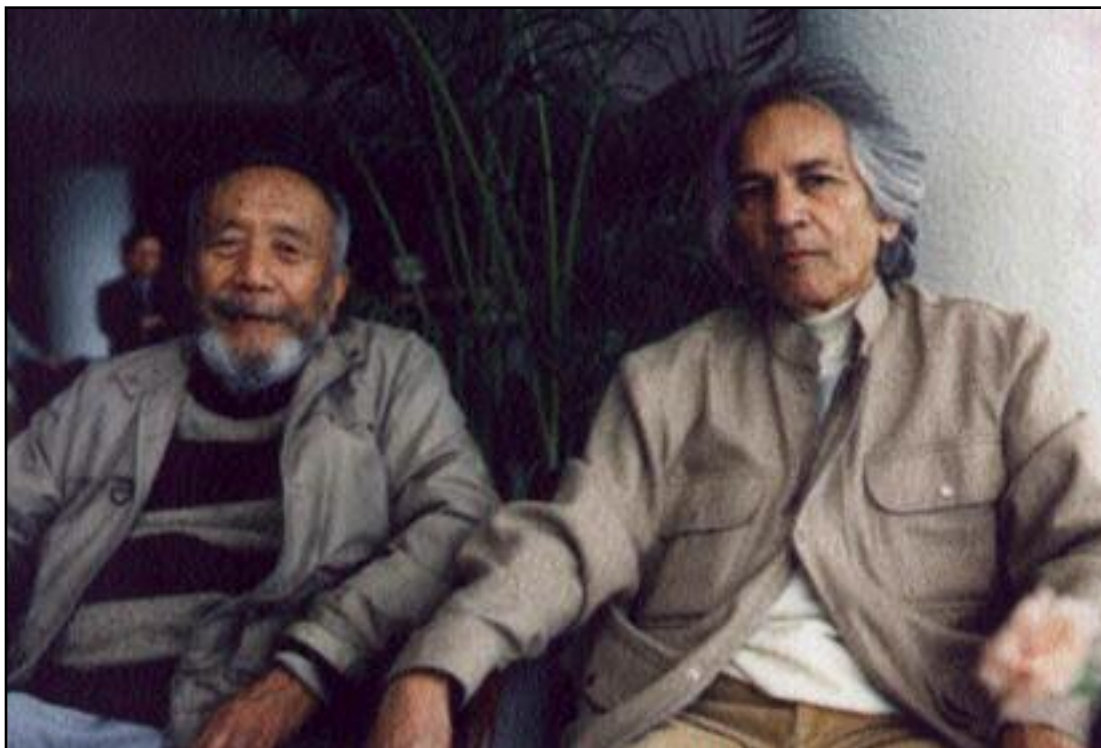
The crazy Italian Theosophist who claimed to have proof of life in another dimension, on other planets or whatever, brought two papers for U.G. to the last meeting, telling him not to show them to anyone. He did, of course, because he has no secrets. Or he keeps secrets only if revealing them would cause someone harm.

The "beings," this man said, do not like what U.G. is saying and the Italian warned him that they will hurt him if he is not careful. U.G. paid no mind, saying he has seen so many crazies in his day, nothing bothers him.

He was late for breakfast this morning, just ten minutes, and I immediately worried that he might have some problem. I feel very protective, grateful, loving, and also quite free in some new way. If he were to cast me into the wilderness now I would miss him terribly, but would, I guess, survive.



The peacefully functioning body doesn't give one hoot for your ecstasies,
beatitudes, or blissful states.



I asked U.G. whether the sense of unreasonable good spirits that one feels (I feel) around him, is what gurus profit from, bank on, is what they know their devotees want more of. He condemned my need to put names on things, to try to understand, to place value on what I am creating with my own mind.

Mariana asked whether life was safe or dangerous, and U.G. replied neither safe nor dangerous. He said if the questioner is not there, there is no question, no danger.
No birth, no death, nothing to fear.

Michael commented on U.G.'s perfect way of answering our questions, negating the pairs of opposites, with not the slightest hesitation, with mind-shattering Zen-like responses.

The other night at Daswani's, Michael asked U.G. if he (Michael) were to poke him (U.G.) with a sharp needle would he tell him there's no pain or there's pain? U.G. responded "No, I would hit you so hard that you wouldn't know what hit you!" He went on to explain, "I'm not joking. I don't know what I will do, what's the point of speculating?" He said the survival of the body, his body, is very important for it, it has to protect itself. It will fight to the last or run away.

Thinking is born out of some sort of neurological defect in the human body.
Therefore anything that is born out of human thinking is destructive.



U.G.'s teaching is always available, always there when a question pops up. But it is laced, interwoven, inexorably, with the mundane eccentricity of his addiction to malling, packing and unpacking. We shopped till the bitter end, looking for the shoes. We found every size but his, size 40. We were told it is a popular size for a popular shoe, and thus hard to find. Each time they didn't have his size U.G. would say, "Good, I'm relieved." I said he obviously didn't want them very much, or he would materialize them.

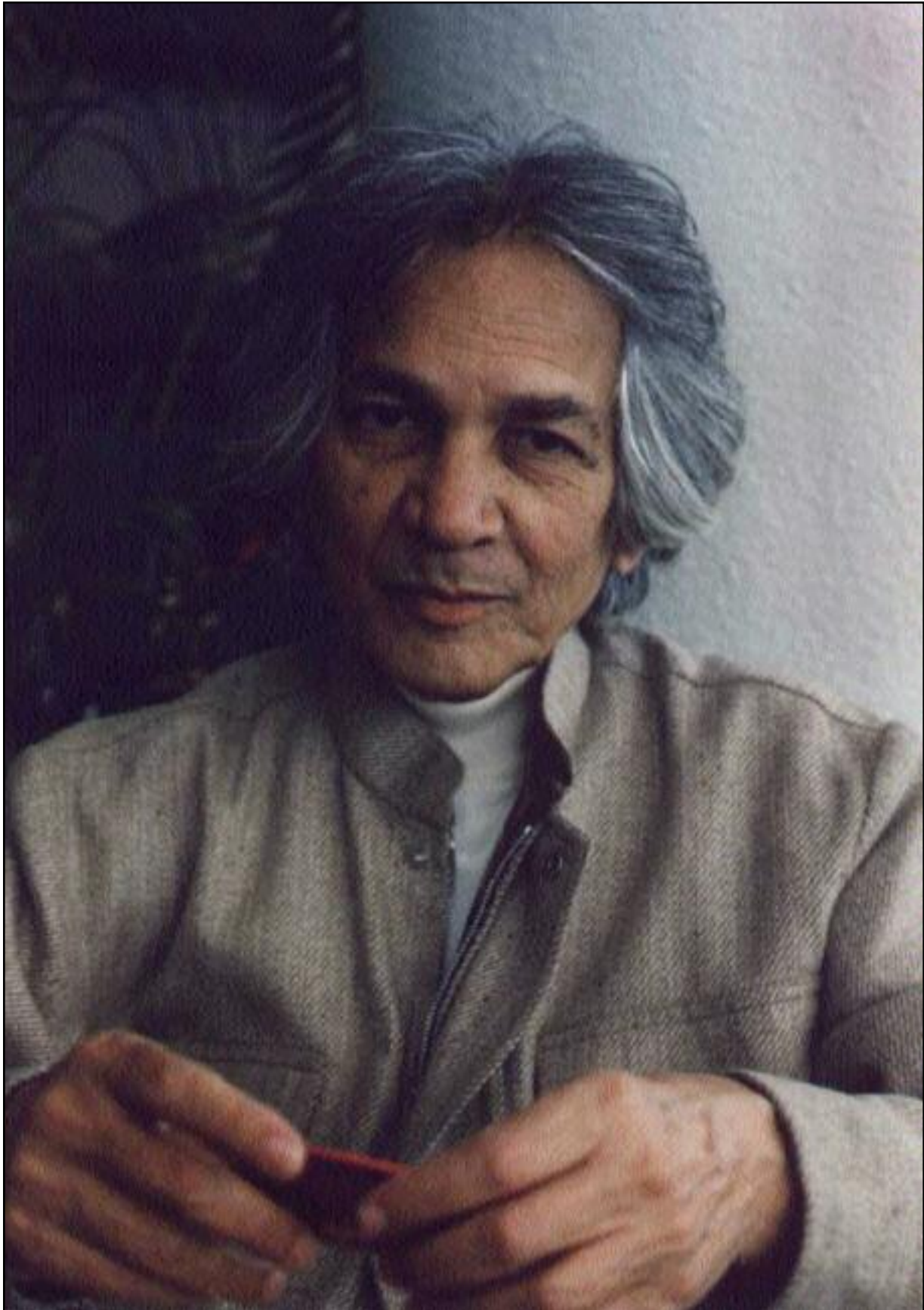
Then he turned on me and told me to stop infusing everything with spiritual significance, particularly not finding his size shoe. I don't care, I do believe he has powers!

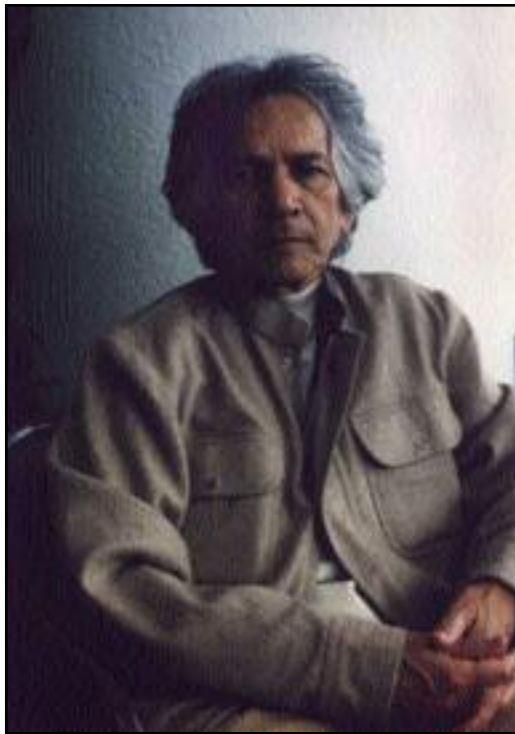
One of U.G.'s last purchases was an exceptionally homely, plaid bag he found early in the morning, way up Nathan Road in a Chinese department store where he was shopping for more silk long Johns. After some debate with the Chinese salesgirl who appeared dazed and amazed by him, he bought it, saying he was going to put his other suitcase inside and check them both. He said he was going to cut off the side pocket because he didn't like it. And then he would give the bag away, probably in India.

The last thing we did after all our shopping was have coffee at the Regent Hotel, next to our World Hotel. A lovely view of the water and Hong Kong. U.G. seemed genial and relaxed, Mariana sweet and adoring. U.G. said he would send her a ticket to anywhere she wanted to come, India, U.S., Switzerland. She chose Switzerland, but said she didn't care where she went as long as she could be with him.

Don't talk of chakras. It's not those but glands that control the human body.







At the airport during our three hour wait, Mariana and I talked about our tendency to be overly efficient, and therefore inefficient. She losing the tapes, me misplacing a flashlight I bought U.G. and needing to buy another one for backup, buying Mariana Guerlain perfume impulsively at the airport, without asking her first (She never uses perfume, and said she couldn't accept it).

I felt very close to Mariana and Michael, pieces of U.G., pieces you can "miss,"
feel sad leaving, hug.



You are trying to enforce peace through violence.

