

*Sydney, Australia*  
*February 19, 1990*

Late at night, half-settled in Sydney.  
New town, new room, new views of U.G., the constantly changing enigma.



What you see there now is the opposite of what you would like to be,  
what you ought to be, what you must be.



The flight, when it finally took off, was delightful. I felt lighthearted and free with U.G., and yet at the same time I never lost sight of who and what he is. There was a kind of openness between us that was new and refreshing.

He offered me the window seat after lunch on the plane, and I said no, I liked to sit on the aisle to protect him. Protect him from what? he asked. From the mobs of people, I don't know, I replied. I just want to be a buffer. He took my hand and gave it a squeeze the way he did in Chicago when I offered to drive him across country. When something is truly spontaneous and from the heart on my part, he responds with his infectious warmth, lovingly. Anything calculated gets a cold shoulder, is ignored.

Again he asked me "What do you want?" And I was about to lapse into "Being with you, helping you," when he said "Hold it until Sydney. We'll have lots of time for heart-to-hearts."

~ ~

On the way to look at the apartments, U.G. commented that the people passing us in the street were exactly the same as everywhere else in the world, thinking about their future, their jobs, their weekends, their marriages...everything but the present moment.

We saw two apartments in the same building, both very attractive. We picked the smaller but lighter, simpler one. Two bedrooms, one bath, a huge living room and terrace overlooking Darling Harbour, and called New Haven Apartments. U.G. lost no time commenting on the name, that New Haven did not mean New Heaven for me, it meant New Hell, that's what I was getting into by being with him this way.

Actions are born out of thoughts.



I find it unbelievable that I'm here in Sidney in this little apartment with U.G. for a month. Who would have expected this? He said this morning it was "God's will" that the other studio wasn't available and we ended up here! I wanted this to happen, but was completely prepared to stay in the hotel and run back and forth to wherever he was staying.

Everything was left to chance, to the "flow of things" - and here we are.

I was touched and intrigued by how happy he seemed to have found this place. He says it's just practical, to pay less for more. I'm quite thrilled to be living in such close quarters with him. I imagine I am in for some rough times, but I feel I have little or no defense now so things don't hurt as much.



You're a squatter there, in that body.





If you do not know what happiness is, you will never be unhappy.

The apartment is warm, no air conditioning, but there is a breeze from the water. I took another shower to cool off. I am trying to be neat, and I asked U.G. if he minded my keeping a towel in the bathroom (I noticed he had put his across the hall in the laundry room). He said no, this was my apartment! He explained that he never uses soap or a towel touched by others. I'm glad I asked as I certainly won't use his soap. I need to know all these things.

We got into a detailed discussion of the physiological change in him at Calamity and I think I understood (though he says I can't) that this change caused in him a painful reshifting of cells. He said I couldn't understand this kind of pain, he was just using the word "pain" for the sake of communication, not because any understanding is possible - it is impossible to understand that which is outside the realm of experience. He now has a child's penis, and if he sometimes has an erection, it is like a child's, just an energy shift, nothing more. U.G. is "an open book." He talks about this phenomenon and about all his bodily functions matter-of-factly, the way he talks about the process of dyeing his clothes.

U.G. said that probably all truly enlightened beings go through the hormonal shift that he did, making sex impossible, out of the question, and this non-sexuality is translated by others as the "path" rather than the result, one result. That misunderstanding originally led to the use of abstinence, of celibacy as spiritual practice in an attempt to duplicate the condition of the enlightened one. U.G. says any such attempt is useless and a crime against nature because it doesn't bring about this change. *The change itself brings about the ending of sex.*

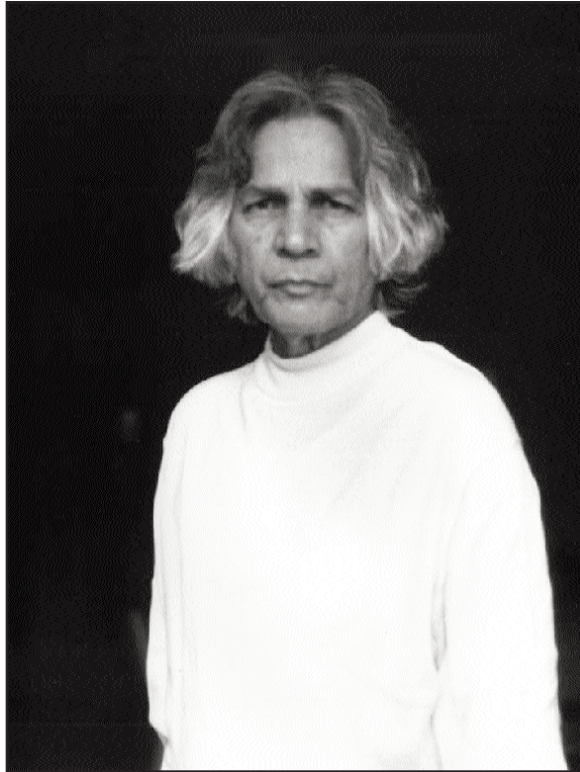
He talked about Ramana Maharshi not observing silence during his years in the cave, but being silent because nobody came to see him. Withdrawal is not natural to man, he continued, but neurotic, and if the neurosis goes, the need to be alone goes as well. Man is by nature sociable, as animals are by nature sociable. This in response to my question, did he ever get tired of talking to people? No, he answered, but he doesn't "talk," only reflects back their own questions. The answer is born out of the question.

Thought separates us from each other, so we cannot communicate, and we suffer.

For a moment I feel I have gotten it, understood, then it is gone. You cannot understand the mind with the mind, you cannot separate yourself from it. You *are* that mind, that is all you are, and that mind is fear. Well there you have it.



The body is rejecting any sensation, no matter how extraordinary.



U.G. made calls to India, informing them of the change of address and phone number. After lunch I called New York and miraculously got all three children, and Sidney (because I'm in Sydney!). Sasha had just given a singing recital, five minutes earlier, and they were all there to support her.

They seem to be thriving in my absence. Marc is finishing school, doing his auditions and sounds strong and happy. Justin was there, back from L.A., and has just landed a role in a Warner Brothers movie, set in Yugoslavia during the Spanish Civil War. Sasha was happy, apparently with growing confidence regarding her singing. She seemed anxious to know whether I would be there for her Bennington concert in May and I said I was sure I would be.

Justin asked to talk to U.G., told me afterwards he needed an "infusion of enlightenment." Also asked if U.G. had any advice for him. The advice was "take whatever comes" - of course he does not mean acting roles alone. Justin told me that I'm one of the "gutsiest" moms around, that he tells everyone that his "ex-mom is off traveling with her non-guru guru!" I take that as a compliment. I told him what U.G. said about being in "hell", and that I should take the next available plane back to New York. He said to tell U.G. that his (Justin's) becoming a big Hollywood movie star would be good for U.G., and U.G. agreed heartily. I enjoyed the conversation and didn't feel like I had to hide my feelings for my children from U.G. who was sitting right in the room writing letters.

After this, we went out to shop. U.G. showed me where David Jones department store (where they sell specialty foods) and a hardware store were. We also stopped by a video transfer place to investigate the possibility of transferring some of my tapes from NTSC to the Pal system.

Whom are you kidding?



February 22

Evening. Hard day, feeling slightly sick. It has been hot and U.G. rough on me, particularly at the video transfer store this morning where he made a big fuss about my not understanding what he was saying, about being clear about shooting and not trying to edit now, that can wait. I felt *he* wasn't understanding the situation, and he *knew* I wasn't. I began to argue, my usual reaction to a man who imposes his will on my own. But with U.G. you can only lose in a battle of wills. Thank God. My whole life has been a struggle of domination, and where has it gotten me? To find myself in the company of someone (someone?) whose authority transcends my will is incredible. I am lucky, "blessed."

The Yugoslav cleaning ladies lent us another fan, so that should help, though U.G. seems intent on conserving energy. Or, being Indian, he just doesn't see the need.

On the way home this morning we stopped at Woolworth and U.G. bought a cheap cotton towel (made in India, no less). He wants to use this new one here and save his traveling towel, the one he arrived with and which is of a size only found in England.

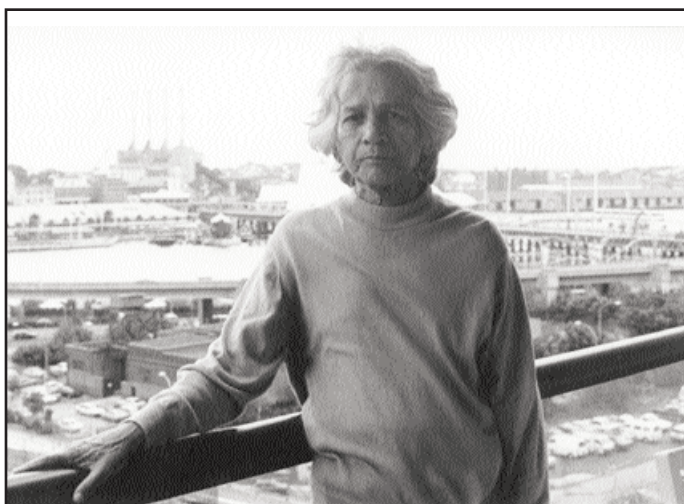
Mahesh called today and told U.G. not to be so hard on me. Why should U.G. listen to this?

I'm in a bad mood. U.G. went to his room. Now he's in the shower and I'm about to make dinner.

And I'm being clumsy. I heard the water coming out of the washer and ran to make sure it wasn't going onto the floor. In my haste, I ripped the earphones off (I was monitoring the video) and broke them.

At dinner I asked U.G. if he had taken to his room because of my bad vibes. No, he said, vibes good or bad do not affect him. My neurosis is fierce. He also told me, as long as we were talking, that he observes I am "slow," not "quick." He said I give the impression of speed, that like most Americans I am high-strung. But I don't get things the first time, he has to repeat them over and over.

Shattered, I asked for examples, and he mentioned the videotaping and cooking. In the case of the latter I am still adding things he doesn't care about, in fact doesn't even like. It would be easier, he said, for us to make our own meals.



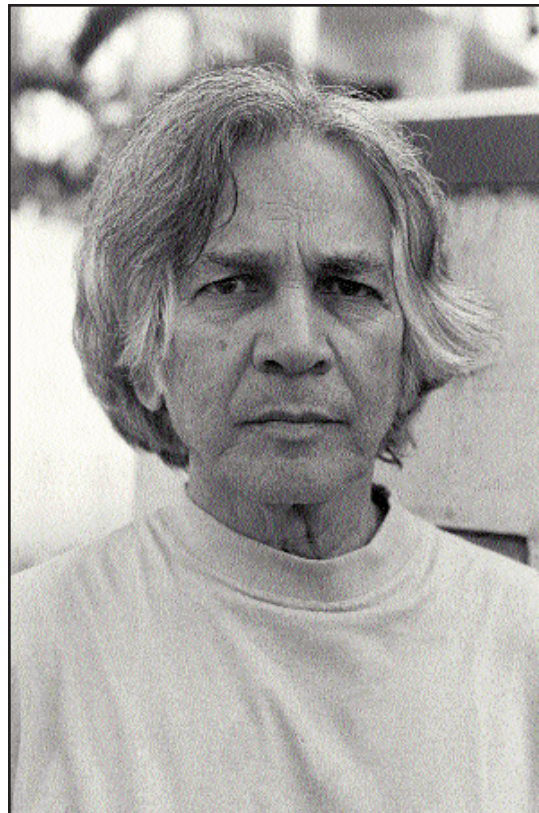
You've never told the truth once in your whole life.

In the afternoon, we went for a long walk so I could take video footage and give it to the technician tomorrow along with the stuff from Hong Kong. U.G. gave me pointers and fussed, saying he wouldn't cooperate with me at the General Post Office, telling me to stay outside when he went into a travel agency and so forth.

He harangued me for taking too much film, for seeing things *my way*, not *his*, not seeing through his eyes (how can I?), saying he will tell me what to shoot, and then not telling me.

Very unnerving. Particularly because I was tired and hot and impatient.

It is the first time I have had any negative feelings other than fear. Slightly resentful, the frustration of not being able to do "right," in a no-win situation.



I called Tom. He is on oxygen full time now, said he didn't want to call me from a pay phone, because was trying to keep the charges down on his credit card! Boy, with his millions. Oh well, it's easy to see how others create their own hell, harder to see in oneself. He is thinking of selling his house, but he didn't know what he would do with all his paintings and possessions.

I told him about U.G.'s statement that he has never owned more than twenty kilos worth of stuff in his life.

When my time comes to simplify, will I be courageous and not full of big talk?

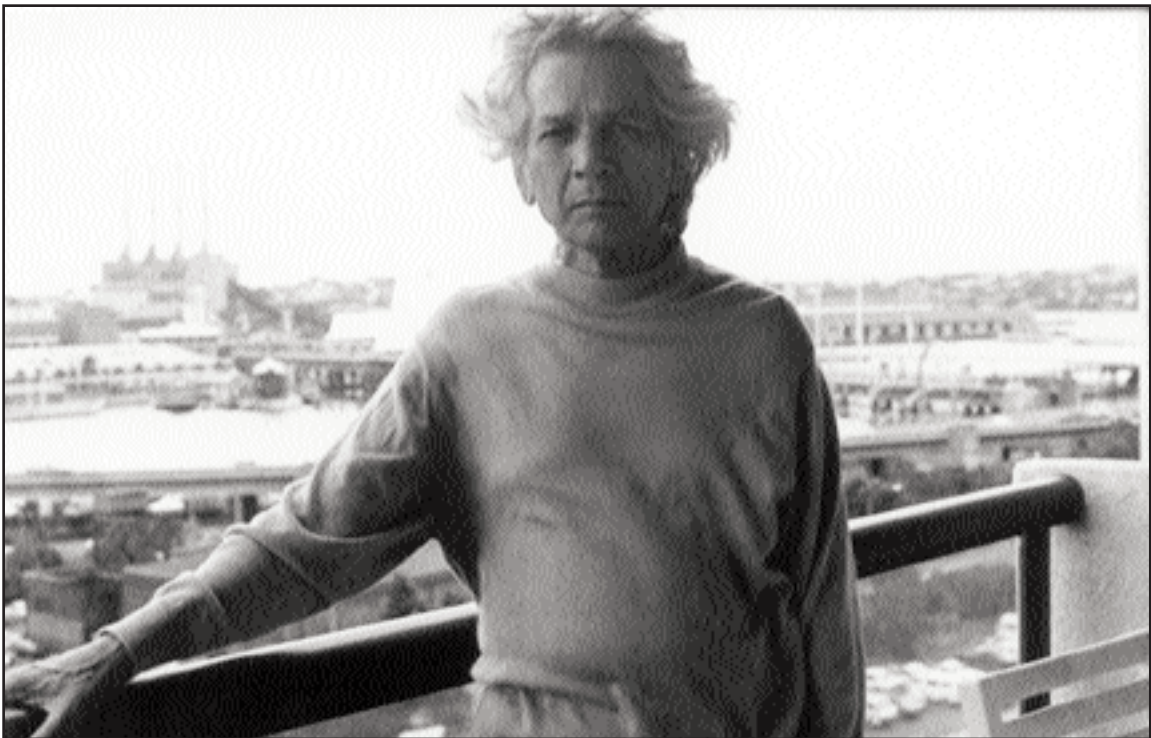
You have no idea what the eyes can see when the thoughts do not color what you are looking at.



I said I didn't like the idea of being slow. He said I can't help it, that my desire to "do the right thing" is causing the slowness. A clue, if I can only listen.

In my desire not to miss a single shot, to be thorough, I am completely overriding U.G.'s wishes about this documentary. And the same with food: Instead of just simply doing what he wants - and he has made this very clear - I am embellishing, probably out of habit and pride, can't let things alone. It seems to me that my cooking is completely spartan, but not spartan enough for U.G.

No, I don't follow instruction. My habits and mind and greed get in the way. I don't *listen* to him, I translate everything through my filter of right and wrong, good and bad, and it gets me into trouble. Taking the initiative with him is obviously not the way. He would say, if I asked him, that there is no such thing as taking the initiative. It is merely acting on your conditioning, and in my case in a prideful, stubborn way.



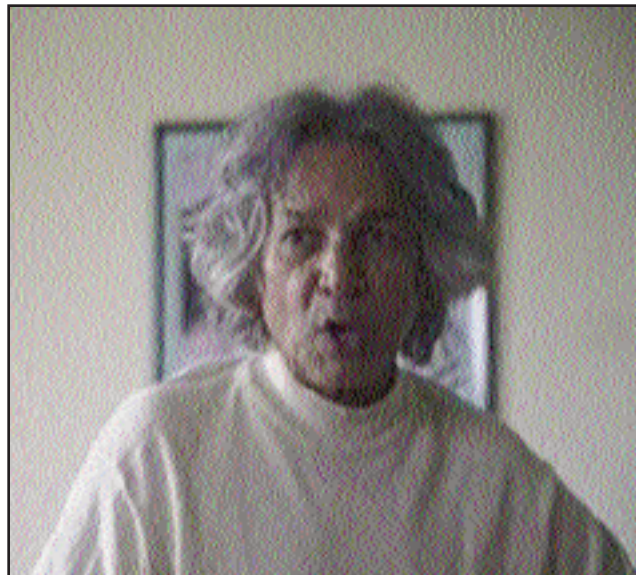
Happiness is something which the body is not interested in. It cannot take it for long.  
Happiness is the cultural input there.

I question what U.G. says, second guessing, trying to understand, but basically *not trusting* U.G. enough to take what he says at face value, to acknowledge his authority. Even the video man mentioned the authority with which U.G. spoke yesterday during our interchange. I was too busy arguing, defending myself, trying to prove my point, to notice it myself.

He seemed so angry this morning, telling me if I thought I was getting anywhere with him paying for things and buying food and doing things for him, forget it, I should pack my bags and get out of here. He doesn't need me, he said, doesn't give a damn about me. He said I have no firmness, and won't ever have. When I asked what he meant by firmness he said standing up for my rights with my family, I let them walk all over me. I have no guts.

He's right. I'm intimidated, didn't stand up for myself during the divorce proceedings because of guilt and ignorance. And I'm tied up in all kinds of financial matters with the children, regarding the island. There is no way to have freedom with these arrangements.

Again U.G. cited Valentine and how she gave up everything, meat, fish, etc. when she began traveling with him because it was more practical. Sometimes I resent the specter of Valentine, and the perfection U.G. implies she represents. I have nothing to give up food-wise, except salad and fruit. I have given up drinking and men. What more does he want? Everything. Or maybe nothing.



As long as all that you are doing, the progress, does not percolate to the level of the common man to take care of his basic needs, I am not impressed by it.  
You can give Nobel Prizes to them ...

We went out to Victoria Arcade to take the video tapes in for transfer and U.G. suddenly peeled off and said he was going shopping. When I returned later to the apartment, he was sitting in the living room.

He had brought me an astrology magazine, a magnifying glass and speakers for the walkman.

I was touched, and wondered what to make of it.

We ate lunch out on the terrace. U.G. said he liked the rice-like pasta I bought, said the Parmesan was good, and laughed at the sprig of basil I put on my pasta, and the olive oil.

Then we went out to retrieve the tapes, but again he went off to the travel agent.

He obviously wants me to take care of all these things on my own,  
and wants to be on his own too.



What is it that separates us from life around us? It is thought.



So many people want to be with U.G., he said, and everyone wants to know "why this person?"  
The fact that I felt beleaguered in India, he added, points up my own lack of understanding and weakness. I have to be as tough as I really am, stop pretending to be a nice person, a delicate flower.  
I have to be willing to fly in the face of all criticism, even hurt family and friends. Can I do it?  
And even if I can, does he want me around?

I know less than I did at the beginning. I'm going to stop worrying about this and just live.

~ ~

After dinner U.G. was preoccupied in the kitchen. I went in to see what he was doing, and he was stapling a calendar the camera store had given away. He didn't like the store's advertising, felt it marred the line of the calendar, so he cut it out. He seemed pleased with the result and I hung it back on the wall for him.



Another incident: I put U.G.'s white pants and yellow and white jerseys in the washing machine. He had said the yellow turtleneck wouldn't run, he had already washed it by hand. Well, it *did* run, and the white came out pale yellow. U.G. was completely unruffled, just curious whether the different shades of yellow went nicely together, the white pants now being a lighter yellow version of the t-shirt. He tried them on together and everything looked fine.

#### *February 24*

Strange day, humid and hot. Waited all morning and afternoon for the VCR delivery, but it never came. I was frustrated by this and told U.G. He said, "We are always frustrated when we can't control things. Wanting things to go my way is the cause of all the world's problems."

Thought is something dead. So it is something that can never touch anything living.

*February 25*

U.G. was watching the top tunes on the television this morning and he mentioned that Michael Bolton's "How am I Supposed to Live Without You" was playing. I said that was "my song" regarding him, that I couldn't live without him. He said I had managed very well for fifty years.

The tone was set for more cheerful times. He said, in answer to my question whether he was feeling the effects of the new moon, the "moon" was "over," obviously the ephemeris was off, as an astronomer told him it often is. U.G.'s body is more accurate. He said he woke up every hour to the minute all night long, got up each time and went to the bathroom and drank water. He was as dehydrated as he had been in Hong Kong at the full moon.



We had a nice long walk to the harbor and back, through some stores, everything mostly closed on Sunday. U.G. gave some money to a couple of little kids playing violins in the underground passage that links the downtown Sydney streets, for their talent, he said, not because they were begging.

As we were walking along the street he suddenly turned to me and asked, "Why are you here?" I had no answer and I don't think he expected one. I asked if he asks himself the same question and he said no, that he used to ask Valentine "Why are we going to California (or New York or whatever)?"

~ ~

Every time we would pass a salad bar U.G. would turn to me and say, "Salad, Julie? What about your salad?" Oddly, I have no taste for salad now. I don't seem to care.

There is no way we can establish any relationship with that life around  
and become one with it.

U.G. and I watched four hours of video, three of Hong Kong and one of Australia. There were so many photos of U.G.'s shoes, both on purpose during a lunch in my room in Hong Kong when we discussed them, and inadvertently when the camera was left on and endless shots of feet were recorded. He said over and over again how much he liked the shoes, that he wished me a long life full of health and wealth because of this wonderful gift. He said the Nadi has already given me ninety-three years.

U.G. also referred to Hong Kong when he started being "nasty" to me. I was searching for the word and he supplied it and encouraged me to use it! I could never really say nasty because I feel such compassion coming from him, even when he's vehemently raging. His criticisms are well-founded, yet I am helpless to do anything about these most basic traits. And the very doing, trying to change, to become firm, for example, is exactly what he's saying is impossible and hopeless - a waste of time, "being courageous tomorrow." Just be courageous today. And if you can't, then be a good straightforward coward.

The video brought back Hong Kong and particularly the shots in my room which U.G. referred to as the "junk yard," with all my equipment and the food.

Today, whatever he says is just fine.



If you worship that god (money) you'll be amply rewarded. If you worship that other god he will take away everything that you have, strip you naked, and leave you.

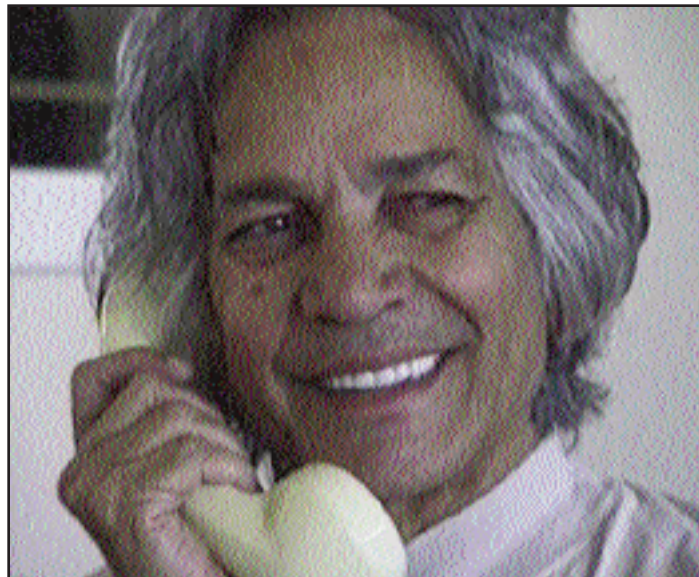


It is now early morning, February 26th. I woke up at 4:30 and realizing my sleep was over, went out to make some coffee. And there was U.G., also making coffee. He asked me if I had heard him "prowling about."

After the initial interchange, there just didn't seem to be anything to say as we sat there in the dark drinking coffee. I was thinking about this phenomenon. For someone like me who is defined by others (Sun conjunct Neptune), whose opinion of oneself is defined by others' opinions, it is strange, sometimes rough, being with U.G. He doesn't affirm your existence, he undermines it. Therefore, you are left high and dry, like a naked squirming slug - with no shell or protection.

U.G. says he is defined *entirely* by others, that *we* create *him*. He has no way of knowing about his own existence, no awareness of himself as a separate "U.G." My queasy discomfort at not knowing who the me is that is not being recognized or affirmed by U.G. is keeping me going. Without that discomfort I would die. U.G. feels no discomfort of any kind. And what he sees of us, comments on as identifying characteristics, are only *our* definitions, the *culture's* definitions, not his. He is beyond this culture, or, he is not this culture - and we are - and we are nothing but that. So his assessment of me or someone else, my personality limitations or strengths don't have meaning to him, but they do to me.

When he says he does not judge us, this is what he is talking about. I guess.



I picked up the copies I had made of the photos of U.G. taken at age forty-six and fifty-two, one three years before Calamity and another three years after, both passport photos. He talked about how he "got younger" every year after his "mystical experience" at age thirty-five. Only at age seventy did he begin to age.

I asked him about the mystical experience. He said it lasted a fraction of a second, was terrifying because of the experience of death, that it changed him profoundly. But he knew even at that time it was nothing, knew that it was "just an experience," though his intelligence sharpened, he lived more fully and his marriage, family and past were finished.



We have to accept the reality of the world as it is imposed on us.

An I Ching told me I am "molting," losing my skin. Maybe that's it. I feel foolish most of the time. U.G. never stops pointing out my ridiculous impractical behavior, leaving fans on to circulate air in far corners of the room, the battery generator for the video camera plugged in "just in case I want to use it." Each time I try to explain, to give a "reason" for my actions, begin to argue. And then I just give up. It is hopeless. There is no way I can win and I don't even want to.

In the last few days I have been aware of an escalation in my inability to understand U.G. I am deaf and dumb. He asks me something and I don't hear him, my mind is sluggish. Maddening. I said I felt I was getting "dumber" every day now. Dumber you're not, he said, you just don't listen.

Well, I try to listen but my mind won't cooperate

Waiting for people to arrive - Angela is bringing about ten people.

I've been feeling bad about my mother, seeing her as old and pathetic and abandoned by me. And it's only going to get worse. Sometimes the hair on the back of my neck just stands on end. *God.*



*February 27*

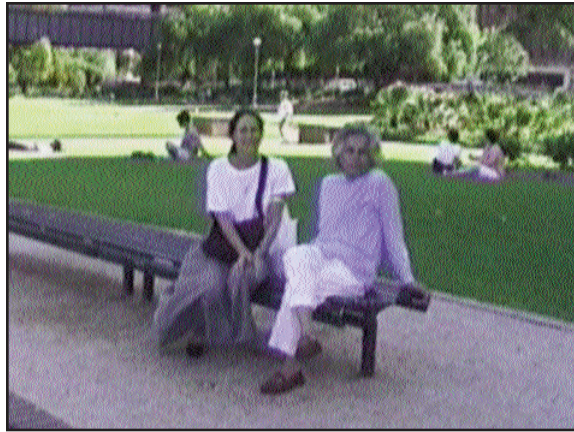
We went out for a walk and stopped at the Italian shoe repair shop I had noticed the other day. U.G. has been looking for a cobbler to put a strip of leather over the holes in the Timberlands and this shop could do it for \$25. U.G. only has the one pair of shoes, so he would have to buy another, or sandals to wear while they were doing the work. He finally decided it wasn't worth spending the money as the Timberland soles are getting worn down and will soon become slippery when it rains. So having found the perfect place, he no longer wants to have the work done. I suspect the shoes will last until we find a decent replacement pair, and then will suffer the same fate as Parveen's Gucci's.

Happiness is like any other sensation there.

Every morning U.G. sweetly asks, "Any nightmares?" Today, I said no, no nightmares, but I heard your voice in my head all night. Then, convinced he has "powers," I wondered whether he had been trying to send me a dream and I was too thick to receive it. Last night he suggested I sit next to him on the couch rather than in the big armchair I have adopted (because it is like a womb and therefore safe) as there would be more breeze from the fan. I did. We taped and watched "L.A. Law" and "Hitchcock," both rather boring and he left to go to bed early.

Mahesh called yesterday while U.G. was out. He asked me how things were going, and I said fine, that it was a roller-coaster existence, a good day, a bad day. He said I sounded very together. I'm not sure that's a good sign.

Up early again this morning. But I went back to my room to write, leaving U.G. in the early dawn light. Then I heard him go to his room. How could I leave him, I asked myself? And I missed him, now locked away in his little room.



Later he again told me there were two things against my being with him - I don't have enough money and I'm not free, free from any control or criticism from others. It's true, both are true. S. still has power over me financially. The money I have to live on is a donation from him, not legally binding and could be revoked at any time, for any reason.

I said it was too early in the morning for him to demolish me and he told me he was "fond" of me, whatever the hell that means. (He says he "likes" London but is not "fond" of it, that's the only time I've heard him use the word.) I am less shattered by his remarks than I used to be, or perhaps I am more used to him turning on me, threatening me. And I think I am more fatalistic. He knows what he wants and needs and if I can't deliver that, I'm out.

We watched the first Bombay tape for two hours, very interesting and quite good moments in it. A great tape could be made of just the conversations between U.G. and Mahesh, as Mahesh brings out so many things in U.G. and the energy between them is relaxed and mellow. Both of them lounge about on pillows while they're talking, Mahesh's baby coming and going, playing with U.G.'s feet and so forth. It gives a different picture of a holy man than most people would imagine.

The thought through its constant interference with the sensory activity is  
destroying the sensitivity of the body.



On our way out to go shopping, we found mail from Rome Warren, listing for U.G. the people she is bringing with her on Saturday. She said in her note that she agreed with everything U.G. says except that all mystical experiences are merely neurological and without value. When I asked him about this, he said "What's the value of aspirin if there's no headache?"

~ ~

U.G. mentioned that the pockets of his white cotton pants (actually one pair white, the other yellow, accidentally dyed from his yellow shirt from Hong Kong) irritate his skin and he needed to find a tailor to have them cut off. I said I could do it, if he didn't mind my mediocre sewing. He brought them out.

While I was finishing some taping, he took the yellow pair out on the terrace and cut the pockets off himself, cutting a huge hole in them by mistake. I said we could buy a patch, and he said he was just going to throw them out, and give away the yellow shirt, which he did, on the street. While he did this and went to the post office, I fixed the white pair, finding great satisfaction sewing for him.

He was appreciative, saying how comfortable they now were.

He said I was "spoiling him" buying the white chocolate, that he has no self control when they are out right in front of him. Though he had told me in answer to a question about drinking limited coffee in the morning that the body drinks only what it requires. He said Valentine used to hide chocolate and almonds so they would last, otherwise he would eat them all up.

U.G. said that the traditions describe one in his condition as "a madman, a monster and a child." We agreed that all three descriptions suit him at different moments. He says often that the line of demarcation between a madman and himself is very, very thin.

He said he is really a "freak of nature," of no usefulness.

~ ~

Last night I had fears and nightmares, a pounding heart half the night.

U.G. said this is a good thing.



The body can survive on sawdust and glue!

A quiet day. This morning we went out to look for pants at Woolworth's. Nothing there, but we found light blue cotton baggy jeans with an elastic waist on sale in one of the shops off Castlereagh Street. U.G. wondered if they were too youthful for him, but immediately said he didn't care anyway. We bought sandals - flip-flops - at Woolworth's and dropped his Timberlands off after all at the Italian bootmaker to have the holes covered and the slippery soles replaced.

I hemmed his pants as soon as we got home and he called Bangalore. I love doing these things for him. No domestic detail is too pesky or difficult or distasteful. It feels like love, like there is nothing I wouldn't do for him. And I don't feel I want anything back. That's not true, I want to be with him.



While he was talking to Bangalore, U.G. commented on how good my videos were and told them about my cooking and sewing. Then at lunch he asked me, "How am I supposed to live without you?" I felt practically girlish, and cooed back, "Oh, U.G. that's *my* song!"

~ ~

After an hour or so, I ironed his shirt and began to worry, wondering where he had gone. At 7:30 he came in, coughing slightly. He is hoarse and seems a little sick. He had gone out to buy cartridges (a stockpile) for his new fountain pen. And to look at telephone/radio alarms at Grace's Department Store, for India. I was relieved he was all right.

What exactly do you mean by "life?" Nobody knows anything about life and there is no point in defining life. Anything we know of life is speculation on our part.

*March 2*

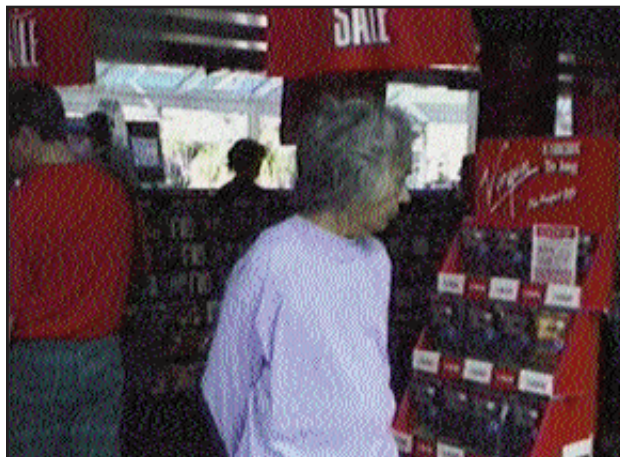
A day of dialogues. As it was hot and humid and rained off and on all day, and as he was coughing and slightly hoarse, U.G. stayed home and I came and went doing errands. Early this morning I asked him if he was better, or was he coming down with the flu. He said he was not sick, that his body was merely responding to the change in climate, and that is a sign of health, not sickness. The rest of us make ourselves sick by not allowing the natural rhythms of the body to manifest, because of our thinking, our trying to "run things."

I asked him when he last went to a doctor, and he said not for many years. He said nearly every doctor who has ever examined him has died, for one thing, and it has usually been at their request that he has seen them, they have been friends, etc. The last time was when he started having his "plumbing problems," just after Calamity. A friend checked him out to see if he had an ulcer, but he did not; he told him to drink warm water with meals, not cold.

I asked him about his experiences with dentists during the period his teeth were being pulled out in preparation for dentures. He said the dentist recommended antibiotics and novocaine, and he took both. He is for using anything science has discovered to ease pain. I asked him if he would undergo surgery for cancer if it were indicated and he said emphatically, yes, he would.

It ties in with what he has always said about "using modern transportation" because that is the vehicle of the times, instead of bullock carts. Similarly, the media is the modern vehicle to get his ideas across. And queried as to air conditioning, he is fully for it, ready to accept the fruits of any and all scientific advances.

U.G. does not make a virtue out of simplicity. But he uses what he needs and does not waste. He pointed out that I leave the tap water dripping in the kitchen more often than not and he automatically turns it off. Also that I turn the dial on the television with a violence which is sure to break the mechanism, and then I will be calling the office to hound them about repairing it.



When once we are free from the demand to be something other than what we actually are, and if that energy is released, it becomes very, very simple and easy for us to function in this world sanely and intelligently.





When I returned to the apartment from some errands, U.G. was lounging about in his white pants and shirt. We watched a bit of the Bangalore video, where Sushil Kumar began his defense of the "Unfoundation" and at one point refers to me as being "finished" the day I met U.G. At which U.G. motioned me over to him on the couch and gave my hand another squeeze for courage, "courage to leave me," he said, and then waved me back to my chair. "Courage to stay with you," I rejoined.

I told him I had truly felt more courageous after that last "transfer of energy" in Melbourne, that I felt more fatalistic, more accepting. U.G. dismissed the notion that he had given me anything at all, also that there is any merit in trying to be accepting, trying to be fatalistic, it just makes matters worse. I said I finally saw how absurd it is to talk about "wanting to be with him," completely negating the present, being with him right now. I'm so worried about permanence, about knowing how things will be, security, that I miss this very moment. It is *so crazy*, yet I am helpless to change the way I function.

Well, we really got into the nitty-gritty today on this issue, at last. Over and over again the conversation returned to why I wanted to be with him. What U.G. wants and must have to travel with is someone who is free and independent, and who can look after his needs, both financially and personally. He recognizes that because of his age he needs someone with him, to take care of him. He made it "crystal clear" (his expression), that it must be a woman (men are too aggressive), and she must be answerable to no other person, and must be strong and independent, able to be alone. This because to be with U.G. is to be alone, not in the sense he is, "one with no other," but just alone because there is no support system or mutual dependency possible, nothing and nobody to lean on.

An enlightened man cannot have a wife, U.G. says. Wives make demands, demand their needs both psychological and physical be met. Such a man cannot meet them, so any relationship based on any kind of dependency or expectation is out of the question. Not that marriage is the issue, but what he wants me "to get and get straight" is that being with him is unique and demanding, and he does not think I am up to it.

U.G. pointed out that Ramakrishna had a wife, but he turned her into a goddess and worshiped her, and she suffered terribly. And then he said, "poor fellow," referring to Ramakrishna.

He does not want any organization to grow around him, to take money from anyone except the one individual with whom he travels. It keeps things clean and simple. I can see this and I admire his clarity. I hope it will be me.

The brain is not really a creator, just a container. Its function in this body is only to care for the needs of the physical living organism and to maintain its sensitivity.

“What have you to offer?” he ask. That I am not free is a huge drawback in his eyes. He has said over and over again that I have no place with him, and one thing I have learned time and again is that U.G. means what he says; he does not lace his words with occult mystical meanings. One must take his words literally and not allow the mind to delude itself into concocting an "other meaning" which may be more to its liking.

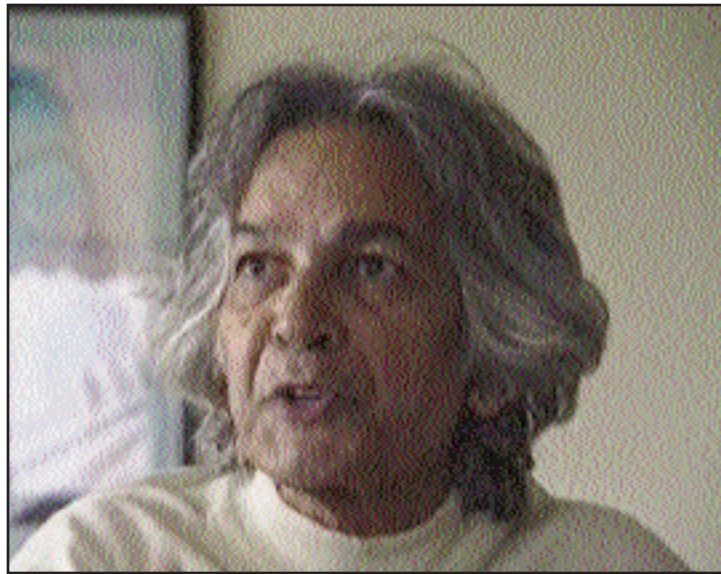
So when he says I have no place with him, he literally means it. When he says I am not a strong person, he means it. These are his observations about me, that I cannot stand on my own two feet, that I am a dependent person. Yet he made the point that he would never expect me to abandon my children or mother, that if they needed me I should be there to do the necessary.

He asked me about sex, whether this was a problem for me. I said Mahesh had already asked me this in Bangalore and that I had wondered at the time whether Mahesh was asking on U.G.'s behalf. He assured me no, that if he wanted to know something, he would ask himself. In answer to his question I said from the bottom of my heart I feel it is through, these relationships with men. As far as I am concerned, they are through. Enough, *enough*. All I care about is U.G.

I am fifty, not twenty, for God's sake. I don't think this is a matter of choice, but if it was, I would choose celibacy. Having mothered three children and had countless affairs and relationships it does not constitute any crime against nature, in my case. Just a removal from that level of life and attention. The pattern of desperate, useless, compromising relationships is finished, I no longer want or need them.



One who is healthy would never think in terms of health food at all.  
What we need is some energy for this body, that's all.



Was I just making conversation? I'm on slippery ground. I asked about taking initiative in things like press releases. He told me that "now you are me," what I do reflects him and I must stay out of it, let things happen in their natural way, must not initiate, just produce information if it is requested.

That much was clear.

Several times U.G. asked me what I wanted, why I wanted to be with him? I don't know why I am finding it so difficult to express myself. The fear is still there. I said I loved being with him, I was happy and I found every minute interesting. I hedged on "happiness," and he said there was nothing wrong with using the word, he understands its meaning.

Nothing is resolved after all that. Nothing will ever be resolved. Whether I am with him for a day or a lifetime, it will always be a day. There can be no assurances. He is fond of me, he says, and has enjoyed the past few months, whatever that means, but that does not mean it will continue. But it might. It is, he says over and over, a difficult life. U.G. is very exacting, very demanding.

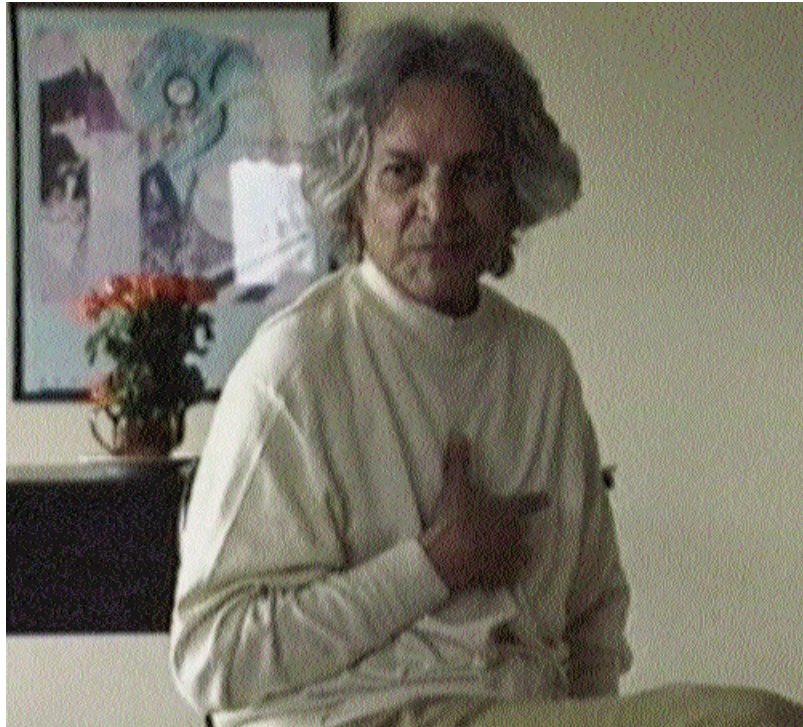
He insists on things being precisely the way he wants them.

If I take him literally I will know I am the wrong person for him. But he always leaves the possibility open for the opposite to be true. I say it is up to him, he says it is up to me. I do not, cannot understand. Perhaps there is nothing to understand.

He said he asked everyone in Bangalore if they thought I would replace Valentine. This was how he phrased the question, and the answer was "no" without exception. I don't know what this proves since nobody can replace Valentine, or needs to. But he emphasized that they are all concerned for him, his needs. That their responses came not from any jealousy, but from a knowledge of what the stringent requirements are for a life with U.G.

Thinking is possible only when you rely on someone else's ideations and mentations.





Then I asked U.G. about the balance between "getting things done" and "hounding" unnecessarily. He doesn't like hypothetical questions, so for example, about the laundry machine: I have called the Sydney Visitors Bureau three or four times, asking them to send me a key for another apartment with a machine that works if the repair man isn't going to come here. They haven't done this. I could feel that old familiar testiness, aggressiveness in my voice, and I could feel the people on the other end recoiling from it, resenting me.

U.G. asked me what good the hounding does? He wants results and if something doesn't bring results, if it is not effective, it is useless. He made the point that we don't need to do the laundry now and that they're trying their best to get the machine fixed, but they don't necessarily owe us access to another apartment. They gave us access over the weekend as a favor not as an obligation.

My question was answered: Don't hound, let things take their course. I felt some action was called for on my part on his behalf, also I had the need to be "in control" but clearly I was failing. Let people go about things in their own good time, in their own way. O.K.

I don't have one thought that I can call my own.

*March 4*

U.G. is falling, falling. He told me this last night and again this morning. I see from the ephemeris that it is the quarter moon and told him so. He says he doesn't know if this is it. If something is demanded of him, his sensory perception returns, otherwise he is gone, off, he says he doesn't want to call it samadhi.

I try to understand whether it is pleasurable or not, he says there is no pleasure for him in any case.

He says the falling is "bad." This to me is incomprehensible.

In the morning we went out to mail letters, shop for some food at David Jones and buy batteries.

I am feeling very much at peace.

U.G. invited Gerry to come for supper. He has been in correspondence with Chandrasekhar for years trying to arrange to meet U.G. I made angel hair for U.G. and spaghetti for the two of us ("Perfect," said U.G. when I served him, and it was like winning the Pulitzer Prize).

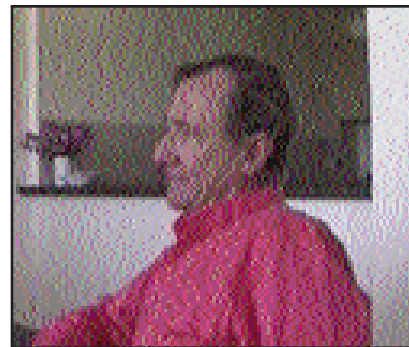
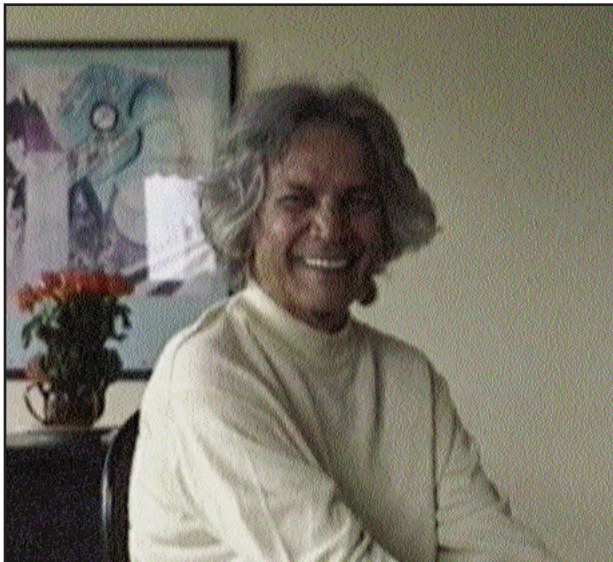
Afterwards we watched Bangalore videos so Gerry could see the scene there. After Gerry left, U.G. and I discussed travel plans. It was decided to go ahead to America now, anyway, spend a month in California and perhaps a month in New York. Then we talked about my coming to Switzerland in July and August and traveling to South America with him in the fall, perhaps back to India next winter (to use up my ticket).

So very gently, without any commitment or discussion it seems possible that I will continue to travel with U.G. for a while. After all my fears! What are those fears?

And what really will happen, I don't know.

All seems easy to me today, natural.

As if it was meant to be this way.



What's wrong with me? I eat very little food and what I need food for is to give energy to this body.

Yesterday afternoon I forgot to flush the toilet, leaving (gasp) a tampax in the bowl. In my earnestness, my desire to be scrupulously neat and the perfect housekeeper-traveling companion, I waited to flush until I had swept the floor of the bathroom, removing as I do two or three times a day hairs fallen from either his head or my own, and brushing them into the toilet. Having done so, I forgot to flush immediately, went out and tidied the laundry room, went to my room and tidied that. Suddenly I heard U.G. go into the bathroom and flush the moment he entered. Ye Gods, I remembered and was mortified, horrified with shame and embarrassment. I just wanted to die. When he came out I apologized, practically on my knees, and he said "Don't be silly, don't worry about it - even I forget to flush sometimes, it's nothing."

I felt instantly better. He puts things back in perspective, making me see how worked up I get over ideas. Also it shows me how despite everything he has said I continue to place him in a special role, that of a holy man or a whatever it is, one to whom such a gaff would be an unspeakable sin. Instead, he points out, he is just functioning in the simplest, most "ordinary" way - and to such a man a little detail like this is nothing. It is I who create the problem. By trying to be orderly I am outrageously disorderly, by making him "special" and wanting to be perfect for him, I cause the my "worst possible scenario" to be played out. Amazing.

I am trying too hard to be neat and in this attempt, I am being a slob. If I could relax about it, everything would be fine. I do not have to be perfect. I am not perfect. The same goes for my breaking a glass at dinner as I was trying to wipe up in front of U.G. And then he was so anxious that I not cut myself that it melted my heart, once again - not that it hasn't been melting all day.

He told me Leslie said to him on the phone in Hong Kong that I am "infatuated" with him. I tried to wiggle out of it, finding the word somehow childish and "crushlike," not serious. "But," he asked, "What's so wrong with 'infatuated'?"



U.G. and I have been having the longest ongoing conversation today from Krishna and whether he was having sex with Radha or not to Sankara to investments to astrology to Valentine's marriage. I've had such a good time with him, I can't imagine being happier.  
No fear, just a kind of loving ease.

When once the pleasure movement is not there, the varieties of food also disappear. I'm not saying for a moment you should free yourself from the pursuit of pleasure. But all are the same. Whether you pursue God or enlightenment or ultimate reality or perfect well-balanced natural food, they're all the same.



John Wren-Lewis and Ann Faraday came to see U.G. John told U.G. that he had a "near-death experience" which changed him, put him in a new consciousness where he is able to understand what U.G. is talking about, a consciousness he calls in articles he has written about the NDE the equivalent of the Buddhist "pearl without price," T.S. Eliot's "Darkness of God." U.G. said there is "no death" at all, therefore there can be no "near-death experience." You cannot experience death, he said. It is beyond the field of experience.

U.G.'s response took care of the whole matter, leaving John's account firmly planted in the realm of experience. And all experiences, according to U.G., are "petty experiences."

Ann, a psychologist, was unusually open to hearing U.G. It turned out she also had a dissolution experience which she felt was good preparation for making U.G.'s "teaching" accessible. She asked him what the world would be like if everyone was like him, in the "Natural State." It is out of the question, he replied. Nature is creative and does not copy; once one perfect being is created, that perfection is already obsolete. And he pointed out that he is of no use to Nature.



U.G. gave Ann and John his two books, the one copy of each he brought with him. He decided on the spot that he didn't want them any longer, even though I would have carried them gladly. He just gave them away, with no thought of perhaps needing them at some future date. A lesson for me. I find it hard to give anything away, unless I can guarantee instant replacement.

With U.G. I am constantly reminded of the first page of *A Course in Miracles*:  
"Nothing real can be threatened and nothing unreal exists."

I'm not recommending anything. I'm not interested in freeing anybody from anything.



Why do I feel there is anything to defend in U.G. or his teaching, not that they are separate? He helped me see that there is nothing to threaten, as he has nothing, wants nothing, sells nothing. If someone tries to communicate what he is saying and is not in the same place he is (and he cannot be because of the law of nature), it will show, he will not be able to sustain it. When U.G. says he wasn't joking about the copyright page of those books, he means it. Anyone is free to take or distort the teachings, claim them, maim them. My God, he is free from all fear, all clinging, all greed, all of these things. When the truth of this hits me, I am stunned once again. It is not just words. He is a witness to his teaching. He *is* his teaching.

Why do I have to tell myself the sky is blue? If that movement is not there, it's the end of you. That is the only identity. There is no other identity.

*March 6*

Just as I am lulled into a sense of peace, security, "at one-ment," U.G. inserts a dagger into my heart.  
I have no defense, no strategy. And amazingly, it happens again and again,  
and each time I am wounded anew.

This morning, sitting around the living room, me still in my bathrobe, talking, talking, me trying to figure things out, he cutting down my ideas, my analysis of myself and others, U.G. asked, "Why do you analyze? Why do you want to know?" I had been awash in a kind of easy, peaceful aura.

Then, "This is why you have no place with me. You are not rich enough and you are not free.  
You are answerable to others."

It is no longer the words. I don't care about the money, I don't even think I'm not "rich enough," he has made it clear that he is kidding about the "richest woman in the world," kidding about his interest in money. I know it is true that I am not completely free. But somehow it is not the words, nor the content, but something else. He cuts at me, slashes - and I feel it as a visceral laceration in my heart. My eyes fill with tears, despite my mind and its defense system, my mind which tells me "here we go again, you have heard this before and survived, don't be bothered." But I am very bothered.

Then, as if he sees that his thrust has found its mark, he becomes sweetness and light, joking with me, telling me to go have my shower, planning the day, telling me I will enjoy Switzerland this summer, I will share his apartment with him and so forth. I asked him if I ever became numb to these attacks of his, immune to his wounds, what would happen. "You will leave," he answered.

Later I asked him what he meant by this, and he said it hurts him to lead people on, to give them false hopes, promise what can never be delivered - about enlightenment, no doubt, and also about "being with him."

I fall into the desire for permanence trap. It's not that I want a guarantee, but when he assures me that my being with him is at best temporary, that I don't have what it takes for the long pull, I am devastated.  
I *want* the long pull, and that is what I will never get, nor will anybody.  
Every day with U.G. is the last day of your life.

I asked him why I had such a charge, such anger about the "false gurus" in the marketplace, why do I care? I thought it might be because I had allowed myself to be "taken in" before meeting U.G., and therefore am angry at myself. He says it is because I am trying to fit him into this structure and therefore am competitive on his behalf, in some way I want U.G. to "set up a holy business." God. Can I not accept a being who is in actual fact out of the cultural value system? Is it impossible to grasp this?  
Why must I try to push him into what is known to me?

This, he says, is why I have no place with him. I am still looking for "clues."

I'm not recommending this to anyone, but what is possible for me must be possible  
for somebody else also.



Angela drove us out to her Bed and Breakfast in the suburbs and we sat around her Victorian kitchen talking with two of the young men who came with her to visit U.G. the other night. U.G. said he liked her house, but it was too full of furniture for him, too cluttered, too "Victorian English."

Relaxed, talking about India and the origins of his name (Uppaluri and Gopaluri coming from villages, Krishna obviously the God). He somehow got on the subject of the functioning of his body and explained about how the time change yesterday forced him to use his will to regulate his bowel movement in the morning, to get on schedule. He talks about his body functions the way he talks about anything else, nothing special.

Is this a holy man?



As a matter of fact those people who are pursuing the permanent pleasure (that's all that they are interested in - permanent happiness) would be better off hanging around gurus rather than coming to visit me. They're not going to get anything here.  
This is not what they are interested in.

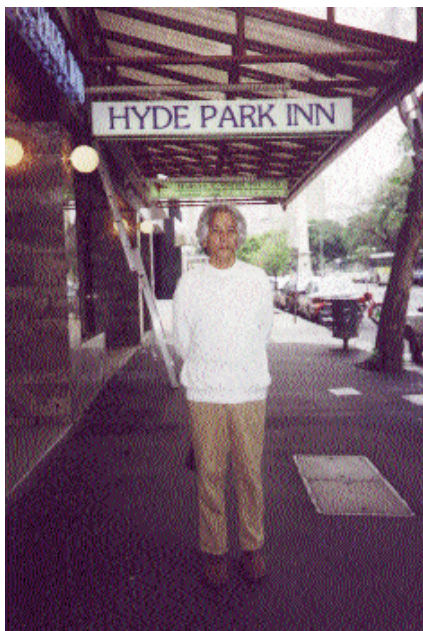


U.G. has been on my case all day, pointing out my foibles, over and over again. He asked me to type up the list of people coming to see him on Sunday (John called and described them all to me over the phone), and those who came with Rome. And to call New Zealand and make a reservation for a two-bedroom apartment instead of separate accommodations. I messed everything up, as if I have a hearing problem of some kind. He seems irritated at my denseness, slowness, and I somehow don't get it right, whatever it is. I feel dumb, and he acts as if I'm a lost cause. He wouldn't let me carry his envelope with his passport because "you leave things around and might lose it."

Again at dinner I heard the dreaded drip drip of the faucet as he turned his head in its direction. I fled to turn it off, but of course was too late. I can't remember things. Then watching television later on, I put the fan on the coffee table, and he pointed out that in its turning mode, most of the wind was going onto the television. I don't know why it seemed funny to me, the way he put it started me laughing and I couldn't stop. Maybe I'm losing my mind.

Sometimes I think I take good care of U.G., trying to foresee his needs, my heart is full of wanting the best for him, though he insists, "I can take care of myself." Other times I don't know. "What can you offer me?" he asks, and I mutter about couscous and hemming his pants. He immediately points out that anyone can do this, it is nothing special. There is, I know, nothing special about me or about what I do here.

This evening we cleaned up, got rid of papers, put things away. He is orderly, likes things to be "taken care of" immediately.



March 7

Yesterday was a long day, seven hours of driving. North Arm Cove is remote and on a bay.  
A tremendous storm was going on most of the time we were there.

I was “spaced out,” in a strange mood, having broken another dish before leaving in the morning. I had trouble staying on the left side of the road driving the rental car. At one point I knocked a woman's side-view mirror going through a town and then grazed the bottom of our car as I drove over a road divider to get on the right side of the road: I was *going the wrong way down a highway!* U.G. says I don't use my eyes, my senses, and I rely on my instincts which are programmed by thought.

But we got there and back safely. U.G. sat calmly and quietly in the back seat eating potato chips. He is not a back-seat driver. Once I am behind the wheel he lets me alone, lets me drive, though at the gas station he commented that my driving was “no laughing matter.” Gerry sat up front to help me navigate, but being even more spaced out than I, was of little help. He commented on being in “the suicide seat” after the episode on the highway and U.G. greatly appreciated this remark, he said he would incorporate the phrase into his inventory of sayings.

Donald Ingram Smith did a 25-minute radio interview as soon as we arrived, mostly focusing on the physical aspect of man's existence, on there being no consciousness apart from the physical body. Donald is a gentle and intelligent man. U.G. mentioned several times how much he likes him.



We had lunch afterwards. I had brought couscous for U.G. which everyone ate, because Rome served deviled eggs and salmon.

The afternoon was relaxed and lighthearted. Donald read U.G.'s palm after lunch and said he was on the verge of another Calamity. He predicted U.G. would die outside the country of his birth, that he was no longer Indian, that he was protected in some unique and complete way, and that he was the “author” of The Word. He said his “career” had not yet begun, that it was imminent.

He read my palm also and said I was an independent thinker, and this was instantly refuted by U.G. And Donald said that I was unconventional which U.G. also refuted and he said for every unconventional thing I do I pay a high price. This is God's truth.





The atmosphere was warm and relaxed and U.G. enjoyed himself. He was very much at home, full of laughter and jokes. Donald had read J.K.'s palm many times and commented on the two men having the same heart line (no heart). Donald said J.K. was as "heartless" as U.G., perhaps even more so.

On the way home in the car Gerry said he wished he could do something more for us.

U.G. thanked him for the thought, said that was "enough" in itself.

"Don't give it a second thought," U.G. continued. "The first was bad enough!"

~ ~

We returned to Sydney at 7 p.m. Tired from the driving, U.G. and I watched part of the videos

I had taken in North Arm Cove, had dinner and watched television. When a roach advertisement that I had complained about at the beginning of our stay came on (He had asked me, "How can you complain about killing roaches when you yourself kill millions of organisms with every breath, every time you take a bath?"), U.G. commented to me, "Your favorite!"

Don't come back!



*March 8*

What an odd journal this is, and what an odd life. It strikes me from time to time, just like that. Sitting in the living room tonight dozing off in my chair, watching "Rosie and Johnny Get Laid" on the television (after watching the speeches of the Australian Labor Party candidate) in between flights into sleep, with U.G. on the couch, announcing he was going to bed because it was boring caused me to see, for a second, how strange it all is.

Maybe I'm still smarting from dinner. I made "risoni," the little pastas that look like rice, with tomato sauce and Parmesan cheese. I should have known better. U.G. was somber for a few minutes, then attacked. "I won't eat rice," he blasted. "It's too tough, too grainy for me and this is *worse*. It's not that I don't 'like' it, I just won't eat it." He said it may be impossible for me to eat the same thing every day, but that is what he wants for himself, he does not want variety. He does not want all the things I buy for him. Anything I do to impress him, to please him, will only have the opposite effect, it will make him feel very uncomfortable.

As usual, I was full of excuses, apologies, and arguments. It is no use. I get nowhere. After awhile I see this and shut up. It is like a tidal wave that has to pass, his anger, and then it is over. I provoke him, he attacks, and then it's finished.

But the wounds are there. He says it's just a few more days, when we get to America it's finished, we won't have to be together any longer. (All of this because of the wrong kind of pasta!)

~ ~

U.G. said he should have told Ann that the answer to her question "What would the world be like if peopled with U.G.s?" was there would be no market for varieties of food. And there would be no market for psychotherapists either.

I'm not marketing anything. If you are really interested in understanding what the problem is, why we are pushing all these things, why you are interested in the quest for permanent pleasure and happiness; that is all I'm interested in pointing out.

This morning we walked to the New Zealand consulate and I sat on a bench while U.G. waited in line to pick up his passport. It seemed to me so inefficient, to make those who only had "pick-ups" wait with those who were there to process visas. So I asked a woman at another window if you could pick up the passports without waiting in line. The answer was no.

Afterwards on the street U.G. lit into me for my impatience, my restlessness, and pointed out how impossible it was for me to be with him when I was this kind of person. He said he *enjoys* standing in line looking at all the people; he has nothing better to do. And I was trying to deprive him of this pleasure. He will not let me apologize, or make excuses. I listen to him berating me and watch myself with amazement agreeing with him about what a messy, neurotic person I am.

He said I just never "see" anything, that I have never even looked at my own children. He scoffed at the "art of seeing," said it is bunk, *none of us see a thing*. We're so blinded by thought.

But I am oddly at peace, even when he is tearing me apart. Even if he sent me away, I would feel this way. Full of energy and life. Am I protecting myself? I don't know. I feel so much love coming from him, even though he seems to detest me. I see again and again that I don't, *can't* listen to him. I am listening only to my own inner dialogue. I miss what is happening.

I tell him that I am happy eating couscous which he accuses me of not liking, happy making and eating the same thing every night, happy re-heating leftovers, and he will not believe me. He says I'm caught up in the idea of making things fresh every day, even though there is nothing fresh about any of the things I buy in the market, and even though it all gets mixed in the stomach.

~ ~

I think I have understood one basic principle about money. His complete freedom from any kind of organization or structure rests on not taking anything from any group. He can only take money from the person with whom he travels, that's it. It is so simple.



Q: U.G., you make people think ....  
U.G.: No, that's the very thing I don't want!



At 6:30 p.m.(John and Ann were due in a half hour), U.G. asked me what I had done about dinner. He had said he would make rice (to use up the rice I had unadvisedly bought at the beginning of our stay here) and peas, Indian style. Suddenly, he said I had not cooked the rice and peas in advance, they had to be cold and in the ice box for him to proceed. I had not known this. I assumed we would cook the rice and throw it all together while they were here. No, he said. He no longer wanted any part of the cooking, I should make something else.

So I made a tomato sauce and pasta. I argued for a few minutes with him, but got nowhere and found myself exhausted by the whole affair. He seemed so hostile, angry and disgusted by my ineptitude. Throughout dinner he torpedoed any comment I made. At one point he said I had a wall around me and that I was with the wrong man and in the wrong place.

Though I accepted what he said on one level, I felt rather hopeless and worn out on another, awkward and out of control. John and Ann asked me questions and every time I tried to answer, U.G. would undercut me.

They left at 10 (U.G. makes it known when it is time to go), forgetting the tapes he had given them. Why do we all fall apart in his presence? I ran down to the street after them and we chatted for a moment by the car. I responded to Ann that yes, it was a unique experience being with U.G., but not easy.

Ann said U.G.'s presence in Sydney was the most interesting thing that had ever happened.



When I came out of the shower U.G. mentioned that *How Am I Supposed to Live Without You?* has gone from number 22 up to number 2 on the RAGE hit parade since we have been here.

Fundamentally, basically, essentially the demand for varieties of food is no different from a man desiring to have fun with varieties of girls.

It goes from bad to worse. I am angry and dejected. I feel like a cornered rat, no room to move. I trust him and feel he wouldn't hurt me, and therefore whatever he is doing must be for my own good. But "for my own good" implies the possibility of change or improvement, and he negates that.

Accepting myself as a bumbling, blundering fool may be another viable option. As long as I am trying to please him, I am making my condition worse. That effort is keeping me from being "present."  
He says I am *just not here*.

I see how my mind tricks me: I think I "know" what's going on, even about how many copies I made of the All India Interview tape - and it turns out I am wrong. How many times do I have to be wrong to see that I can be wrong when I am *sure* I am right?  
U.G. says "right" and "wrong" are irrelevant.

I had asked him the other day what I would do if he no longer could hurt me, and he said I would leave him. But I don't want to leave him. Why do I want to stay? he asks. A fair question.  
Do I think there is a reward at the end of the ordeal?

His teaching, if there is one, is that there is no reward, there is nothing at the end. Nor is there an end. So I'm on a fool's errand, except for this blind desire to "be with him." This is not good enough, not clear enough. But it's all I have right now.

I see *nothing*. I feel sick, have had diarrhea for two days. We went out to mail letters and U.G. said he wanted to wander on his own, took off. It was a relief in a way.

~ ~

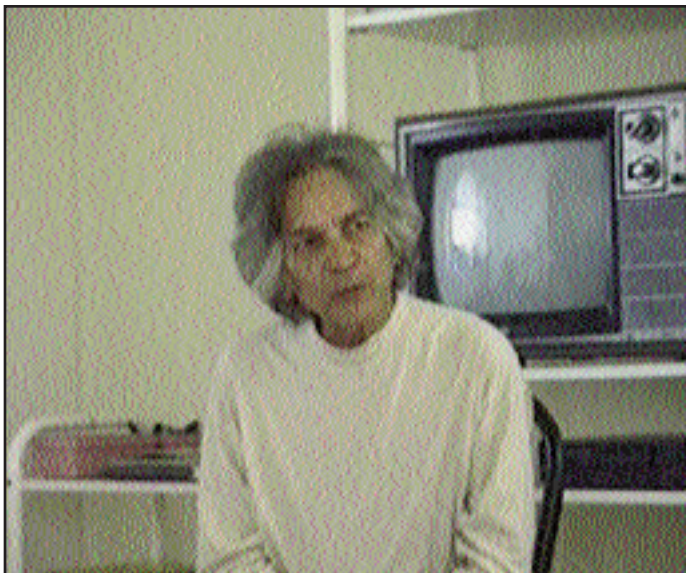
Mahesh called, back from Ooti. He had received my letter in which I said life here with U.G. was a roller-coaster. From my voice he asked me if it had been a bad morning. Affirmative, I answered, with U.G. at my elbow. Suddenly I longed for Mahesh to be here, for moral support. U.G. told him I had taken some very good videos, though it was probably the camera, not me.  
"She's no genius," said U.G.

Things lightened up after that. He showed me various lines on his hand, including a new aspect to his "heart line," looked at my palm again and said I should be "level headed," and that I have a good palm. That I will live to be very old. He looked for a break in my fate line between thirty-five and fifty, unsure if he saw it.

I told U.G. I get physically sick when he is hard on me, that I had diarrhea for two days and felt very ill. "Hard on you?" he rejoined. "I'm very easy on you, very nice to you!" At that moment he was. He motioned me over to the couch to hold my hand for a moment to give me the "courage to leave." "Courage to *stay*," I corrected, as always.

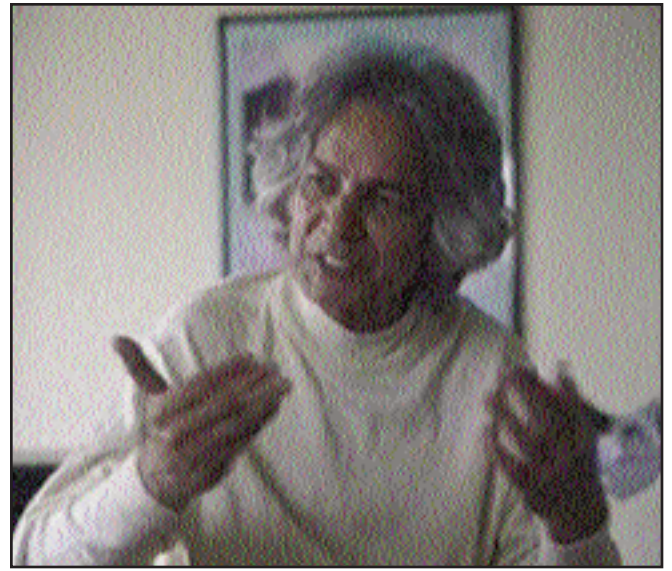
One who is healthy would never think in terms of health food at all.  
What we need is some energy for this body, that is all.

I made copies of the Donald Ingram Smith interview and palm reading for Mahesh.  
In the afternoon a large group came to see U.G. I filmed part of the conversation and felt more  
focused and present, less scattered.



If that comes to an end, the whole thing is finished: The knowledge that that is a  
table, it sounds very simple. But the crux of the problem is that.





As most of the assembled group were Rajneesh Sanyassins or followers of Barry Long, U.G.'s points on the uselessness of seeking should have found their mark:

"What do you want and what are you doing to get what you want? As long as you depend upon somebody for any help of any kind, so long you will remain helpless. Dependence on outside help to get whatever you are interested in getting has to go first, and then you are not helpless. Your helplessness depends upon this very thing. If that is gone, this also goes automatically. That dependence has created helplessness. The goals are responsible for your problems."

"Wanting to be free from something that is not there, that is really the problem. What is there is only what you are doing to be free from whatever you want to be free from!"

"That is *you*. The movement to be 'free from.'"

"You are awake *now*. That's all that I'm saying. What puts you to sleep is wanting to be awake according to some fantasy, according to some ideal. So you are putting yourself to sleep. Actually this living organism is so alert, so awake - it *has* to be. It cannot go to sleep. If the heart becomes sluggish, the liver becomes sluggish, there is trouble. It has to be alert - this is not romantic poetry!"

"It's the immoral man who talks of morality."

I doubt U.G. will continue to see these groups of seekers for long. They aren't really listening, merely wanting to see this "enlightened man," seek confirmation of this or that. They hear what they want to hear, we all do. What is too frightening gets closed out, pushed away. His movement to talk to the unseen public is just a hope that a word will fall on an intelligent ear here or there, somewhere, on someone who can *hear*. But it is unlikely to be found among the religious seekers, he says.

After they left, U.G. and I made a foray to Woolworth's just before they closed so I could buy toothpaste, and he a plastic jar for the curry powder made for him by a friend in Bangalore.

Why do we have to tell ourselves constantly that I am this, not that,  
that I am happy, I am not happy?

U.G. decided to make dinner, spontaneously, reheating the pasta from last night in oil, with the curry powder and salt. It tasted better than anything I have made myself since we have been here, and I told him so.

After we ate, he said he is already feeling the effects of the full moon - it's tomorrow night, in Virgo. He speculated that these predictions about the second Calamity happening in Australia, and soon, might have something to do with how he "goes" when he is in this country. It happened last time, last year, his going into samadhi for four or five days at a stretch, seeing nobody and barely eating. He was alone here. This time the effect is less because there is so much happening, but he says the urge to go is there all the time.

We listened to part of the palm reading tape and he was amused by it, commenting on things Donald said, and his own responses, as if they belonged to someone other than himself. He often refers to himself as "he" or "him." He has to ask himself whose voice or face that is, referring to himself. He says asking those questions is the beginning of identity.

I told him that when I asked Donald how long he thought (from my palm) I would stay with U.G., he asked me "Do you want to stay with him?" And that when I answered in the affirmative, Donald replied, "Then you will stay with him."

And U.G. said softly, "Yes."



On the telephone today Chandrasekhar quoted some ome lines from Kabir: "If you find someone who criticizes you and is harsh, make a home for him, stay with him always."

They're interested in some comforters and they (the gurus) are providing them with these comforters. And they charge for it! That's all. They will be better off there than coming here. I'm not interested in freeing them from their gurus at all.

*March 11*

This morning's denunciation centered on my handling of the cut flowers brought by yesterday's visitors. I had put the dozen beautiful dark pink roses and purple orchids in the pitcher used for heating water to hold them until I could fabricate a vase out of the teapot and the water heater I bought in Hong Kong.

U.G. says even leaving the flowers in the pitcher for a few moments causes the water to taste of dead rot. "You are not aware of this," he says. "Because I am too insensitive?" I ask, wondering. "Don't use the word 'insensitive,'" he responds. And on and on. He doesn't like cut flowers, would never have them in the house. Doesn't know why people have to bring him flowers, old guru habits.

Does he want me to get rid of the flowers, throw them out? I ask. No answer. Instead he returns to the theme of my having no place with him, not enough money, answerable to others.

I said I would go right away if he wanted me to, hop on the next plane. He wouldn't stop me, he said. If I didn't want to finish the documentary, it wouldn't matter. But he would never send away a person after their job was done. There are so many inconsistencies, clues which lead nowhere, no solutions.

I want to just give up, but I won't let myself.

Ann called this morning and asked me if I wanted to come out to their house or go to the Blue Mountains. I thought I got a clear message from U.G. that I should *not* go, should stay here. I said afterwards that I was glad to be out of my old pattern of indecision, doubt, inability to say yes or no or know what I did or didn't want to do. He immediately challenged this, said he had not said I shouldn't go, merely that *he* didn't want to go. I was twisting what he said, twisting events for my own neurotic use. He couldn't, wouldn't, he emphasized, have someone like me around.

At dinner U.G. said no person with a neurosis has a place with him. But he added that I could just drop my neurosis and that would be the end of the whole thing.



People ask me if I'm bored or not bored. How can I be bored? I don't find anything more interesting, more meaningful, more purposeful to do than what I am doing in that given situation, that's all.



*March 12*

First thing this morning U.G. asked me to cancel all groups coming to see him this week, and yesterday he said "no" to several people who called wanting to see him this morning.

He wants to see no more seekers, is finished with the whole thing.

He also suggested I go back to New York, skip Brisbane, New Zealand. He said he had no interest in hurting me, which I have said he is doing. And no interest in being with a neurotic individual. Why should he? He does not want to take advantage of anyone, doesn't want anything from me or anyone.

I can't make out what to do. He won't tell me to leave, says it's up to me. Says if I don't want to "finish the job" with the documentary, he won't care. Nothing disappoints him.

But he won't tell me to stay either.

I think he just does what he does, and if someone is so insecure that they take it personally, are hurt by his expressions of energy, they have no business being around him. That means me.

I see that, though I don't know if I can change my responses. I can't answer the question why I want to be with him, either to my satisfaction or to his.



The more preservatives they have in the food,  
the greater is the chance of preserving this body.

March 13

Many phone calls yesterday from people wanting to see U.G. It's as if the last week he is anywhere, something builds and people feel a real urgency to meet with him. This time, however, he is adamant about seeing no seekers. I had to call and cancel several groups, and say "no" to so many individuals who called.

A radio interview was arranged with Paul Collins for Thursday.  
He has a radio show called "Insights."

For my part, I am more relaxed. I think I may be facing my worst fears, abandonment and ignorance. I know I don't know anything and have no pretense with U.G. He knows just how little I know, how sluggish my mind and responses. And I have faced the possibility of leaving him now, again and again, and each time I see that I would survive, and that there is even less security in staying. The notion of permanence with him, or anyone or anything, is an illusion and out of the question.

~ ~

In the afternoon he gave me "energy to leave him," and was cheerful and friendly. Mercurial mood swings. I am attached to the friendly, supportive, loving moments, and appalled by the angry and rejecting ones. It is judging and naming and sorting that causes the trouble for me. Wanting to prolong pleasure and manipulate (through complaining and whining) the ending of pain. Just not possible. I can't have one without the other.

U.G. emphasized again how difficult it is to be with him, what a strange character he is.

I walked through Chinatown on my way back from the photographer's in the afternoon, and saw that Linda's movie, *She Devil*, was playing at the local cinema on George Street. I told U.G. about it and he agreed to go with me in the evening. We left early to walk and explore Chinatown but it began to rain and we arrived a half hour early at the movie. U.G. said he didn't want to wait, that he was still "falling" from the moon, wanted to go home. I was briefly disappointed, but not for long. My ideas about what I want to do are getting blurred.

U.G. says he always knows what he wants, is never in conflict or of two minds, wanting two things (which is what I want), to have this and heaven too. He does not want the "this" that I think I am, I guess that's the point.

So begins another day, what it will bring I do not know. I told U.G. I would do whatever he wanted me to. That as I said in the beginning I say again now: I don't want to push myself on him, that if he doesn't want me around, I will leave. If he wants me to stay in New York and keep the apartment dusted up for him, I'll do that. I don't have any life to lead elsewhere, but if I have to go back, I'll do it.

Nothing is resolved. I merely don't care so much.

Do you really think there is freedom in America?  
What use is this to a starving man?

March 14

Because of not caring so much, everything seemed to have relaxed. Two important clues from U.G. : He said he was joking about "the wealthiest woman I am keeping away by my presence here;" if I am "the one," nothing will drive me away. Not his criticism, or the criticism of others or pressure from my family or friends, nothing. And while Donald, Angela and Gerry were here for lunch, he began reading the predictions from India. When he came to the part where the astrologer advises Bramachari not to continue to "argue" with U.G. because it "muddies the water," he said "Julie, this is for you too." I see that I take issue with things he says to me, defend myself, justify my actions. He says I want to do things "my way" rather than "his way," that I do not want to "learn."

Anyway, yesterday was a relief and a delight. High energy during lunch. Donald read U.G.'s palm again, again commenting on his death outside India, the lines of protection. U.G. made the lunch, rice and peas (which I cooked in the morning, according to his explicit directions, overcooking the rice in water, then draining it, also the peas), plus a salad, papadams cooked by U.G., and yogurt and maple syrup, plus fortune cookies I bought in Chinatown. The night before he wasn't at all interested in them, even when I opened one for him since he wouldn't open one for himself ("You are full of grace and consideration for others") But after lunch he joined in and opened two for himself, liking fortune-telling as much as anyone.

U.G. badgered me while they were here, but in a friendly way and I felt less threatened and more cheerful about it. Every time I would start doing one thing, he would demand something else of me, but it didn't make any difference. I see that I jump from project to project as they come up, everything equal in importance, whether it be cooking, shopping, ironing, videotaping, photo selecting, redoing U.G.'s address book, or whatever. I have no sense of what has priority over what.

And I see also that if I just let things be, don't judge his moods or reactions, don't take them personally, it is much easier. He was withdrawn after last night, but it was just fatigue, nothing against me as I would have thought a few days ago.

After they left yesterday afternoon, U.G. and I went to the post office and then on the monorail ride around Sydney. In the morning I had found a comment on the tape by John Wren-Lewis, that the people visiting U.G. last Sunday were distinguished people of the "future," he (John) was a distinguished person of the "past," and U.G. was an "*extinguished*" person, that these video tapes would be worth a lot of money some day. U.G. liked these remarks and asked me to type them up on the word processor. He immediately sent a copy off to Mahesh and one to Chandrasekhar. He loves putting things in envelopes and posting them right off as it is his way of keeping in touch with people, keeping them informed about his activities, his whereabouts.





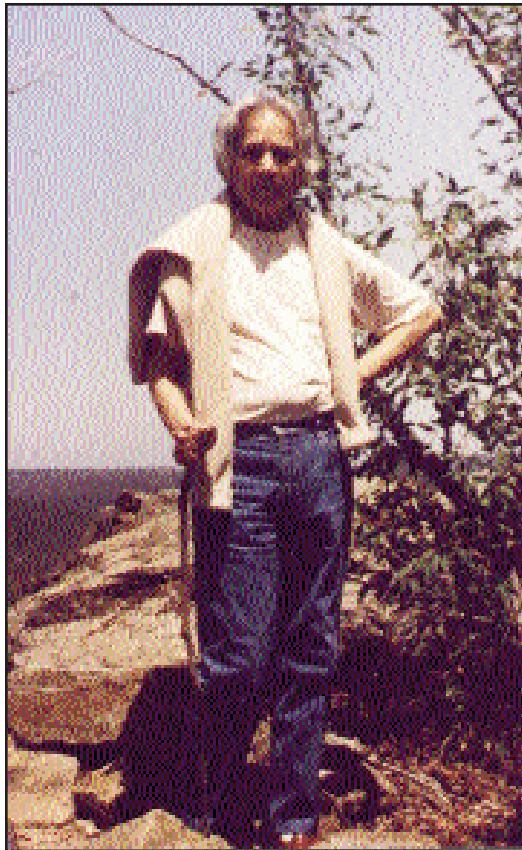
*March 15*

The Ides of March. U.G. said he had never been impressed by Shakespeare any more than he was by "The Glory that was Rome" or "The Splendor that was Greece." He says that if the present is the result of the past, the past isn't worth much. And this goes for India and its spiritual traditions too.

He asked me how many years of college I had completed, and I told him about my expulsion from college after my sophomore year, for raising ducks in the bathroom and housing a jukebox in my room. He said it was the only creative thing I have ever done.

He said he met Bertrand Russell in the 1960's, who had just received the Nobel Peace Prize. U.G. asked him if he was ready to give up policemen in the world and Russell said no. U.G. said there is no difference between the hydrogen bomb and the policeman, both come out of the same impulse to defend against the "other." He is fond of saying when the caveman took up a rib to defend himself against his neighbor, he was paving the way for the atomic bomb.

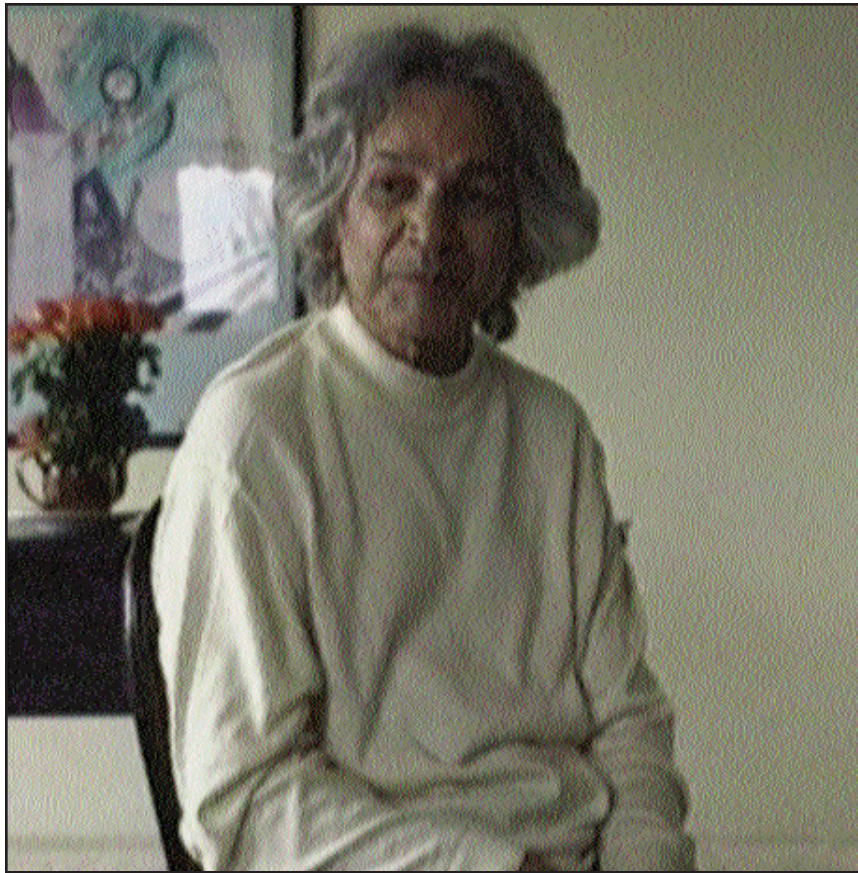
I asked him his opinion about the "right to die" article in *Time* magazine. He said he wouldn't know in advance what he would do in any given situation. But he doubted if he would ever pull the plug as long as there was life energy there.



From frame to frame, that's the way this body is functioning.

U.G. plays me like a maestro. Last night was pure hell. I thought I didn't care any more, was no longer hurt by his stabbing wounds. He managed to turn this around and make me feel that "not feeling hurt" was a bad sign, though a day or so ago he said he couldn't be around anyone who felt "hurt" by him. He was adamant about my not belonging with him, being absolutely and unequivocally the "wrong" sort of person to be here; I was convinced, ready to leave tomorrow. What was the point of staying another minute?

I don't know how he manages to create the atmosphere of utter hopelessness, even with all my defenses on alert. To my list of sins (lack of funds and accountability to others) was added my sloppiness, slap-dash lack of seriousness, and my inability and lack of desire to learn anything new.



I don't tell myself that I'm eating breakfast.

This morning when I went out to the living room, there was U.G., chipper and friendly, asking me how I was. Fine, I said, and how are you? "Couldn't be better!" was the response.

He asked me to look up "insight" on my word processor thesaurus as he is planning on demolishing the word during the Paul Collins interview this afternoon. While I was doing this he poked through my toilet kit on the bureau. He wanted to know if he could have the little plastic bottle of dry skin lotion when I am through with it, because it matches the color of his toilet articles.

Yesterday afternoon John Wren-Lewis came by with several people and did an interview with U.G. for Australian television. I taped it, as did a friend of his. It was a good interview. John alluded to the change of consciousness he experienced as a result of his "near-death experience" and U.G. said this kind of thing is merely a "tremor," and a "tremor" does not in any way indicate that there will be an "earthquake." I wonder if John got the point.

One of the men who came up with John, a real weirdo, is a follower of Barry Long.

He told U.G. that what he is saying sounds exactly the same as what Barry says.

U.G. told him that is because the same man is listening.

~ ~

U.G. said Donald had been the first person to record Krishnamurti's talks. But that he had done some editing of them, and Krishnamurti had freaked out. He wanted his talks published and broadcast in their entirety, even though he did not speak in complete sentences. U.G. was there at the time, with Krishnamurti, and remembers the conversations.

I have to force myself to listen to him, to concentrate, as if my mind is on errands of its own and finds focusing on the words of this man dangerous territory. It seems my mind is running scared.

U.G. tells me he is "falling" all the time now, that it is very bad.



The nutritionists are a bunch of conmen. Fat eats fat - you try it!



Late at night. The interview went well. Paul is an ex-catholic priest and "Insights" is essentially a religious program, but the dialogue was interesting and U.G. was not overly outrageous. Paul said U.G. seemed, in his reading of his philosophy, to be pessimistic and a nihilist, and he wanted to ask him what kept him from suicide. U.G. answered that he didn't ask to be brought into the world and couldn't for that reason "take himself out."

Later, when Paul likened U.G.'s condition to St. John of the Cross, who resided in his "silence," and asked U.G. why he "talked," U.G. counter-questioned, "Am I talking?" He explained that Paul is like a ventriloquist and U.G. his "dummy;" he responds to the questions that the questioner already has the answers to.

After the interview (at the ABC studios), we went over to Paul's office while he made a copy of the tape.

Paul kept marveling at U.G.'s intellect, his sharp logic, his consistency (though U.G. commented on consistency being the hobgoblin of little minds).. Does Paul see that this mental power comes from the Source that he is, that there is no U.G. there at all?

In the evening we made several copies of the interview, having bought cassettes on the way home. Paul had offered to pay for the taxi if we took one to the studios, but I said we were walking both ways. Then he told U.G. there was a fee for the interview, and U.G. started to say he didn't want it, then changed his mind and asked "how much is it?" When Paul said \$100, U.G. said he would take it and give it to someone.

Gerry came by and stayed for dinner. He asked me privately whether I am in love with U.G. I said no, not in love, like that. I said the love I felt around him was general, impersonal and directed at everyone around me, not just U.G. But that I felt good even when he was blasting me, very far from the moody, unhappy consciousness of my past.

He wondered whether I have a masochistic streak, and perhaps I do. It's not easy being with U.G., but the compensation of his presence is inestimable. Gerry said I was probably more intimate with U.G. than anyone save Valentine, and I said we were not intimate at all. That in fact even today I was thinking as we walked to the studio that I was very comfortable with U.G. but that I felt as much a stranger with him as I did in the beginning. Anything personal I come up with to tell him falls on disinterested ears and the illusion of bantering interchange is only that, an illusion.



All the cheese that comes from Tasmania has 80% to 90% fat. That's the reason I come to Australia. You don't get that kind of a stuff in France!

As I was copying tapes U.G. carefully cut out "ABC Radio" from pieces of copy he had picked up at the studios, to paste on the back of the cassettes. I said how charmed I was by this, fascinated by his painstaking attention to detail. He said, "What else do I have to do than these things?" It reminded me of his remark about standing in line at the New Zealand visa office.

He said he has always been neat and a perfectionist, very exacting, and that it came from his religious, Theosophical, occultist upbringing. He also showed me (and Gerry) scars on his stomach where his grandparents placed burning needles when he was a child to revive him from his sinking spells, which he had even then. In the elevator this morning he said he was "falling" badly, and appeared to wobble against the wall. I reached for him, afraid he would collapse, but he reassured me that he would not. The body, he explained, knows when it can and cannot go into this withdrawal of sensory perception. Its interest, he reiterated, above all else is survival.

After Gerry left, and I had broken another glass and picked it up, we watched "Murder She Wrote." The hero said "I don't care if your mother is the Mayor's girlfriend," and this brought a chortle from U.G.



What about now? You don't want to act now. Regardless of the consequences of that action, you have to act. Then there won't be any regrets.



Mahesh called at 3:00 a.m. I heard the phone ringing, answered it and called U.G. I dozed off on the couch while they talked, in the dark, U.G. lisping slightly without his dentures. Regarding me, U.G. said he was equating me with Celestine and giving me a hard time. Mahesh asked to talk to me and flooded me with courage and support. He said to tell U.G. he doesn't need the richest woman in the world, his money is U.G.'s money, he told me not to let U.G. "bully" me, that he had been horrible to him in the beginning, calling him every name in the book, full of expletives and denunciations. He said if I ever felt too down or discouraged, to write to him. I said I was letting much of it out in this journal, which he said I should title "The Plutonics of U.G."

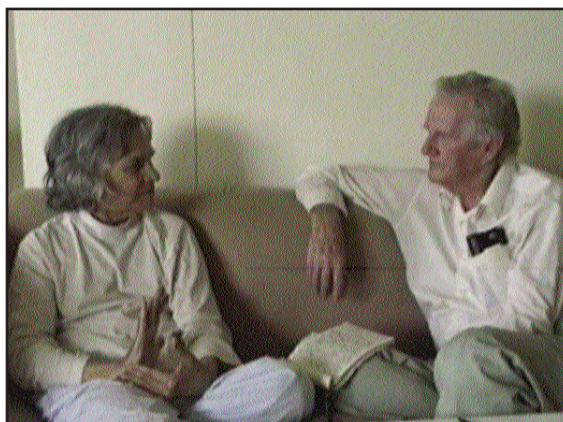
I felt a rush of love for both of them. After hanging up, we went back to sleep, at least I did. I woke later hearing U.G.'s voice saying "It's seven o'clock.," but it was only 6. I got up and talked with U.G. quietly and peacefully until 8. Perhaps a phase of the torture is over.

Angela came over to copy tapes but we couldn't get the vcrs to cooperate and gave up. Donald came for lunch (as did Jerry) and to interview U.G. again, pushing further into the nature of things. I video and audio taped the forty-minute talk. Donald and U.G. reminisced about J.K. days and personalities. Donald gave me a copy of one of his earlier books, *being what I am*, a record of JK talks given in Sydney in the 1950's.

U.G. was full of good-natured barbs at my mess, chaos and sloppiness, but I was unruffled. Twice I ran into a contest of wills over how to do something, both concerning the transfer of tapes. I was finally able to let it go, let things go, let them be done "his" way even though "my way" seemed better to me. Only then was I able to see the possibility of my own error, or more importantly, that it didn't matter one way or the other. *This is a major lesson.* My big issue of control, of stubborn, blind faith in my own efficiency is finally being shaken. U.G.'s methods are deceptive - he appears to me to be mistaken, and only afterwards do I see that it was my perception that was distorted by my thinking structure. Interesting.

We are eating up leftovers and getting packed. While I was making dinner U.G. announced that he would not wait for me if I was not ready on Sunday, if my things were still in a mess. I just loved him so much while he was castigating me, not masochistically, but I could feel the warmth and play coming from him. There was nothing threatening any longer, at least not in that moment.

Donald said an aboriginal chief he was spending time with a few years ago defined "Dreamtime" as "Not now time." Any time but the present moment. Thus we all live in "dreamtime" all the time. Except for U.G.



Permanence is today.



*March 17*

U.G. said this morning that life with him is "walking the razor's edge," there is no room for niceties, social life. "Go," he said. "Go back to your lover boys and husbands and gurus and psychoanalysts - there you can have a relationship, a neurotic relationship at that, but not here with me. You have no place here with me."

He is only interested in practicality, getting things done. He wanted the tapes copied and they weren't. Now someone else will have to do it. If I don't finish the documentary job, someone else will come along and do it.

I found I had tears in my eyes though I wasn't aware of feeling sad or hurt, or really any emotion at all. Just a kind of fatigue.

I burned some new incense this morning, sandalwood made in Australia. U.G. seemed to like it. When I suggested buying another packet, he said no, just because he likes something doesn't mean he wants it again. This reminds me of the time in India when he gave Indira some money for making a particularly good dal. The money, he said, was to insure that she wouldn't make it again. And when I bought some

European style yogurt at David Jones the other day and he said he liked it, it was less sour than the Australian yogurt, and I bought two more jugs of it, he refused to eat any more.

Same principal.

Talking about Parveen, U.G. mentioned that she had always had deep trust in him, and that her thoughts slowed down around him, as do everybody's. I seized the chance to ask why this was so. "Maybe," he suggested, "it is because there are no thoughts here." I asked if this means there is no momentum, no response, instead of heating up the thoughts, the lack of response cools them down.

He didn't confirm this, nor did he debunk it. He just walked out of the room to see how his laundry was doing.

Angela brought Burnam Burnham, an Aboriginal leader, a political activist, to meet U.G. in the late morning. He wore animal skins and carried a stuffed platypus to show U.G. They had a respectful, quiet conversation together.



It is midnight. We leave tomorrow at dawn for Brisbane. I think. Another upsetting talk with U.G. tonight. This one seemed to be serious in a new way, deadly earnest and it left me shaken and confused.

We had gone for a walk earlier this afternoon to the Rocks, and then took the ferry back to Darling Harbor. Cousins of Chandrasekhar's came by for coffee, a family who had just emigrated to Australia.

After they left, U.G. made me finally see that I am unwilling to learn anything. That my mind set is unacceptable to him, useless. I would have to change 100% to be with him, and that is impossible for me. I see, I guess, at last. I have an independent arrogance, thinking I'm special and somehow okay as I am. I am not. I'm too tired to even write about this and will do it tomorrow. I don't know whether to pack or not. He went to bed tired himself, in the middle of a television program.

I need to think it over and try to see what he's talking about. "Why do you want to be with me? And what are you doing to make that possible?" These are the questions he hurls at me over and over again, and I'm unable to answer satisfactorily.

I told him I am with him because I love being with him, love him.  
"That," he said, "has nothing to do with it."

Don't imitate me, you'd be miserable - don't try.





