

Stapylton, Australia
March 19, 1990

I *did* pack up and come with U.G. We left Sydney yesterday morning and flew to Brisbane. I was in kind of a dull, hopeless state. Didn't sleep much the night before, trying to figure things out and realizing I couldn't. We didn't talk en route, though I felt a kind of peace in my despair. I didn't want or expect anything, therefore was in no conflict.

We were met by Ronald, Joshua and Matthew at the airport. They rented a car for us and I drove with Ronald, and U.G. with Matthew and Joshua. Ronald gave me a running description of everything we passed, so I was distracted away from my doldrums by the time we arrived at their farm.

Joshua is considered to be "God." He is apparently in constant communion with God, often about U.G., who God is "afraid to talk to." He has the last word here, an ashram of sorts. They live quietly in the country, six of them, in two houses in the middle of sugarcane fields. There is an older couple, Elsa and Mark, and a young boy in his twenties named Daniel, adopted by the "family," in addition to Matthew, Ronald and Joshua. I'm not sure who is related to who, if they indeed are, nor is U.G. He has known them for nine years first in India and then here in Australia and has never asked them any questions. Their place is beautiful and remote, yet near Brisbane and Beenleigh, a smaller town.

On arrival, Joshua showed us to a separate small cottage, and insisted U.G. and I bathe, to remove the dirt and vibes of the trip, particularly before touching anything in the kitchen. I had noticed that U.G. had not taken a shower before leaving and asked him about it. He said he never bathes before traveling, always after, that it is refreshing, no more than that. Then, both of us clean, we had coffee with the assembled "family" in their house down a winding path from the cottage.

The cottage was prepared for U.G. in just two weeks, amazing considering how perfect it is. Every detail is attended to, the kitchen and bath fully equipped, new furniture and rented television and VCR in the living room. The houses are surrounded by sugarcane fields, and the wind from the sea (just a few kilometers away) blows the not quite mature fronds just outside the windows. Incense from Bangalore, every imaginable food stocked in the kitchen. It's wonderful here. Paradise.



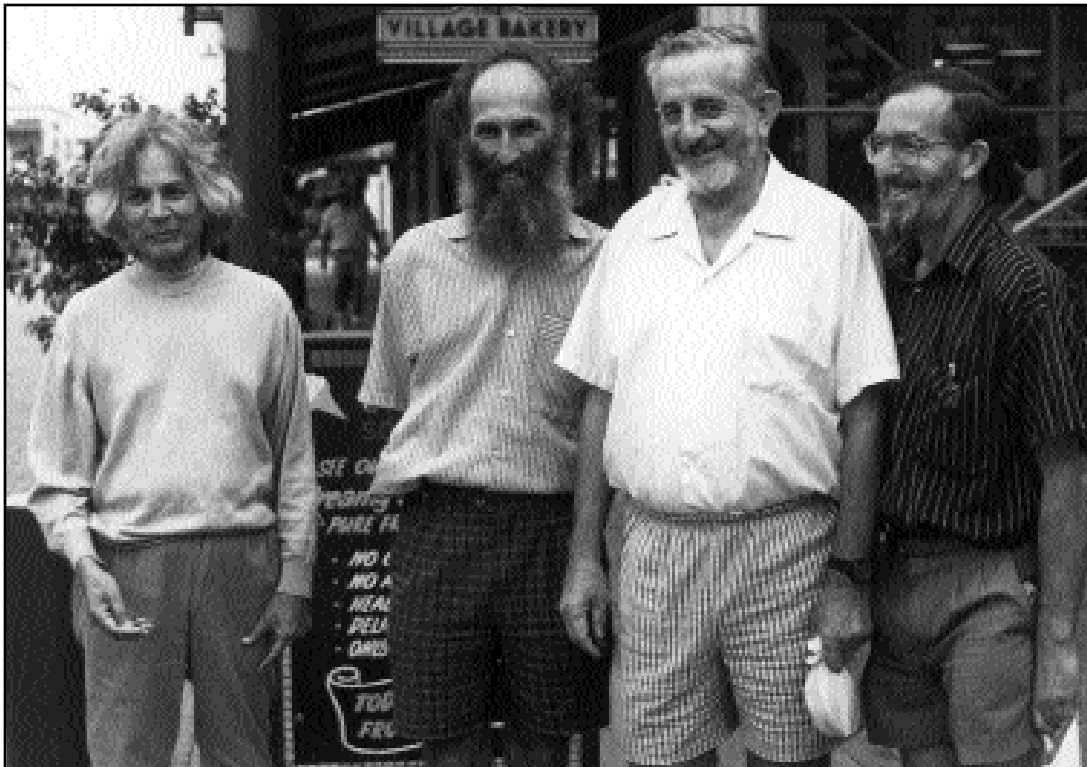
I'm not recommending this to anyone, but what is possible for me
must be possible for somebody else also.

U.G. thought through the room arrangements and decided I should sleep out in the spare room just beyond the living room, rather than in the living room in case he wants to watch TV during the night, or make phone calls. Ronald immediately came over and put up curtains. U.G. told me I was just here for a day or two, that he didn't want me to cook, or touch the VCR because I would break it, make a mess of things as I had in Sydney.

I feel accepting now of whatever he says to me. He also said I was miserly, not generous like these people here, who just threw themselves into arranging this place with no thought to expenses, that they send money to people in Bangalore, like Kalyani, Bramachari, and Adri. He said I am "calculating" about money, wasteful in some ways, not really generous.

They call me "Mother" and are very warm and welcoming, particularly Matthew. But U.G. is not welcoming. He told Chandrasekhar and Suguna I'm worse than Angelina. Suguna said U.G. shouldn't worry, I will leave on my own. I doubt that, but he will probably send me away. When he wanted Angelina gone, she went. It will be the same.

U.G. likes this house they have prepared for him. Nobody else comes here. He says he may stay on or may go to New Zealand and return to Australia, skipping America.



For my part, I am just enjoying being in Nature, in the middle of sugarcane fields. I went for one walk with Matthew after we arrived, and another by myself at sunset. I lay down and slept for a few minutes in the grass, and went out several times during the night to look at the stars. It's amazingly quiet after Sydney, the water is sweet from the rain, and the air from the sugarcane. Exotic birds are everywhere.

Every sensation has a limited life of its own.



March 20

Peaceful and strange ways of the "family." They are warm and generous, pay exacting attention to details, almost as if every moment were to be mindfully lived, in an attitude of devotion to God and reverence to Nature. An odd place in a way for U.G. to be staying, yet it shows me how adaptable he is. He goes along with the food and rituals, melding right in. They burn paper and sandalwood before meals, bless the food by sprinkling water on it, change clothes before leaving the property and bathe and change again on returning.

Above all, U.G. is attended to as "God Himself," the manifestation of all deities. They never address him as "you," but always as "U.G.," in the third person, make offerings to him, take prasadam from his plate and divide the remains of anything he has been served as prasadam as well. He is treated with love and veneration, much as he was in India, but it is all the more striking here.

For his part, U.G. maintains an amused skepticism, scoffs "God?" when they refer to him as that, asserting that he is in no way different from any one of us. I went for a walk yesterday morning and returned to find the "family" assembled visiting with U.G. We had lunch at their house, and afterwards Ronald and I went for a walk while Joshua advised U.G. not to eat cheese or cream for a week, in preparation for some bodily change that is coming. I know no more than that. Joshua pays no mind to me at all, except to stay clear of me as much as possible, perhaps of my bad vibes.

The moment you capture that sensation in the framework of your experiencing structure, and say that it is a pleasurable sensation, the demand to make it last longer goes with it. That is the fight, the conflict.

U.G. is very gentle now. Our reservation was changed to leave for New Zealand from here a day later, in a week, so for the moment he has not banished me.

I feel very deeply at one with him now, not in conflict, not trying to put across "my way." I don't care about my way anymore. I noticed when I was walking with Ronald, though I was intensely seeing every bird and bug, I was also longing for U.G., feeling drawn back to him. He is different in some way, his eyes more fathomless, more fierce. I am listening to him in a new way, too, hearing more clearly than I was before.

In the afternoon, after a visit from the video expert bringing a monitor for the camera, we went to the local mall, brand new, to check it out. U.G. said he was unimpressed, I think because it was too slick, not tacky and cheap enough.

I am drugged with the need to sleep, and barely made it through the evening. It is amazingly quiet here, except for birdsong. The butcher bird has a haunting call, and I have seen a possum and a cockatoo, endless insects. I am happy being in the country - happy, period.



What is there is only something that you are attracted to, for example. So you immediately think, "Watch your step." That's the thought that comes from your culture.



March 20

Joshua and Matthew said nobody could be with U.G. for long, because there is no relationship possible with him, he must always remain free. But, they said, one can love and serve him. When Joshua said I had to focus on one God, or human manifestation of God to worship and keep my attention on, to serve and love, I asked why it couldn't be U.G. since my attention is already centered on him. It could be, they said, just don't tell him, because it would cause him strain.

The physical body is functioning in frames.
The mind is interested in continuity.



This place is a magical, mystical paradise. I am in a state of exaltation, heightened awareness, ecstasy. I think it is the intensity of nature and the attentiveness to life here. Everything is sacred and accorded reverence and attention. My slapdash ways are noted and commented on (by Joshua) in a friendly, patient manner. For my part, I find it easy to go along with their belief-system, to be open and non-critical, mostly to feel loving yet detached.

One day we went to a new shopping center nearby, next to the Gold Coast and took a monorail to the local casino (We couldn't go in because U.G. was wearing flip-flops), more shopping centers, and then to the ocean. Today we went to the open market in Brisbane, buying large quantities of fruits and vegetables. I recorded everything on videotape, though I am making curious mistakes, shooting and then erasing, and taking footage of the floor.

Meals are plentiful and healthy. U.G. has spoken out a few times about nutrition (varieties of food is like varieties of girls) and religion, but he seems to be mostly in a benign and peaceful mood. He criticized me sharply for removing his plate after eating last night. I said I thought it bothered him to have a dirty plate in front of him, and he said my service bothered him more. Chastised once again, I felt only love for him. I know that he is full of paradox and unpredictability, that is his nature. He tells me frequently that I am "out, finished," but I am still here. Of course there is no future with U.G. There is no future, period. The future is now.

An enlightened man cannot have a wife.

I told U.G. that Joshua and Matthew said my personality was still manifesting, and U.G. agreed, saying it asserts itself from time to time. He added that we are the opposite of what we want to be, what we're going to be tomorrow.

I am getting a very good rest, no responsibilities, no cooking or shopping, just a little sorting through videos and taping. But I'm sleeping and walking and reading and enjoying every moment. Something is opening up in me, it seems like I'm being massaged by the nature spirits!

The mother possum was so tame when she came for food tonight. We could go right up to her and touch her, hand her bread, touch the ear of the baby carried in her pouch.
Frogs and toads and lizards everywhere. I am happy in all this nature.



We have arrived at a point where you can't destroy your adversary without destroying yourself.

March 22

I feel as if I'm in the middle of cosmic matchmaking. I feel also that I am falling in love, again, more intensely with U.G. And yet it remains transcendental, impersonal.

Joshua and Matthew are talking to me and to U.G., advising us both which strikes me as rather curious. But then everything is curious right now, I have entered another dimension and am lighter, freer, happier.

We drove in two cars to a shopping mall, Ronald, Elsa, Mark and I in the rental car, and U.G., Matthew, and Joshua in theirs. U.G. was open and loving to me, startlingly so in fact. Matthew bought him macadamia ice cream and he divided his cup into two cups and handed me one of them, an astonishing prasad. A few moments later, Matthew gave him a handful of macadamia nuts, and again he gave me



There is no way this body can take the sensation of pleasure for long.

All the while Matthew and Joshua were taking me aside and counseling me, telling me that I would always be with U.G. if I loved and served him with no thought to myself. Yet also that I was to care for my own needs, sexual and physical, keep my apartment beautiful, buy what I want for myself, too, not to deny myself anything.

After the mall, on the way to the bird sanctuary, we stopped at a strawberry farm. Again Matthew handed U.G. an herbal, fruit drink, opened. U.G. handed it immediately to me, and I drank it.

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Matthew said I must keep in mind, always, that U.G. is not a personal being, and I mustn't relate to him or judge any of his actions on that level. I said I knew this, or I wouldn't be here. I think when I said that everything I had was his, they felt that if I could make this offer to U.G. from my heart, which I did, that the God, as they put it, would come into me.

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We saw parakeets, wallabies, kangaroos, and koala bears at the sanctuary. U.G. studied a kangaroo at one point, and said, "There is no difference between the way he and I see things. It is in exactly the same way." And looking at a poster about koala bears that showing their palms, he pointed out how the heart and fate line were the same on his hand and theirs, and one finger bent under, giving the impression of only four, same. We don't make anything of the lines on an animal's palm, yet we do on our own. The lines, he says, have no meaning, they come from "usage," that's all.

This from the man who loves to have his palm read!

He told me the Ibis and I had the same walk, told Ronald to take pictures of me to show me. I felt a kind of magical, mystical bond between us, perhaps my own love for him being returned to me, I don't know.



Every individual is unique, physically speaking. Nature is creating something unique all the time. It is not interested in a perfect man; It is not interested in a religious man.

We went to their house for dinner and too much food caused U.G. to get sick, though he recovered immediately. He joked about my breaking glasses in Sydney and mentioned the coffee episode in Hong Kong, and I told everyone about my "lies to look good." Later I wondered if this was just the kind of thing Joshua was talking about, telling tales on myself and my relationship with U.G.

After dinner we watched the video of the day at our house and everyone fell asleep,
or were they in samadhi?

March 23

Woke with a tremendous headache this morning. I don't know if I am beginning to imagine things because I have been told they would happen. The fact is I have begun to feel very powerful sexual rumblings. Off and on it seems as if my body is on fire. I feel I am in love anyway, yet the object is diffuse. Yes, I am focused on U.G., but the strangeness of this concentration is intense. I don't know what he is picking up of this. I'm not self-conscious because I know that whatever is happening is not really to me nor is it in my hands.

He told me in the mall that he is sensitive to everything that is going on and responds, always. What his response would be in a given situation he would not know until it happened.

But he would respond.

Yesterday he asked me if I was "happy." I said yes, yes I was. But that I felt I would be happy anywhere, as long as I was with him. He was particularly loving to me in Brisbane, and as we drove in separate cars, I felt this same yearning for him, always aware of his absence in form but presence in spirit.



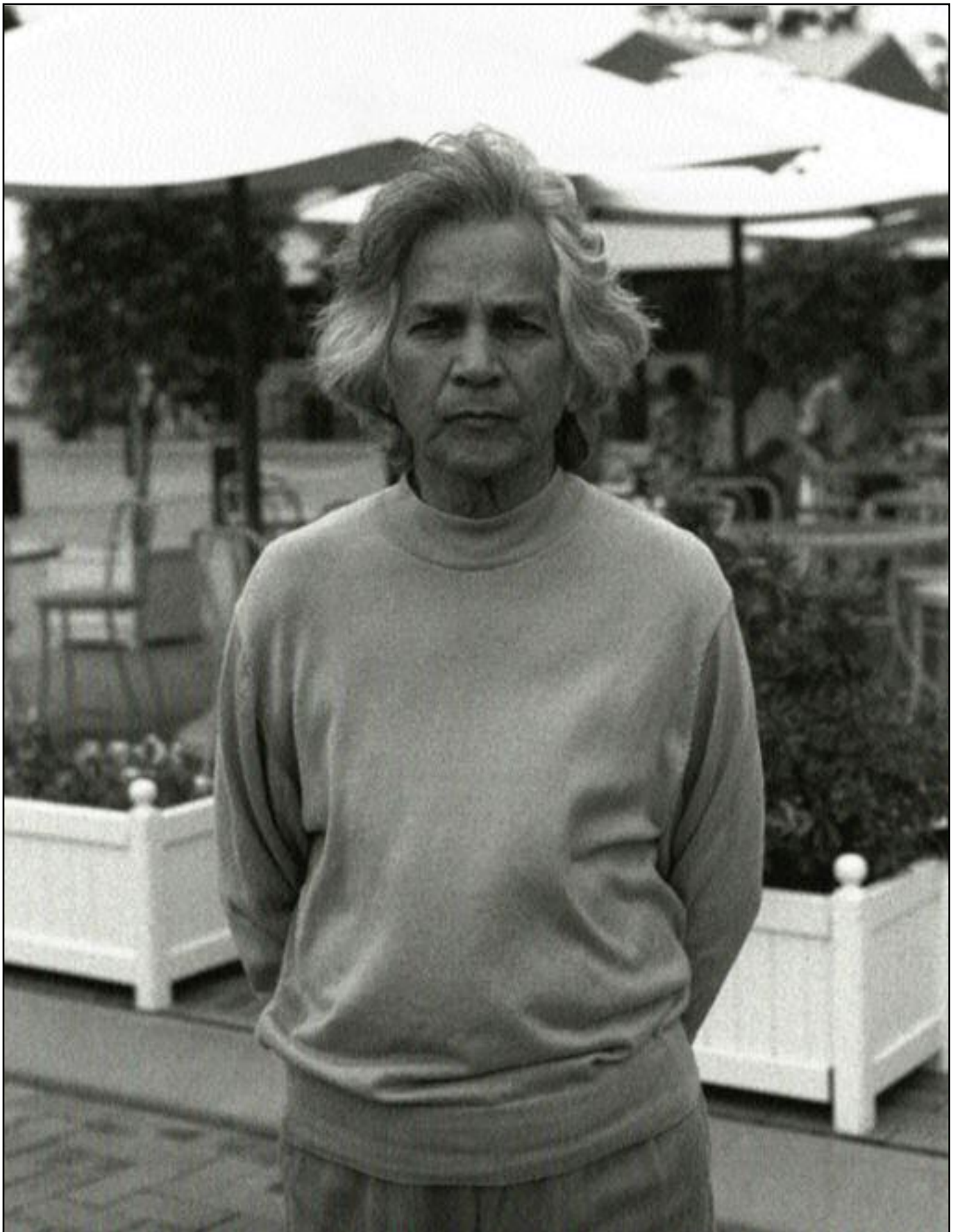
I'm just a dog barking.



There's *nothing* there, no soul, no spirit, no I, no entity, no psyche, no mind.



I would say that the murderers, the con men are more reliable than the religious people, there is something genuine about them.



U.G. bought a little bottle of passion fruit bath oil, emptied the oil out in the men's room, rinsed it out and put it in my bag to carry for him. He liked its size and it only cost fifty cents. He also said he wanted some Perry Ellis “sling” undergarments. We found them in David Jones and Ronald bought him three pairs. U.G. said he had bought himself three pairs in Sydney while I was downstairs buying food.

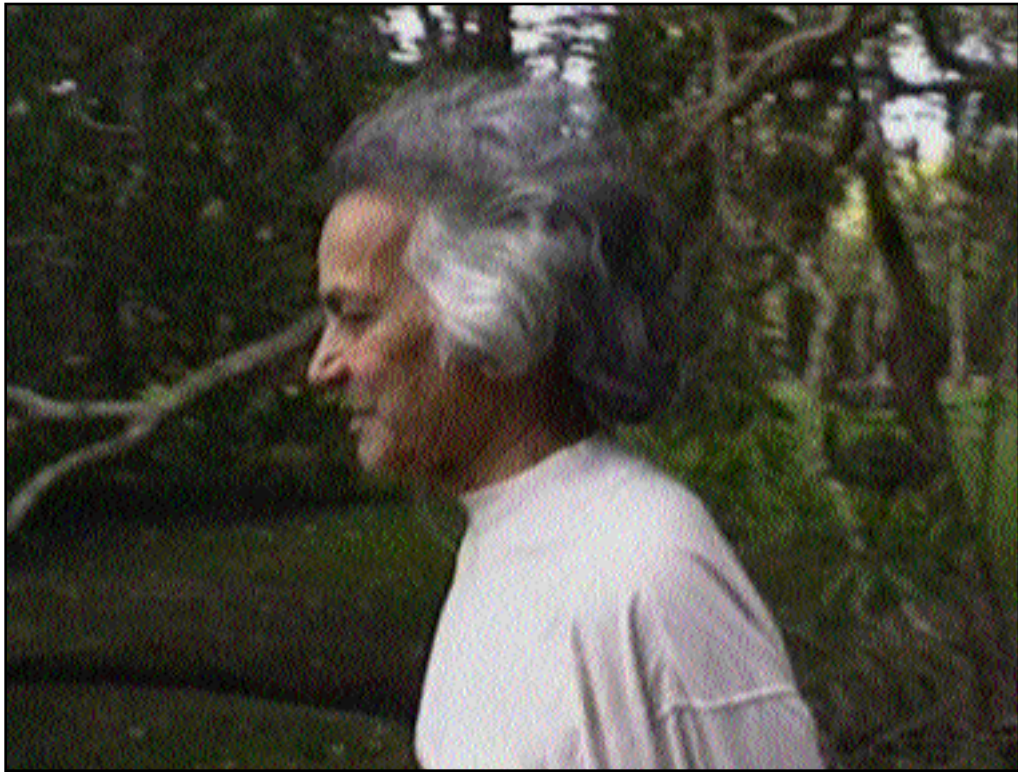
When we got home, I washed the bottle out again for him and cleaned off the label. Then he gave me the slings so I could remove the labels. I considered it a tremendous blessing to be asked to do such an intimate thing for him, to sew these pants (I opened the seams to remove the labels, then stitched them back together). The thought of U.G. wearing them is a little mind-boggling. But I see once again how practicality rules everything for him. The "slings" are practically non-existent, take up no room in the luggage.

March 25

I am burning with love, sentimental, heart-shattering, yearning devotion.
This is more powerful than any love affair I have ever had.



The idea of creating heaven on this planet has turned heaven into hell.



Permanence is not part of this living organism.



This morning we watched RAGE, as usual, it being Sunday. U.G. mentioned to me that he had no reference point in these songs, he had never experienced any of the emotions or events around which they're centered. I said that paradoxically the people around him are very sentimental about him. He asked me, as he had in Melbourne, if I was sentimental. This time, my answer to his question was that yes, I had to confess, I was. As if he didn't know.

We spent a glorious and mystical morning at the main house. Not one, but at least a dozen white cockatoos were flying around, and dozens of butcher birds. I felt in suspended animation, drugged with love and well-being, love for everyone and everything, most of all U.G. In turns I could not look at him, and could not take my eyes off him. Amazing. Don't know what's happening to me.

Joshua told me yesterday jokingly that I talk too much, and I know this is true. It's a nervous reaction to the realization that everything is always and perfectly out of my control, now and forever. To surrender to this is to be magically in love and free of conflict.

I think I have learned a great deal in this week, to internalize devotion, to serve and merge silently, in my heart, to embody his body in my own by doing everything for him, in his image, in his memory, dedicating all action to him. So this becomes both intensely personal, as my every private act would be in his name, but also very impersonal. It is a devotion to all things.

I don't know if U.G. brought me here for this. I doubt it as he is not conscious of anything, and things just happen perfectly around him, in their own way. I no longer feel a great separation between us, but as if we are one, at peace and in love. I know this is me, coming from me, has nothing to do with him. He remains free, and I love and revere him.

His making light of devotion, of scoffing at the whole thing, makes it easier for me to assimilate what I am seeing and learning, it gives a lightness and ineffable mystery to whatever is happening. I see the old couple as Gods in themselves, as worn bodies covering the Presence, just as with the other three. Just the forms of God.

Is all this a dream?

What makes you think there is any other way [than the intellect] of understanding anything?

March 26

We leave this morning at 7 for New Zealand. This week has been the week of a lifetime, so subtle and yet so intense. The final gift from U.G. last night came as we were packing to leave before supper. He showed me his toe, from which he had torn the nail. It was bleeding and he asked me if I had any nail scissors. He allowed me to trim the remainder of the nail, to put alcohol on the wound and to dress it with calendula ointment (all of which I had in my bag) and a band-aid. I feel, of course, a deep reverence for his feet and at this point would fall at them, wash them if I could. This was his beautiful way of allowing me to make contact with him, to touch him.

Of course he would say he just hurt his toe and needed my help, that's all.
True and not true. He never makes mistakes, of that I am sure.

In the afternoon we were taken on a tour of the area, to a new resort called Sanctuary Cove, to the mangrove forests, and to a lookout point from which we could see islands and beyond that the sea. U.G. sat in the car while we talked in the grass, saying he had enough fresh air in the room with the shades drawn. But the rest of the afternoon he came along cheerfully and was full of humor and good spirits.

In the evening we all watched videos from Bangalore, Shylaja and Chandrasekhar singing to U.G., and the heated discussion about Vedanta. After the latter Joshua burst out, "U.G. no one can really understand what you are saying." That is the beauty and the paradox of his teaching. He himself is the cause, and seeing and understanding his functioning, putting one's attention on him is all one can do.



My theory is: If you want fresh air, go outside. If you want sunshine, go outside.
If you want to look at flowers, go outside, why cut them down?

I hear U.G. rumbling about now and must take a shower myself, finish packing and be ready to leave. At the market yesterday, I thanked Matthew and Joshua for everything. I didn't need to thank them they said because everything that came from them came from U.G. and I should thank him.

U.G., they emphasized, was speaking through them.

In the evening before dinner, sitting around the living room of their house, I was in and out of the deepest of blissful states, U.G. just feet from me, also gone. Everything that would be offered to him he would share with me, bring me pieces of the paper to read, things to eat. Truly, excruciatingly beautiful.

And I am aware that his mood may have already shifted, that today could bring a complete reversal of intimacy, flow, access. Every day is the last day of your life.



You have to go crazy first.



It never occurred to me that this wanting not to want what others wanted me to want was also a want. Then it hit me like a shaft of lightning ...

